

October 2024



"It's your New York!"

The Rondout Reader



The HORSE in The Picture

Do you know?

by Kevin Ahearn

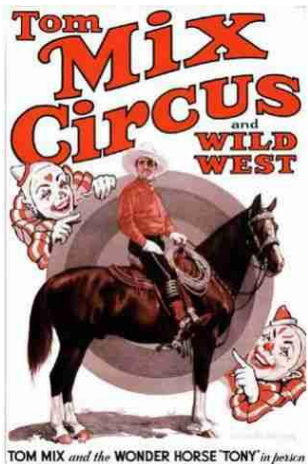


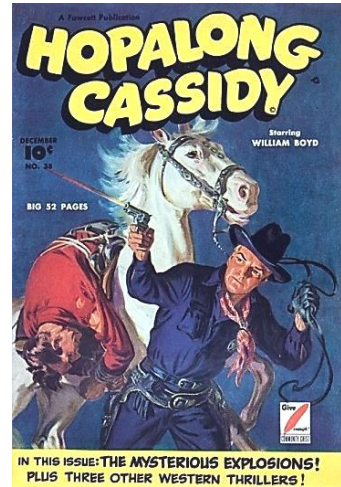
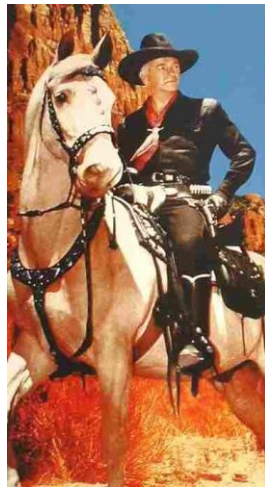
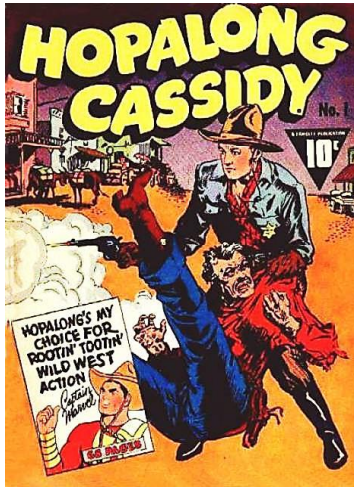
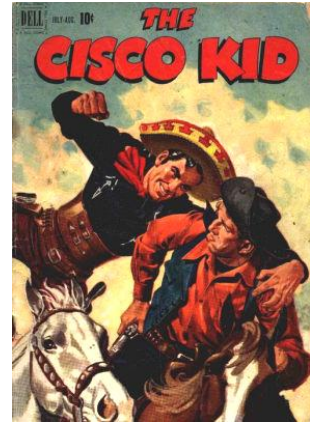
'I haven't met a horse I didn't love. I love caring for them, cleaning them. I love doing my own tack and feeding them.'

Loretta Swit

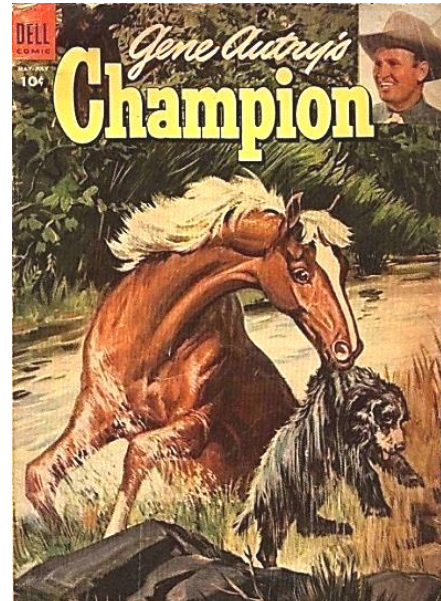
I'm an old man who's been around and knows a lot about a lot of things. I know horses. I grew up with horses. Actually, I grew up with TV and movies and comic books. Watching and reading, I knew the horses in the pictures.

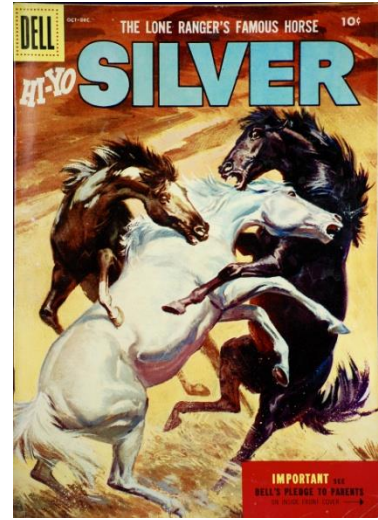
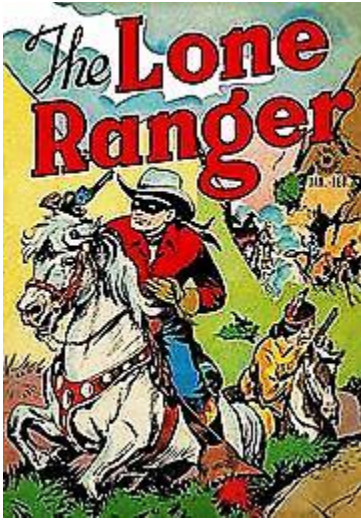
Cowboy heroes got horses with names.



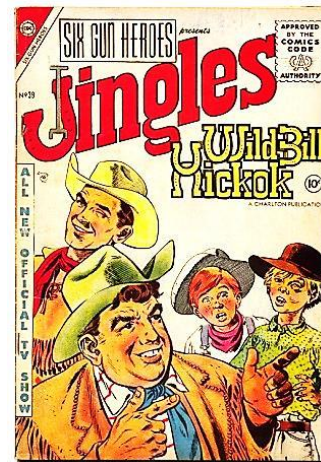
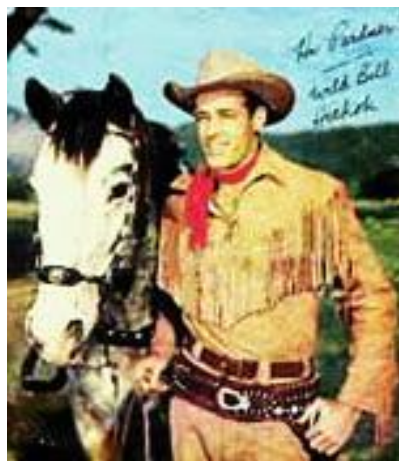
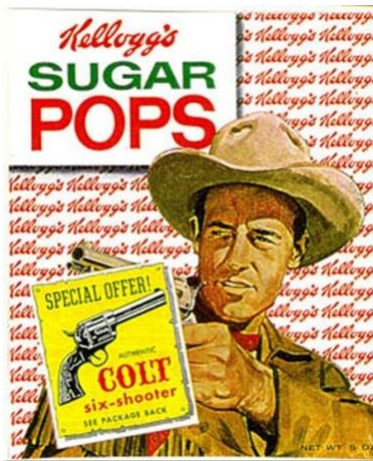
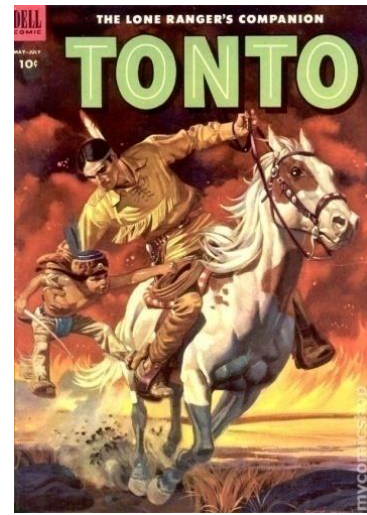
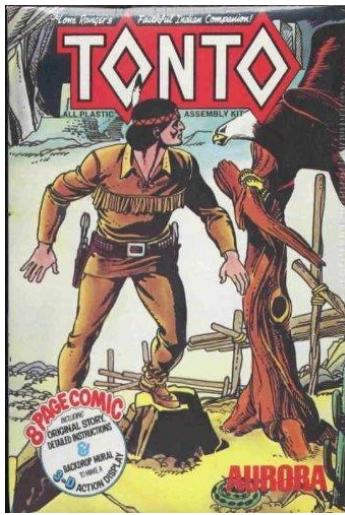


And horses with BIG names got comic book deals!





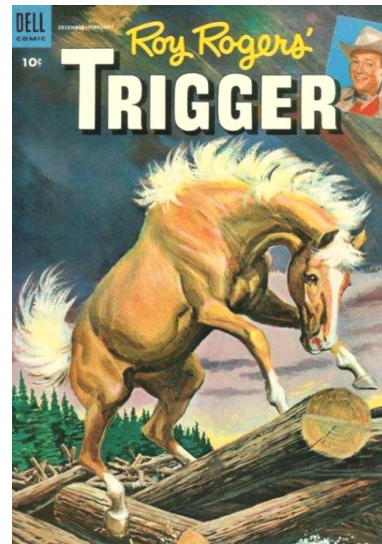
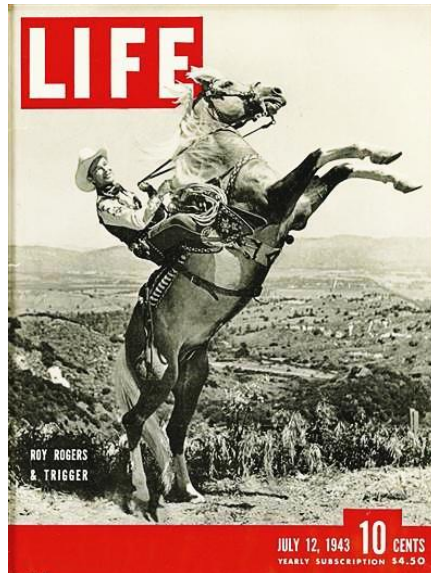
Do you know the horse in the picture? If not, you were probably born too late.



My favorite medical professional has horses, six of them. But she has "absolutely no interest" in "fictional horses."

Now wait one minute!

Roy Rogers and Trigger were real. My Dad took me to see them in Madison Square Garden. Nothing "fictional" about them.





“Roy Rogers?”



“Yippee-Ki-Yay”

When cowboys became stars, their horses didn't need names.



How can Danielle not know all this?

Religion without horses? In the Bible horses carried God and heralded the end of the world!



***Surely Danielle knows about Homer and Shakespeare!
How boring history would be without the horse!***



'Beware of Greeks bearing gifts.'

*'A horse! A horse! My kingdom
for a horse!'*

***America before horsepower? The Indians were going to the
dogs!***

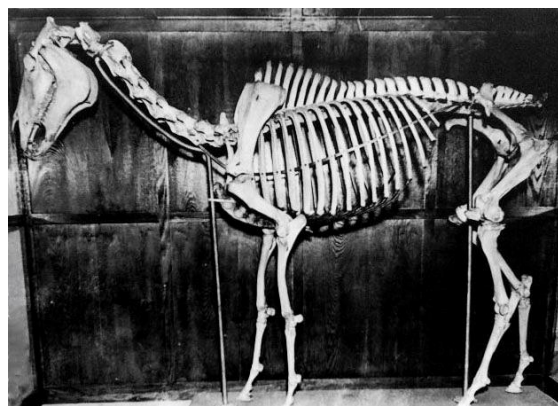




Paul Revere got an immortal poem; his horse never even got a name!

Five years ago, I got cancer. Went through Kemo, lost a lot of weight and most of my hair. But I got through--the cancer was gone!

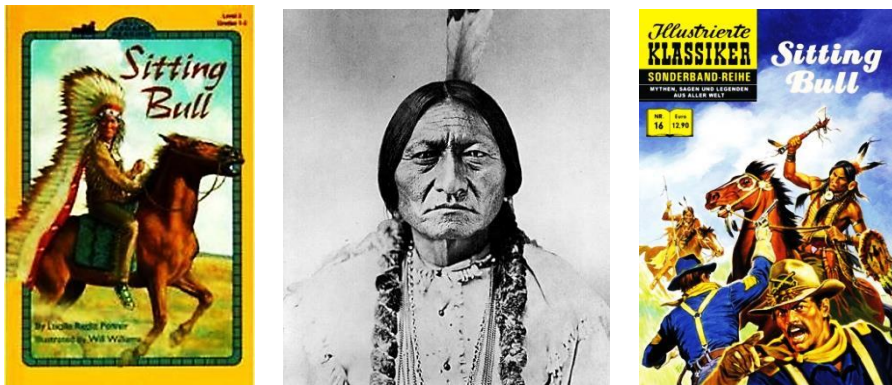
Two years later it came back. That's when I met Danielle who probably doesn't know the name of General Lee's horse or saw its bones in a museum!



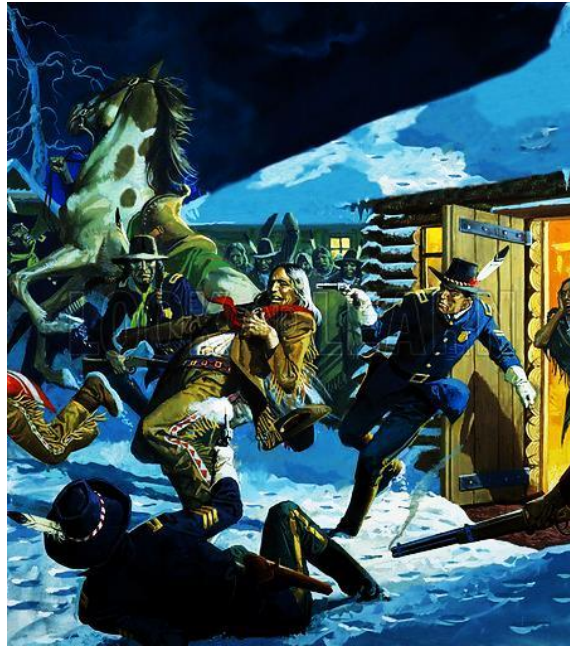
Bet she knows about Buffalo Bill, but not the horse in the picture!



Sitting Bull's horse lived beyond his master and became legend!



The horse had been a gift from Buffalo Bill. A trained circus dancer. In 1890, during the Lakota leader's assassination, his horse arched his neck and pranced in a circle. He bowed, then stood up and pawed the ground, reared up and leaped into the air. He cantered around and around in a circle. He did all of this while the battle raged around him, never touched by a bullet. Or so goes the story.



In 1893, the horse appeared at the Columbia Exposition in Chicago, Illinois. On the midway, Sitting Bull's cabin was on display, dismantled and shipped from the Plains.



Inside, two women said to be Sitting Bull's widows sold baskets and moccasins. The exhibit netted the exposition company a hefty sum of \$2,575 (roughly \$70,000 today). The frontier crime scene had become a bonanza.

Bet Danielle doesn't know that.

My second bout with cancer meant more Kemo, less weight and hair. First time I spent two weeks in the hospital, second time, only one day.

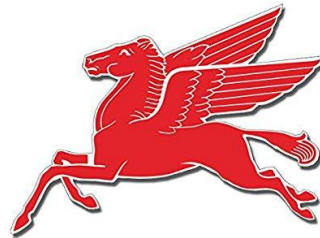
But the cancer had spread to my lungs – stage four. Immediately, I gave up smoking tobacco and weed.

My treatment has me going to the hospital every three weeks. According to my insurer, it costs more than \$100,000 a year to keep me alive.



Gee, during my lifetime I never made more than \$35,000. Seems I'm worth more with cancer.

I get free taxi service. After Kemo, I don't feel safe driving.

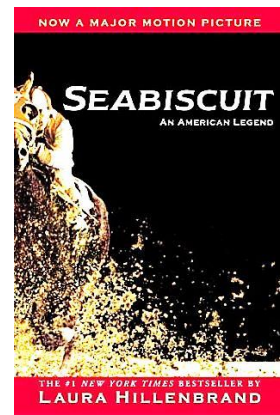
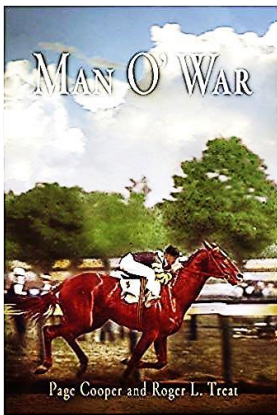


So many things I can't do any more. Gotta stick to what I can do!

All medical professionals are beautiful. I know this to be true because when I talk to them, they listen; only beautiful women do that.

Danielle told me about her horses. During the winter she ships some of them south. Must be nice.

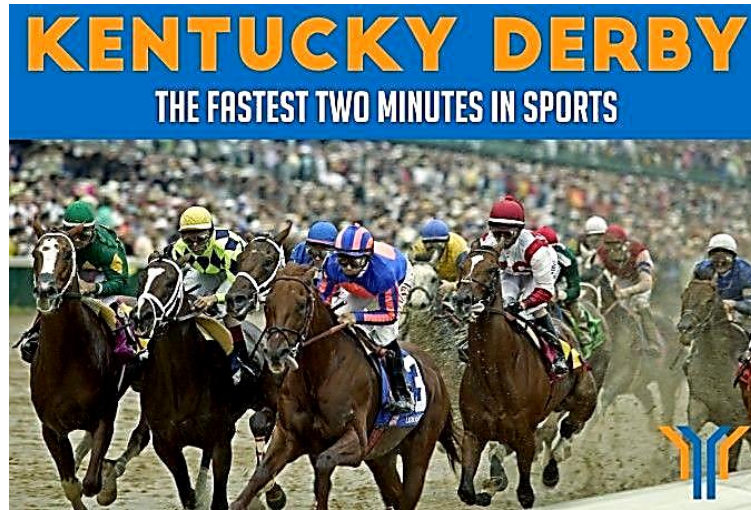
But I wish she knew more horse history.



The longshot that won: “Upset”

The greatest horse that ever lived...





Unless you're Secretariat: 1:59 2/5

There are two Danielles. With her hair up, the "professional". With her hair down, she looks very "girlish." Being an old man, I prefer the latter, and she knows it.

When a leader wants to be seen as "heroic" ...



The last time I was on a horse was more than sixty years ago. Mom took us riding for \$4 an hour and I was sure my horse didn't "plop, plop" the whole time. My two sisters quickly corrected me.

Cancer comes with good days and bad. So easy to get depressed. Can't go anywhere alone. I put 25,000 miles on my bike riding all around, now I'm terrified of trying to get on it.



The worst side effect of my meds: fatigue. I go for a couple of hours and then have to lie down. But I always will myself to get up.

One really cool thing about being an old man: being an old man. So many never get the chance. Served two tours in the Peace Corps and learned one thing for sure: Never ever feel sorry for yourself. Met so many who had it really hard.

I don't know how much longer my treatment will last. Going to the hospital is the highlight of my week!



Enthused to be infused...And they always save me a seat!



Having a tough time? Surrounded by people who just don't care? Get cancer and you'll soon be in with a loving, positive crowd!

I got a feeling I'll be seeing a lot more of Danielle, once dementia sets in.



Of course, with a horse in the picture!



'If the horseshoe fits.'