

A Day at the Ranch

By Alex | June 30th, 2015 | [Ranch Updates](#) | [No Comments](#)

My Dream is to have a horse ranch, large enough for them to live as they were meant to live: FREE. This ranch will also have facilities for the care and boarding of horses for those Humans who love their horses, respect their horses, and wish to have them in a place where they will be loved, respected and cared for as they themselves would. On this ranch there will ONLY be Humans who have a deep understanding of The Horse and who know, without question, that there is no room for force, abuse, or negligence. These Humans will have a connection with the Magnificent Beings; a connection that needs no words to explain. All the Horses will know that they are safe here. All the Horses will coexist with the Humans in harmony. To the nth degree.

This is my Dream. For the time being, this dream is being lived out by way of another Human who holds the very same dream. Her name is Lynne Hayes. She is the owner of Horse Spirit Ranch in Bonsall, CA.

Lynne Hayes is my hero.



{A photo with Lynne and her gorgeous pooch, Sarge. Sarge is a splendid Being, with lots to say. In other words, he's a "talker". I adore this Creature. As if he were my own. Apparently, he is also fond of me as, each time we see each other, he gives me loads of smooches...and tells me allllll about whatever needs tellin'.}

The first time I met Lynne, it was at HSP to attend a free clinic. I'd never heard of the place, but my ache for the company of Horses was large. Why not?, I thought. Let's have a look around. And so, on that fateful day, some two weeks ago, I met Lynne and a host of other fine Humans, AND a bunch of Horses. Among those I got to witness in the arena that day was a little guy named P.J. He's an Appaloosa (spotted horse) with as much character as spots on his gorgeous body. Maybe more. The story goes that P.J. had not been in the best of circumstances and Lynne took him in. Since that time, he's been working/playing with the resident trainer. A gal by the name of Tabitha Goetschalckx. (WHOA!) Apparently, Tabitha is also one of the Humans who gets what The Horse is all about. From the looks of it, she's got some serious Magick too. In any case, Tabitha has been working with the darling P.J. and, on that day, he did a marvelous job showing us what it looks/feels like to play with a horse. On its terms. Without force. Or trauma. Or any semblance thereof.

Like I said: Lynne gets it. Her energy is such that she attracts those like her. She is as calm and kind a Human as I've ever met. AND she has a pig! I don't guess I have to tell you (but I will anyway): KINDRED SPIRIT indeed!

Lynne and I spoke briefly after the clinic was over and I told her of my yearning. I asked about P.J. and she told me about the Adopt-A-Horse program. I couldn't help the tears that rolled down my face. She told me to give her a call in the next few days and we'd chat further about all of it.

The following Thursday I went back. She showed me around the property, introducing me to the Horses, and then rode back to the barn where she handed me some paperwork and asked me to give her a call on Sunday. I came home feeling like I was in a dream. It was all working out just as I'd hoped. I was going to get to share space with as many horses as I wanted, and maybe even ride again. HALLELUJAH!!!

Flash forward a week: Various bumps in the proverbial road kept us missing each other. Seeing as how I'd already gotten myself back on Critter Time, I kept breathing and trusting. I knew I'd go back and my dream to spend time with The Horses would come to fruition. A week later, I did just that. Lynne showed me around the place again, telling each horse's story. Which ones needed some TLC, and those that were being cared for by their own Humans. The last leg of our tour brought us to a set of large covered stalls where several of her own horses lived. She introduced me to each of them, and then brought me over to the shed where their tack buckets sat waiting. She handed me a bucket and let me loose on a darling (and quite large!) horse named Sunny Mae (not sure about the spelling here, but close enough?) Sunny Mae had her share of troubles, but was well and hale and willing to allow me space. I commenced to brushing and talking to her, telling her how grateful I was to be there. Telling her just how much my heart was filling up. Telling her how happy I was that she made it through her trials and was here, now, for us to love.

Tears rolled down my face throughout the time it took me to groom her. The last time I was that happy was when I still had my own Buddy (more about him later). I felt like my heart would burst. Just sheer, unadulterated JOY.

Next came Bling. Bling is an Arabian horse, on the small size (read: PERFECT for a small Human such as myself) with eyes that took my breath away. I'd never had any hands-on time with an Arabian and knew only what I'd read and/or heard about them. I was a bit nervous as I walked through his gate. Lynne was in the next stall over, watching. She was going to make sure both of us were safe and happy during this interaction. Gently, she guided me to walk to his side and put my hand up so he could get a sniff. As I did, I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. So did he. And just like that, both of us relaxed. I could swear he smiled. As I got on with the brushing, I could feel him relax even more. He dropped his head (a sign of both relaxation and trust) and took the weight off his front leg. I couldn't believe it! In less than ten minutes, the little guy was groovin' right along with me.

I was sure I'd died and went to Horsey Heaven.

To say I was in a state of pure Bliss doesn't even come close to how happy I was that day. When it was time for me to go, Lynne gave me a hug and asked if I'd be coming back. You're kidding, right? I'm sure I babbled on for a few minutes before thanking her and getting into my truck. I drove home on a cloud. When I hit the last red light for my road home, I realized I'd traveled about fifteen miles...and didn't remember any of it. I'm pretty sure my angels were driving. I pulled into my driveway, floated into the house, and rolled on the floor with Sophie for the next half hour. She was sniffing me eight ways to Sunday, trying to identify the smells. She did not hold it against me.

Here we are, two days later, and I'm still on that high. I'm still so full of Joy, it's hard not to smile. Large. I'm fully aware that all of this is happening because I never gave up on my dream. I finally stopped limiting myself with lame excuses about why I "can't" be with The Horses. And as soon as I did that, everything began to unfold. Even better than I'd imagined.

I suppose, were I to shorten this fairly longish missive, (too late!), all I'd really need to say is this:

Joy is a CHOICE. Focus on that part, and the Universe will take care of the rest.

Go figure.

P.S. If you'd like more information about Horse Spirit Ranch, click on the pic below and it'll take you to their website.

GiddyUp, Darlin's!

[JoyZAChoice Meanderings of a Blossoming Being](#)

Share us! Choose your social Network