

Idaho Alert!

Missing Horses



Eddy

California: Eddy, chocolate colored Rocky Mountain Horse; went missing during a lunch break on a trail ride July 15, 2005. **Not recovered.**

REWARD!

California: Sweetie and Choice, Tennessee Walking Horses stolen April 22, 2002. **Not recovered.**

Colorado: Bonaventure, black Racking Horse gelding, stolen Nov. 27, 2003. **RECOVERED**

Colorado: Flash & Dash, 16-year-old chestnut and 18-year-old palomino Tennessee Walking Horses, stolen from ranch pasture Sept. 18, 2004. **Not recovered. REWARD!**



Beauty

Florida: Beauty, 22-year-old, black Tennessee Walking Horse, stolen from pasture in the night July 17, 2005. **Not recovered. REWARD!**

Florida: Lacey, 11-year-old black Tennessee Walking Horse mare, stolen through cut wire fence July 21, 2003. **Not recovered. REWARD!**

Kentucky: 13-day-old fawn colored Tennessee Walking Horse filly, stolen from her field in the night May 3, 2005. **Not Recovered. REWARD!**

Mississippi: Star, 4-year-old, chestnut Tennessee Walking Horse mare stolen from pasture through cut fence July 10, 2005. **Not Recovered. REWARD!**



Trigger

Ohio: Trigger, red roan/sabino 15.3 hand TWH stallion, stolen Nov. 9, 2001, from his pen. **Not recovered. REWARD!**

Pennsylvania: Ben, Tennessee Walking Horse/Appaloosa; missing from trail. **RECOVERED**

Tennessee: JJ and Littleman, Spotted Saddle Horses; stolen from "secure" barn. **RECOVERED**

Wisconsin: Buck, buckskin Paso Fino yearling gelding; stolen from pasture with locked driveway gate July 22, 2006. **Not recovered. REWARD!**

For more information, to volunteer, or to get help, visit Stolen Horse International at www.NetPosse.com

The Power of One Horse

When I first caught sight of this wondrous creature, she was not too different from the other horses in her pasture. I was very surprised to learn that she was not the alpha mare I had expected. Maybe it was her age that made her appear more laid back, as she is now in her 20s, but I was soon to find how deceiving appearances can be. Before my visit was over, I would discover beyond any doubt what made this horse so special.

On my second day there, though it was still hot and muggy, Debi and I saddled up a couple of horses for a late afternoon ride. While she rode Idaho, my mount was a smooth-riding Walking Horse named Secret. As we traversed the roads, fields and woods that lay at the Appalachian foothills, Debi and I finally had a chance to discuss the heart of the matter. Like so many others, I had read the story of Idaho on magazine pages and on NetPosse.com, but I had yet to hear what people refer to as "the rest of the story".

I knew there was more to the story and I heard it as close to "from the horse's mouth" as it could be told. The fact that Debi was relaying this from the back of Idaho was not lost in the moment.

With the scenic hills as a backdrop, my horse struggled to keep Idaho's pace, while Debi described the events of Idaho's theft and recovery as though no time had passed.

As a theft victim myself, I held back tears as I listened intently to the story she told. I felt the fear, grief, and anger that Debi and Harold had, and when she began describing how they had to identify Idaho from a videotape of a Racking Horse show, we were both nearly in tears. But there was no greater moment than Debi detailing Harold's reaction as they instantly recognized Idaho. This big, strapping, but quiet, gentle man broke down, and any emotion that had been withheld or hidden during their search, culminated right then.

Although Debi can capably convey her family's financial, physical, and emotional journey during the search for Idaho, it is impossible to guess what Idaho endured the first six months after she was loaded into that trailer and hauled away from her pasture. Only Idaho knows. Those involved in her theft certainly aren't talking.

While the Metcalfes will never truly know what Idaho suffered, the events during that time took their toll. It was apparent from the pieces of the story gathered that Idaho suffered neglect, abuse, starvation, and sickness before being unknowingly rescued by a family with a little girl who came to love the horse she called Lucy. Had it not been for that little girl and her family, Idaho's fate still might be uncertain, as her spirit was beginning to break.

One of the most astounding things that Debi revealed to me that evening was that she and Harold had