

Are We Having Fun Yet?

By Suzy Hopkins

I'm up until eleven P.M. cleaning the saddle and bridle having spent all day at the stable washing, shinning, braiding the mane and tail, clipping the whiskers and ear hair off of the horse going to the show tomorrow. I'm almost too tired to take a shower. Since I'm covered in horse sweat, horse hair and my sweat I have no choice. Up again at 5 A.M. I pack lunches and iron show outfits. Six o'clock, at the stable again, we pick up the horse carefully blanketed and with long shipping boots to keep him clean. As we load the horse into the horse trailer the groggy student rider arrives barely awake. She and I get in the van where we have a bed, a fridge, a mirror and a sink. At 7 A.M. my husband pulls the van towing the horse trailer out onto the highway saying cheerfully, "We're on the road again."

After all the waiting, grooming, tacking, untacking, eating lunch on the run between classes he asks me, "We do this for fun, right?"