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# The Equine Times

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Dear supporters of the Bergen County Horse Rescue,

Welcome to another edition of The Equine Times newsletter! In this issue, Chris Trembath, one of our many visitors to the rescue, decided to write us with the impressions of his visit. His story reaffirms what our mission is here at the rescue: caring for horse's mind, body and soul.





## The Dream Catcher

As the sleepy night slowly says goodbye to the wakening day, and the sun's eyelid gradually opens, the horizon's cold blackness thaws into a deep purple-blue and ever so slowly dissolves into a warm orange-red. Quietly, under the ease of a faded red barn, the dream catcher – a small talisman of blue and green feather and spider-web lace – catches the first ray of sun as it overlooks the stables where the horses not too long ago slumbered under a quiet blanket of stars.

Suddenly, stable doors scrape and squeal open, breaking the layer of rust that formed on the hinges overnight when the light fog turned into dew. From the darkened portal and down the wooden ramp, a parade of earth-tone gesticulations and eager huffs and puffs begin.

Leo, a horse of burnt umber coat and charcoal mane, strides out into the crisp morning air and is the first to find the freshly placed piles of hay, ready to be enjoyed for breakfast. Neck stretching to the ground, his muzzle pokes through the mound and with a quick snort of steam, he begins gyrating his lips making the hay disappear with a crackle and a crunch.

Koda, a majestic horse of caramel-brown pelt and vanilla-stripe snout, trots a few laps around the pasture holding his head high before coming to rest at the side of the fence, he too spying a mound of hay with eager eyes. Once again, with a quick snort, the hay quickly disappears. He favors one of his legs where an injury is apparent, but lean muscles from withers to hoof hint at a strong will to persist and overcome.

Papichulo, with his layer of marble cake and maple flake, slowly ambles across the pasture to find a trough where he laps up with a splash what seems to be a gallon of water. He makes sure to stand with a particular side facing the fence, because each eye does not see the world the same as the other; one sees autumn leaves and weathered picket fences that meander then disappear down tree-covered paths, while the other sees an abyss. He is blind in one eye.

Goldie, with gumshoe coat and Mary Jane mane, walks idly by, and rests a tired head on the aged-fence. Like an elderly father who has been forgotten by the passing of

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time, hazy eyes convey a sadness that pulls at the sinews of the heart. Best friend Summer, however, is there to comfort him and share the morning sun of a new day, always at his side, friends forever.

These magnificent creatures of regal colors and royal stature all have one thing in common: they've endured the nightmarish existence of kill pens, uncertain futures and lonely abandonments. For whatever the reason, be it owners relinquishing their responsibility or realizing that a handicap makes a horse less valuable, these ambassadors of nature were once discarded and left to an unknown fate. Now, with the support of donations and sponsorship, they live free at the rescue where the dream catcher watches over and protects them like a silent sentinel, catching the nightmares that once haunted and tortured their souls. With the love and caring of devoted volunteers, they enjoy many mornings of warm sun, days of barnyard workings and nights of crickets and silent stars.

We hope you enjoyed this edition of The Equine Times. If you'd like to become a volunteer or sponsor one of our horses, please email us at info@bergencountyhorserescue.org. Your dollars go toward dental work, hay, grain and medicinal treatments, as well as general upkeep of the facilities. Any amount you can give helps our cause! Thank you.

Remember to like us on Instagram and Facebook!

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