

Goldie's Epithet



Goldie Lost to Colic

Attached is just one page from Goldie's book. That's all I could muster up to send out with this e mail, along with some sad news. Goldie, at about 25 years old, had to be euthanized Sunday night after a 48 hour bout with colic. He was laid to rest shortly thereafter, next to Poco.

Wearing his red bandana, he was very gently lowered into his final resting place very early Monday morning. It happened so quickly there was no time to let any of you know about his illness, and I really thought he would pull through. After all, there are countless children out there that will be looking for him this spring, and I could not imagine him not being here. But as the hours passed by it became evident he was losing his battle, and we needed to give him relief.

Goldie's book actually has many chapters, with the first few only Goldie knowing; I met Goldie many years ago when he was about 8 or 9 years old. He was purchased at the Camelot Auction for a little girl named Nicole, who was about 7 years old at the time. Right off I knew he was very special because, without a whole lot of riding experience, Nicole rode him in a Memorial day Parade. No lead line, no handlers, just a set of reins, and a little girl. Balloons flying, flags waving, and being right behind a fire truck, with sirens wailing, and air brakes snorting, he didn't bat an eye. Eventually Nicole outgrew the little guy, and he moved on to being the 1st string quarterback of pony rides here at RR, and at events throughout NJ. There are literally hundreds of photos of Goldie doing his thing, with more children than I can even begin to count. His youngest rider; a 13 week old baby. Who was naturally held on by her parents, but I trusted Goldie would just walk on, and he did. He always did; at the pow wow events, in July's heat, he was always the one that didn't look for a break. Although he did get his share, he never asked. The other ponies would let you know in one way or another they needed a time out. But not Goldie, he was always ready, and always willing to give a youngster a ride. Oh, and just to let you know he was not all work and no play, he would give his handler a nip, and sometimes in very tender spots! He also worked with the younger children in the pee wee riding program. The summer before last, a young lady of just 4 years old managed to slip into the program a year younger than usual. After only 5 group lessons, she was riding Goldie in the round pen. His main forte was working off site pony parties at folks homes. Most folks not knowing the difference between a live pony, and the kind you put quarters in, always had balloons, games, jumping houses, etc at these parties. Goldie would step off the trailer, take a couple of test walks around, and then get to work regardless of the surroundings. One time I arrived at a party being held at a park. We arrived just as a very bad thunder storm arrived. The party moved into a pavilion at the park, along with the snow cone machine, some video games, food tables, balloons, etc. We waited for the storm to pass but it didn't, so we decided to just make a space in the pavilion, in the middle of all the decorations, and party equipment. And right there in the middle of (from a horse's perspective) chaos, and with the lightning and thunder still roaring just 10' away outside, he went to work giving his rides.

Goldie was a class act right up to when the time had come for him. Most horses in his situation would need to be led around with much encouragement, but in the final minutes while waiting for the vet to return for the last time, he was standing by his stall door wanting to get out. Marilu decided that if he wanted out, she would take him for a last walk. Well, he took her for a walk instead! With Lu at the end of the lead line, they walked around a bit in front of the arena, then a couple of turns in the arena, and then he headed back to the barn (again, his decision). He had been blanketed, and also had the equivalent of a hoodie on, to keep him warm and comfortable as possible through his ordeal. He was feeling a little warm, so we removed his blankets, decided to brush him a bit, and put on his bandana. Even the vet was amazed to see how stoic this little guy was throughout his ordeal. Again, most horses in this situation would be on there feet in the final moments, but not Goldie. He laid down gently, and quietly just waited for his relief. Goldie made it easier for us humans around him to know we were doing the right thing.

Those of us who were lucky enough to be part of Goldie's life will miss him for sure. And on his behalf, I would like to especially thank the following folks; **Marilu** - for taking care of mine, and my barn mates needs over the years, and especially during my illness, walking me in the rain, and the cold, in the middle of the night, trying to relieve my pain, **Alexa** - for helping watch over me when I was sick, and making sure I didn't get into trouble at birthday parties, **Dr. Laurie Wessel** - for trying her best to save me with her many trips to the barn, even on her way to dinner, checking in on me, **Michael Muzychko** - for putting his work aside to come with his equipment, to make sure I had a place to rest, **Robin** - for your "at the ready" support, the massages, and being there in my final moments, **All my handlers** - for forgiving me for nipping them once in a while, and finally **All the rest of you** for visiting me, the carrots, treats, and the grooming.

In closing I'd like to share with you something overheard the vet say to someone upon Goldie's passing. She had just come from a birth of a little, light tan & white, paint colt. I thought the sprit that was in Goldie would somehow make it into that new baby, and live on to bring others as much happiness as Goldie brought to us. Thank you for being part of the RR family.

Sincerely yours,

Joe Capo
Rainbow Ranch

December, 29th, 2009

