



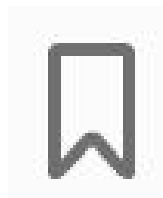
THE NOGAL JOURNALS

Volume Six

BELLE, THUNDER, SPANKY, LULU
AND
MATTHEW MIDGETT

The Nogal Journals
Volume 6 - Part 3 of 3

Please use the BOOKMARKS TOOL:



for your active TABLE OF CONTENTS
(located on the far upper right corner of the
window).

This place has *miles* of metal pipe fencing. After all the summer rains, it was time to repaint. It has been a tedious, but rewarding project during the last two weeks. The horses have been mildly interested, and generally follow me around to whatever area I am in and then they ask, "When are we going riding?" The deer found it truly fascinating, and showed up early every morning, to see what I was up to.

There they are, waiting just after dawn.



"Okay . . . it was white before. It's white now. So???"



Their interest was rewarded with some breakfast corn.



Shiny and fresh.









Spanky helpfully points out that I missed a spot!



MM

2014-11-15 – ***Halloween Parade Video***

Page 1 of 1

Julia Danielle created a wonderful short video of the Carrizozo Halloween Parade. I think you will enjoy it!

Please click on the link below - OR - type into your browser address line.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H1Oj_vPsES8&feature=youtu.be



MM



FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

2014-11-16 – *An Early Snow*

Page 1 of 6

It wasn't expected (we gave a tour of the Fort yesterday in shirt sleeves). Then, around seven o'clock this morning it began. By ten, we had about six inches of fresh snow . . .

Lulu had a ball!



"Wheeee!" (The apple trees still have their leaves).



2014-11-16 – *An Early Snow*

Page 2 of 6

Didn't seem to faze Wilcox. "Oh, yeah. Snow. Big deal."



By afternoon, the snowfall was over.



2014-11-16 – *An Early Snow*

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It wasn't cold enough to freeze the stock tank.



"How about a ride?"



2014-11-16 – *An Early Snow*

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"Yeah! Can we go for a ride now?"



Off we went.





... of course ...



2014-11-16 – *An Early Snow*

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Belle found plenty of green grass, under the snow. She knew just where to look.



And Thunder nibbled on frozen sunflowers, with the delicacy of a hummingbird.



It wasn't expected - but it sure was enjoyed!

MM

Although it is warming up, there is still a little snow around the ranch, and we figured the mountain trails would be muddy, and maybe icy . . . So, today we went down the mountain for a ride in the high desert near Carrizozo.

When we got to Carrizozo (population 1,000), we stopped by the annual "traditional Thanksgiving menu" lunch at Trinity Methodist Church. The church ladies prepare the food and their husbands serve. It was delicious. Moist turkey; real, creamy mashed potatoes; bread stuffing; the whole works. In fact, it reminded me of my mom's wonderful Thanksgiving cooking - the highest compliment I can offer! Even the pies are home made - from scratch (they even grow their own pumpkins).



2014-11-19 – *Tasty Ride*

Page 2 of 8

After lunch (which Lulu enjoyed, as well), I managed to overcome my turkey-induced coma for a ride in the high desert south of town. That's the west side of Nogal Peak, way in the distance.



Riding the wide open spaces - perfect for working off a big lunch!



2014-11-19 – *Tasty Ride*

Page 3 of 8

Those are the mountains where we often ride; you have crossed that bald knoll (on the left) with us before! It seems much higher when we are up there.



Spanky enjoys the nice dry, soft footing.



We meander through the scrub, when . . .



Uh-oh. A badlands of arroyos.



We climb down, into, and across them. The horses and Lulu really get a kick out of figuring out how to do this.



Peek-a-boo, Thunder (I swear, he was playing a little "horse hide and seek"!)



I guess cattle rustling is still a concern around here.



It's been a long time since anyone called this place home . . .



... or enjoyed a fresh cup of cowboy coffee from this cup.



Back at the trailer, Thunder tries a drink out of Lulu's water dish.



While Spanky keeps an eye on Belle.



We were home in time for sunset. That's the other (east) side of Nogal Peak on the horizon.



Thanks for coming along. Sorry you missed the pie!

MM

2014-11-24 – ***Water Canyon Trail***

Page 1 of 11

Even after living here for four-and-a-half years (!), we still discover new trails nearby. I asked one of the wranglers at the Stephenson Ranch outside of Carrizozo, about any places he could recommend, and he came up with the Water Canyon trail. We had seen the trail head at the top of the mountain, but never tried it. His idea was to begin at the bottom, in the high desert.

Only a few miles from home, this is down in open cattle country.



2014-11-24 – ***Water Canyon Trail***

Page 2 of 11

Lulu rides shotgun. She LOVES to go. (She has never stuck her head out the window!)



The horses recognize a new place to explore.



2014-11-24 – ***Water Canyon Trail***

Page 3 of 11

The lower trail head. There is an unimproved campground here. Very pretty location in the White Mountain Wilderness. We can picture it during the green months . . .



Treasure on the trail! I spotted this stone necklace - with the clasp still closed - around Thunder's hoof print.



Clouds are rolling in. It's warmer than it looks; actually a very nice day for a ride.



YIKES! A very deep old vertical mine shaft. Belle wanted nothing to do with this!



Fortunately, someone has fenced it off for safety.



We run into some snow . . .



. . . and a nice little gurgling creek along the trail.



We are climbing fast; the narrow canyon provides lots of shade for the snow. Fortunately the warm day keeps it very soft - no ice. Although the trail is covered, and difficult to see (no one has been up here in a while), Lulu is a fine guide and keeps us on course.



The higher we climb, the more snow, and fallen trees, too.



We found a way around this one. (Belle said she does NOT do the limbo!)



Lulu races back to check on our progress "Come on! This is so cool!"



Spanky finds the darndest places to roll!



This waterfall will be beautiful in the spring.



Wow. They have some BIG wild turkeys up here! To give you some idea, that's my size 11 glove next to the track.



Oops. This is a very large obstacle, with no easy way around. Since it was getting dark, we decided to leave the rest of the trail to explore another time.



The trailer waits for us in the dusk.



It was fun to explore this new trail (it will be a good one in the spring/summer); glad you could come along!

MM



FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

... So much to be thankful for...



Wishing you and yours a very
HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

From all of us at Followed Dream Ranch



FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

Black Friday? Shopping malls? Not for us! We decided to take advantage of the very mild weather and check out conditions on top of the mountain.



In the shaded areas, there is still some snow from our surprise storm two weeks ago.



Lots of water everywhere from the melt . . . spring conditions in November!



No snow on the sunny mountaintop.



Come on, guys. Time to go back down.

"But can we just go up there and look around for a minute? Pretty please?"



So, up we went.



Whadda view! (That black "shadow" on the upper left is the youngest lava flow in the continental U.S.)



2014-11-28 – ***Black Friday - NOT***

Page 6 of 8

Thunder has a blast on the way down (this is why I ride Belle so often . . . I love to see Thunder run!) It's that tufted grass - difficult footing even when walking.



This is much steeper than it looks.



No, Thunder, we are not going that way this time. Come on back.



"Oh, okay . . . " (*He did*).



Proud moment: As we were coming down the mountain, we met a professional guide and several elk hunters on horseback. They were headed the way I had planned to go; but we decided to make a detour so as not to disturb their route. Thunder and Spanky started over to join them (a natural response for horses - it must have reminded them of all our rides with Dacodah's group). But I just had to whistle, and they wheeled around and came running! Very nice.

MM

2014-11-28 – *Thanksgiving Trail*

Page 1 of 6

The horses and Lulu came along as I enjoyed a wonderful Thanksgiving "pot luck" feast with friends in the historic village of Lincoln; they all behaved themselves beautifully (I mean the horses and Lulu . . .) and after the meal, about a mile down the road there was a brand new trail to explore!

It's called the Paseo del Rio Bonito trail, recently completed by the Bureau of Land Management, and we were eager to check it out.

The trail meanders through the valley where Billy the Kid, Sheriff Pat Garrett, and countless others rode into history. This is ground zero for much of the Wild West lore.



2014-11-28 – *Thanksgiving Trail*

Page 2 of 6

If these hills could talk . . . High up, an ancient cave. Did Geronimo seek shelter here?



Part of the trail is lined with stones, like a garden path.





There was something unusual about this ride - it was more of a "walk". I don't remember ever seeing the horses and Lulu so mellow. No one broke into a cantor, or even a trot. Thunder led, and we simply followed along behind. It was as though they had ALL eaten too much turkey!





What would a ride be, without a roll?



Back at home, we made certain the deer had a good Thanksgiving, too!





Ever thankful.
MM

Belle and I have had our photograph "aged" before, using some sort of computer program (this one is from the Fort Stanton LIVE! posters); it is interesting to "see" yourself in the past!

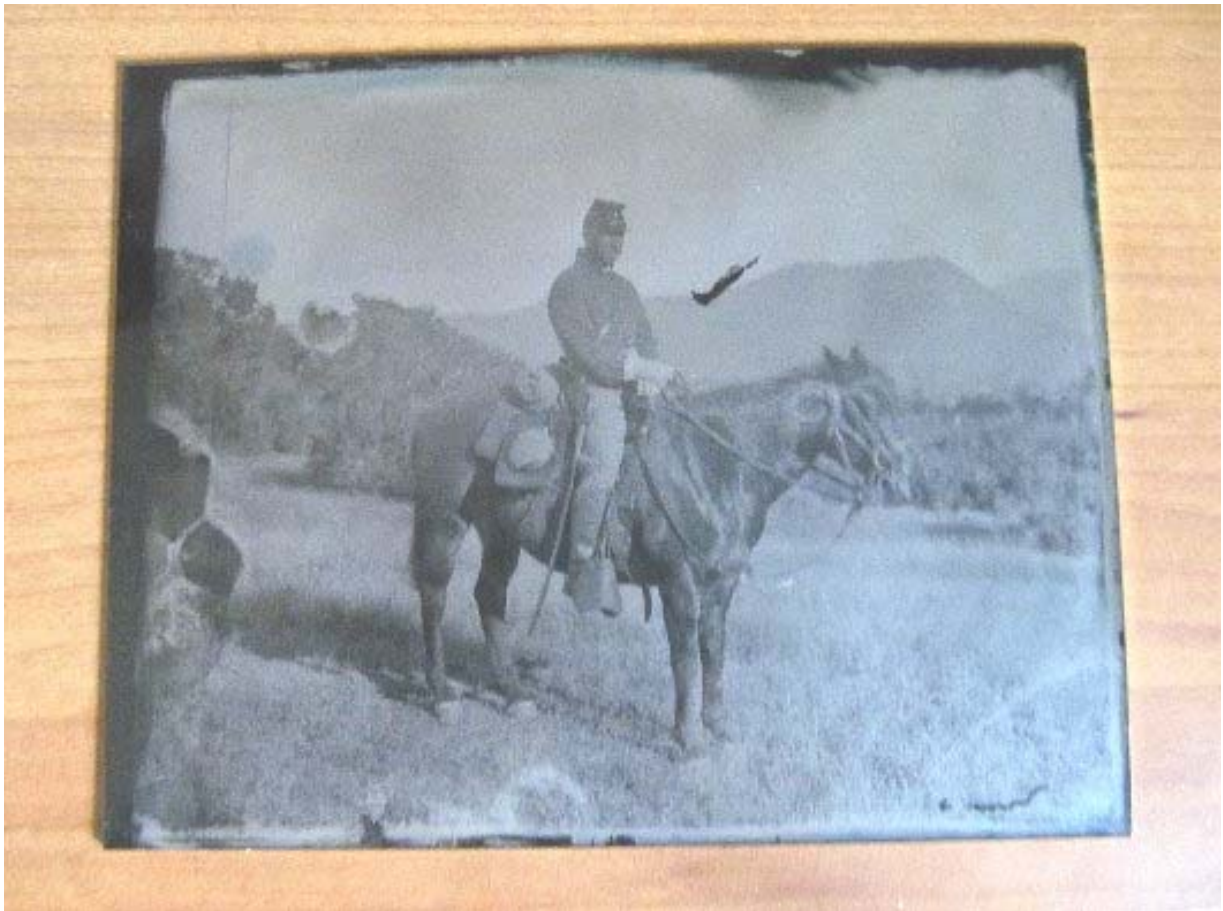


But we had a different experience recently. Marc de Clercq is a young Belgian photographer traveling the United States making photos using the actual 1850's method of "wet plate" collodion process (tintypes). Historically, the popularity of the wet plate process was short-lived. From its invention by Frederick Scott Archer in 1851, the process flourished only until the introduction of dry plates in the early 1880's. The collodion process was safer and more convenient than its predecessor the Daguerreotype, but wet plate collodion still required the proximity of a darkroom and the preparation, exposure, and on-the-spot processing of the plate all within a matter of minutes. The convenience of dry plates (which could be prepared in advance and processed long after exposure) quickly led to the abandonment of the wet plate process by most studio and location photographers. Matthew Brady made his famous photographs of the Civil War using the process (and invented the "Brady stand" to keep models steady during the long exposure times - try that with a horse!) Today, a wet plate revival is occurring, sparked largely through interest in Living History and the imaging revolution centered on digital technology. As photography markets have shifted towards digital, it has led some art photographers to rediscover the beautiful wet plate collodion process. Aside from the ever-present safety issues of the process (the chemicals stink to high heaven!!!), having a darkroom nearby is the largest hurdle to overcome when

attempting wet plate collodion. Marc carries all his equipment and a portable "dark tent" (actually, a modified ice fishing tent!) with him. It is unbelievably cumbersome and tedious. The subject must stay perfectly in position so that the photographer can set the focus and depth of field on his box-like camera. THEN he must run to the dark tent and create the volatile chemical mixture which is applied to a metal plate. The plate must be perfectly coated, carefully inserted into the camera, and the image exposed - all in a matter of minutes. PLUS, the subject (in this case a horse) must remain perfectly still for the entire time of the exposure!

The results are astonishing . . . history is created on the spot.

Here are some examples of Marc's collodion wet plates created not 160 years ago, but last week (Belle was extraordinarily cooperative and patient. It is as though she understood what the needs were):



Either glass or metal plates were employed; Marc prefers metal plates for greater durability. They give the image a reflective quality, adding to the three-dimensional illusion (thousands of Matthew Brady's images were lost after his death, when disinterested people used his glass photographs in the construction of greenhouses!)



Marc recreated some "fallen soldier" scenes. This is the only one of that series which I have seen; it is a reject because the exposure was too dark, and Belle moved her head (creating the "headless horse"). Even so, it is a powerful image.



Seeing us like THAT is a strange sensation . . .

Marc has returned to Belgium with some mighty interesting photographs of the "old" West!

MM

There is something special about riding the high country. The effort to climb to the top, the forever views . . . and a greater sense of camaraderie between the horses. As winter approaches, our rides on the mountain become even more appreciated. Soon, snow and ice will likely keep us away until spring.

"Hey, Lulu! Want to take a ride on the mountain?" (Of course she did!)



Although the temps have been very mild, at this elevation some snow from the November storm still lingers deep in the canyons.



Long ago, Thunder and Belle taught Spanky how to eat snow. He pauses to "eat" a drink.



. . . but mostly the trails are dry, and green grass still grows in the sun. Thunder hurries us to the top.



Lulu follows right along.



It's a long way down - from here to the Tularosa Basin below.



In the distance, Lake Lucero shimmers like a mirage in White Sands National Monument.



Lulu leads as we climb a ridge.



Along our trail, a Christmas tree among the aspens.



As we crest up above the tree line, Thunder spots something.



A herd of elk, blending beautifully into the tufted grass, is crossing our path. Maybe they recognize us - it is still hunting season, but they seem unafraid.



More come along.



These stragglers hurry to catch up with their friends.



Lulu and the horses stop, and everyone has a good look at each other.



With silent acknowledgment, we are all on our way again.



Moments like that are difficult to describe, even with photos. The silence. The vast country, and experiencing it with those whose home this is.

Thanks for allowing us to share something special with you.

MM



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The little town of Carrizozo (which is Spanish for "much reed grass") was founded with the coming of the El Paso and Northeastern railroad in 1899. It became the seat of Lincoln County - once the largest in the U.S. - in 1909. But with the development of the automobile and the decline of railroads, most of Carrizozo's population drifted off. Today it is a sleepy crossroads surrounded by cattle ranches.

The Carrizozo Women's Club was completed by local WPA workers in 1939 (it's on the National Register of Historic Places). Each year at this time the ladies host an annual "Holiday Hoedown" bazaar, with crafts and homemade treats like pecan divinity, egg nog cookies - and "imported" Krispy Kreme donuts!



Lately, there has been a grass roots effort to establish an arts community in 'Zozo. Some of the old storefronts have been turned into trendy galleries.



Other buildings wait their turn.



After sharing Krispy Kreme's with the horses and Lulu (yes, I did!), we headed out of town for a little afternoon ride.



We just meandered, with no particular destination.



Eventually coming upon an arroyo . . . and some real treasures!





Here in the middle of nowhere is a graveyard of early automobiles!



The final resting place of many a young man's dreams.



They look to be from the late 1920's or very early '30's.



How did they come to be here - miles from anywhere? Were they intentionally abandoned? Or were they victims of some long-forgotten natural catastrophe?



Countless monsoon floods have washed over them for decades.



This one is nearly completely buried; only a fender and headlamp emerge. I wonder what might lie further beneath the sand?





Riding along, I imagine the excitement when someone drove their shiny new car into this dusty frontier country, so many years ago . . . giving rides to the neighbors, or maybe taking a girl into town for a date (did the horses know their days were numbered?) And I consider all that has happened since: Wars. Boom and bust. Inaugurations and assassinations. The parade of time passed as these relics sat in the New Mexico sun. They likely saw the flash and glow of the first atomic bomb at Trinity Site, about 50 miles away. That early morning, they silently witnessed world history in the making. Mankind was never the same.



Now they dot the landscape as mute reminders of a distant age.



The cattle know nothing of this.



Nor the ancient yuccas beneath the eternal New Mexico skies.



MM

No story with this . . . Had to go into town, took the horses (and Lulu, of course!) and we did a ride above Grindstone Reservoir.









At home. WHAT?"



Hope you enjoyed the outing as much as we did!
MM

2014-12-11 – *A Nice And Easy – Special Ride*

Page 1 of 10

You have heard me say many times that each ride is special - and it's true. Every ride *is* special, but some rides are *more* special than others. Like today's, for example. It wasn't the area - we have ridden these trails many times before. It wasn't the weather - although clear and mild, we have seen more beautiful days. It was the way we all shared the same mood during the ride. Tough to put into words (or even pictures). Sort of like that wonderful feeling during the five "snooze" minutes after the alarm goes off. Or the unexpected extra day of vacation, when your flight home was canceled.

A big part of it results from watching the horses in their freedom. Each of them makes contributions to our progress by suggesting the pace or even direction we take. They share in the experience, and communicate effortlessly with each other - and with me.

Our weather has been unusual - those are summer-like clouds, with rain coming down over the distant Capitan Mountains (in mid-December!)



2014-12-11 – *A Nice And Easy – Special Ride*

Page 2 of 10

So once again we take off for the high country, before snow and ice keep us away. On a familiar trail, Thunder needs no direction as he moves along behind Lulu.



Happy dog!





I think this "Christmas" tree rivals the one in N.Y.C.'s Rockefeller Center! It's huge, and perfectly-shaped.



A peaceful drink from a little brook.



Although it rarely happens in these mountains, it was near here that we encountered some riders coming down the same narrow trail. My horses moved over to let them pass. I figured there was a good chance they would then follow the other horses back down - a combination of herd instinct and the path of least resistance (easier to go downhill!!). I was very pleasantly surprised when they paused to say "hello" - and then continued on as before.

During their pleasantries with the other horses, Spanky got ahead of Thunder. "Ha! Ha!" says Spanky. "Grrrr!" says Thunder.



Pretty country up here.



We decided to bushwhack up to that ridge ahead. Off we go at full bore!



Thunder races straight up . . .



. . . so that he can create this image. Look'in good. (It's really cool that he waits for us).



Spanky takes an easier route.



From up here, I knew the general direction towards the trail we wanted, a couple of ridges away, but I was not sure how to get there cross country. As if to say, "Follow me", Thunder led us across canyons, and through dense brush . . . to connect directly with the desired trail. He knew. He is amazing.



Ever-watchful elk keep an unconcerned eye on us.



On the way down, a cool drink along the trail.



Yeah.



2014-12-11 – ***A Nice And Easy – Special Ride***

Page 10 of 10

As we headed back, it was so dark I needed the flash to capture this shot of everyone quietly walking along together.



They make it easy, and special. Thanks for coming along!

MM

Although "weather" was predicted, it was a remarkably warm and beautiful day. As I worked on chores, the horses let me know it was time for a ride.

Out the gate we went. Slowly at first . . .



. . . but then off at a gallop!





A sentinel watched us pass.



Then as we rode, gunshots rang out in the distance. Kaboom! Kaboom! Echoed off the hills. Hunters. Rare in this particular area. The shots seemed to be getting closer. The horses were aware of them, and I began to get a little concerned. We turned around and headed home, keeping to the open areas for visibility.



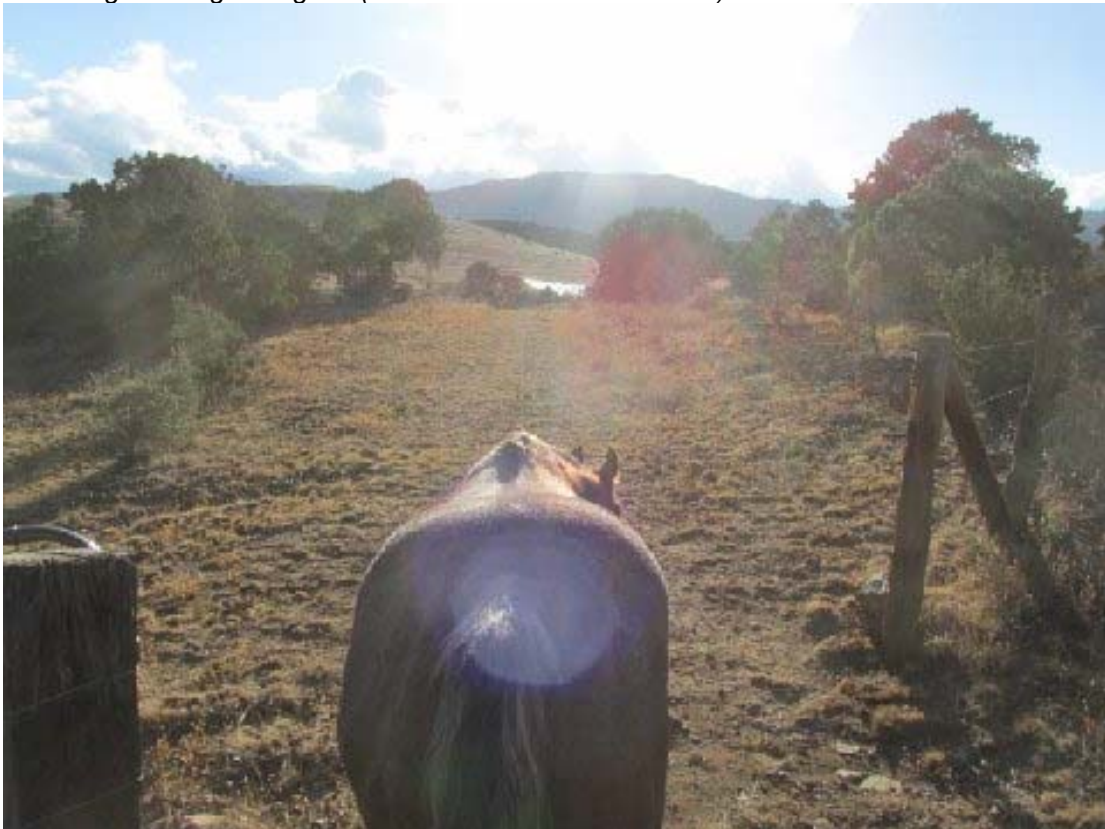
It's as though the horses were thinking the same thing; they kept very close all the way back.



Even Lulu stayed near.



It was nice to get through our gate! (We never did see the hunters).



Since it was such a pleasant day, I washed the truck in my shirtsleeves, but by 11:00 p.m. it was raining (my fault, I guess!), so the horses went into the barn. This morning:



Thunder saw an elk, but my camera wasn't quick enough.



It's melting quickly now.



Good day to sleep in! (Not for me; I have a barn to clean!)



T'was the week before Christmas, and all through the ranch;
A light snow came down, and covered each branch.



It was only a brief snowfall. Just enough to brighten the shore at Bonito Lake.



Lulu and I checked out the trails on the mountain.



Here is the Argentina horse campground.



"Hey! This is great! Let's go get the horses and come back!"



Even though the weather cleared the horses will wait until there is no danger of ice on the trail. Sure is pretty, though.



Lulu saw something move under the snow!



"Where'd it go?"



We had to run an errand in Carrizozo; from down below, we looked back at where we had just been. Nice from a distance, too! Truly a land of contrasts.



At the foot of the mountain is another world; the Valley of Fires Recreation Area contains the most recent lava flows in the continental U.S.



Petroglyph country. These rock drawings were made more than 600 years ago.



What were they trying to tell us?



All of this in just a few hours . . . in New Mexico!

MM

2014-12-21 – ***Merry 4th of July!***

Page 1 of 4

Each year just before Christmas, Ski Apache Resort hosts a torch run and fireworks show on the slopes, with an Apache drumming accompaniment. It has become a local tradition - sure is impressive when the fireworks are reflected in the snow!

From way up the mountain, here come the skiers (and snow boarders)!









MM

**We Wish You and Yours
A Very Merry Christmas
and a Wonderful New Year!**



**Matt & The Gang
at Followed Dream Ranch**



FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

2014-12-23 – *Sunsets Of The Gods*

Page 1 of 6

This time of year we get some pretty amazing sunsets. The last couple of days, they have been truly extraordinary.



Then yesterday, the sky grew ominous in the late afternoon.



My camera doesn't capture it - the clouds corroded into an eerie green!



There was something about that sky . . .



Even though it was getting late, we decided to take a ride out - under clouds like an angry sea.



Suddenly, the sky caught fire! Belle, Spanky, Lulu and I stood transfixed. No one moved.



. . . but Thunder seemed to be possessed by the spectacle. He ran, kicked and heaved in great circles around us, as though he himself was responsible for the magnificence.



A wingless Pegasus, flung down to earth.



Without warning, he would come to a jolting stop, joining us in the silent splendor. It really was as if the earth was standing still - the heavens ablaze above us.



Inspired by the experience, we kept riding - long after darkness had put the vivid, dancing colors to sleep.



Finally, twilight sighed its last breath, and we rode home in total darkness. Only the moon-like glow of Thunder's white coat guiding us along familiar trails - now made almost unfathomable by the deep velvet enfolding us. We were a silent procession, respectful of the glory we had experienced.

As if to atone for her voluptuous display last evening, the clouds cooled, and nature presented us with a morning as chaste and white as a nun's habit.



The great stone church has served St. Joseph Apache Mission since construction began - with an official budget of \$100 - in 1920 (it took twenty years for local artisans to complete, using only native materials). Today it remains an active parish church, and hosts a unique Midnight Mass each Christmas Eve.

The church manages to blend two very different cultures in a way that remarkably honors and enhances them both.

"Apache Christ" was painted for the Mescalero Apache people by Robert Lentz. (Note New Mexico's official symbol, the zia, in his palm).





The massive native-stone facade is softened by a nativity crèche in a traditional teepee.



Inside, another teepee adorns the altar. Behind it, enormous trees are cut on the reservation, and brought in for the ceremony.



2014-12-25 – *Midnight Mass in NM*

Page 4 of 4

The Mass is conducted by candlelight, and proceeds by alternating between traditional Catholic ritual, and apache spirit drumming and chant-songs. The combination is mesmerizing and powerful.



Considering the historic conflict of cultures, this special Mass is extraordinary and healing.

Merry Christmas!

MM

2014-12-26 – *After The Car Wash*

Page 1 of 4

There was still enough light for a quick ride at Cedar Creek. The horses and Lulu thought that was a fine idea! (Besides, the vet says exercise after the injection is good for Spanky . . .)

In the distance, Sierra Blanca wears a fresh coat of snow.



The skiers were very happy!



2014-12-26 – *After The Car Wash*

Page 2 of 4

Spanky leads us through trackless snow. As they walk or run, snow packs into their hooves; the icy "plug" builds until it flies out - you can spot one in the air (like a UFO!) near him.



You can see the deformed angle of his right hoof (it turns in). Despite his ring bone disease, he has a wonderful time!



Lulu and her pal.



Homeward bound.



MM

Yesterday was dry and mild - nice for folks on the road Christmas Day. Overnight, about a foot of snow fell. The horses were cozy inside.



Out of the barn; if you look closely, you will see all three horses playing "run around the old apple tree".



After a roll in the mud. Whee!



2014-12-26 – ***May (at least some of) Your Christmases Be White!***

Page 3 of 8

We had an appointment with the vet for Spanky to get his regular injection (for ring bone); so I hitched up the trailer and called them back.



On our way. They enjoyed the view!



The vet had treated a badly burned (forest fire) elk two years ago; he still comes to her place to mooch food when it snows. His damaged antlers now grow back in this odd way.



Since we were out on such a beautiful day . . . Capitan Gap beckoned.



Lulu loves the snow!



She has a drink out of a very cold stock tank.



We found the ruins of an old adobe. Never saw this one before.



Spanky spotted an elk in the distance.



2014-12-26 – ***May (at least some of) Your Christmases Be White!***

Page 8 of 8

On our way to town, we stopped at a car wash to get the tons of packed snow and mud off the truck and trailer. (Not all horses would enjoy this. Mine do!) Sez Belle, "I could do with a hot shower and blow dry."



MM

All five in a kitty group hug (Lulu was on the bed, too . . .)
. . . and they say cats are "independent"!





MM

Yesterday was bright, mild and clear. Today is like something out of a B&W Swedish film of the 1960's!

NATTUARDSGASTERNA

(Winter Light)

A film by:

Migmar Mergman

Starring:

Bellenksa Ullman

Thundgen Bjorstrand

Spanksten Nykuist

and **Lululo Sjostrom**











(The stock tank heater works!)



Apres-ride snacks (note Lulu's double coats!)







Fin

MM

"That is happiness;
to be dissolved into something complete
and great."

from My Antonia by Willa Cather



Photo by Dacodah Herkenhoff: Thunder & MM at White Sands, N.M. 2014

Wishing You a Very Happy New Year!

Matthew Midgett



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2014-12-30 – *High Desert Ride*

Page 1 of 8

Most of our snow has melted (there is a bunch up on the ski slopes - and our high country trails, though), but with more predicted this week, when Dacodah invited us to join him for a ride in the dry high desert of Carthage, we gladly accepted.

Leaving the ranch, the valley below beckons us.



Dry sand underfoot. Ruins to explore. Not bad!



Dacodah has discovered more ruins . . .





. . . and fascinating "slot" arroyos.



2014-12-30 – *High Desert Ride*

Page 5 of 8

With soft, sandy bottoms - perfect for riding (and running).



Sez Belle, "I am not some bony little runway model. I have curves, and I hope my, er, shoulders fit in this narrow space!" (They did).



Colorful lichen in the shade.



Careful going on the rocky slope of a mesa.



2014-12-30 – *High Desert Ride*

Page 8 of 8

Great ride. Thanks, Dacodah!



MM

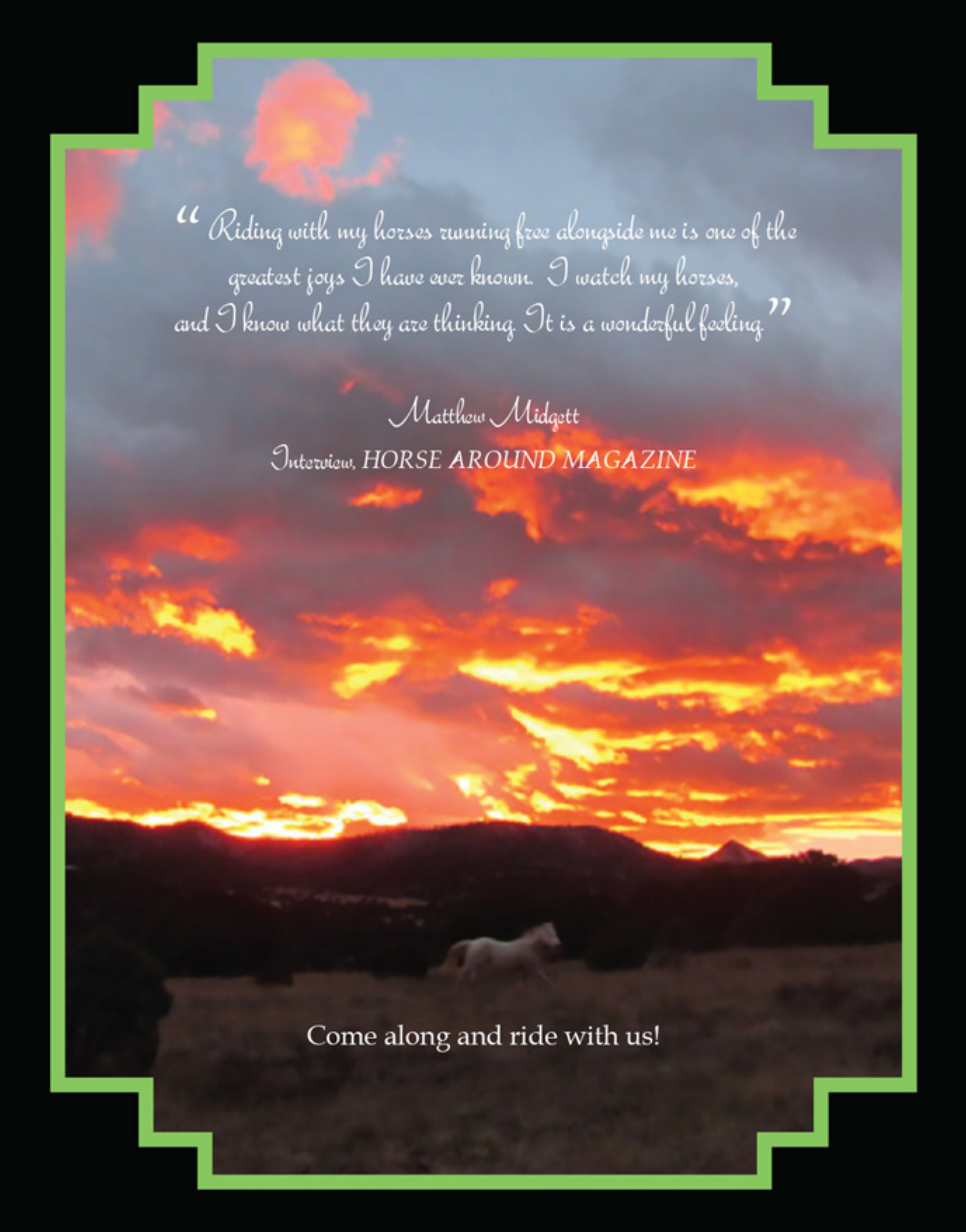
End of Volume 6 - Part 3 of 3

Please Follow Us Some More...

See All the Journals.

JUST CLICK HERE!



The background image is a landscape photograph. The sky is filled with large, billowing clouds that are illuminated from below by a low sun, creating a vibrant orange and yellow glow. The sun itself is partially obscured by the clouds near the horizon. In the foreground, a white horse is captured in motion, running across a grassy field. The horse is positioned in the lower center of the frame. The overall scene conveys a sense of freedom and natural beauty.

*“ Riding with my horses running free alongside me is one of the
greatest joys I have ever known. I watch my horses,
and I know what they are thinking. It is a wonderful feeling.”*

Matthew Midgett

Interview, HORSE AROUND MAGAZINE

Come along and ride with us!