



Our Angel

On the farm we had four beautiful mares. They were thoroughbreds. (Thoroughbreds are like princesses in the animal world.) Each one had an oak leaf branded on their hip.

Our beautiful horses had foals every year. Horses were my favorite animals. I loved them! My Daddy let me ride them a lot. I would train the young horses for riding. I would ride real fast and jump over ditches with my favorite horse, Lusche. That was so much fun.

When the horses were in the pasture, I would call Lusche and she would come running.

Once twins were born to one of the mares, but the bigger one died soon after. But the little one, only 2 feet tall, was just so beautiful. She was light brown with a beige mane. We named her Angel. She would follow us around, even into the kitchen. At milking time, Angel would stand right by my Mama as she was milking a cow. She was waiting for her daily milk, which we would give her after milking. We loved her so very much. In the mornings we'd say, "good morning, Angel" and she would lift her foot as to shake hands.

When she was a few months old and outside with her Mama in the garden, it began to rain very hard. She got a real bad cold and became very sick. We called a doctor to help her, but it was too late. The doctor could not save her, and she died. We all cried so very hard for our little Angel. We buried her in our garden and put flowers on her grave. We put a cross by the grave with her name on it – Angel.

