

CAMEO SIENNA STAR

“Sienna”

April 29, 1984-- April 5, 2007

Sienna was a dark bay American Quarter Horse mare with a white star, 14.3 hands tall. I bought her when she was 5 years old. David built a place for her to live behind our house ten years ago; that was his gift and promise to me.

Sienna spent about 15 years total in both the Escambia County Sheriff's Posse and the Santa Rosa Sheriff's Posse. During this time, she was in Parades at these locations: Pensacola (downtown), Gulf Breeze, Milton, Pace, Navarre, Navarre Beach, Pensacola Beach, Century, FL, Lillian, AL, and other Pensacola & Gulf Breeze neighborhoods. She was also ridden for Patrol, Public Relations, Demonstrations, or Drills at numerous locations & events. Sienna also spent 10 years patrolling for the National Park Service in Naval Live Oaks in Gulf Breeze, FL.

Sienna was a safety rider horse for the NATRAC Spanish Trail Competitive Trail Rides for the Five Flags Arabian Horse Association for about 12 years, mostly for the Open Riders. Sienna, at 16 years of age, competed as an open rider horse where she was ridden 55 miles in two days and placed in both conditioning and horsemanship.

Sienna competed in training level dressage a few times. Sienna also placed in a couple flat classes at Pensacola Hunter Jumper Shows, and placed at a few other local shows in English riding classes.

Sienna was ridden at National Mounted Police Horse Competitions for six years where she placed in all categories: Inspection, Equitation, Day Obstacles, Night Obstacles, Gymkhana, and Team Ride. Her talent proved to be in equitation where she and I once placed first, and once won the overall equitation championship. At three of the competitions she placed two 7th's and a 4th overall.

Sienna would beg food off of anyone; she even lined up behind the kids for the ice cream truck. She would nicker, bow, shake hooves, nod, and shake her head for food. She didn't leave anything behind, but waited until we got home to relieve herself. She would find a boyfriend anywhere there were horses. She had some special Paso Fino geldings in her life. She would push open or close gates and doors with her nose. When let loose, she would throw her front feet into the air and buck with her hind legs. When the weather was cold, she would rodeo for her breakfast, sometimes turning in mid-air.

She was a horse of two colors...black when she got her new coat in the spring and fall, “sienna” colored when the sun bleached her. People often didn't recognize her the next time they saw her.

She wasn't very brave, but she was very tolerant. She would go anywhere she was convinced was safe with encouragement. Last 4th of July we were riding home and someone shot off fireworks; I jumped, Sienna didn't. She tolerated noise very well. She was not the same with what she saw, or “thought” she saw—she knew how to “sit and spin” for a 180 degree turn or slam on the “brakes.” She would recuperate quickly, so if I stayed on, I was fine. Sienna was quick...one day she left an Arabian stallion in the dust. A few times she left me in the dust or on the road. She was never barn sour. She came home at whatever speed was asked of her and didn't hesitate if you turned her away from heading home. One time she tripped and both of us were on the road. When she got up, she turned around and trotted towards home...past home...down the street and around the corner...still casually trotting; I suppose she wanted to take a tour of the neighborhood....

The saying Ronald Reagan used to quote still proves true for me, “There is nothing better for the inside of a man (or woman) than the outside of a horse.”

Thanks to Sienna I learned a lot about horsemanship and a lot about life. We had many hundreds of miles of fun companionship down the roads and through the woods. A couple months ago when I was riding her right before David went to heaven, I was thinking, what is it going to be like a year from now to be riding Sienna through the woods and having lost David...I had no idea that I would not be riding Sienna a year from then. The only guarantee we have in life is that things change....

Thanks for all the great rides and fun memories, Sienna.