

All the Horses

I felt lost. My first significant relationship had broken down. Rob had left the state to travel and work. I was just 19 years old and an undergraduate student at university. I felt devastated, disoriented and lost.

A friend suggested I visit his uncle's farm to take some space and clear my head.

I remember arriving at the farm. I was robotic and dead inside. I really could not see the value in this visit. I followed this gift of kindness. I had yet to learn of my next step.

The farm was on the outskirts of a regional city. There were mountains in the distance, and the paddocks were green. The farmhouse and its farm equipment were simple and familiar.

I felt sullen. I did not understand how Rob could leave me. He did not explain. He just said just that he was going.

I did not know what to do. I got my bags out of the car and set them down outside. I opened and then shut a gate into an open paddock. It was mid-afternoon.

I wandered around. There was no life anywhere. I sat down. I could see the escarpment and feel the sun and breeze on my face. I started to cry lightly at first. I found myself sobbing uncontrollably – deep, gut-wrenching pain. My body was lurching, and my heart was in my throat.

A beautiful horse came close and nuzzled into me, and then another. I felt encompassed. The horses- at least 8 - were all physically connecting with various parts of me - my face, my arms, my hands, my feet, my head, my back and my chest. I saw their beautiful brown eyes and felt surrounded by unbelievably warm and suffusing love. This love permeated every part of my being. It felt like it contained all the love in the universe so tenderly shared with me.

I knew authentic love for the very first time. This experience is one of the greatest gifts of my life.