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CAESAR, My Special Wild Mustang

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CAESAR



My Special Wild Mustang

Hwa-Ja Rachel Marks

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CAESAR



My Special Wild Mustang

HWA-JA RACHEL MARKS

CAESAR

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My Special Wild Mustang

Grief

Adoption

Trust

Friendship with Ruby
Schmoozing with Buck
Playing with Big Red
Exploring Together
Mesquite Beans
Jogging along
Moonlight Outing
Water Boy
Saddle Up
Road Trip
Teaching and Learning

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Week 9

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Farewell

GRIEF

Grief is a relative emotion.

Some people may not give any thought when they hear about someone losing a pet or may think it is silly to grieve over a pet's death. I might have been one of these people until I watched Caesar put to rest.

If you love your pet so much that you cannot imagine being apart from each other or if you have experienced grief over the death of a pet whom you loved and cared for, this is a story about my Caesar that I would like to share with you.

Caesar was more than just a horse for me. He was the best friend I could have had among any horses. Caesar was shy, gentle, and playful and taught me so much about how to be a good friend and how to show love and caring.

Caesar was born in May, 2003, and was put to rest on May 20, 2007, after being treated for nine weeks. Unless I was out of town, Caesar and I spent every day doing something together since we adopted him on February 28, 2004. Those three years, two months, and three weeks were good times we had together.

Caesar will be in my heart forever.

MOONLIGHT OUTING

Stars seem to shine much brighter in the country and the moon seems to give more light on a country road. You can see well at night for many days around the full moon. I would go out around 10 pm while my husband was getting ready for bed. There is some advantage for me not to have to go to work. I could stay up as late as I wanted and spend some time with Caesar in the moonlight.

Even though Caesar was my favorite, I still had to be fair to the other horses. Usually, I had carrots, apples, or bananas enough for all of them. After everybody got to eat their treats, I would open the gate a couple of inches. Caesar would notice a little gap in the gate and walk slowly to me as if when he walked slowly, the other horses would not notice him moving. When he got to the gate, I opened it a couple of feet more and he would sneak out. By the time the other horses got to the gate, Caesar was already out and the gate was closed. I didn't use a halter or a rope on Caesar. He would walk with me or a little ways from me. It didn't matter either way. I let him enjoy himself for a while. I knew Caesar would know when it was time to go back to the corral.

Some people told me that Caesar was spoiled. Both Caesar and I knew that he was spoiled, but it didn't matter to us. He enjoyed being spoiled and I enjoyed spoiling him. After working in the round pen, walking up on the hill and jogging along on the way home, or after a ride, I used to take him to the front door of the house or to the stairs in the back and tell him, "Wait, Caesar." After a few times, Caesar learned that I would be back with a treat and waited for me.

One day I took Caesar to the front door and went upstairs to get his banana after telling him to wait. As I was heading to the kitchen for his banana, the phone rang and I was on the phone for a while. Sometimes, I forget what I started to do after getting distracted with something else. This time, I got distracted with the phone call, forgot all about Caesar's banana, and went about my business until my husband came inside and told me that Caesar was still at the front door. Caesar was happy to get an extra banana which was my way of saying, "Sorry, Caesar. I didn't mean to forget you."

After his special treat at the end of a moonlight outing, Caesar would follow me to the corral. Once in a while, he would turn his head away from the gate telling me he was not ready to go back in. When this happened, I held his face between my hands saying, "Caesar, it's time to go in." Then, I would remove my hands from his face and point to the gate saying, "In, Caesar." It is still amazing to me how well he understood it. I never had to use a halter or a rope on him for our moonlight outing. It was always fun for me and I believe it was fun for Caesar too.

Now when the moon shines bright, I cannot bear to go out to the corral. I take care of Ruby, Big Red, and Buck as I should, but I don't know when I will be able to go out in the moonlight again. Time heals everything, as they say. I doubt that time will make me miss Caesar less, especially when the moon is high and bright.

FAREWELL

This is not a farewell to Caesar.

I visit with Caesar, who is laid under his favorite Mesquite tree, every day when I am home, and remember all the fun, good and sad times we had together.

I see Caesar's delightful eyes when he gets a banana from me, feel tickles on my hand when he tries to lick the last lingering flavor, and laugh at his facial expression when he spits out the banana skin that he doesn't think is fit to eat.

I see his face with big eyes acting innocent and his small body dripping water all over after running home from the creek when he heard me calling, "Caesar, where are you?" I see his face enjoying all the attention when I wipe his wet face and body with towels. I just know that he knew that I knew that he would sneak out to the creek again.

I see him walking over to me when I call his name and open the corral gate a couple of inches. He walks ever so slowly so that the other horses would not notice him moving, and sneaks out quietly when I open the gate a couple of feet more.

I see him at the front door patiently waiting for me to come out with his snack. I see him standing next to me eagerly waiting when I reach up to pick mesquite beans.

I see him in the creek pawing and splashing water when we cross the creek. I see him on the road, on the hill, and everywhere we walked and traveled together.

Oh, Caesar. So many memories we shared between you and me. I cannot say farewell to you. You are with me and touch my heart every day. The love and respect that we shared will stay with me. When my memory fades away, you will be remembered through this story forever.

Oh, my Caesar. May you find a better place, may you run in a beautiful grassy field with lots of banana trees, and may you swim in a cool creek for eternity.

Oh, my beautiful Caesar. I long for the day that you will run to me when you hear my voice, "Where is my beautiful Caesar?" If God is willing, anything is possible.

Oh, Caesar Boy. Oh, Caesar Boy. I Miss You So.

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