



Topics

[Horses](#)
[Equine Fencing](#)
[Horse Barns](#)
[Horse Racing](#)
[Horse Riding](#)
[Horse Trailers](#)

What's A Girl's Best Friend, Horses or Diamonds?

The author compares her love of horses to that of diamonds. Growing up and caring for animals taught her responsibility, freedom and independence.

Can you answer that?

Some fashion magazines, writers and movies will tell you that diamonds are a girl's best friend – but not in my case and here is why...

Hi, my name is Linda Shute from New Jersey, and here is why riding horses is one of my greatest passions in life...

As a child I think I was born with horses on my brain, they've always been in my life and very close to me in many ways.

Before I was old enough to drive I was very mobile because of my horses.

My uncle gave me my first pony Trotter, his color was chocolate palomino, he had no pedigree to speak of just your above average pony.

Trotter was very dear to me until I out grew him. He would perform under saddle or in harness. I started out riding western because it was the most popular where I live.

Sometimes I would ride bareback and jump over small obstacles in the yard.

Self made fences like two columns of a few baskets or boxes piled up with a broom across the top. Not much to look at, but creative enough for an eight year old kid and it served my purpose besides Trotter didn't care what it looked like.

Mom wasn't to happy a few times when we miscalculated and broke the broom handle then she had to go buy new broom to sweep the floor.

Trotter took me all over, sometimes I would ride him and we would go out roaming around for four or five hours we would travel ten or fifteen miles from home.

I would cut through farmers' fields always careful to stay on the edge as not to harm their crops that were growing. My favorite ride in the summer was towards the small town of Swedesboro through the peach and apple orchards.

A diamond can't take me to the orchards or share a piece of fruit with me.

As a small girl of eight or ten nothing was sweeter than a fresh apple or peach eaten on top of my pony. I would take a bite and give the rest to him, then pick another. I felt like the world was at my finger tips.

Trotter gave me freedom to explore the world he fed my sense of adventure.

Sometimes I didn't feel like riding or a friend would go with me, since I didn't want him carrying two us for that long I would hook him up to the cart and harness and drive him.

The only way a diamond can provide freedom is if you sell it for a high price and use the money to escape from something.

How can a diamond feed your sense of adventure? Now don't get me wrong, I'm not saying I don't like diamonds. They do have a big sparkle and look nice. They can also be very expensive. I have a few, and I used my "secret cash machine" to get them. (I will reveal what is my "secret cash machine" later

Ads by Google

[Brenderup Real Trailers](#)

European designed horse trailers. Built and sold in North America.

www.brenderuprealtrailers.com

[Need to sell your horse?](#)

Too much hassle? Too little result? With me, results are hassle free.

www.justinsandell.com

[Horseback riding lessons](#)

Riding lessons for all ages
 Begining thru advanced riders

www.scottsdaleridingclub.com

[Toys for Kids of All Ages](#)

Find the Toys You Are Looking For At ToysRUs.com. Shop Online Now!

www.ToysRUs.com

[Premium Horse Facility](#)

Royal Star Equestrian Center, Tucson's finest full-care boarding

www.RoyalStarEquestrian.com

at the bottom of this story)

As I got older I out grew Trotter and sadly had to sell him for a bigger horse.

I still remember the person that bought Trotter coming to the house to pick him up. We loaded him into the back of his pick-up truck and Trotter was screaming (whinnying) and kicking he didn't want to leave, my heart was being ripped out, yet I couldn't keep two animals and I needed a bigger mount.

It was a hard lesson learned.

Horses also taught me responsibility because they needed to be fed and cared for everyday morning and night. Equipment and stables had to be taken care of and cleaned daily. Horses eat hay and we had farm land to raise hay. This meant harvesting. When I was in my teens sometimes I could be found driving the tractor raking the hay fields or using the baler, other times I may be on the wagon behind the baler stacking the hay for my horses. Then it would have to be transferred from the hay wagon into the barn.

Since then I have bought, sold and raised about fifteen horses. One of my favorites was Friday's Anthem. As a girl of sixteen I won the "Rookie of the Year" award for the "Girls Rodeo Association" Eastern Chapter. One of my prizes was a free stud fee to a quarter horse stallion. I bred my mare and the colt was born on Good Friday. I named him Fridays' Anthem. I trained him for English and Western riding and showed him at local quarter horse shows I eventually sold him for \$2500.

The horse shows taught me to strive to achieve more. Observe the competition and see what they are doing, what does the judge like, who is being pinned higher than we are. Train your horse different get him to perform different or better.

A diamond can't teach you that.

I lived in the country and our nearest neighbor was about 3/4 of a mile away.

My relationship to my Horses was the same like that of a close friend.

They each have their own personalities and temperaments just like people.

They show their feelings in their eyes and ears. If they're having a bad day when you go to the stable you may find a tail in the doorway instead of a face. When you enter the stall you may find ears laid back on the neck instead of pricked forward you learn to read their body language.

They have dreams just like we do. I remember this Standard bred race horse I was taking care of, a trotter named Noble Tryst. He was good enough to race in The Hamiltonian. He would take a nap every afternoon he would stretch out in his stall and sometimes have dreams. He looked like a big dog he would kick his feet and make noises. You don't see this very often in horses. I never saw a diamond with a personality.

One day when I was working on the race track I was standing in front of this filly and yawned. Then the filly yawned, the one in the next stall yawned, and so it went down the length of the barn – just like people do.

When you're riding or working a horse and ask for more they will give you their best and then some. How do you ask a diamond for more and receive it?

If you're having a bad day you can wrap your arms around your horse's neck and hang on to something and they can turn their head toward you and wrap you into their neck like a hug. I'd like to see a diamond do that!

They'll listen until you're tired of talking or crying which ever the case may be.

Horses can be expensive, the initial cash outlay for the purchase and the ongoing upkeep. Now you can go out and buy a grade horse, buy that I mean your average run of the mill un-registered horse for around \$500- \$1000. But, if you want high quality pure bred stock with a pedigree you can be talking big bucks just like in diamonds.