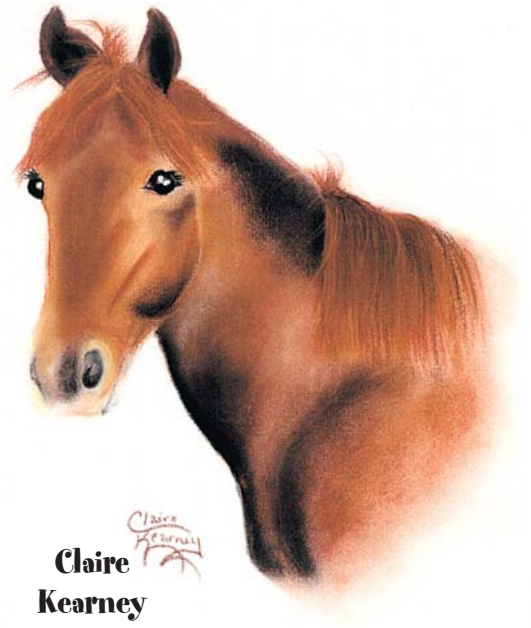


Junior Gallery



Charlotte Lemke -Age 6-



Claire Kearney
-Age 13-

My Man Midas

by Emma Calebrese

-Age 11-

Sometimes I feel like making a frown,
But I know that Midas will never let me down.
There's not another pony so much better and grand,
Midas is there for me because he's my man.
We have won champion two years in a row,
He will be my man forever and that's what I'll always know.
You can look and you can try,
But you will never find a more beautiful eye.
The time has come and this is all I need,
He has done us all a great deed,
I hope to lease and not to sell,
But what can I say, he's just so swell.
If it wasn't for him right now,
I would be dead without a doubt.
He's the best friend I'll ever need,
He's my man, my man indeed.
He's taught me so much and I don't want him to go,
But he's my man and that's what I'll always know.



Olivia Smock -Age 8-



Bailey Cone -Age 17-

I Am From by Anna Rossi -Age 11-

I am from baby pads, bump pads, no slip pads and beyond.
I am from GPAs and Charles Owens
Grand Prix and Vogels.
Toulouse to Tiddlywinks
Ingénue to Out Of The Blue
Rockport to Yes I Am.

I am from "lower leg back" and "what are you running at?"
I am from heels down and fingers closed.
From "get a tiger in your tank."

I am from blue, red and yellow,
Red, yellow, and white.
The sash
The cheering.

I am from the MCI Center
The Virginia Horse Center
Post Time Farm.

I am from the music, which rushes through my head.
The pressure
The praying.

I am from spots, to chestnut and gray.
From Winkiebear to Bubbleishus
From Romey to my dear sweet Pooh Bear.

I am from Stoneridge Farm
My friends and family
But mostly, I am from me.



Geneva Boliek-Poling -Age 11-

By Jenna D. Boillot
age 11



Jenna Boillot -Age 11-



Annelise Rayburn -Age 7-



Sydney Coldren -Age 6-

It's All About Love

by Nina Theofiles

-Age 18-

As my years as a junior come to a close, I reflect back on what riding has given me. Although lots of juniors get caught up in gaining a lengthy show record and pricy clothes, I'm fortunate to have learned on what I consider to be some of the best horses and schoolmasters ever to exist.

And I'm fortunate to have a patient, fun-loving, compassionate, and educated trainer to stick with me in times when I just don't get it. I couldn't ask for more wonderful parents to support me, and a very first horse to carry me into my adult years.

Being a junior gives license for crazy behavior, but also unbreakable bonds are made. Bonds with horse show secretaries, with friends from the barn and shows, with trainers, with older/wiser riders, with vets, with farriers, and of course, the most brilliant bond with your horse. These bonds in combination with all the responsibilities equal such knowledge and discipline, that riding becomes more like a lifestyle than a sport.

Riding helps juniors make the transition into adulthood, as difficult as it is. Juniors as well as adults, be it professional or amateur, seek horses, seek riding, because of how much one can gain from it. It's because of all the feelings and moments that riding is wonderful; blue ribbons and awards are just bonuses.

It's the unexplainable feeling of your horse jumping up to you, really snapping his knees up. It's the feeling of love when playful squeals or deep knickers are heard fluttering through the barn. It's laughing at yourself when you mess up. It's all of these things that have made me love riding throughout the years. It's these things that make up a beautiful relationship between juniors and riding.

I'm not afraid to admit the countless moments I've spent just staring at my horse, realizing that at the end of the day what is most important is that you love what you're doing. My mom always seems to tactfully say, "There's too much money being put into this for you not to have fun!" So that usually helps remind me not to take everything so seriously, as everyone can get into a habit of doing.

Horses that teach you throughout the years become old friends, and new horses are like starting a brand new friendship. Juniors, juggling schoolwork, jobs and countless other things, should love riding for the break it gives them. When I feel like the whole world is going wrong, and I need a moment to collect myself, there is no better place than the barn. Sometimes getting on bareback and walking through the rolling hills or just basking in the sun, is when I feel I can really breathe. Juniors grow to love the smell of leather, hay, and of course the unique smell each horse carries with him.

Juniors admire the adults for their ability to support themselves financially while adults

admire juniors for galloping up to the hairiest looking fence they've ever seen. Learning is part of riding; learning from everything around you.

In riding, juniors are able to find a love for learning as well. Juniors can find that, although chemistry and trigonometry lack any excitement, the physics behind jumping a downhill horse to an uphill fence will be fascinating. Understanding supplements and measuring distances becomes a new form of learning and carried the junior into a new field of education, when all of a sudden they understand why vitamins and minerals are so important.

I urge riders to realize how fortunate they are, give their horse a big hug, and sleep well knowing that you are doing what you love!



Brenna Weems -Age 8-



Kailyn Weinberg -Age 9-



Laura Kosiorek -Age 15-

Just One Look

by Adele Norton

-Age 12-

My horse is good
My horse is great
My horse will win
My horse will always place

But my horse will nicker
When I open his door
But my horse will lick my hands
When I offer him some more

He'd jump the moon
He'd jump the stars
He would even
Jump Mars!

His coat shines like a new penny
His brown eyes twinkle in the light
He arches his neck with pride
He flies with the weightlessness of a kite

He thinks he's hot stuff
And acts like it too
Especially when he's
Fighting over food

He listens to my problems
Best as he can
Then he sets me straight
By pushing me on my fan

He likes to win
But he's a better sport than I am—
He knows how to lose
I guess it comes from his dam

All the braiders love him
The judges know him too—
His siblings are seen at every show
And they certainly are not jumping low

A year of riding him has come
The past is filled with glories
And now we're ready for the future
The juniors are going to be fun!

Thank you Willy
I knew you'd be great from the start
Just One Look was all it took
To put you in my heart.



Juliana Petrillo -Age 8-



Brendan Martlyn -Age 8-

Moving Forward

by Christine Ricard

-Age 11-

Moving forward
Heart beating fast
Whatever we do
This moment won't last

Wind blowing against us
Brushing our faces
Watching wide-eyed
For all new places.

Moving as one,
Girl and horse
When working together
We have a strong force.

With fur soft as velvet,
Mane the color of gold
It's such a strong bond
It never gets old.

The ground underneath us
It's just a big blur
We're galloping fast
That's for sure.

Our ride is ending,
The sadness like a blanket
100 feet to the barn
The moment will not make it.

Moving forward
Hearts beating fast
Whatever we do,
This moment won't last.



Annelise Rayburn -Age 7-

In Jumping You Must...

by Caroline Resor

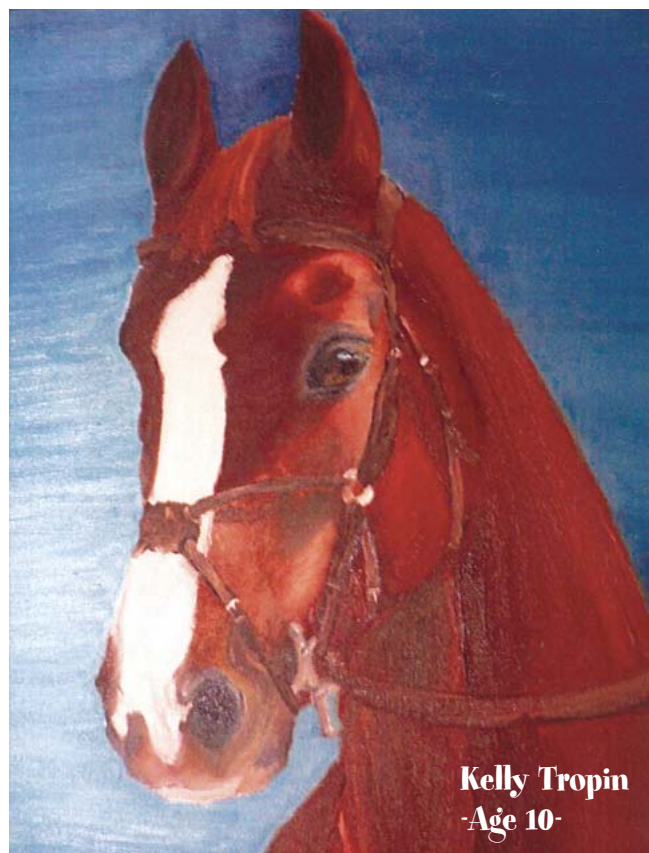
-Age 11-

Keep your heels down,
Hands steady,
Chin up,
Legs ready.

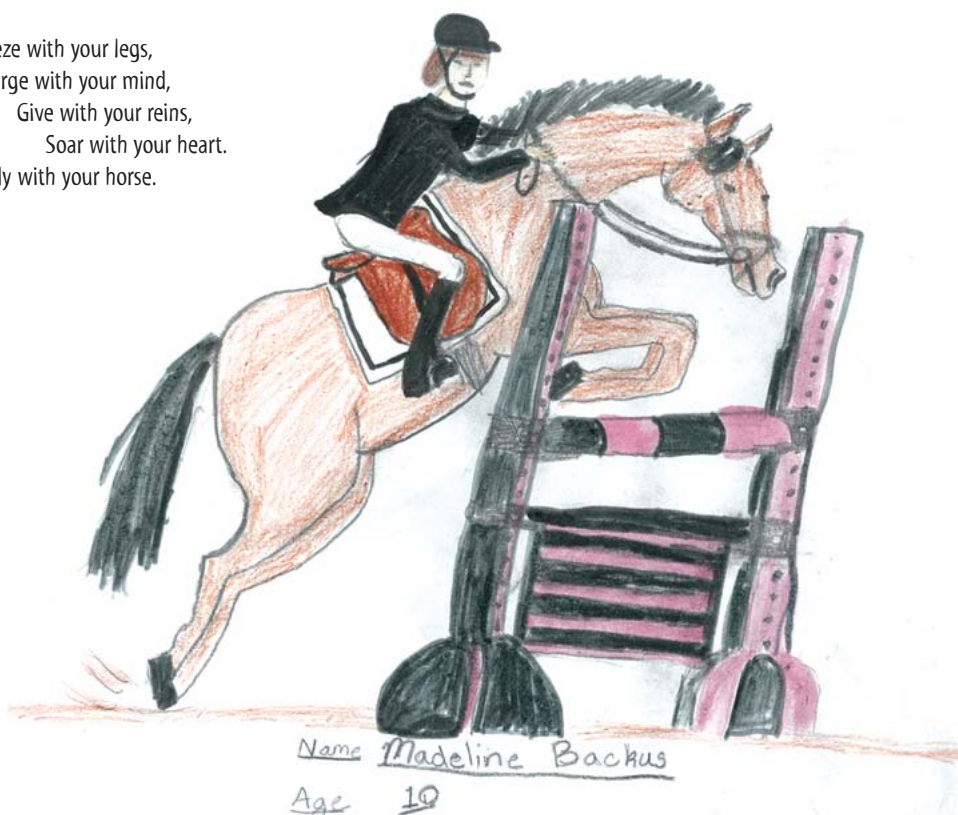
Stay on top,
Balanced,
In control.

Don't sag,
Drag,
Or
Lag around.

Squeeze with your legs,
Urge with your mind,
Give with your reins,
Soar with your heart.
Fly with your horse.



Kelly Tropin
-Age 10-



Name Madeline Backus
Age 10

Madeline Backus -Age 10-



Amanda Ko -Age 10-



Caroline Houston -Age 7-



Clancy Farrand -Age 8-

In The Horse World

By Claire Dunnigan

-Age 14-

I guess it's the feeling I get every morning when I wake up. At my first glance I look straight into the eyes of one of the Breyer Horses that are stabled in my room. Before I even go downstairs, I see Pony Club ribbons hanging on my wall. It is a known fact that adults need coffee in the morning, but my pick-me-up is standing outside smelling the crisp air full of hay and Earth. People in the horse world will understand.

By 7:40 a.m., I'm sitting in a hard chair listening on how to improve grammar in my language arts class; or so my teacher thinks. In reality, I am cruising through countless memories of dusty rings, wooded trails, and oh yes, mud puddles! I journey into another world, wondering if the weather will hold up long enough to ride after school.

No matter how hard I try, the bell signaling that first hour has ended catches me off guard, and I jump up thinking the clock has started in a show jumping round! You guessed it! I'm horse crazy.

As the rest of my school day passes by, it's no use trying to converse to peers in horse terms, only English (not riding) will do for them. Some

days I feel the only friends that I need are Anna Sewell, Walter Farley and Laura Hillenbrand. They would love discussing equines, stamina and peppermints.

It's by 2:40 p.m., that my day really starts. It's watching the school bus pull away from my driveway that counts. I'm finally home for the day and ready to ride. I have to admit we have quite a colorful barnyard. Bays, grays, chestnuts and an Appaloosa make up the wallpaper of our field. My mom greets me, and we select our mounts. No matter if it's the noble Arab, trusty Connemara, handsome Trakehner or dumpy Haflinger, we know it will be a great ride! Uncovering my Courbette, and stuffing treats in my pocket, we begin to tack up. Pushing open the rusty barn door, we head out on an adventure.

In my experiences of riding, every ride seems to create a new page of the many chapters of horsemanship. Being able to race through the woods with an animal you trust, and a family member you love is what riding is all about. I especially love the weekend rides where my mom, dad, brother and random friends come out and join us. No radio station or CD can compete with the sound of hooves beating on the ground, or the yelling of "Tally Ho!"

Riding for fun helps me clear my mind as well as practice for competitions. You can add a hunt coat or shadbelly, but what lies underneath will always be the connection between horse and rider moving as one without a care in the world! There will always be time and classes to learn foreign languages, but I will remain bilingual, fluent both in the English language and the unwritten diction of horses.



Brianna Keesler

Brianna Keesler -Age 8-

Miss Liberty "Libby"

by Claudia Romeo

Libby was not only my first horse, she was my best friend. The one you could trust and count on to take you anywhere, and be the one to show you the way back home when you got lost or when she felt it was time for her dinner.

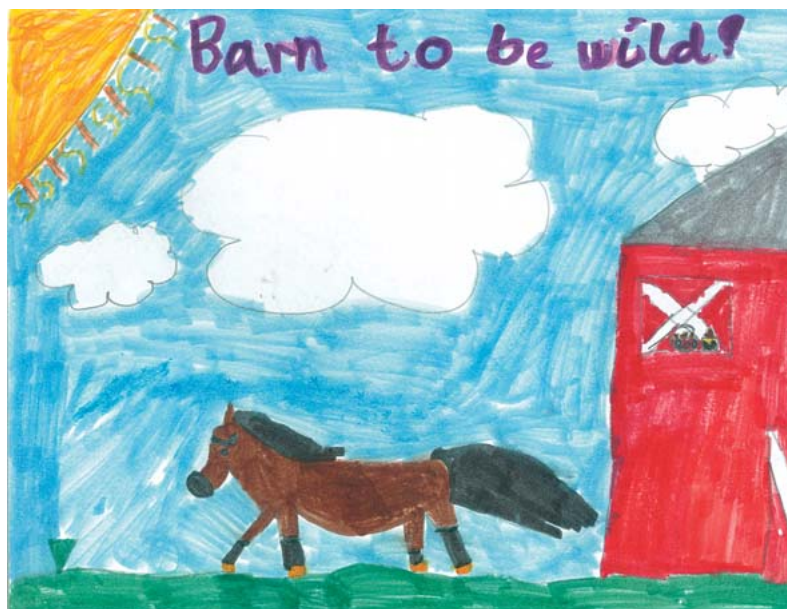
Like too many of these stories go, Libby was severely abused and neglected at a summer camp, of course was shy around men, and picked one person to truly love. I had the great fortune of being that person.

I met Libby on July 4, 2002, when I had just moved to the area and a friend said they had someone special for me to meet. What I saw was the prettiest little flaxen liver chestnut mare I had ever seen. To a lot of people she was just a shaggy looking, old mare with, at the time, seemingly no talent. As the weeks and months went by, she turned out to be the best jumper I had ever ridden.

At the height of her game with me, we did training level stadium courses. But one crisp spring day, she managed to clear a triple board fence in a turnout sheet and gallop across the backyard, to my Mom's great surprise.

As the queen of the barn, she was always fed first, pampered most, held the best stall, and had the most treats. She was very polite about this power she held, but was, of course, very opinionated. When she did not want to do something, she generally made that known. She also had the uncanny talent for detecting the smallest traces of foul-tasting medicine in her food, and liked to keep me thinking up ways to mask these things. (Her favorite was molasses).

Libby was possibly the best trail horse in the world. She had the fastest walk that she could keep up for hours, even though her favorite thing to do



Emma Lemke -Age 7-

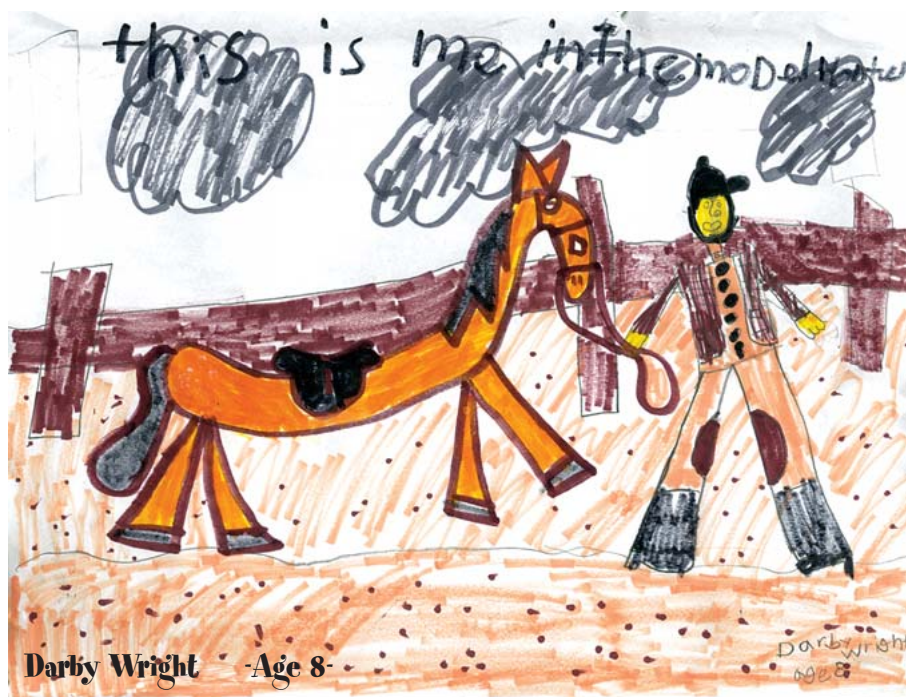
was gallop (and I wasn't complaining). She was usually the first one to find me safely back home when I got spooked out in the woods. Like the day I let her stop to scratch and looked to my left and found myself peering into a large doorway that I later found out to be a bomb shelter built in the '70s. But I still won't go down there. Or perhaps the day I simply thought the sound of motors was coming from the nearby Hanaford warehouse, but it turned out to be a heavily loaded logging truck slipping and sliding its way down the steep hill toward us. (I don't actually think they ever saw me). There were numerous other incidences where she galloped home at my bidding; me scared by my own shadow again.

I raced her twice. The first happened to be the first and last time she really bucked, but we won anyway, and the second she made my eventing horse eat dirt. Lots of it.

There are many different, little idiosyncrasies about Libby that most people would not understand. For instance, her winter coat that felt like mink, her wonderfully horsey smell, or the little bits of steam blowing out her nostrils on a cold fall morning when she gave that soft nicker.

Even though her heart attack was unexpected and tragic, it was better than watching her withering away over many years. I know that she died with a flame in her heart and a spark in her eye. She died right alongside the only mare she was truly friends with, Brandy.

Every time we pull up to the house, I still look at her stall thinking I'd see her little muzzle poking out between the bars on her window, just to investigate. I think about her every day, and will never stop missing her. In a way, though, she still lives on in my heart and in all of my horses, as they now bear her name and the name of a farm she helped to establish, Liberty Farm.



Darby Wright -Age 8-

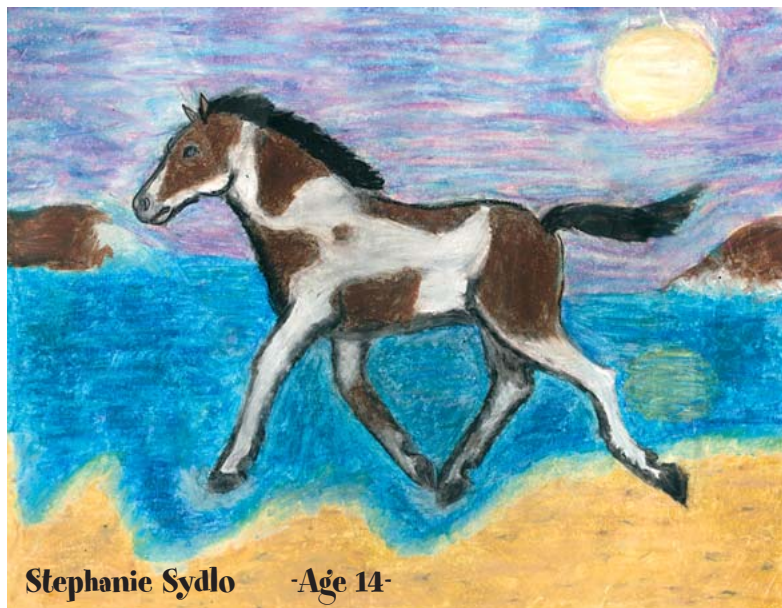
Ponies are like boxes of candy...



you will never know
what you will get!

**Carrie
Lemke**

-Age 11-



Stephanie Sydlo **-Age 14-**

My Horse

by Alicia Pickett-Hale

-Age 18-

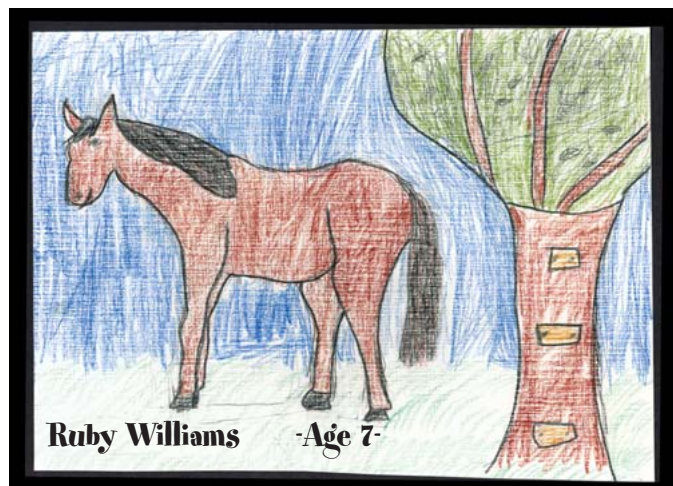
What makes the perfect horse?
Each is unique and none the same
This would be my horse, the one for me
His eyes would be stars, glittering and bright
His nose would feel like velvet, soft and true
His teeth would be seashells, glistening white
His mane would be thunderclouds, drifting and flowing
His coat would shine like the sun, brilliant and unmarked
His hooves would be obsidian rock, dark and hard
His legs would be reeds, slender and strong
His tail would be a stream, rippling and wavy
He would move with the wind, never to be taken for granted
He would be my protector, my companion, my friend
This would be my horse, the one for me
Let your heart make your own, let it set you free.



Henson Milam **-Age 8-**



Caroline Fountain **-Age 10-**



Ruby Williams **-Age 7-**



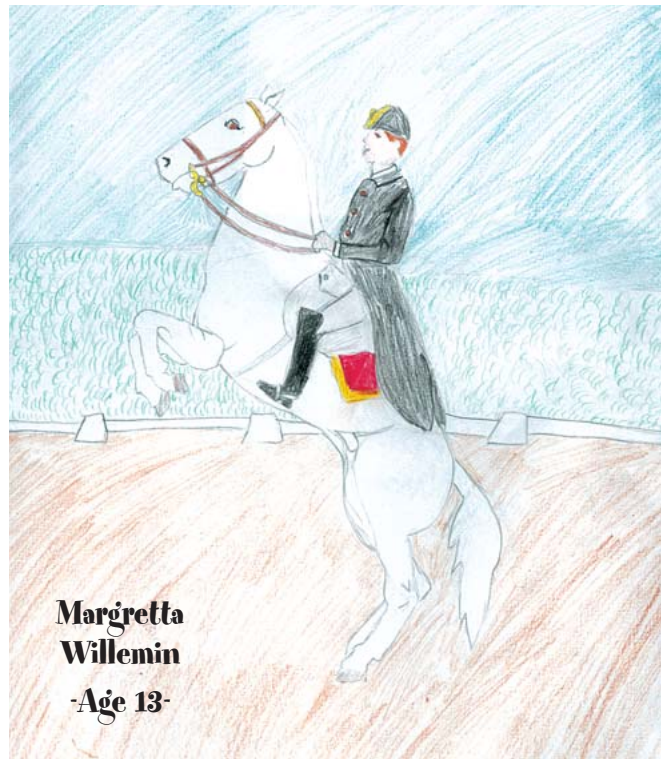
The Hunting Field

by Sarah Goshen

--Age 12--

Leaping over logs,
Dashing up hills,
Foxhunting gives you great thrills.
Pushing open gates,
Falling into ponds,
Leave it! It's only a fawn.
Time to go home,
Don't stay in the back alone.
We see the bushes rustle.
There they go, galloping again.
Feeling like we're flying like a bird,

As we reach the top,
We see the staff.
They may look funny,
But try not to laugh.
Pay attention; don't be rude,
Say thank you.
We go through valleys,
Around a bush,
We see hounds.
The fox has gone to ground!



Margretta
Willemin

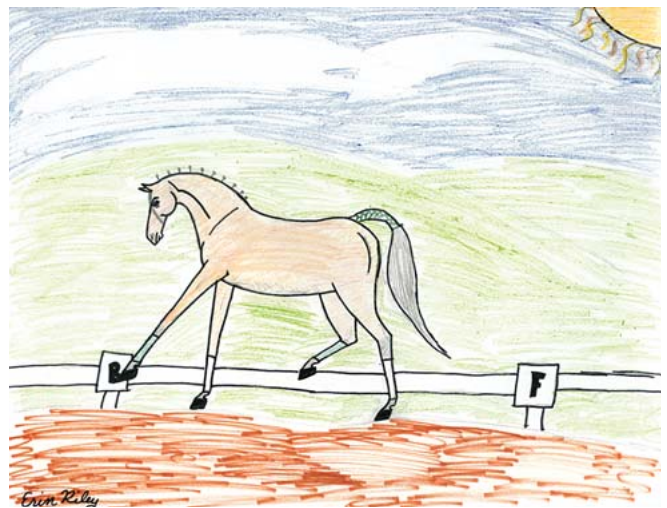
--Age 13--



Ann Charity Daly --Age 7-



Elizabeth Houston --Age 12-



Erin Riley --Age 13-

Partner Dance

by Marissa Messina

-Age 12-

The dance is starting.
 We enter the ring.
 He picks up the canter.
 The first fence is getting closer.
 We jump it with ease.
 The second is extra wide.
 Coiled power explodes over the jump.
 We land effortlessly on the off side.
 The line is next,
 Three steps, a jump,
 Three more steps, another jump.
 Now the line with six in between.
 Our jump in is clean,
 Graceful and arching,
 Six fluid strides,
 Now pressing across the oxer.
 A long approach to the last jump.
 This is it.
 Now we're only three steps away,
 Two, one,
 We're over it.
 We trot to the gate,
 And exit the ring.
 The score is called.
 It is an 86.
 We lead the class,
 Throughout the next 17 ponies.
 We stay on top,
 Then it is all over.
 We've won the class.
 We jog into the ring,
 To accept the blue ribbon.
 And the crowd is deafening.
 The dance is over.



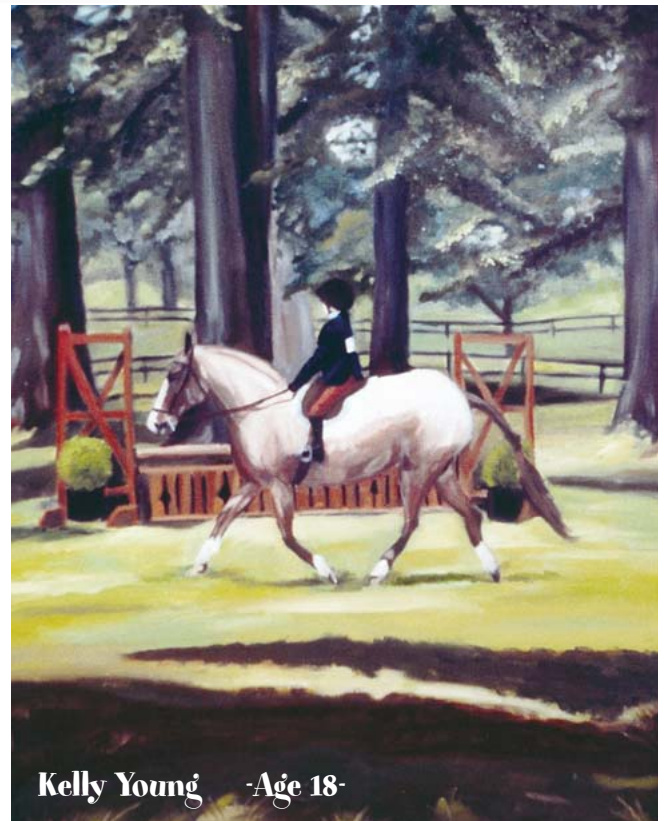
Anne Walker
-Age 14-



Doug Masters
-Age 14-



Courtney Schwabauer -Age 9-



Kelly Young -Age 18-