



Quicksilver Quips

February 2019

Inside This Issue	
<i>President's Message, Treasurer's Report</i>	1
<i>Calendar, Scheduling</i>	2
<i>Treasurer's Report</i>	3
<i>Board Meeting at Summit House</i>	4
<i>Meet Our New Members</i>	5
<i>Peggy Davidson Passes</i>	6-10
<i>The Little Joys of Motherhood</i>	11-12
<i>T-Touch Clinic</i>	13
<i>Classifieds and Services</i>	14-17
<i>Humor and Birthdays</i>	18-19
<i>Membership Application</i>	20
<i>Quicksilver Mission Statement</i>	21

Officers

President.....Jill Kilty-Newburn
Vice President.....Katie Webb
Secretary.....Shannon Thomas
Treasurer.....Lori Oleson

Board Members

Trilby Peterson
Dick Carter

Newsletter Editor

Barbara McCrary
bigcreekranch@wildblue.net

Quicksilver on the Web

<http://www.qser.net/>

President's Message – February 2019

The 2019 board held our first meeting on January 23rd at the Summit House Restaurant at the top of Hwy. 17. It felt like a good destination – located sort of in the middle for local residents on either side of the hill. We had a good discussion about a number of things, and set a tentative event schedule for the year. Please check out the notes and mark those dates on your calendar.

There were two things that came out of the meeting that I want to bring to your attention. We had a good discussion about honoring our members who have passed away, both recently and some time back. There were some good and thoughtful ideas, but the board decided they wanted some more time to discuss the subject than we had that night, and that they want the opinion of the membership. To facilitate this we have scheduled a general meeting at the Summit House on April 24 at 6 PM. Please mark your calendar and come on out.

Also, I have asked our Board members if they will share in the writing of the President's message. I hope that this will add a little variety and some different voices to this space. I hope you enjoy it.

Our club will hold our annual award banquet on the 2nd, and I look forward to seeing many of you there.

Happy trails and be well...

Jill

Treasurer's Report

General Account \$14,184.40

Trails Account \$1,074.64

Quicksilver 2018 Calendar



QSER Awards Banquet



February 2, 2019 at 5:00pm
Cocktails/Meet and Greet
DINNER will be served at 5:30pm
Westside Grill
8080 Santa Teresa Blvd
Gilroy, CA
408-847-3800

\$30.00 Steak/Salmon
Either mail a check or RSVP to Mary Anderson
130 Old Ranch Road
Hollister CA 95023
408-891-8878

Or pay online QSER...see Lori Olsen for any questions about paying on line.
We have a special activity planned so RSVP as soon as you can . Deadline is
January 10, 2019!

Membership Renewal

You can now renew your membership through our website (<https://www.qser.net/>). Click on the button that says 'Join the Club' and it will easily walk you through the process. The website format is new, so check it out.

There is still the option of renewing by sending your check to Maryben Stover at 1299 Sandra Drive, San Jose 95125.

Upcoming Rides

PS Region Fire Mountain 30/50/65 January 12
PS Region Laurel Mountain 30/50 January 26, 27
PS Region Eastern Mojave Pioneer 20/30/50 February 7-10
PS Region 20 Mule Team 35/65/100 February 23

Annual Treasurer's Report

2018 Income		Bank of America accounts		
Membership	\$2,375.00		1/1/2018	12/31/2018
Donation	\$630.00	General (Checking)	\$12,785.42	\$14,431.64
Printed Quips	\$125.00	Trails (Savings)	\$1,074.52	\$1,074.64
QS Fall Classic	\$8,220.00	Junior	\$454.38	
2019 Banquet Tickets	\$210.00	Jr. account dissolved in January 2018 and added to General account		
total income	\$11,350.00			
2018 Expense				
Yearbook	\$615.14	--some expense was incurred in 2017. Total for the 2017 yearbook was \$822.46		
Printed Quips	\$366.26			
Awards Banquet	\$432.12	--some expense was incurred in 2017. Total for the 2018 awards banquet was \$2,002.76		
check image fee	\$21.00			
Sept. Camp Out	\$280.00	--food and insurance		
Insurance	\$532.00			
Meeting Expense	\$146.45	--Ice Cream Social and Holiday Party		
QS Fall Classic	\$6,932.21			
Post Office Box	\$62.00			
Goodwill Cards	\$65.00			
PayPal	\$32.18			
Postage	\$112.64			
Engraving	\$5.00			
Banner - Vista Print	\$43.15			
SquareSpace	\$31.14			
total expense	\$9,676.29			

Lori Oleson, Treasurer

QSER Board Meeting at Summit House

January 23, 2019

Called to order at 6:22PM, in attendance: Jill, Lori, Jeanine, Trilby, Dick, Katie and Shannon

Welcome new board members Trilby and Dick! Elections were held and the new President is Jill Kilty-Newburn, Vice president Katie Webb, Treasurer Lori Oleson and Secretary Shannon Thomas.

Treasurer's report:

General balance: \$14,431.64

Trails: \$1,074.64

New Business:

Activities and events this year

January: Awards Banquet: 26 people signed up with more expected

February: Awards Banquet

April: Club meeting at the Summit House on Wednesday the 24th

May: 18th/19th Endurance 101 Clinic with Nick Warhol at Harvey Bear Park

June: 15th Ice Cream Social at Trilby's and Speaker TBA

July: 13th Fireworks ride! Managed by Jill and Debby Boscoe (? Is that right?)

August: Conference call board meeting?

September: Members Only Camp Out at Janine's

October: 5th Fall Classic! Managed by Shannon Thomas, Jeanine McCrary and Nicola Mohr

Dec- Holiday Party?

Donations: There was a motion made to discuss a "in memorial" award, specifically this year for Peggy Davidson. The board feels that a \$300/year award in memory of those members who have passed is a great idea! We would like to invite the whole club to help decide where that donation should go (Western States Trail Fund, other non-profits). Consider attending the April meeting and giving us input!

Committee Reports:

Technical-website looks great! Lori will contact Mike Maul to see if there is a better way to get the Quips out to everyone without all the glitches.

Trails-nothing new at this time, but Dick mentioned that he was looking into trails at Big Basin and Castle Rock.

Membership-nothing to report

Good will-the club sent cards to Mary Anderson who lost her beloved horse and Dr. Chuck Kes-singer who just had knee surgery.

The meeting was Adjourned at 7:39

Meet Our New Members

Jerry Wittenauer

Quicksilver welcomes new member Jerry Wittenauer to our group! Jerry lives in Los Altos Hills and has just completed his third season in Endurance. Retired now from a 30-year career at Lockheed Martin Space Systems, Jerry discovered horses late in life, starting on a leased Quarter Horse in 2011. With an introduction to Endurance Riding at the Fireworks Ride in 2014, it was small leap to go “all-in” on endurance by purchasing an unbroken 4-year-old Polish Arabian “Carlos” (Supernaturahl) and getting fully immersed in the sport. Experienced riders would recognize this as a classic “Green Horse/Green Rider” situation and Jerry can tell plenty of tales of how many times he ended up in the dirt in the first year or two of riding Carlos! Now 7 years old, Carlos has matured somewhat, Jerry has gotten better at staying in the saddle, and the two have proven capable of doing a 50 every 6-8 weeks. Goals include Decade Team, Century Club (he’ll be 76 when Carlos is 24), and, of course, Tevis. Carlos boards at Jerry’s home and they do their training at Rancho San Antonio, and the Open Spaces along Skyline Blvd above Woodside and Palo Alto. Outside of the equestrian realm, Jerry’s interests include “everything olives” (growing/harvesting/curing), running, piano on the rainy days, and being a good family man for his wife of 30 years and three grown children.

Welcome Jerry!

Alicia Stanton

I was born loving horses. It was irrational, as I lived in suburban Marin and only knew two horses, Blackie and Whitey, who were both so old that their backs dipped down like hammocks and they seldom moved more than five feet in a day. I was convinced that becoming a horse was a realistic plan for my future employment and I would munch contentedly on our lawn as I prepared for my eventual career.

While I did in time accept that I couldn't become a horse, I never gave up the desire to meld my mind with one. In pursuit of that goal, I have owned four horses. The first was a gentle old mare that I bought with the first money I earned. She was willing to take me anywhere that I asked, as long as she didn't have to move fast to get there. Convinced that she was the perfect horse, I bred her and raised her foal. The filly was not so slow, and, on her, I completed my first endurance ride. She was sure-footed and fast, but had no desire to go any further than 30 miles. In my search for a horse that would love to go longer distances, I found a stunning black Arabian stallion in need of a home. He remained my wild companion for 18 years, beautiful and unpredictable until the end.

Wanting another horse just like my black Arab, I took an unexpected turn and ended up with my current love, a National Show Horse (half Arab/half Saddlebred) Pinto named Sparkie. Sparkie has brought me closer to my goal of becoming a centaur than I ever dreamed possible, except perhaps when I was three.

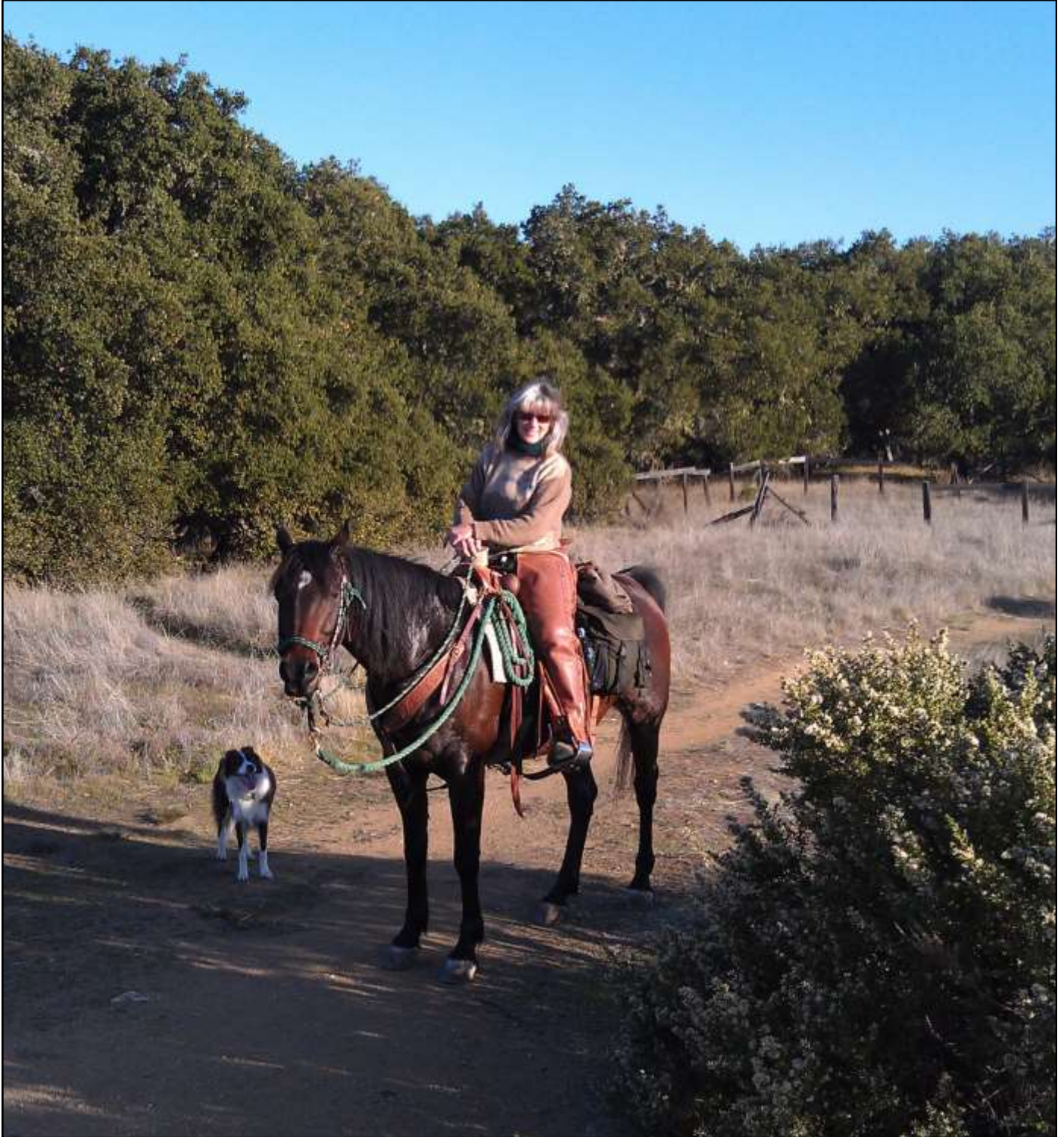
Riding on him, I am reminded of a Norwegian folk tale that I read when I was young. In it, a polar bear takes a princess for a ride and asks her, "Have you ever sat softer, have you ever seen clearer?". On Sparkie, my answer is, "No, never!"

On him, I float above the new green grasses that are appearing after our first winter rains and look about at the black-shouldered kites, the turkeys, and the young stags locking antlers on the hillside above me. I live in a magical land, where for at least a short while, I can believe that my childhood dreams have come true.

I'm looking forward to riding with the club, and hope to do some endurance rides on Sparkie!

What a lovely dream, Alicia. Welcome to the Quicksilver Riders!

Peggy Davidson Passes



It was a new moon on January 8, 2019.

Peggy Davidson left us that day, close to 4 PM, leaving with us memories of her sweet, kind nature, her absolute dedication to, and love for, horses and endurance riding. She had suffered from ALS for several years.

Dear friends, I wrote this story about Peggy's illness and decline as I remember it. It may not be perfectly accurate, but it expresses what I observed.

Peggy Leaving

by Judith Ogus

First she mentions numbness on the left side of her face. It goes away, identified as Bell's Palsy. Six months later the numbness returns on the right and stays. "My tongue feels heavy, Peggy says. "It's slowing my speech. Can't you hear it?" One day she calls from Palo Alto. "I'm dizzy, can you please pick up Wick while I go to the doctor?" Wick is her loyal red and white border collie. She intends to drive to her clients whose gardens need plants, rock walls and paths. Then she will go to the doctor alone but she is still dizzy. I drive them here and there and keep Wick by my side while she works. I go to the hospital with her and we leave Wick in the car. The neurologist listens as Peggy describes her symptoms. "I just recovered from breast cancer surgery. I'm strong. I just finished a 100-mile endurance ride." "It could have come back," he says, "the cancer could have spread to your brain." "I want it to go away, I want it taken out!" "It could be any number of things..." he says. He hits her knees with a rubber hammer, asks her to push her hands out to the sides against his, asks if I have noticed changes in her cadence of speech. "No, not really at first, but now, maybe a little bit." He prescribes MRI's, spinal taps, maybe one maybe two; with a straight face he admits he can't name what plagues her. He never says ALS or MS or any neurodegenerative disease that will rob her of the rides that define her.

She insists she's okay now to drive and I drop her and the dog at her car. None of us know anything, except the dog who knows one thing and knows it so well: I am devoted to this two-legged person and will stand by her whether she is prone or standing, whether she walks with an open stride or shuffles, whether she hands me treats from her left hand or right.

Peggy wants to do everything she has always done – hitch up the trailer, pack supplies, load Dakota, her bay Arabian, and drive to a ride site, singing with the Doobie brothers mile after mile. She parks next to my rig, unloads the horse, hangs his hay, pours his water, sits in a low slung chair. Friends gather and chat about horses, and rides we have done before, just as we always do. "Let's saddle up for a short pre-ride," someone says. She declines, and when we get back, "Tomorrow, I'm not going to ride." She does not say why, but packs up and drives away from the thing she loves most, partnering with Dakota, feeling the energy of his stride transmit through her torso, carrying her across landscapes that rise and descend and unfold flat mile after mile.

One day we meet at a friend's house for dinner. Now her slowed speech is apparent. We eat delicious East Indian chicken. We have a good time until suddenly, she chokes and coughs; her face reddens, she panics. The one medical friend among us takes her by the shoulders, looks straight into her eyes. "Slow down. Slow down. You are okay, you are going to be okay." She recovers. We are relieved but aware of the weariness taking her over.

"I am going to acupuncture. I see my speech therapist today! I will speak again!" Bold-faced words on fields of pink and purple. "I got on my horse!" Under the Facebook post, a photo of her on Dakota's back. "I am an endurance rider," she once said. "If I cannot ride, I am not myself." I am surprised. "I thought you saw yourself as a landscape designer..." "No." She is vehement.

The next time I see her she gestures with a thumbs up for "yes" and down for "no." She writes on an electronic pad. "I am strong, I am fine. It's just my tongue. I just cannot speak." She cannot swallow safely and eats only yogurt and smoothies that her husband, Sam makes for her. "What about a stomach tube? I ask. "No, no intervention" she says, "that would be giving up." She is tough, the endurance rider who won't quit because of inclement weather.

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

Sam tells me that she is a very good artist in addition to being a garden designer. I wonder if she would like draw and paint, find a way to break out of this shroud of no speech. "Would you like a painting lesson with my friend, Elizabeth Williams?" Her paintings are loose, expressive and liberating and she is compassionate and kind. "Yes," she texts and we arrange a date for her to come to my studio.

Peggy and Elizabeth stand side by side, each painting a red anemone. The flowers take and lose shape as reds, yellows and browns brush across the canvases. "If it gets too dark," says Elizabeth, "You can bring it back with a layer of white then pink." She guides and Peggy signals and smiles. At the end of an hour, the flowers unfinished, we plan for another session.

Months go by. Peggy speaks through Facebook. "I want to talk again ... I want to chew steak..." Beneath a selfie of her bruised and bloodied face, "I fell today on the bridge." A few days later: "I am going to speech therapy. I am healing! I am healing!" And then "I can't use my right hand... I want to die."

The next time I see her, I bring a miniature pink rose to plant in one of the blue glazed clay pots that line her deck. Wick greets me at the door. I come into the living room. Peggy rises from her chair, shuffles toward me. She holds her right hand with her left. I hug her. She picks up her electronic pad, holds the sliding door as we go outside to sit. We can hear the river below. "Do you go down to the bank with Wick?" She holds the stylus in her right hand, pushes it across the screen with her left, "Only with cane." The article "a" is too trifling now. I struggle with what to say ... do not want to share anything too active-sounding, like learning agility with my big awkward dog or cantering the hills where she and I used to ride and hike. "I ordered you a small water color set." I tell her. "I hope they are easier than acrylics. It hasn't come yet. Would you like it?" "Yes," she scrawls, "send it." I hope she can hold the brush with her left hand, not worry about results, enjoy color spreading across the page. I worry that I am projecting. Maybe the inability to reproduce what she sees will frustrate her, maybe abstraction is not her thing, will remind her of what she has lost. The set I send her includes a block of postcard sized papers. I hope she will send cards, painted messages that show she still loves color even though it is not expressed in swathes of Salvia and Phlox.

I recommend Audible books I think she will like – "The Night Circus," by Erin Morgenstern, a tale about two rival magicians who pit their respective students against each other. I hope the mystery of who will conjure the more fabulous magic will transport and enchant her. The baroque black and white field of battle is the Night Circus, which opens only after sunset and in unpredictable cities. The young magicians, a boy and girl, foil their elders by falling in love. I was spellbound. "Did not like circus book," she writes.

It is difficult to arrive at a date for the next visit. Our mutual friend, Dixie, would also like to come. Dixie is a healer, a practitioner of Active Release Therapy. She is intuitive; her hands, whether working on a human or horse know where to go – where the source of pain is, why it manifests a given symptom. Her presence is calming. She and Peggy were friends during an earlier era when they rode together at the same barn. We plan on a Tuesday that will work for us all. Saturday night a text arrives, "Do not come." Sunday morning, another one, "You can come." An hour later, "I am in a wheel chair now." A few hours after that, "I have a care taker." The gaps between missives are telling, as though it takes courage to transmit these facts, as though hiding her decline protects the tenuous hope of regaining faculties held in abeyance.

When we arrive, there are two women there, big vibrant women, maybe Samoan, certainly cheerful. They introduce themselves, Lotte the caretaker, and Lotte's supervisor who says "Yes, Lotte is my angel. She massages Peggy everyday, got her head back up straight – her chin had fallen down on her chest. We're gonna get you strong again, aren't we Peggy? Get you back up on that horse again!" Peggy does not acknowledge this comment. Though her affect is flat, she is as pretty as ever, her hair pulled away from her face, the signature silver streak woven through tidy French braids.

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

She sits enthroned in her wheel chair in front of the big screen TV watching Star Trek. Lotte feeds her yogurt spoonful by spoonful. Peggy's grey-green eyes leave the screen when she sees us, but go back to it almost immediately. Lotte wipes her mouth and gets up. "We'll go now. Sam will back in an hour or two. She's okay by herself if you have to leave before he gets here." I move to her left side and take her hand. It is ice cold. Dixie sits on her right. I hold her hand between mine, hoping to warm her up. She is wearing tights. Her calves and right hand are swollen, immobile. We make conversation about the barn where she and Dixie used to ride, about my dogs, about the new horse I have bought. I show her pictures. She laughs at the goofiness of Dorie, my big white hound. Her eyes hook back to Picard and Data. "Has Sam taken you to see Dakota?" Thumbs Up. "Peggy," Dixie says, "Is it okay if I do a little bit of gentle body work on you? It won't be anything deep, just very light, just to help you breathe?" Peggy gestures "Yes." Dixie starts her magic. Peggy emits a small moan of pleasure. I leave them in peace and take Wick out to play. She is happy to go with me, but just as eager to go back. As soon as we return, she lies at Peggy's feet. I take Peggy's left hand up in mine again. "Oh you are nice and warm now!" She smiles. Dixie has restored some circulation. A new Star Trek episode begins. Peggy's eyes settle again on the screen. I am afraid we have worn her out. We hug her "Are you sure you're okay until Sam gets back?" Thumbs up. We don't feel good about leaving her, but do not want to infringe on her stalwart sense of independence.

Two months later Sam calls to say that if we want to visit Peggy again, we should do so soon. She is in hospice now. She has declined any kind of medical support - no PICC line, no intubation. It is Sunday. We call Sam - "We will come Tuesday." Something comes up. We have to change it to Wednesday. I text Sam. "That's fine" he texts back, "I'll be here." An hour later another text, "Judith, Peggy has taken a turn for the worse. The nurses say she could go anytime now. Call me before you come on Wednesday" "Do you want me to come right now?" "If you want to." It is a grey, drizzly day. Driving over Laureless Grade to Carmel Valley feels like approaching the precipice of a black hole, an event horizon.

Sam guides me to her room. His mother is there, one hand on Peggy's shoulder, one on her forehead. Later she tells me that she is doing Rosen Bodywork. She rises when I enter the room and lets me take her place. Peggy's hair is loose, falling away from her now skeletal face. Her eyes are three quarters closed, her chest rises and falls and from her open mouth come weak rhythmic breaths, short spaces after each exhale before she inhales again. "How long has she been like this?" I ask Sam. "This morning her eyes followed me around the room, but now..." Now they do not seem to see. "Peggy, Judith is here," says Sam.

I must slow my own breath, sit deeply in the chair by her bed,
search for her hand hidden under bedclothes that are pulled up to her chest
I must take notice of every instant now.
Her left hand is in mine, my right on her head to connect.
I speak words of love, her life's worth
Time condenses, rich with meaning as life leaves
What would it be like to attend a birth? I have, but only a foal's
Time stretches. I sense that she has already left
Her body a shell that still breathes
As though it could still hold a soul.



Sam and Peggy Davidson

The Little Joys of Motherhood...

This April, it will be 2 years since I adopted my 4th "baby". His name is Echo and he is now 7 years old. When I got him, he was barely broke to ride in the arena, and had been ponied on the trails a few times.



Echo the day I bought him

His under saddle training included being ridden with a running martingale, which I do not use, and no exposure to unfamiliar horses or trails. I consider that a pretty green horse, so I knew what I was getting into when I handed off the money to buy him. Since I had trained my first 3 horses from scratch, I felt that this, being my 4th "baby" would be pretty much a shoe in.

Life always has some surprises around the corner, and a broken back as well as a few other health issues prevented me from doing much with

Echo for the first 6 months I had him. Unfortunately, on top of that, my other horse, Tango, was injured and not rideable, so Echo did not get the many pony miles all my babies get as their introduction to my way of life.... So we used the time to get to know each other, and for me to understand how he thinks and reacts to new and strange things.

He was a pretty calm and mellow horse from the start, and I was very happy to see that. Once I was able to actually ride him, we started with lots of short easy rides, always with a very steady horse for company. There have been several good friends who have patiently endured my arguments with Echo, and have waited until the "discussion" was over. Some of those friends are QSilver members, and I am SO grateful for you!



First river crossing!

Shannon Thomas, Jeanine McCrary and Alicia Stanton are three of the main characters in this story. As many of you know, having a good friend with you is priceless. They are good when they don't offer too much advice, and they are even better when they say that ONE thing you

need to hear when you lose your focus. They are best when you snap at them and they just smile and move on. I hope that some day I can return the favor!



Getting there!

Echo is now a fairly reliable trail horse. Just a few days ago we went bushwhacking, rode muddy and slippery trails, walked over many puddles and obstacles and I finally had that wonderful feeling that this horse **trusts me** and will (with only a little hesitation) do what I ask of him. Moments like these are when you realize that you cannot, must not ever betray that trust. It's a heavy, yet wonderful responsibility. A few days ago we became partners. I treasure that moment with every horse I ride.



Echo is also quite the clown, and will pick up stuff and bring it to me or Tango, so he can play tug-of-war. I'm not yet sure where this particular talent will come in handy, but I'll figure it out. Maybe if I don't like his vet card at an endurance ride he can learn to take it from the vet and just eat it. I wonder what the rules are for that kind of offense? Hmmm...



Our next big goal is to do our first 25 miler at Cuyama in April, but only if I think he is ready. It's been almost two years since I've done an endurance ride, so I am a little worried for both of us but I am also pretty sure that some of those wonderful friends that have helped and supported me this far will also be there for me then, and I will cherish every moment.

See you on the trail!

Elisabet & Echo

In Memorium

In mid-January, Banners Flying, Alexey Huff's treasured Arab gelding, upon whom she rode about 1,000 endurance miles, was found dead in his pasture. No one knows what caused his death. Alexey is in Montana, working as a vet tech in Stillwater Vet Clinic in Absarokee. Banner was born and raised in Montana, came to California as a 6-year-old, and was only 23 years old.





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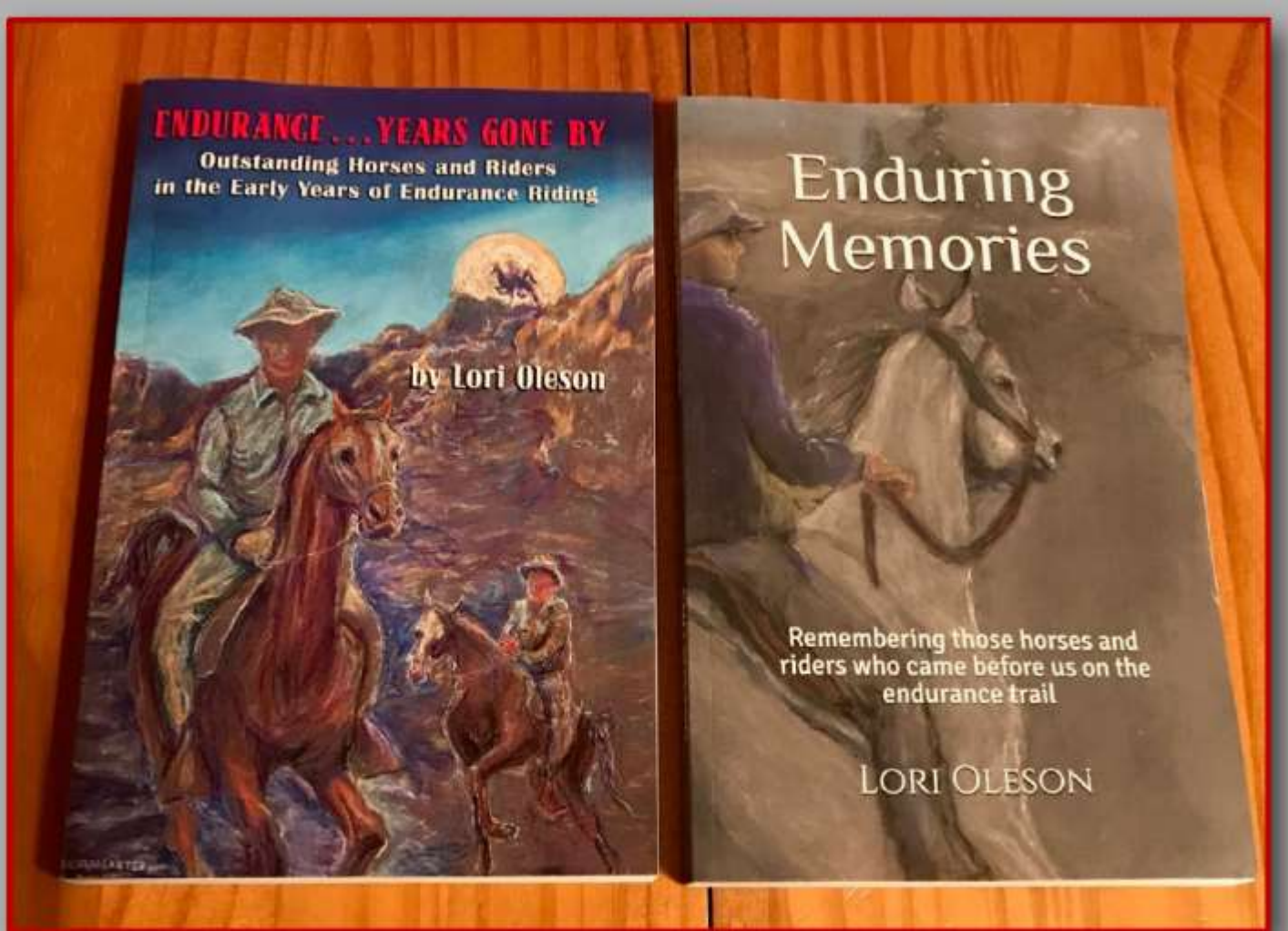
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Classifieds and Services



Endurance...Years Gone By and Enduring Memories are available at \$25 each. Contact me at endurancehistory@gmail.com or call (408) 710-5651. Both books are also available on Amazon.

[Lori Oleson](#)

PRINTING SERVICES

For Quicksilver club ride managers. Our club now has a color duplex printer that is located in the home of Becky and Judith. You can do the printing at the cost of 25¢ per page color and 6¢ per page B&W, if you provide the paper. If you e-mail the printable files to Becky, she will do the printing for you at the cost of 27¢ per page color and 8¢ per page B&W, including the paper.

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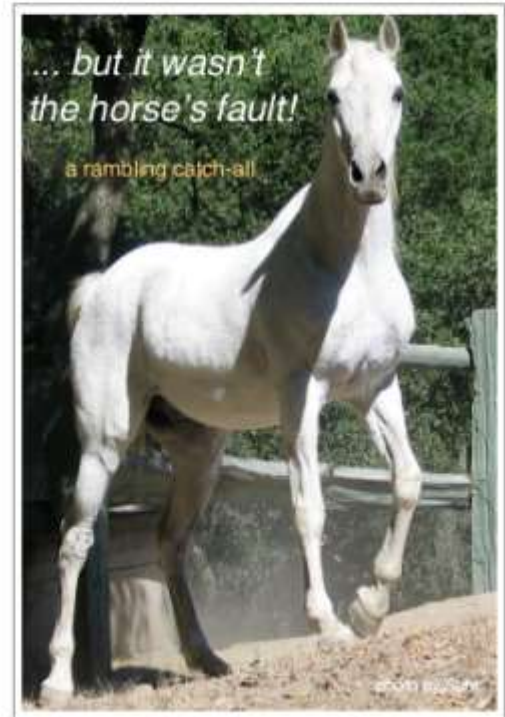
To benefit our trails and our horses, I have written two books. They are entirely different in style.

1. **Ten Feet Tall, Still** is out-of-print, but available as an e-book from Amazon, Barnes and Noble and others. All proceeds to **AERC Trails Fund** and **WSTF Trails Fund** for preservation of horse trails. \$9.99
2. **...but it wasn't the horse's fault!** Available from Marinera Publishing, www.marinerapublishing.com All proceeds to **CENTER FOR EQUINE HEALTH**, School of Veterinary Medicine, Davis, California \$24.95



by
Julie Suhr

*You are never
quite the same
after you ride
a good horse.*



"TEN FEET TALL, STILL"

My first book, *Ten Feet Tall, Still*, is out of print, but is now an e-book for downloading at Amazon, Barnes and Noble and some other places. One Hundred Percent of the proceeds go to the AERC Trails Fund and the WSTF Trails Fund.

Julie Suhr (831) 335-5933

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Call Maryben: (408) 265-0839 or e-mail to merryben@live.com

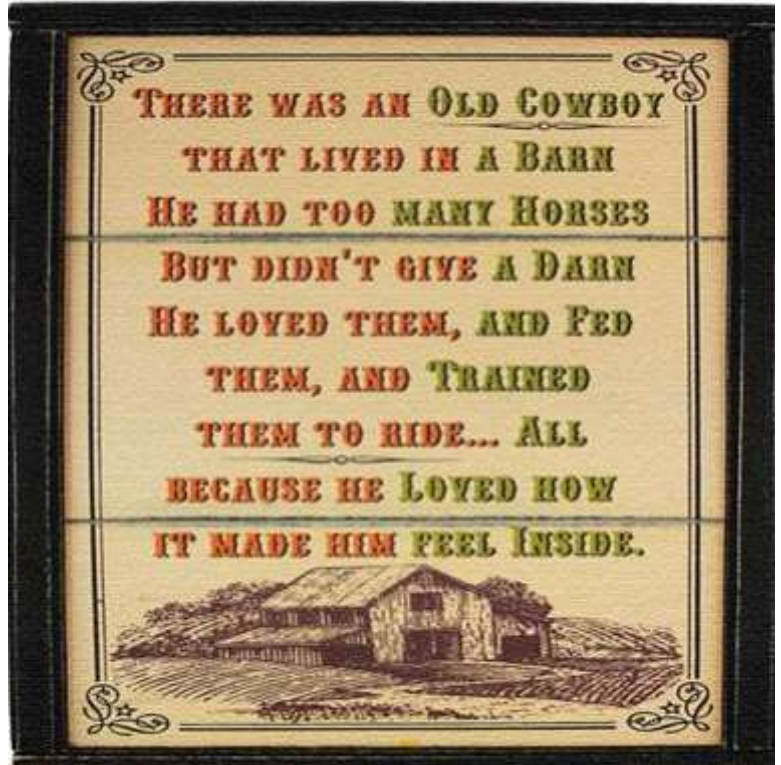
HORSE BOARDING FACILITY

20535 Rome Drive, San Jose, California.
Stalls: \$320.00, pasture \$220.00,
fed twice a day high-quality
orchard-alfalfa mix hay.

96' X 48' uncovered outdoor arena. We clean. Shavings available. 1.25 miles to entrance to the Quicksilver County Park (3600 acres and 19.2 miles of manicured trails). I provide my trailer for use to boarders. My place borders Quicksilver Park.

Trilby – (408) 997-7500

Humor and Birthdays



Happy February Birthdays to our
Quicksilver Members and
Endurance Friends



Suzy Kelly	2
Dominique Freeman	4
Hillorie Bachmann	6
Hillary Graham	8
Alec Berntsen	9
Ken Cook	9
Becky Hart	12
Laney Humphrey	12
Katelin McClarney	20
Steve Lenheim	21
Chuck Kessinger, DVM	26
Maryben Stover	26
Cynthia LeDoux	26
Bruce Weary	26
Katie Holder	26

More Humor

I want all of you to understand that I am not making a political statement, not criticizing, nor am I recommending any political stand. It's just that this is a very funny "play on words." Dentists should be able to sink their teeth into this lively bit. *Your Editor*

Physicians were unable to reach a consensus: Should the U.S. build Trump's Mexican Wall?

- * The Allergists were in favor of scratching it, but the Dermatologists advised not to make any rash moves.
- * The Gastroenterologists had sort of a gut feeling about it, but the Neurologists thought Trump had a lot of nerve.
- * Meanwhile, Obstetricians felt certain everyone was laboring under a misconception, while the Ophthalmologists considered the idea shortsighted.
- * Pathologists yelled, "Over my dead body!" while the Pediatricians said, "Oh, grow up!"
- * The Psychiatrists thought the whole idea was madness, while the Radiologists could see right through it.
- * Surgeons decided to wash their hands of the whole thing and the Internists claimed it would indeed be a bitter pill to swallow.
- * The Plastic Surgeons opined that this proposal would "put a whole new face on the matter."
- * The Podiatrists thought it was a step forward, but the Urologists were pissed off at the whole idea.
- * Anesthesiologists thought the whole idea was a gas, and those lofty Cardiologists didn't have the heart to say no.
- * In the end, the Proctologists won out, leaving the entire decision up to the assholes in Washington





QUICKSILVER ENDURANCE RIDERS — MEMBERSHIP

Club Mission—Quicksilver exists to promote the sport of endurance riding by conducting endurance rides and advocating for equestrian trails. It seeks to provide a model for the highest levels of sportsmanship and horsemanship within the context of this sport. It supports and provides educational events and leadership in each of these areas.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone & E-mail _____

Senior Membership \$30

Junior Membership \$20

Family Membership \$40

Go to our website at www.qser.net to join with PayPal or send a check made out to Quicksilver Endurance Riders and mail to:

Maryben Stover, 1299 Sandra Drive, San Jose 95125

"There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse." -R.S. Surtees

"To ride on a horse is to fly without wings" -Unknown

"Life outside of endurance? I don't think so" -Dave Rabe

We would love to have you join the Quicksilver Endurance Riders!!

Mission Statement of Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.

QSER exists to promote the sport of endurance riding by conducting endurance rides and advocating for equestrian trails. It seeks to provide a model for the highest standards of sportsmanship and horsemanship within the context of this sport. It supports and provides educational events and leadership in each of these areas.

**Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.
P.O. Box 71
New Almaden, CA 95042**

