

Unsuitable

By Suzy Hopkins

When I was six years old, in 1953, I went to first grade. I discovered my school library had a whole section of books about little girls who love horses. I wore out their pages. This was the beginning for me of the phenomenon known as 'horse crazy.' I lived and breathed horses – got horse statues for my birthdays and Xmas, read every book in the public library about horses, went to horse riding camp every summer and asked for my own horse until I drove my parents crazy. All I ever wished for when I blew out the candles on my birthday cake was a horse of my own.

My parents waited for me to outgrow this wish. I would ride anybody's horse and many were shared by people who owned horses.

By the time I was married in my twenties I had given up ever having this wish come true. However, my husband could see how happy I was when I was around horses so he encouraged me to search for and buy a horse. This I gladly did. The mare I found was beautiful but had a strong personality, had no respect for humans and fought to get what she wanted regardless of my commands. The next five years I trained and showed her in hunter-jumper competitions. She behaved herself the minute she entered the show ring. She knew she was on stage. All the rest of the time she argued with me and demanded her way, sometimes violently. During those five years she broke my nose, jaw, shoulder, ribs, elbow, tailbone and the top of my right femur which now has a pin, a plate and five screws in it.

I finally admitted that she was unsuitable for me. I sold her to the rodeo since she didn't like people and loved to buck.

As the saying goes: "Be Careful What You Wish For."