

CHEY'S COW SORTING EVENT: VARIAN ARABIANS CAN DO IT ALL

Probably 8 years ago, my trainer then, who was a 100% quarter horse man, was planning a cow sorting clinic that he would lead. I really wanted to go. I asked Debbie Compilli, the trainer through whom I had bought Chyenne



Moon, and she said that Chey could do cows, that he is good, that we would have fun. I passed that on to my trainer who pretty much said NO.

First, he saw Chyenne as the stereotypical nutty, crazy Arabian and second he saw Chyenne as a “show horse” not a cow horse. He had his

horses neatly divided into categories. I begged...I pleaded...and finally he acquiesced and said OK. I did remember that Sheila's horses did it all.

The evening of the event we trailered out, and when Chey got out of the trailer, my trainer rolled his eyes and said, “Oh no! He looks like he's going to a show!” I guess he did. I didn't own any rough-out tack—still don't. Everything was shiny—polished to a fare-thee-well-- with copious amounts

of silver and crystals. He was groomed shone with a long, flowing mane and tail. He did not look like any of the other horses at the event.

Into the warm-up arena we went. Chyenne was excited and hot. He could see and smell the cows. I had a rocket in my pocket. I was an older woman—comfortably in my 60s—with minimal experience. I was scared, but I knew if I asked my trainer for help, he would say, “See! I told you!” So I worked Chey myself. I did the best that I could. When it was time for us to choose partners and go in to work the cows, no one wanted to partner with us. I understood. Images of Billy Crystal and City Slickers ran through my head. Finally, we were assigned someone.

As we entered into the cow area, Chey chomped on his bit and the message that I got from him was, “OK mom I got this. Leave me alone; don’t embarrass me.”



I pointed him toward the first cow, and unlike a lot of the other horses who charged ahead and scattered the cows, Chey moved slowly and with purpose. He would scoop the cow out, move it through the gate, then chomp on his bit waiting for me to point him at the next cow. He was gorgeous—high tail, curved neck, perky ears—100% an Arabian beauty but he was also

100% under control and a wonderful cow horse.

When our run was over, my trainer said over the loud speaker, “Now that is an amazingly talented horse.” I was both shocked and flattered. Many came up afterwards and asked if I was going to come back and do the cows again.

I wrote that story up with some accompanying pictures and sent it in to Modern Arabian, who published it. What a thrill that was. Then about a week later, I got a phone call from an East Coast company who was helping to put together the Arabian Gallery at Kentucky Horse Park. They



were going to do a section on Family Arabians and wanted to know if Chey and I would like to be part of that. Yahoo!!! Absolutely.

A date was set to go to Pixar in Emeryville and record my story, which would then be accompanied by a slide show. I have many friends who have seen the display and told me about it. I do plan a trip back to Kentucky to see it.

I am touched and flattered that Chey and I will live on in Kentucky long after we are both gone.



Thank you, Varian Arabians. This amazing horse has filled my life and my heart.

