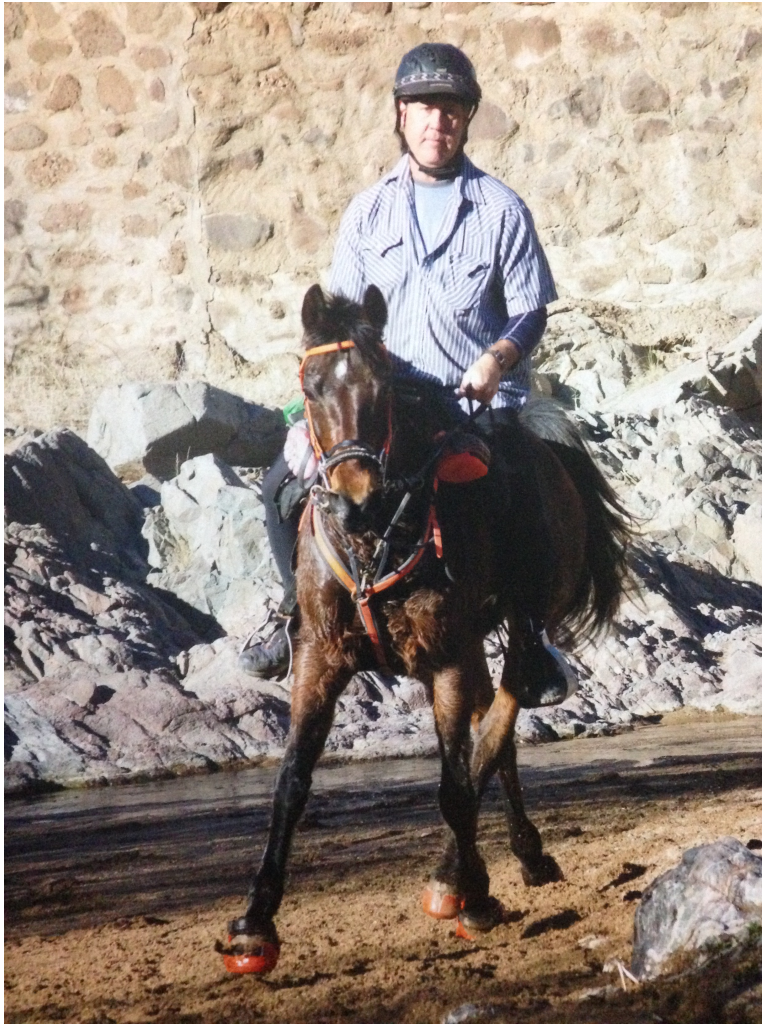


Tim Lawrence & Syndee Kate



2015 AERC Decade Team



The first time I rode Katee she spooked out from under me and dumped me because my water bottle made a crinkling sound. When I saw the bill from the farrier the first time he shod her there was a \$15 charge for “training”. She once kicked a hole in the side of our house while I was saddling her. She got stuck in a mud bog during Ride the Divide and I swear I thought she had given up and was going to die before I got her out. She stepped on a branch and punctured her fetlock sometime in the first couple of months I owned her. Suzanne Pindar once told me I was no fun to ride with because I cussed at my horse too much. Katee still, after all this time, spooks at rocks. She doesn’t like apples, but steals my almonds. At thirty-five miles she always slows down and stops going forward, that’s when she gets the carrots. She’s too stoic. When we’re alone and the trail is open in front of us she floats; ears up, pushing off the hind, all business. She tails uphill without going off trail. She always eats and drinks at rides. She tries to follow me to the porta-john and whinnies at me every morning when I go outside.

Katee came to me in 2003 when I had to put down the first horse I ever owned. My good friend Gail Pate, owner of Spirit Wind Arabians, had just gotten her back from someone who couldn’t keep her and she offered Katee to me as a replacement. Katee was a big, strong bay mare that looked exactly like

the pictures of mares in Egypt at the turn of the last century. More vets have asked me, "How's he doing today?" than have ever asked me, "How's the pretty girl?" She was one of those mares that knew someone had to be in charge and wasn't sure I was up to the task. It took about 2 years for us to hammer out the details, but eventually we worked out the contract. She does whatever I need her to, goes wherever I ask her to, and I get off on steep ascents and descents. We've top tened a number of rides, won a couple (thanks Marilyn), BC'd a couple, done a hundred, done some multi days, herded some cattle and enjoyed hundreds of days on the trail together. I don't think I will ever be as comfortable on another horse as I am on Katee. Katee is the reason people love Arabian mares.

My goal has always been to finish a ride on Katee when she was 24 years old. I'm not one of those people who wants to ride every horse they see. I wanted one horse that I trust and love. Sadly, Katee is now a retired endurance horse. Last spring she came up lame and I discovered she has ringbone. It has been a disappointment to me, but I truly do think about the time we spent together and I don't mind. She's still able to go out on the trail, she's a great nanny at rides, and I remind myself that she doesn't care, or even know, that's she's only 15 miles away from her 2000 mile mark. She's a great horse and I'm grateful for the last 12 years.