

Norman's Story

Norman was a nine month old emaciated colt with fistulous withers that came to be rehabilitated at Victory's Gait. Norman is our miracle horse who the vets and many others gave up hope for. It has been quite a few years since that fateful day in North Ga where we first met Norman. It was a day I will never forget. Having previously encouraged Farmer Jerry and my son, Craig and granddaughter Kaylee, to plow and plant a garden for a woman's rehabilitation center, we were all pitching in to get-er-done!

The day was clear, sunny and humid, a late Spring day in May. When we first arrived I noticed off in the distant field 2 horses in a wire fence lot, but did not pay particular attention until a lady in charge of the facility pulled in the drive close to the garden area we were busy in. She leaned out her window and motioned to the horses in the field, commenting that the younger of the two had been ill and knowing that I worked with horses, wondered if I would take a look at him before leaving, which I agreed to. As we finished up in the garden, I beckoned to Kaylee to walk with me over to the field where the horses stood gazing out as we approached.

As we walked closer, I could see that Norman was a young frail little guy. His red fur was scuffed and he had huge open sores on both sides of his withers that poured out infection, blood and cankered dirt and debris. Besides all his obvious injury and illness, Norman was seriously emaciated. Tears welled in my eyes as the question, "Can you (I) help this horse"? rose up from my belly. I grabbed a bucket and began to wash Norman's wounds.



Norman was "companion" sitting with a neighbor's mare while she has been off to college. Now it has been decided that the mare will go to college in South GA with his owner as she pursues an education and Norman will return home to our farm. After he came home I brought him over to spend time alone in the pasture with Pal, the masculine leader of our herd. As I watched them playfully nibbling on each other and then resume to grazing the bare winter fields, I had a peace that Norman will find his place in the herd at Victory's Gait!



We Love You Norman!