

Horses, Horses, Horses

Jill, The Goot and I went on a trail ride through Irvine Park on Wednesday. We mosseyed past Prickly Pear cactus, a roadrunner (FYI, these aren't as big as in the cartoon, who knew?) and other happy riders enjoying the beautiful Fall morning. Our guide, the immensely knowledgeable and cute Alisha, hoisted us up on our beautiful animals and we were off.



(Jill, Alisha and The Goot)

I haven't been on a horse since I was 12 years old. I guess you could have called me horse-crazy as a little girl. I went to horse camp every summer and my Cousin, Darla, and I would ride at Smokey Stables in Huntington Beach whenever we could talk one of our parents into driving us there. Smokey's was on the Bolsa Chica Wetlands. It's all houses there now, but when we were kids it was all ours. Darla and I vowed earnestly, and with all the sincerity our 10 year old souls could muster, that one day we would own a horse of our own. Smokey's is where I fell off a horse named Storm and broke my arm. I never rode again until yesterday.



(Jill, The Goot and me)

When I was a young girl I loved the freedom riding horses gave me. We would go riding at a stable in Weir Canyon and they would just let you take the horse and go. For me, there was something about being so small and in charge of such a large animal. Riding on Wednesday, I felt something old and familiar welling up inside me. It brought me to tears later that night when I was telling Larry about the ride. Must investigate this feeling further...



(Jill)



(The Goot found it a little hard to walk after the ride)

I was a little anxious on the drive there, given the last time I rode a horse I ended up in the ER, but taking a poll of my friends, they were too. But we did it. So, instead of purposefully wandering the aisles of Target at 10:00 am on a Wednesday morning, we were meandering down a trail that was leading us to more than just a fine morning out. Something bigger was happening. Something really, really good.