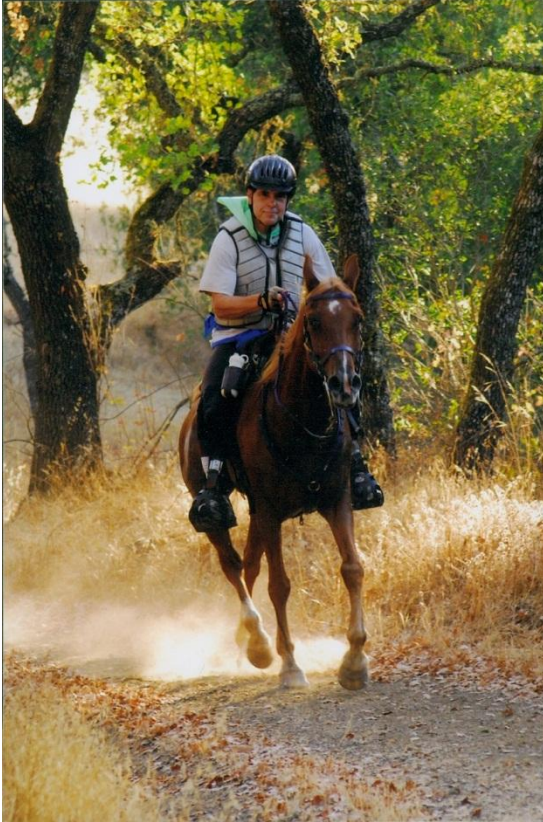


## 2010 Family Arabian Nominations

Aron Moon+//

By Mike Tracy



I would like to nominate Aron Moon+// for the Diablo AHA's Family Horse of the year. I have included his competition record, which tells only half of the story. Moon has competed in DAHA's High Point Program from 1990 to 2010.

In 2007, Moon and myself won the AERC Pard'ners Award. This award honors those horse and rider partners who engender a spirit of friendship, enthusiasm, and championship, yet always keep good sportsmanship their first priority. As a family member and friend, Moon was the best. Twice a day when being fed grain, he would stop before eating and bob his head up and down to thank me. When he was being petted, he didn't like anyone else around. He wanted all the love for himself. He was smart. He wouldn't move if he got tangled up in wire. He would wait till I came and untangled him.

One look at Moon's record shows that he had the heart of a lion and the speed of wind. Moon never gave up. At age 27 after completing 3 fifty mile endurance rides and one competitive trail ride, he made his last ride—like his first ride. As the Bible book of Job 39:22 says about the horse, "It laughs at dread, and is not terrified; nor does it turn back on account of a sword."

On September 5, 2010 at Calero Park in San Jose, California, Aaron Moon+// with a perfect P & R score, two and a half miles from the finish line, ran up his last hill. An artery gave way and he went down. He tried to get up twice, to get back in the race. Sadly the race for life ended that day.

My vet, Roger Bruce, sent me a card that said, "You and Moon were a great pair and gave each other a very good life." I have to agree. So I don't boast at any accomplishments. I just give thanks to Jehovah God for the gift of Aron Moon+//

## Explosive Colors +/

By Sue Kovach



I chose purebred Arabians several years ago because I love their personalities and how they bond with humans. I had no idea how strong the bonds of their love are until a few years ago. My stallion, Explosive Colors +, had spent several happy, successful and productive years with Dean and Sherry at the Lacey Ranch. He would still be there, but one day as we headed down the drive for a trail ride, he threw himself on the proverbial grenade and saved my life. A jeep was headed straight toward us at an unsafe speed, I was paralyzed in shock that the driver was speeding in the country as if he didn't see us. I couldn't even scream, although I did hear someone at the barn behind us screaming. My boy reared up and came down striking the hood of the jeep with his front feet. I was still in shock, this time amazed that not only were we still alive, but apparently unharmed. A few days later, he went to the DAHA Spring Show and it was apparent that he was not sound. I took him back home to Brentwood, if someone was going to be hand-walking this horse for the rest of his days, it would be me.

He healed after a few months, but I couldn't bear to have him away from me for longer than a day or two. Since I work long hours, I only ride three or four times most weeks. I offered him to a friend to use as a lesson horse on the days I couldn't work him. At first she was skeptical (what can I say, typical Warmblood Dressage Queen Mentality) but after a short time, the little Bay Arabian Stallion became a favorite with the Dressage Queens! He kept making fans with his work-a-holic mentality and athleticism. Every day I'd get to the barn and someone would tell me about how a blind woman was taking dressage lessons on him and how he seemed to be taking care of her. Or a woman in her 60's decided he was her favorite, a true prince. Young or old, big or small, he kept everyone in the saddle and on track.

After a while I met Gerri, a woman past middle age who couldn't stop grinning after her lessons on him. The strangest thing, I started to notice my horse looking for her. He knew when Saturday afternoon would come around and he'd start pacing around lunch time. Gerri's lessons were at 1:00 PM. He started to make noises when he heard her van coming down the drive, it would get louder and louder as she approached his stall. And dog-gone it, but he started to get that soft warm look in his eyes when he saw her approach him.

If I was a jealous person, I'd worry that he liked Gerri more than me, but years ago Sherry Lacey had told me he knows who his mom is and that will never change! Once I realized that he and Gerri have a mutual admiration pact, I thought it was kind of sweet. I also got to know Gerri better and realized that she and I had more than the love of a funny brown horse in common. Horse crazy girls that don't get to feed their passion, never outgrow it. It just keeps getting stronger.

2010 has been a big year for Gerri. In March Gerri rode my funny little brown stallion in a Vitor Silva Clinic (while running a fever, but refused to give up her slot!) After the three day clinic, Vitor came up to me and told me he had more pure joy teaching Gerri than he'd had in years. Her smile never stopped, enthusiasm never failed even when she was burning up with the fever. Then a few weeks later, she rode in her first dressage show, winning their class, scoring 69 and 68!

The greatest moment came in June. Gerri was able to fulfill her childhood dream; she went on her first trail ride and rode on the beach! Our barn takes group trips to Point Reyes and Gerri arranged to take a vacation day from work. We loaded both my horses and made the trip in good time. The day was perfect, clear blue sky and temperature about 70 degrees. There were 15 of us and it was a mixed group. Some riders with extensive experience and some were on their maiden voyage. The age range for riders was 20 to 65, horses ranged from 3 (first trip!) to 28. Our goal for the day was just relax, keep everyone safe and have a good time. The first leg was from the park headquarters to Arch Rock. Wide trails, easy slopes so we could gage everyone's fitness to continue after our lunch break. There was a lot of laughter and talk and Gerri and the funny brown horse took the role of point for the trip. She was amazed that there were deer on the trail and she was able to ride right up to them before they would move off. Then when we got to the ocean, she was a bit concerned about a sign that said "Trail

Dangerous for Horses". I said don't worry, I'm pretty sure he can't read. We stood above the Pacific with the sea breeze in our faces and let the horses get used to the smell of the salt air. Then it was back to the staging area and a picnic lunch. After lunch, we checked everyone out, especially the young and old horses. It was decision time. Do we head out to Limatour Beach? Is everyone up to this? It is an all or nothing moment. If a single member of the group isn't fit, we will scratch that part of the program. All the newbies (Gerri included) are holding their breath. Is it every rider's secret dream to ride on the beach? It was a good day for all and the decision was to continue on the second leg of our trip. We load all the horses into the trailers for the 15 minute ride to Limatour Beach. Unload and re-saddle. Then mount up. The smiles were blinding, but a bit premature. Oh there is a short walk through the parking lot, past the restrooms and good Lord is that a bridge? Oh it's optional? I can ride it or lead my horse across?

Most opted to ride, especially after they saw that the more timid horses were willing to follow the leaders across and didn't pay any mind to the sound of steel shoes on the bridge. Some stopped to look at the water fowl in the marsh under the bridge, but it was pretty uneventful. Then we were in the dunes and on the beach. Limatour is the perfect young green horse beach. The shelf is lower and the sound of the waves is softer than most beaches in Northern California. It's clean and clear and not too crowded, so you can take your time just riding up and down at your own speed. Everyone can just relax and have fun. Some horses are more inclined to go out into the surf, but for most novice riders I tell them to just let the horse tell you when he's ready to get closer.

After we were back at the trailers getting ready to head home, I found out that it was a first for four other members of our group and for all it was the fulfillment of a childhood dream. But Gerri's smile was brighter than any I'd ever seen. She kept hugging me and thanking me over and over, then would run back to the horse and wrap her arms around him and kiss him, telling him what a prince he is. I swear, she didn't need a truck to get back home, she could have just floated back on the cloud she was on!

An afterword. About a month ago we had to relocate the horses about a mile down the road. A group of us from the old place are still together and I have heard from most that they are so glad Gerri is still able to come out every Saturday and ride. Sometimes it's good to have someone remind you how privileged we are to share our lives with these animals and Gerri does that for me each week.

## Jake

By Sidney Simpson



Jake is a horse that has left his sweet hoof prints in my heart and in the hearts of many. He died Saturday, September 18 in a green pasture in Seal Rock, Oregon. He was mourned by many—the humans who loved him and his pasture mate, Patriot, who continued to whinny for him for weeks after.

I met Jake about five years ago when I was visiting my dear friend Vikki. We had gone to Seal Rock Stables, where Vikki boards her flashy Arabian, Patriot. Jake had been purchased at a kill auction by Jasmine Lechner, owner and manager of Seal Rock Stables. She had bought him for her mother, Roxanne, who died the next year of cancer. One afternoon while I was visiting Vikki, Roxanne trailered Jake over for me so that I would have a horse to ride along with Vikki. The contrast between the two Arabians was startling.

Jake was younger than Patriot but looked older. Whereas Patriot had led a pampered life and had known only love, Jake's life had been harsh. He was bony and thin with a dull coat and problems with his hocks that were so severe that cleaning his back hooves was a challenge. Still, when he would run through the pasture, his tail would arch over his back and he did indeed look like a typy Arab running with the wind.

After Roxanne's death, Vikki picked up a lease on Jake and he became Patriot's pasture mate and a horse for her husband Ron to ride and love. From that day on, Jake received the same loving care and pampering that Patriot did. In spite of that, the years of neglect and abuse had left its mark on him. Each time that I would see him, my first reaction was always how "bad" he looked—ribby and dull coated when compared to Patriot, who always looks as though he is ready for a parade. But then, I would put my leg up over his back, all of that would quietly drift away. Jake had an inner beauty that would take over. He was an amazing horse with a huge heart. He took care of his riders and would take them up the steepest hills, into valleys, and across water—whatever you asked of him. He had a willing spirit and a sweet, gentle disposition. He won virtually everyone over and became a favorite lesson horse at Seal Rock—one that could be counted on to take care of little ones.

Two years ago we learned that Jake had cancer and over and over, my dear friend weighed and evaluated when it would be time to let him go. That time was a warm Saturday in September.

As I reflect on Jake, I can't help but think what a blessed horse he was. This was a horse who had been destined to die at a slaughter house—alone, frightened, and unloved. He had been a "throw-away" horse, discarded by his previous owners and severely malnourished. Instead he lived out his life with my friends Ron and Vikki, who doted on him and loved him, and he died in green pastures surrounded by so many who shed tears for him and honored him. They selected a special pasture area to bury him and scattered his grave with rose petals. He was indeed a lucky horse—belonging to no one and to everyone...having no family and yet being the quintessential family Arabian. He has left his sweet hoof prints in my heart.

JS Rejoice+ /

By Claire and Rachel Thompson



The Beginning: We still remember the very day when we went up to see the beautiful mare for the first time. We can recall the moment when we walked down the barn aisle being told that Joy, which was short for Rejoice, was on the right. The moment when we saw her, ears pricked and eyes alert staring at us, we know she'd be ours. Now, the feeling wasn't as simple as it sounds. Our hearts were warm with passion and hope and all of our thoughts were eager to know how everything would pan out. Before we knew it, a couple of months passed, and our Arabian horse world completely performed a 180.

When we were riding Joy for the first time in Rich Doran's arena, we felt secure, like Joy was a guardian angel. We've never been so content and relaxed on horseback before. Her head was set just right, her trot was impeccably steady, and even though it took a while to get it right, her canter was a dream. This horse was simply magical. On the drive home we were daydreaming about what our future could be if Joy was ours. Every day in class we found ourselves sketching pictures of her in the margins in our notebooks; it became so hard to concentrate on anything else. No matter what, we were going to make this horse ours. After about a month of consideration, our mom called us into the room. It was a pretty good day for a Monday, and with her few words, the day got 100 times better. Our mother stated, "Joy is now yours," and the whole world stopped. Pure excitement ran through our veins, and we exchanged smiles, completely awestruck. Within five minutes of receiving the news, we called up Leigha Perry, our outstanding trainer who shared in our excitement. Leigha was ecstatic too, as we remember her saying, "That's so great! Good things happen to good people!" Those ten words were crystal clear, and they shot through us with such force, it was hard to hold back

tears. Rejoice was ours, all ours. Showing off our new horse to everyone was a hobby we soon got used to. People would stop by Joy's stall saying, "Wow, she's a nice one," or, "Whoa! Her eyes are gorgeous!" We would parade around with her in the arena and people would stop their cars next to the arena just to watch us. Everything Joy did was flawless.

Claire: As probably many people who have ever taught me on horseback know, I'm not the kind of girl who'd hop on any horse and ride around on a loose rein. For some reason with Joy I did. For the first time, I felt like I was doing something right on a horse. When I was on Joy, I felt like I was on top of the world. I recall one afternoon I was cantering her in figure eights, and I looked back just a year when I would break down in tears if I was even asked to pick up a trot. Back then, I never took any risks, I only listened to the fear creeping in my mind. Now, I believe the fear that was once in my head disappeared, afraid I realized all its voices were fibs. Since Joy, I have never even thought of negative scenarios like I used to. This horse mentally healed my riding career.

Rachel: I remember thinking to myself, "Wow, Joy is such a nice horse; I'm not worthy to own her. She only deserves the best." I'd pray that she'd get the perfect home so that she could continue her winning career. God answered my prayers by giving her to Claire and me. She couldn't have a more loving family, because we love her more than anything else. At shows I feel so proud to be sitting on such a wonderful mare. I watch as people's eyes graze over all of her perfections. One of my favorite memories of riding Joy would be when I was working her at Castle Rock Arabians, where we board and train. The arena is adjacent to the road. Joy was being especially perfect that day as a car stopped along the rail, rolled down the window and as I came trotting up to them the girl sitting in the passenger seat poked her head out of the window and said, "Your horse is absolutely gorgeous!" I couldn't imagine owning and showing any other horse. Recently: Leading up to Regional's, we made preparing our top priority. We would spend every spare second at the barn perfecting our techniques. July crept up on us, and we were stoked for the show. We pushed every flaw that has ever been pointed out about us so far back, that the only remarks left in our heads were the positives. Regional's was everything we had expected it to be – hot, fun, stressful and well, successful. Gathering our rose colored ribbons and hugging Rejoice completely wonderstruck is a fond memory of both of us that we hold dear. With all of our winnings we achieved – four fourths during the Pre-Show and three Top Fives during the Championship. We did all of this at a Regional show, when just a year ago we could barely canter a horse without a lunge line.

All it took was luck, determination, training, prayers, and a great horse to help us through. However, we never suspected that Rejoice would be as mothering and stunning as she is. So, no matter what we'd consider her – our angel, beautiful mare, partner in crime, or the best horse ever, she'll always be ours and we'll always have special memories with her. We love you, Rejoice, and we thank everyone who has helped us get as far as we are now with her.



RH Kazan (Peanut)

By Katie Kreske



The first time I saw Peanut he didn't look like a horse that I would ever buy but then one day Megan told me to go grab him from the pasture and ride him for show team. I wasn't what you would call excited but once I got on him I instantly changed my mind. I rode him a few times and then one day at school I decided to write a bunch of letters begging my mom to buy Peanut for me. She kept on saying I don't know someone else is looking to buy him. I didn't know what to say. But then we drove down the hill to the barn and there he was with a saddle, polos, and a big red ribbon. At that moment it hit me he was mine, I had my very own horse.

I had bought Peanut as a pasture horse who could hardly canter, I didn't know whether or not he would be a show horse but right then and there I honestly didn't care one bit I didn't even know that I would start showing. Over this past year he has learned to jog, lope, and bridle. He didn't look like he could live up to much but after 3 months of training we took him to his first Class A Arabian Horse Show. He was able to show and do considerably well for where he came from for a year but that's not the only reason I love him, he is a horse I can also take on trail rides and occasionally play around with.

## S.A. Grand Finale (Finny)

By Marijanne Nichols



I have been the proud owner of Finny for 2 yrs now and remember when I first took him home thought to myself "what am I gonna do with this poor old guy"... You see Finny as with most of my horses is a rescue. Finny is beautifully bred, double Fadjur and double Sureyn/Raseyn on his dams side with El Shaklan and Comar Bay Beau/Azraff on his sire line. He was nominated for Arabian Breeders Sweepstakes and was shown with many ribbons and trophies to his credit... so how does a horse like this end up as a rescue??? I found Finny advertised as "free" on a CL list ad and on the Bay Area Equestrian Network board. The gal who had him at that time informed me that he was sold to her as a beginner's horse and he was too much for her to handle. When I went to see him, I was dismayed at his condition and that of his living environment. He and their other horse, a mare who I also took home were both underfed and living in a very poorly run barn located on the outskirts of Martinez hills. Both horses were underweight with horrible feet. Finny was shod and had 3 different size shoes on his feet and had an abscess on one foot. Both horses were covered with tick bites and Finny's mane had been roached off due to excessive tick bites. They had also braided up their tails which later caused an additional problem in that because the braid was too tight, the combination of the braid and tick bites caused most of his his tail to fall out. It was also very easy to learn why he was bucking and acting up under saddle, his entire belly was a mass of puss & blood filled hives so am sure that a tightly pulled cinch would cause a lot of discomfort and pain. He was "a mess"! ! !...

Over the next few months of course he gained weight and had his feet trimmed, etc. and in handling him discovered a super sweet horse whose story as told to me by the folks I got him from, did not make sense. The folks I got him from only had him for about 2½ mos so I went back to the owners prior to that... that is when I learned how much Finny had done, and accomplished with his young owner. Finny was trained for dressage and doing 3 level tests, was also showing western and jumping to 3ft. Additionally they used him for parades, flag work and drill team. He was a much loved horse that the young girl had sadly outgrown so they had placed him with what they thought was a nice family... Am sure a lot of people can relate to that

last statement when they find back the horse they loved and adored for many years. Finny is one of the lucky ones who didn't go on to an auction or worse a feedlot for older horses.

When we took Finny in two years ago we didn't know much about him but found out quickly that we had a gem of a horse. Finny is the ultimate in versatility, not only as a family horse but in riding styles and the ride-ability of his rider. Finny is one of those horses who has a lot of excitement for an experienced rider but knows the difference if the rider is a beginner, so slows down to an amiable walk and jog. After riding him on some trail rides I started letting my son and husband ride him too. From there of course other family members rode him as well... Not once did he buck or act up... so I knew for a fact that the reason for his behavior had been due to pain. Our church does a lot of community type of events and always likes to have activities for kids and adults alike. Our Pastor asked us if we could bring a couple of horses down for kids to ride at one of those community events, we said yes of course. I chose Finny and one of our older mares. Both horses were a big hit and for over 5 hours we had an average of 15 kids in line for a chance to ride one of the horses. Finny was the biggest hit... everyone wanted to ride the "white" horse with the black saddle.

Take ittothe Maximas

Alex (Alexandria) Shveyda

Nominated by Terri Shveyda



Max is a very special horse. Alex is a very special daughter and Megan is a very special trainer. Max was one of the 80+ purebred Arabian horses rescued in August 2006 from neglect and starvation in Middletown, California. The owner was once a very active owner/breeder in the

Arabian world. She experienced some very hard times and the horses she owned suffered. This situation pulled at our heart and leads us to Max. We heard about this rescue operation and knew we needed to help. On the last day before the county took over the herd we hooked up our trailer and headed to Middletown. Alex was able to walk up to this filthy, dark grey (with a heart shaped white marking on his head), wild, scrawny horse, halter him and walk him to our trailer. It was love at first sight! Now it took a whole lot of people to get him in our trailer but we did and that started their journey! We hauled Max to Walnut Creek and gave him a stall (for the very first time in his short 3 years of life) at a beautiful facility along with fresh water and daily feedings. Max adjusted quickly to this new life and Alex was already in love with him. Dr. Cory Soltau gave him his shots and gelded him within one month. In October of 2006 we moved Max up to Durham Park and left him in the capable hands of Mike and Gretchen McDaniel to be broke. He stayed with them for over a year when we decided it was time to bring him home and we started looking for a local trainer. We found Megan Jenkins to train him and work with Alex. Not only has Megan trained him but she loves him as much as Alex and the three continue to work together today. Max excelled our expectations in his desire to perform so my mission started to get him what he deserved – recognition and a registration in the Arabian world!

I got in touch with AHA in February 2009 and did everything I could think of to achieve our goal. After contacting many people involved in the rescue they gave me some ideas of who Max's parents might be. AHA worked with me to check the DNA of Max and at least 10 mares. I was pretty sure who his sire was as the horses ran in herds and Max ran with Bombas Salute, his confirmed sire. After many months of DNA comparisons we came up short on confirming the dam so I ordered a blood kit, called out a vet to draw it (did not want to mess this up) and we started comparing blood that was on file of the mares the previous owner/breeder had registered – we ran over 20 tests. Again we came up with nothing. With encouragement from Megan and the sadness in Alex's eyes I was determined not to give up as 2010 would be Alex's last year to compete as a junior/youth.

In August of 2009 I received a letter from AHA requesting some additional information and a name correction for Max (we had too many spaces). Alex decided that his registered name would be "Take ittothe Maximas" should we get that far. His name was a sign that we would do all we could to take him all the way.

My registration request was officially denied the end August 2009 and I explained to Alex and Megan that I was running out of options (and funds). I was not defeated quite yet – the Arabian world needed to see Max and Alex in the show ring. I needed one more chance to share their story, journey and desire to show. I submitted a request for a registration hearing. I petitioned and we were granted a hearing in Reno in November 2009 – the first in 6 years. If at the hearing, the board denied my request then there would not be another opportunity, it could not be appealed, the decision would be final – it would be the end of the road for Max and Alex in the Arabian show world.

Alex, my husband, Megan, Tammy Collins and the Walsh's (who were very involved with the rescue) joined me in Reno to present our case. At the end of the 2 hour presentation we were told we would be notified within 7 days of the decision. As we stood outside the hearing room wondering if we did everything possible, the director of the hearing board came out and asked if we would come back in the room.....

The board made a unanimous decision that moment to give us half Arabian registration for Max with the stipulation if we ever found his mother they would change to purebred. They told us it was the best presentation they have ever seen. Everyone cried! We just experienced our second miracle - the first one connecting Max, Alex and Megan to one another.

We needed to get moving as this was the last year Alex could compete as a Junior/Youth Competitor. In February 2010 Max, Alex and Megan headed to Scottsdale for their first ever competition! Not only did they make their debut but they brought home ribbons!

Alex and Max showed in Santa Rosa in March 2010, DAHA in May 2010 and they qualified and showed at Regionals in Reno in July 2010. Who would have ever dreamed they would earn a Reserve Champion at Regionals!

Alex and Megan never stopped believing in Max - they are a team with dreams. It is their dreams that kept me going and determined to make this happen!

I proudly submit this application of nomination on behalf of Alex and Max.

Thanks.

## Tazmoonian Devil

By.Hannah Glotzer



When Taz first came into my life, I would never expect how much he would impact it. It all started off when I was 13 years old and didn't have much experience around horses. In my dreams I wanted a gentle horse that I could always rely on, and Taz made that dream come true. In my eyes Taz was not just a horse, he is my Best friend. The past few year has been a roller coaster of a emotion for Taz and I. Now here is the journey that Taz and I went though together.

It was the middle of summer, I had been riding Taz for a few months. It was truly the best few month of my life. Everyday after I got home from the barn, I would bug my Daddy for Taz. In my mind I knew that Taz would never be mine. Amazing one day I was riding Taz in a horsemanship lesson and I notice that my dad had been in the office for a very long time. Finally he came out with lots of papers in his hand. He called me over and told me that I was officially riding my horse. It was the best feeling in the world to know that I could finally call Taz mine.

When I first got Taz, I only expected to ride him out on the trails. But soon I was introduced to a whole new world of showing by Megan Jenkins. I couldn't have been where I am at now without my dear Trainer Megan or my best friend Taz. Megan trained Taz and I to be our very best as a whole. Finally Taz and I were able to go to our first show, which was D'alongzo. I had so much fun with my baby boy, he took care of me and I knew I was in great hands. After Taz and I did our fair amount of schooling shows we moved on to Class A shows. I would always be nervous going in to that show ring, but Taz was always clam and collected. He acted as if he has been doing this his whole life. I always had the biggest smile when I would trot in the ring. Every time I went in the show ring I could focus on improving my riding skills because Taz would always take care of the rest. I could never accomplish as much as I did without Tazmoonian Devil!

I hope Taz knows how much I love and care for him. Tazzy you are my world and also my number one boy. He changed my life. I could not imagine him not in it. It's all because of Taz and Megan that I am able to show at the level I do today. The both of them together as made my life a dream come true. Tazzy please remember that I love you with all my heart and that you impact my life dearly and that you will always be a part of it.