

Memory of Love and Respect
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I just came across an article/tribute I wrote some years back about my two deceased horses, Red and Tanny. Red, really wasn't the color red except at birth. They were both white colored Arabs. However, when Red's fur turned white, there were only remnants of the color red in the form of tiny specks woven within his white fur; hence, the nickname, Red.

For the long time I had them, they were, for me, a great peace, joy, wonderful animal companions, and a true learning adventure. They put me in touch with the land, nature and what is natural. I so enjoy living in the simplicity of what I had experienced with them.

Before then, I was a city girl. When I had the opportunity to experience owning these two full-blooded Arabs who were brother and sister with the same mother and father and born of a championship bloodline, that is when I became more of a country girl, if you will, and it was what was in my heart.

I never really felt the need to put either of them into shows. I didn't want to. They were my backyard companions, and friends to many who came to visit here at Mystic Farms. We also conducted "horse medicine" workshops with these 2 who acted as teachers in their way for those who attended.

It is also because of my faith in God, and because of my having had these horses, I continued to recognize that all relations are important—people, animals, plants, trees, the rivers—we all share a connection because the Creator made us all. This was further brought home due to knowledge and learning I received from Native Americans as well.

My favorite times were riding in the metro parks in Ohio. There are miles and miles of woodland forest that is basically untouched except for some areas where house developments sit at the back and alongside a horse trail, or for the bike paths and shelter areas that crop up along the way. Those miles of trails are called the Emerald Necklace in Northeast Ohio. I absolutely would spend hours at a time riding in the metro parks along the horse trails. I'd pack a lunch most of the time, and some extra grain as a snack for either Tanny or Red, depending on whom I rode that day. Off we'd go exploring what seemed like every nook and cranny of trail I could find along the part of the Emerald Necklace I would ride.

Such peace it gave me, as well as solitude and a special time of inner soulful reflection as I would ride alongside a river or amid the trees or meadows as part of the horse trail path. Some of the best times of my life were spent with my horses. I considered having them a great gift. Yes they have passed on, but they are not gone. They live within my heart and on the spirit side of life. I know we will be together again one day.

We need to remember to respect our creature relations as well as our human ones. Whether it is a domestic pet or an animal relation in the wild-- all deserve respect. Certain animals give their lives for us. They die so we might live because they are our food. Whether it is a cow, a fish, a chicken, a turkey, a deer, for example, they sacrifice, so we might live. Do we really respect what

many of the Creator's animals do for us? I'd like to think we do, but the truth is I'm not convinced at all that we do most of the time. This writing is not only meant to be a wonderful memory to share, but a reminder too, that animals are also our relations, and they are to be given respect while in life as well as in death. There is a Native American term, Mitakuye Oyasin, which means we are all related.