

>
> T'waza Hoot

>A month ago a poem I received,
>Not knowing soon, it would pertain to me.
>God in His wisdom watches from above,
>Knows where we are and keeps us in His love.
>Had we not been riding the Mt. Adams ride
>We'd been working cattle with no vet in sight.
>After several bouts of colic the past couple of years
>Wally our vet thought possible cancer somewhere.
>For two years we loved and rode many miles
>He brought much happiness and made many smiles.
>We rode Serrabu for our first long distance race,
>We rode with Marie and came in 11th place.
>Mt Adams was to be our next race.
>I guess God wanted us in this special place.
>Beneath the majestic mountain in a lush meadow fair
>His spirit was set free, away from farther pain and care.
>Golden mane and tail flying as his spirit soared away
>To meet the white horses and forever there stay.

>This is my addition to the next part of the poem,
>I wish I could thank the author but he is unknown.

> Linda Pishion

>Don't cry for the horses that Life has set free.
>A million white horses forever to be.
>Don't cry for the horses now in God's hand.
>As they dance and they prance in a heavenly band.
>They were ours as a gift, but never to keep,
>Now they close their eyes forever to sleep

>Their spirits abound, on silver wings they fly,
>A million white horses against the blue sky.
>Look up into heaven, you'll see them above
>The horses we lost, the horses we loved.
>Manes and tails flowing, they gallop through time,
>A place in my heart but they were never mine.
>Don't cry for the horses, they'll be with us someday
>When our time has come, they will show us the way.
>Listen! Do you hear that soft nicker close to your ear?
>Don't cry for the horses, love the ones that are here.
>And now to this poem I add my farewell
>To my awesome horse Hoot whom I leave in Gods care.
>Journey well my faithful friend; let your spirit soar!
>Journey west into the sunset, new ventures to explore.
>Drink the wind of heavenly freedom, run so wild and free.
>Unbridled with your mane a-flying, from earthly hardships flee.
>When my time from earth is chosen and God takes me by the hand;
>Please wait for me by the gateway and let me ride into His land.
>Together we will ride His pastures galloping along,
>Hooting and yehawing as our voices rise in song.

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Section Note

The title and author
now are known:
"Don't Cry for the Horses"
by Brenda Riley-Seymour

Linda's poem continues
after this section

6/4/2000