

# Hoofbeats

November-December 2025

P.O. Box 1326, Twain Harte, CA 9538



## The Prez Sez



Today I am sitting on my couch watching it rain. The tail end of this year sure has been wetter than many of our recent years. I can't remember the last time we had green grass sprout in October and grow to be 6 inches tall by November. My horses are loving it already. Hopefully your horses are getting some fresh,

green nibbles as well. What has also been really nice is to see the colors on the trees with the green grass on the ground. The older I get the more I appreciate the seasons we have in our area. Each season has many qualities and winter is the season of rest for me. Often times many projects find me and require that I "DO" them, and although I don't like being inside, I appreciate when winter forces me to rest because I tend not to do it on my own. Hopefully this winter will continue to be wet and force us to slow down enough to get plenty of rest so we can do it all again next year :)

Joy LaMons  
President,  
Twain Harte Horsemen

Visit our Twain Harte Horsemen website at:  
[twainhartehorsemen.org](http://twainhartehorsemen.org)

### Next Monthly Meeting

Tuesday, December 2

General meeting: 6 p.m. All members are welcome to attend as we vote in new board members.

### Location:

Mounted Posse Grounds  
19130 Rawhide Road, Jamestown

## Officers

### President:

Joy LaMons  
209.222.1424

### Vice President:

Lance LaMons  
209.770.1407

### Secretary:

Nancy Broce  
209.533.2807

### Treasurer:

Helga Zuber  
209.581.1798

### Past President:

Linda Post  
209.206.8375

## Directors

Chris Mason (Y3)  
209.768.4090

Karen Rosasco (Y2)  
209.743.1788

Cyndie Collins (Y1)  
805.748.6954

## Committee Chairs

### Hoofbeats Newsletter:

Colleen Combes  
650.387.5423  
[ccombes@pacbell.net](mailto:ccombes@pacbell.net)

### Membership:

JoLynn Miller  
805.234.3297

### Scholarship:

Janine Smith  
209.591.3054

### THH FB/Website:

Linda Post  
209.533.8511

# Upcoming Event



## Columbia Christmas Parade

**Sunday, December 14:** Christmas season is almost here and BCHA will again be hosting the All Equestrian Christmas Parade in Columbia. We are looking for riders to represent Twain Harte Horsemen... Will you ride? Call or text Joy LaMons asap to confirm: 209.222.1424 or email: [twainhartehorsemen@gmail.com](mailto:twainhartehorsemen@gmail.com)



Our **Christmas Celebration dinner** at the Posse Grounds will be held **Friday, December 19**. Terry Lewellan will be making her scrumptious Lasagna dinner again (including salad and bread). Many thanks Terry!

Bring appetizers and desserts to share. A gift exchange will be held with 2 steals per gift. Gifts should be new. Cost should be no more than \$15-\$30. Participation is voluntary.

5:30 pm — Appetizers,

6:30 pm — Dinner,

7:30 pm — Installation of Officers,

8:00 pm — Christmas Gift Exchange

Prepare for a festive good time and join us in welcoming the 2026 club board and executives.

## Past Events

No past events.

The November 11 Fahey Cabin ride was canceled due to truck troubles. Apologies.

Her parents were still waiting for her to outgrow the horse phase.



[www.danasdoodles.com](http://www.danasdoodles.com)

## Twain Harte Horsemen 2025 Events\*

Date	Event	Event	Participation
December 14	BCHC Columbia Parade	Joy LaMons	Public
December 19	Christmas Installation and Dinner	Joy LaMons	Members Only

\*Subject to change

## The 'Old Ones' - A Christmas Story for the Horse Lover

By Reverend David L Griffith (1841-1910)

A brother and sister had made their usual hurried, obligatory pre-Christmas visit to the little farm, where dwelt their elderly parents with a small herd of horses. The farm was where they had grown up. It had been named Lone Pine Farm because of the huge pine, which topped the hill behind the farmhouse. Throughout the years, the tree had become a talisman to the old man and his wife and a landmark in the countryside. The young siblings had fond memories of their childhood here, but the city hustle and bustle added more excitement and called them away to a different life.

The old folks no longer showed the horses, for the years had taken their toll. Getting out to the barn on those frosty mornings was becoming harder, but it gave them a reason to get up in the mornings and a reason to live. They sold a few foals each year, and the horses were their reason for joy in the morning and contentment at day's end.

Angry, as they prepared to leave, the young siblings confronted the old folks "Why do you not at least dispose of the 'Old One.' She is no longer of use to you. It's been years since you've had foals from her. You should cut corners and save so you can have more for yourselves. How can this old worn out horse bring you anything but expense and work? Why do you keep her, anyway?"

The old man looked down at his worn boots, holes in the toes, scuffed at the barn floor, and replied, "Yes, I could use a pair of new boots."

His arm slid defensively about The Old One's neck as he drew her near. With gentle caressing he rubbed her softly behind her ears. He replied quietly, "We keep her because of love. Nothing else, just love."

Baffled and impatient, the young folks wished the old man and his wife a Merry Christmas and headed back toward the city as darkness stole through the valley.

The old couple shook their heads in sorrow that it had not been a happy visit. A tear fell upon their cheeks. How is it that these young folks do not understand the peace of the love that filled their hearts?

So it was, that because of the unhappy leave-taking, no one noticed the smell of the insulation smoldering on the frayed wires in the old barn. None saw the first spark fall. None but the 'Old One.'

In a matter of minutes, the whole barn was ablaze and the hungry flames were licking at the loft full of hay. With a cry of horror and despair, the old man shouted to his wife to call for help as he raced to the barn to save their beloved horses. But the flames were roaring now, and the blazing heat drove him back. He sank sobbing to the ground, helpless before the fire's fury. His wife back from calling for help cradled him in her arms. Clinging to each other, they wept at their loss.



By the time the fire department arrived, only smoking, glowing ruins were left, and the old man and his wife, exhausted from their grief, huddled together in front of the barn. They were speechless and stunned as they rose from the cold snow-covered ground. They nodded thanks to the firemen, as there was nothing anyone could do now. The old man turned to his wife, resting her white head upon his shoulder as his shaking old hands clumsily dried her tears with a frayed red bandana. Brokenly he whispered, "We have lost much, but God has spared our home on this eve of Christmas. Let us gather strength and climb the hill to the old pine where we have sought comfort in times of despair. We will look down upon our home, and give thanks to God that it has been spared, and pray for our beloved most precious gifts that have been taken from us."

And so, he took her by the hand and slowly helped her up the snowy hill as he brushed aside his own tears with the back of his old, withered hand.

The journey up the hill was hard for their old bodies in the steep snow. As they stepped over the little knoll at the crest of the hill, they paused to rest. Looking up to the top of the hill, the old couple gasped and fell to their knees in amazement at the incredible beauty before them.

Seemingly, every glorious, brilliant star in the heavens was caught up in the glittering, snow-frosted branches of their beloved pine, and it was aglow with heavenly candles. And poised on its top-most bough, a crystal crescent moon glistened like spun glass. Never had a mere mortal created a Christmas tree such as this. They were breathless as the old man held his wife tighter in his arms.

Suddenly, the old man gave a cry of wonder and incredible joy. Amazed and mystified, he took his wife by the hand and pulled her forward. There, beneath the tree, in resplendent glory, a mist hovering over and glowing in the darkness was their Christmas gift. Shadows glistening in the night light.

Bedded down around the "Old One," close to the trunk of the tree, was the entire herd, safe.

At the first hint of smoke, she had pushed the door ajar with her muzzle and led the horses through it. Slowly and with great dignity, never looking back, she had led them up the hill, stepping cautiously through the snow. The foals were frightened and dashed about. The skittish yearlings looked back at the crackling, hungry flames, and tucked their tails under them as they licked their lips and hopped like rabbits. The mares that were in foal with a new year's crop of babies, pressed uneasily against the "Old One" as she moved calmly up the hill to safety beneath the pine. And now she lay among them and gazed at the faces of the old man and his wife.

Those she loved she had not disappointed. Her body was brittle with years, tired from the climb, but the golden eyes were filled with devotion as she offered her gift — LOVE. Because of love. Only because of love.

Tears flowed as the old couple shouted their praise and joy... And again the peace of love filled their hearts.

