

If Only People Were Like Horses

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If only people were like horses!

When I open the door to say good morning, the horses always lift their heads and snort hello and stamp their hoofs to let me know how happy they are to see me.

Horses are grateful and don't complain even though they get the same food to eat for breakfast and dinner, day after day.

They can't wait to go outside to greet the new day, irrespective of the weather. They toss their big bodies onto the ground to roll and stretch, not caring that free legs flung wide make them look undignified.

Horses know joy - and that outdoor water is always better than what's in the inside buckets.

Never taking themselves too seriously, they know the value of horse play. A good game of halter tag or a nip on a friend's rump can create fun just for the sake of fun.

They appreciate the unexpected, for you never know when someone will have a cookie in their pocket.

Sometimes they discover carrots, apples, or peppermints in their buckets and even when they don't, their hope never fades for looking the next day.

They seize the moment. They take the time not to miss the god-rays streaming through the tree and flop down in a patch of sun to snooze.

And they know magic as fresh snow beckons them to romp and play like Pegasus while they paint tracks into the white canvas they knew was waiting there just for them.

Horses are faithful. They stick together. When one of the herd is sick, they call for help and stay by their side, and nuzzle them to let them know they'll be alright. They try to help, even when they can't.

They let me know they love me

They come when I call, even though they'd rather be out playing.

They never bite the hand that feeds them.

They stretch their neck up high with appreciation when I scratch the good spot.

They stand patiently to have their manes braided and to go to horse shows when they'd much prefer to be just hanging out in the field.

They don't (usually) rear and buck when they want to but I ask them not to because they are too full of energy (having a crop in hand also helps).

Their love makes me want to show them that they can count on me

to make sure their stalls are clean

that they have plenty of hay and fresh water

that I'll put coats on them in winter and turn fans on in the summer

and I won't leave them out in the rain or the dark.

They know how to build and keep relationships.

They show how glad they are each day just to be alive.

Indeed, they have good horse sense.

If only people were like horses.