

Watching Flint Grow

Flint's story began on May 11, 2013 when he came into the world. It was not until a few days later that my friend and neighbor Ernie told me that the newcomer's name was Flint and that the mare's name was Nelly. That name, Nelly, brought back memories for me that spanned over 70 years. My mother's horse bore that name. From that day before mother's day 2013 I watched Nelly and Flint each day. Flint had shaky legs for only a short time. He stayed very close to his mother and his nourishment while beginning to nibble on the green grass. It seemed for a few months Flint would always stick close to his mother, then he began to find an independent character of his own. He strayed to other parts of the field which was his world. Ernie and Emma's little daughter Margaret seemed to delight in getting acquainted with Flint. Flint seemed to be getting more attached to the other horses in the pasture.

Boy, with his long legs he could run like the wind. Little by little he would stray further from Nelly as if he was forgetting where the nourishment was to make him grow. I had never watched a young colt grow and found it quite a surprise just how fast it took place. When his mother was taken from the pasture to hook to the buggy Flint would follow around the fence looking for her. He seemed to get more attached to the other horses in the pasture and the world around them. The snow came and Flint pawed to get to the sparse grass. Ernie put hay out for the horses and Flint ate his share. On November 9 Nelly went to another farm and Flint was to face the world. He now is half as big as Nelly. It was a privilege to watch Flint grow. We wish him lots to eat and a long healthy useful life.

Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, December 4, 2013