



Penned by Lantern Light

This column will spotlight members of the Western Wordsmiths Chapter of the Western Music Association. It will highlight an invited poet guest with possible short biographical information of his/her works. If a member of the Western Wordsmiths Chapter and if interested in submitting one piece of original work for publication, please contact the Western Wordsmiths chapter president.

A Quarter of a Century

By Linda Nadon

Our Lacey is home for Easter, her third year of University is almost at an end. She heads out to visit the horses to spend some time with her old equine friend.

He's a solid little fella, beautiful dark bay with jet black flowing tail and mane. Once a chuck wagon pony, barely 14 hands high, but a heck of a Ranch Horse just the same.

We got him when they were both five and they made such a striking pair – The dancing little dark bay pony and the tiny girl with the long golden hair.

They always rode at the back any time we moved the cow herds.

Prince and Kippie kept 'em movin' while little Lacey enjoyed the butterflies and birds.

Many a city-slicker, greenhorn or tiny youngster he would carry with pride. It didn't matter who was aboard, Little Prince made sure they enjoyed their ride.

He was as good as any big Ranch horse when it was branding time.

Prince loved to drag the calves to the irons, as a rope horse he really did shine.

And He was an awesome gymkhana pony, quite different when the horn would blast.

Our little Prince was a fierce competitor and he was wicked fast.

The top of our piano is crowded with trophies the kids won on the back of this little gem –

Poles, barrels, rescue race and even team penning – he always did his best for them.

I recall the time Prince and Lacey led the Parade at the Trailrider's Rodeo.

He pranced and danced, side passed and even reared – Man, they sure put on a show.

He's there in her Graduation pictures, In fact, he even shared her Wedding Day. She sat upon his back in her white crushed taffeta, She wouldn't have it any other way.

Now, I watch from a distance and take a mental picture so it will forever last – Arms around his neck, her golden waves against his jet black mane in such a sharp contrast.

For her, her whole life is before her, there's no end to possibilities that lie ahead. For him, his best days are behind him, the day is coming that we all dread.

They are standing quietly together, sharing 20 years of memories untold – The sway-backed old pony and our beautiful young daughter, both a quarter of century old.



Linda and her husband, Larry, own and operate the N7 Ranch, a commercial cow-calf operation located near Meadow Lake, Saskatchewan, CANADA. She writes about her life on the Ranch, often adding a humorous twist and perhaps a bit of embellishment. The critters and calamities that come with life on the Ranch provide an unending supply of poetry material. Linda is a Veterinarian Technician and has a deep love for animals and for Nature. She is passionate about horses and much of the ranch work is done on horseback. They have two grown children, Lacey Thiessen and Landon. Landon rides bareback broncs. Linda had been writing poetry for 20+ years and has performed at many local functions and a number of Cowboy Poetry Gatherings. She is starting to venture further from the local scene. Linda comes from a family of musicians; she also sings and plays guitar and is no stranger to the stage as she began performing music at a very young age. Her debut CD "North of 54" was released in September 2015.