



## Tejays Night Light - The Old Gray Mare

It was a sad but necessary day in December of 2012, when our vet and friend Clint came out to humanely put my old mare Jaycee (Tejays Night Light) to sleep. I had to leave the scene to go to Texas, because I just didn't believe I could handle the sad situation. Too many fond memories with that old mare!

Jaycee was born in north central Nebraska in April of 1988 and her dam was Jays Night Light by Deer Light and her Sire was Chevis a son of Sonny Go Lucky. We bought her mother from Bob Alberts and we bred her to Chevis while Charley Hill was managing him. Her dam was a red roan and a very pretty feminine mare, smooth riding and very smart. So breeding her to Chevis a big gray stud that Charley trained in several events had to be the perfect match. Little did I know that she would be my rock for many years to come and end up in Oklahoma.

Geez we have some good memories of Jaycee. She won the dinner bell derby at the Rock County fair as a baby! Breaking her was a task but she submitted finally since we had spoiled her as a baby. Which is not a good practice and I have learned to distance yourself from them some to make them more respectful in future colts we raised. She took after her sire and was very athletic for her size. We used her as a ranch horse and team roping horse, both heading and heeling. I rode some in reining patterns, goat tying and barrels. She loved to work cattle and you could ride her all day if you had to. We never hooked onto anything she wouldn't pull the rope tight. At several brandings she would out pull all the geldings in the event. Plus she never acted like a typical mare and had such good manners. The girls dad always cussed her, but what was the first horse he would ride if he got the chance? You guessed it! She would single foot often when traveling the big pastures at the Barta Ranch checking cattle in big section pastures. She could flat cover some ground and not beat you into the sand. Most people would look at her and comment, "She had to have some thoroughbred in her somewhere?"

In 1996, I changed address' to Oklahoma and became Mrs. Thorne. The first thing I made arrangements for was to get Jaycee here. Jeffrey and Diann both college students then were home for the summer. They made a trip to Beatrice Ne to meet Beck and Brenna at the Little Britches Rodeo and pick up Jaycee. We were off in Louisiana dealing cattle so I couldn't wait to get home after that trip. She settled in well and she adjusted to the heat and humidity pretty well the first few years. I know she enjoyed less mosquitoes and unlimited grass.

Once we were getting her and some cows in from the East pasture. She ran by this one cow and kicked her in the jaw. The purebred Braunvieh cow, named Caroline just blinked her eyes and was in definite pain. She went shaking her head into the pen with the rest of the cattle. I caught Jaycee and saddled her and we worked the cattle. When I was driving them down the south lane later to their new pasture Caroline came back to meet Jaycee and me! She wanted a piece of that horse that had given her a big ouch! We got away but she came right up to us and shook her head like don't do that again or else? Who says animals don't have a memory or an agenda! You hurt me I will hurt you back! So it's best to treat them like you want to be treated.

She came here sound and we all rode her every chance we got, but she grass foundered in 1998 during a hot humid summer and it was a task to keep her sound from then on. I spent many hours wrapping and soaking her feet in epsom salts and keeping her comfortable under the fans in the show barn. She recovered but was never the same completely so I decided to breed her. She had her first colt when she was twelve years old named Tejay a nice red roan. Tejay took Jaycee' place and is still my go to horse. She gave us three beautiful colts, Teejay, Jazzy and Jet, so her legacy lives on. Jazzy and Jet went back to Nebraska to grandchildren, Dalton and Dalya Rae. Someday I would like a colt from those mares to continue on her blood line.

We had special shoes on her front feet until the day she died. The last time we had her shod she almost fell on Jeff so the decision was made that we had to do something about her pain and suffering. The grand girls enjoyed brushing her and she would stand patiently for them for hours. You could catch her anywhere just give a call and she would come running.

My last few hours with her I gave her an apple and she let Wiley know that that apple was her s to cherish! I kept her mane and plan on having a friend make bracelets as reminders for the girls and granddaughters. She was a special horse to our family! She asked for nothing and gave many years of loyalty. She now runs free of pain with the girls Dad who rides the pastures in the sky! Jaycee is buried in the front pasture overlooking the lake with the rest of our special animals. RIP Jaycee job well done! I miss you old girl. Save me a spot where we can view the horizon.

