



August 4, 2009

Yesterday, while out looking for horse properties the only thing on my mind was, that we had to adopt out Madre and Miracle (two of our beautiful horses) the next morning.

Because we don't know where we would live or how we could provide a place on such short notice from our landlord (we have to move off the property we have been on for two years). My heart was broken over having to give Madre and Miracle away, I actually had physical pain in my heart all day and kept massaging my chest to get the pain to stop.

I called John on the telephone and said to him, "Nothing about adopting out Madre and Miracle felt right on the inside of me," John said, "then don't do it, or postpone it, tell them you are not ready." I told John that I didn't know how we would be able to place and provide for all 6 horses...he agreed.

Last night I got home late, Michelle, my girlfriend had been out at our ranch for over two hours crying, holding and petting Madre and Miracle in the dark. The ranch kids were calling and asking could they see them one last time. It was one of the hardest things I had to do, if only I had more time from our landlord, I felt I could find a place, but we have only 3 weeks and 5 days left. I tried to push it to the back of my mind, but it would come back and my eyes would well up with tears and my heart hurt.

This morning, although it was a new day that God had given us, it was the day my horses would be leaving.

Ashley and Monica showed up at 9:30 to do barn work, ride and say their good byes. I joined them after my client left, and we enjoyed each others company, we loved on Madre and Miracle, then Ashley began to cry and so did I.

I was told the girl who was adopting our horses, was a horse trainer and she was confident that she could take good care of the horses.

She called to tell me this morning that her dad was picking them up because she had to work and she worked two jobs. First red flag for me...two jobs, how will she find time...then I called her dad because he was running pretty late and I thought he may have been lost, when he answered, he said he was just running behind. Ok, I said. Then I asked, "how long has your daughter been training horses," he kinda chuckled and said she's not a horse trainer. He indicated she was an average of rider. Hmmm..I wondered. I got off the phone disturbed, shared it with Ashley and we both got concerned. Then I said a little prayer, "*Lord, I do not want to make a mistake,*



please do not let me send these horses off if they are not gonna get the proper care and training, please."

About 40 minutes later, here comes this truck, with a stock trailer behind it, dust making a cloud as it traveled down my road, my heart sunk inside of me knowing I would most likely I would never see Madre and Miracle again.

The door of the truck swung wide open as this man helped his legs get out of the truck, once he got his two legs in position, he grabbed his crutches as he let himself down. His legs were all crooked as he struggled to get around, but he had fight in him. We introduced ourselves and shook hands, then he said to me, "let's throw the oldest one in first and then the baby will follow behind her." I was uncomfortable with how that was said, but some people just speak that way.

I went in the barn and hesitantly put on Madre's pink halter and started to walk her to the trailer door, my head down, my heart uneasy, I put forth my arm to open the latch and I couldn't. God would not let me open the latch...I began to cry hard as I stood there with my horse on a lead rope, looking at me like I was leading her to slaughter. Ashley began crying, I backed away from the trailer now I was sobbing, Madre put her nuzzle in my neck and was snuggling me in to her as if to say, it's ok Mommy.

The man looked at me and said, "I can't take your horses, you need to keep these horses, they belong with you." He said, "you got 4, what's 2 more?" Then this stranger said to me, "Have Faith." I just balled, those words shot right into my heart. I felt badly he traveled so far, he said it didn't matter to him, he had no hard feelings...he said, "you love these horses and they belong with you."

God spoke through a strangers mouth. "I'm so sorry," I said. "Don't be sorry, do the right thing and keep these horses." We hugged each other and it was the best, most needed hug I had in a very long time. I looked over at Ashley who was sitting on the trailer and she was smiling, I said to her; "look at that smile." Ashley's smile got bigger.

The man left, Ashley and I let Madre and Miracle out to the pasture and we hugged, just me and my little 12 year old friend, "I am so glad you made that decision Danielle," Ashley spoke in my ear as we embraced.

You see Ashley had been to the ranch that morning, helped with chores, rode a horse and her Grandpa picked her up to take her home, she asked if she could stay, but he said no, they had to go. I was left alone to deal with the parting of Madre and Miracle, then about 20 minutes later, here came another car, it was Ashley returning with her Grandma, Grandma had to bring her back, she was to upset. God used a 12 year old and a Grandma to show me how much others loved Madre and Miracle too.



As I left the ranch and down our private road, Ashley and I were all smiles and I apologized for her having to go through that, she said she was glad to be there and thankful I made the right decision. Then on my road we noticed something, it was furry and as we got closer we saw it was a prairie dog, he had been run over. We both said, Awww... simultaneously...then Ashley said, "me and my Grandma saw the prairie dog." I looked at the lifeless body and Ashley and said, "Grandma ran over the prairie dog," even though it was sad, we began to laugh and repeated, "Can't believe Granny ran over the prairie dog!" I have lived on this property two years, with hundreds of prairie dogs that make gigantic holes, that can break a horse's leg and never ran one over and on Grandma's first trip, she nails one. We just giggled and the day was great as we continued our short drive back to Granny's house full of smiles and most importantly, full of peace.

God is good and His mercy endureth forever. He speaks to us in so many ways, through strangers and 12 year old girls, I am glad I listened, because as I write this, I have no idea where we will be in a few weeks, but I have peace in knowing that my Daddy in heaven has it all under control as we listen and are led in peace.

God taught me a lesson today, sometimes we need to put some things on the altar, if it's God, it comes back, if not, we have no business with it. I had to sacrifice Madre & Miracle in order to get them back, only now I have them back with the blessing.

Thank you to Ashley and Monica, both 12 years old for being here today to help God move in helping me make right decisions. Most of all Thank You Jesus!

With Love,

Danielle Kelley

Zoe Sky Ranch & Rescue

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