



Monday Matters

August 4, 2014

A Broken Head

It was a beautiful evening one Sunday in May. The sun was shining and it was perfectly cool. My neighbor, Deborah, and I went horseback riding. She was on her little Rocky Mountain gelding and I rode Harley, my 15+hh Tennessee Walker. This was the first time we were riding these two horses together. Deborah's gelding is a young horse and was a little interested in showing off for Harley. Harley is thirteen years old and she's been around young cute geldings before...she was not interested in getting excited over anything. We were out here on our country road. It is very quiet, except for a deer bounding now and then through the woods on either side of the road.

We were headed up a hill. At the top of the hill were some farms with horses. The first farm had a pinto similar to Harley and she came galloping across the field to greet us.



Deborah was off her horse quickly. So, I too got off Harley. We had decided to walk the horses through this section of the road because there were several horses on either side of the road ready to distract our horses.

Harley and I were standing facing a fence and Deborah and her horse were on the other side of the road doing the same thing. We were just going to let them look around and work out their curiosity. Harley started to act very agitated. I tried to calm her, but she had seen something little and black (a little black pony that she could not identify) coming up behind her. Her goal was to

move and move as fast as possible. Had I known what was going on, I would have stepped back and given her some rein to let her move to her goal, which was away. When she turned she stepped on my boot, pinning me. I could not move back to let her go through between me and the fence. Yet she was still determined to move away and knocked me down. As she did that, she stepped on my head right in front of my ear leaving a hoof print on the side of my head and face.

I was a little shocked, but still lucid. Then I decided I would just get up. When I did that I decided I would just sit down! I moved over to a little grassy spot in the front of a farm and Deborah called for help. We were at the top of the hill so there was cell reception and they called 911. Three ambulances came in about 35 minutes. I was bleeding, but still did not feel faint nor was in much pain.

It appeared the extra ambulances had come to find a spot to land a helicopter way out on the county line. I got transported to the helicopter and then on to the University to get treatment for my injury. The doctor said when the message came that there was a horse accident and a head injury he was prepared for the worst. I was wearing a helmet and I know that took some of the impact away.

I struggled for a couple of weeks and then the injury started to heal well and I feel fine today...and back riding Harley.

I think about that accident and realized how quickly life can change. This could have been a catastrophic accident. This is one of those moments in life I will never forget, nor will I ever forget God's help in carrying me through and helping me to heal. It was truly a miracle that it was nothing worse. As the doctor said to me, "Someone was watching over you."

Psalm 23:4 says, *Even when the way goes through Death Valley, I'm not afraid when you walk at my side. Your trusty shepherd's crook makes me feel secure.* I praise Him!

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The Choirboys - The Lord is my Shepherd (Psalm 23)



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