

“Abbey”

We got abbey in mid-2009 and she was the grumpiest rudest girl ever on the ground but when you got to know her you realised most of it was a front. Stacey had quite a few nasty bites and cow kicks but we would never have changed a single thing about her. She was a machine when you were on her back, she loved her work and the more she did the happier she was; she taught Stacey an awful lot in the short couple of years we owned her.

We had moved her in around March in 2011 to different grazing and everything seemed fine. Stacey just went to catch her to go a hack on 15th June 2011 and knew straight away something wasn't quite right. By the time we got her to our own field and the vet came she went downhill very quickly. She was unable to swallow and sweating up, the vet arrived and thought what we were dealing with was acute grass sickness. We stayed with her walking her all night but she just kept going downhill until vets came back out at 5am. She was sadly put to sleep on the 16th of June; it was the kindest thing to do. She was a horse that has taken our hearts and will never be forgotten xx

Carol-Anne Farquarson



“Aero”

Aero was born at the end of June 2009 to our mare Symphony. From the minute she was born it was obvious she was going to be very special. She was an absolute joy to us all.

On the 9th of August 2011 my daughter noticed that she kept looking at her flanks. The vet was up at the yard anyway and she asked him to take a look at her as she thought she may have a touch of colic. He administered anti-spasmodics and pain relief and would return later in the day. Aero was very bright in herself at that point - she even had a mad hooley round the outdoor school! When the vet returned she had gone down dramatically. She was having difficulty swallowing and was unable to pass urine. After further veterinary interventions the decision was made to transfer her to the Royal Dick Veterinary Hospital in Edinburgh with a suspected torsion but Grass Sickness had been mentioned. My experience of Grass Sickness was of horses being nursed through it - they didn't all make it but there was a chance. We had watched a program on television just a couple of weeks before about the Royal Dick nursing a horse through this. They also showed successful colic surgery - she was going to be OK and was going to the right place! This is the chronic type of which the Royal Dick excels in nursing. I didn't know that there were three types, two of which are fatal. Unfortunately, she was diagnosed with Sub Acute Grass Sickness, which, along with Acute Grass Sickness is fatal. Aero was put to sleep the following morning after the hospital staff took her out to the meadow for a last graze. She was just over two years old.

This year there appears to be an increase in the number of horses and ponies affected by this dreadful disease. Funds are desperately needed to fund the vaccine trial. Just imagine being able to vaccinate against Grass Sickness in the same way that we currently do against flu and Tetanus.....

Gina Duff



“Amber”

I lost my Amber in January to grass sickness. Amber was my everything. She was the most beautiful kindest soul. She was a 15hh welsh D and 15 years old.

I can't explain how loving and loyal she was. December and January were such shocking months where I live. The ice and snow was unreal and we had -8 for weeks. My paddocks were so uneven and solid so I brought my girls in and kept them on my yard. I have a large crush area with large stables/shelters so they could come and go as they pleased. So she hadn't been on grass for a month!

Thursday Amber was dropping feed very slightly and just taking a long time to eat nothing that caused me alarm. Friday, she was quidding. She was spitting hay out. Amber had bad teeth. She had fillings but I have an amazing dentist. I called him and arranged for him to come out ASAP.

So, 24 hours and he was here. I took her rug off and the weight had dropped off in one day. Suddenly, she was trembling and rocking. My dentist said her teeth were fine. We were already waiting on vet. By the time the vet arrived Amber was blowing bubbles in her water and not swallowing. Vet did full exam and declared grass sickness. She gave her the maximum of painkillers vitamins and antibiotics so I had over night to make my decision. By the morning she was down with her head on my knee sleeping, she could no longer swallow and that was the end of our journey.

I asked Amber if I was doing the right thing and she said yes. She whinnied at me softly. My amazing dentist held her for me and said some amazing things for me after I said mine. I said goodbye and went for a walk. I heard the shot and as I turned a beautiful rainbow came over my yard.

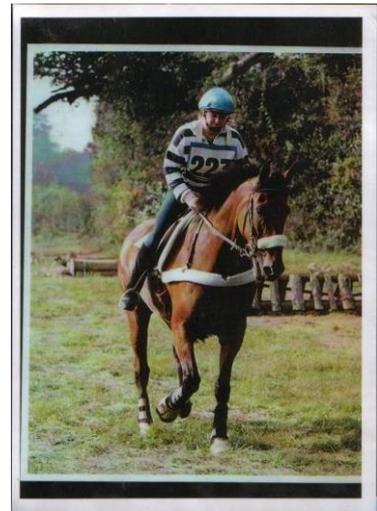
My heart is still broken. I will never heal I would love to honour my girl. She served in a riding school before she came to me. She deserves this ribbon in her memory. ♡



Shelley Love.

Asterix

Four years ago, on the 23rd of April 2014 (the most harrowing day of my life) I came home from Great Ormond Street Hospital 200 miles away, where I'd been visiting my son. Asterix didn't come to the gate when I called. I could see him standing very still, halfway down the hill. He didn't move or even raise his head. I knew something was very wrong, but had no clue what was wrong. Painfully I got him up the hill and into the barn with the others. His eyelids drooped, and his gait was slow. He was trembling and had patches of sweat. I offered him treats and a drink but he couldn't swallow 😞... the vet came quickly... and for the rest I was numb. As he diagnosed AGS and said we would have to end his life immediately, I went into some kind of terrible frozen state. My eyes so filled with tears, I couldn't even see. Saying goodbye... so unexpectedly, urgently and without warning, was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. He had been happily eating haylage the day before... and now this ❤️❤️❤️ It broke my heart into a million pieces. He was my best friend and soul mate for 23 of his 26 years. He knew everything there was to know about me, and could always hug me in a way that no one else ever could. I miss him still, every single day. I'll love you forever darling Asterix 😊❤️❤️❤️



Brimble Wharton – 23rd April 2018

“Bailey”



On May the 7th 2009 I received a very shocking call , my mare who was on loan while I moved and got settled in Inverness had had a foal our precious Bailey, so after a lot of drama at 4 days old we had to move him 100 miles for mum and baby to be ok, he grew and strived was the most lovable boy imaginable , an over grown dog almost , my husband never liked horses but Bailey changed his perceptions, life carried on but Bailey still managed to make us smile at his daft ways,

He went on livery to be broken and schooled while I had my 2nd child, I was so excited to finally get back in the saddle and to be able to do it with Bailey who I trusted impeccably was so exciting!

Then 17 days after my son was born on the 11th August 2014 I received a call from my husband to be prepared he was coming to collect me it was Bailey! I thought he was joking I didn't understand he was so healthy, when we arrived the vet was with him he'd started with colic and was in so much pain they had sedated him and gave him pain killers but it wasn't helping, I was in giving him a cuddle, he stumbled, yet even all the pain he was in he still managed to stop himself from falling on me , always looking out for me, I would have done anything to save him but the vet said it was no use and the fairest thing was to let him go, at least I would know he wasn't suffering and in pain, as a family we were broken. The vet diagnosed as acute grass sickness/colic, to know a healthy strong horse could suddenly be gone because of this disease with no real cure or reason is devastating, these horses are not just animals in a field they are precious loved member of the family , I hope we can get all the help we can to try to help others so they don't have to go through the devastation we had too.

Jess Whitby

“Barney”

Troublemaker aka Barney was 2 years old when I lost him to sub-acute Grass Sickness. I first saw him as a 6 month old foal and wanted to buy him then but he was not for sale. I finally got the chance to purchase him 12 months later. He was a real mummy's boy, not at all coltish, quiet and sensitive. We only managed one show in 2014 and that was New Deer Agricultural Show where he got 3 x 1sts and 2 x reserve champion. 8 weeks after the show he came down with sub-acute grass sickness and after fighting hard for a heart breaking 8 days he was PTS. Those 8 days were the worst days of my life...

Theresa Dibblee



“Bella Boo”

Bella boo. I took her on as a rescue back in 2011 and when she came to me she was in bad condition and we (me and my vet) honestly thought we were going to lose her. After plenty of tender loving care and feed she bounced back to full health and we were amazed but very proud and she stayed with us. She played happily with the 2 youngsters Bart age 2 a 12.2hh cob and spirit also 2 and was 13hh and she mothered them both. Then sadly she got grass sickness. We battled for 5 days to try and save her and had the vets out numerous times. I begged and begged with her to keep fighting but it wasn't to be she had given up. My vet Ian Taylor and my best friend Sarah said it was time to let her go so I said my goodbye and sobbed my heart out as Ian put my baby girl to sleep. xxxx

Kathleen Smith



"Brendan"



We bought Brendan as a four-year-old, and he was the perfect horse. He was gentle and careful for my mum to potter about with but he was still very green and needed some bringing on which was just what I wanted.

After just six months of having Brendan he went into his new field to enjoy the new grass and I was looking forward to what the summer would bring. The night before my first exam in my third year of university I got a call from my mum saying that Brendan wasn't right. A long, emotional night with hard decisions to be made meant we had to say goodbye to our youngster that evening.

Nothing prepares you for the heartache that grass sickness brings nor the tough choice you have to make in those difficult moments. We were tasked with choosing between prolonging his pain and driving him down to Edinburgh from Aberdeen without knowing whether he would pull through or letting him go then.

In those final moments I was massaging Brendan's stomach as he pawed the ground. After not showing any of his usual character throughout that day, Brendan then turned towards me, bowed his head and gave me a soft nudge. It was then that we knew it was time to let him go.

Since Brendan's passing, I have done what I can to support the Equine Grass Sickness Fund including hosting my own fundraiser and donating regularly. By working together, we can help fight this earth-shattering disease that takes our loving companions from us in the blink of an eye.

Mairi Reid

“Cal”



I had my best friend put to sleep in January of 2016, after 13 scruffy, clumsy and very happy, special years together on the farm. He was very much his own person from beginning to end and I know I will never have another horse like him.

When Cal first joined us at Culcraggie he was a handsome 14.2hh chestnut gelding with a shining orange coat and a big white blaze. He lost some height over the years, and some weight, he greyed a little and he did start to smell. But he never lost his spirit or his sparkle.

Cal taught me to ride. Not to jump, he didn't like that. Or to cross water- not keen, or showing (I learned this lesson after one disastrous day at an in hand show when he refused to trot, stepped on my boot and knocked me over into a cow pat :-). But he taught me how to enjoy riding and how to feel safe and comfortable with a

horse, how to work as a team. I never, ever felt unsafe with Cal. He always looked after me, even when I clearly had no idea what I was doing. One of my proudest ever moments was when Cal and I came third in our first dressage test. That yellow rosette will always be my biggest equestrian achievement.

Cal was patient with me, and with all the other beginner riders who were thrown on his back. He put up with the constant attentions of a horse mad teenager. He was a big ginger shoulder to cry on and would stand patiently to be hugged. He accepted the fancy dress, the grooming and the riding round the farm day after day. He would happily graze in the garden with me when I was studying for my exams and would put up with being dragged away from his friends every summer night when I came home from school. On these nights Granny would be waiting for us after our ride to give Cal his jammy piece. He loved a jammy piece.

Not that Cal was a pushover, he was very clever. We had to be very careful to only rug him if the weather was really bad, or he would remove the rug himself. The first year I had Cal, I worked all tattie holidays picking tatties to buy him a beautiful new silver rug. Within hours of being dressed in his shining jacket he had ripped it beyond repair, from chest strap to leg strap. He rebelled further in retirement. For a horse as old as he was, with as much arthritis, you would be surprised how fast he could move. Cal would only be caught if he wanted to be caught (unless you grabbed his tail). He was a nightmare to load and he didn't like apples.

Cal was in his 30s when he died. He had had Cushing's disease for a number of years when in January the disease led to ringbone in his hooves. He was an old happy horse who was adored by everyone around him. We miss him terribly but we know how very lucky we were to have had him.

Anna Jemmet



“Cas and Flyer”

Firstly I would like to say well done for winning this lovely rosette in memory of Cas and Flyer. I thought it was such a beautiful idea that my boys could be remembered on a day that everyone was having fun. I hope you don't mind me telling you a bit about them.

On Tuesday 11 February the weather had not been good in the morning with torrential rain again, so ponies and horses stayed in, the afternoon was better so mum let them each have a wonder around the stable yard to stretch their legs.

When I gave Cas his supper he was lying down but got up when I put his bucket down but he only had a very small nibble and then he started going down and rolling and getting up and going down again, my first thought was he had colic so I phoned the vet. The vet checked Cas over and couldn't find anything wrong, but gave him an antibiotic and painkiller jab to be on the safe side. While vet was checking Cas I could see Flyer in his stable through the talk grills and noticed he had diarrhea and was pooing about every minute and he hadn't eaten his supper (I had had the vet out on the Monday for another pony because he had gone off his feed on Sunday but everything was normal and he had started eating fine by the Tuesday) so vet just put it down to a virus going round the yard, she took a blood sample from Cas and a faeces sample from Flyer, when we looked in on Eddie he too hadn't eaten his supper, vet said to keep an eye on them overnight and they would get the samples tested first thing.

I checked on them every hour and all seemed fine apart from lack of eating. When I checked on them about midnight Eddie was trembling in the corner of his stable but by 3 am he had stopped so thought as all seemed calm I would get a few hours' sleep as mum would be out at 6 am to clean some of the stables. When I went out to the yard in the morning, I saw Eddie with his head over the door foaming at the mouth, I went over to him and touched him and he just shot to the back of the stable and when he turned round I just looked at him and thought he can't see and his whole nervous system seemed to be affected in some way, within a minute after that he was soaked in sweat.

I called the vet again straight away explained what was happening and they said they would come straight out. I went in with Eddie to try and calm him down, he was trembling by then and then started making a snoring sound, while waiting for vet to arrive he collapsed and tried to get up but couldn't, I did manage to keep him fairly calm while waiting for vet, talking to him all the time and telling him in no certain terms was he to leave us and that he had to fight whatever was going on and hang in there, when the vet arrived (For the most part Cas stood in his stable with his head leaning against the side of the stable like he had a really bad headache and Flyer just stayed lying down very quiet but his breathing getting louder. After the vet being here for 2.5 hours and doing everything she possible could, she left us to it and mum sat with Eddie (her pony) while I split myself between Cas and Flyer. About 2pm Eddie decided to try and stand, he was stumbling and did fall over a few times but in the end did manage to stand up with mum helping him to keep his balance, Cas was still leaning against the stable wall and Flyer was still down being very quiet apart from his breathing. About 3.30 pm Cas started making a really loud snoring sound for about half an hour and at about 4.30 pm he started stumbling and falling over, I tried desperately to keep him calm and stop him from getting up only to fall over again cause he had already taken the hair out from above his eyes and I thought he was going to really hurt himself if he didn't stay down, but he wouldn't have any of it.

I had called the vet back and I prayed they were going to arrive very soon. Flyer was still down and very quiet apart from his breathing, I really felt very guilty that Flyer was all on his own. About 5 pm Eddie's snoring sound had subsided, he had stopped trembling and was getting steadier on his feet so mum went and sat with Flyer trying to encourage him while I carried on trying to help and reassure Cas. A different vet turned up around the same time gave Cas another jab of antibiotics and pain killer, 2nd vet turned up again shortly after (bless her she was really concerned and actually off duty).

They gave the whole yard a vitamin B jab to be on the safe side. Cas, Flyer and Eddie's heart rates were still high but Eddie's had come down a bit. At about 6.30 pm the vets decided to give Cas a sedative jab, which should have only last about 1.5 hours cause they were worried that he was going to hurt himself falling over all the time. And they said for us to go inside warm up, have something to eat.

I couldn't really eat anything as felt so sick but had a cup of tea and went back out half hour later and found Cas had gone, I phoned vet to let them know and she said she would come back out. When she arrived she confirmed Cas had gone and checked Flyer, his gum colour was looking good his breathing seemed a bit better too but heart was still rapid, but other than that all seemed fine, he even appeared to want to try and get up, so we tried to help him, he then made a funny noise and vet checked his heart again which just went completely through the roof and within seconds Flyer was gone. I had lost my 2 best boys within an hour of each other, Cas and Flyer had been the best of pals so can only guess they just wanted to be together. Can honestly admit that day was the worst day of my life. Because we had lost 2 ponies and nearly a 3rd, the states vet had to do a post mortem on Cas and Flyer his results showed EGS but he also sent samples to AHT to confirm his diagnosis which they confirmed a week later.

Eddie thankfully survived and is still with us. This disease is devastating for everyone that comes across it. Eddie was a long time before we knew he was going to survive and hard as it is losing them, it is also hard nursing them through it as every day it changes. You have good days and bad days and your emotions are so up and down. It is physically and emotionally exhausting. Having said that, it is totally worth it when you get out the other side and you know that they are going to survive.

Liza Batiste



“Cherry”

Cherry will always be one of the most challenging yet rewarding horses i will ever have the pleasure of owning. She was full of quirks! full of life and love. She was a present from my mum and i had such high hopes for her. She wasnt in the best condition when i got her but with some love (& huge vet bills) we fixed her up and i started bringing her into work. It was at this time i realised she had a strong desire to kill me. If she wasnt biting you when tacking up she was flipping over backwards once you were on (she had, had 8 years off and multipul foals in this time) She was a scary mare. She eventually settled back into the routine of work and even found a small passion in jumping. My friend started to ride her and they seemed to click well and with my help from the ground we managed to get her out to her first show in however many years! she was insane at the show but it was a huge deal. Once she started jumping she settled ok and came home with only 4 faults in the first class. We were proud!

It all changed when we moved and she developed mastitis. It was a bad case and her whole udder and stomach were swollen. So after more vet bills and lots of injections into her bum we finally got her better but she had become severely sensitive. Even stroking her stomach resulted in a nip on the bum. I tried several times to tack up her to bring her into work again and every time she tried to kill me. So she was retired to living the life of luxury and it was the best thing we ever done for her. She relaxed, she began to look forward to our visits, i taught her a few tricks and we bonded so close with her. She was the most loved money munching machine we could of wished for, i miss her more and more every day, i miss the small things that i took for granted before we lost her. I miss the way she would smile every time i took my phone out my pocket just incase i was taking a photo, i miss the way she would whinny everytime she seen us and how excited she would get at tea time. I miss the way she would jog to the field but never pull on the rope. I miss the way she would argue in the stable with my appaloosa over who was going to get the treat first and how her hair got everywhere! and it was WHITE! (I always looked like i was shedding!). Most of all i just miss sitting talking to her, as if she would answer me. The way she would calmly listen to me for hours.

She helped us alot, she gave my mum a reason to come to the yard every day and she gave me a new challenge to work on every day! even if it was just avoiding flying hooves or chomping teeth! she taught me how to be sympathetic in my approach to doing just the most common of tasks! she was the most amazing companion for my appaloosa and he misses her everyday also. Especially when in the stable! I promise him she is still with us but i just wish she was here in person

and not in spirit. We love you Cherry  Kirstin Ebbrell



“Clive”



Clive was born in 2000, he spent the last 5 years of his life at Normanby Park riding school where he was in working livery, he taught lots of people how to ride, we bought him from the riding school on December 15th, 2012 as a Christmas present for our daughter Shannon who was then 12.

Clive had never had a day's illness in all the time he lived there until Wednesday May 15th 2013, the previous evening we had noticed he was not quite right in himself. The next morning the vet was called out as we thought he had colic, he was referred to an equine hospital near York, where upon further investigation, it was found not to be colic, but the sub-acute version of grass sickness.

We travelled to see him on Thursday may 16th, where the vet explained everything to us. It was decided that nothing could be done to save him from this awful disease, so we had to say goodbye to him. The best thing to do for him, was to have him put to sleep to end his suffering, it was a terrible day. We will never forget the way he was looking at us as we walked away, as we couldn't bear to be there at the end when he was euthanized.

R.I.P Clive, you were loved by many people. x

Ann Waterfall

“Cola”

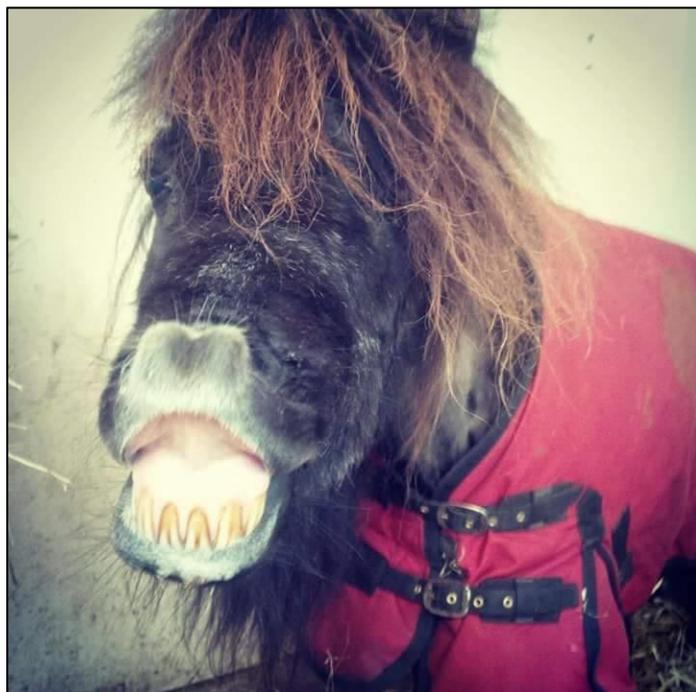
Cola came to us, the Christmas of 2012, an insecure, scared little pony with the biggest attitude I've ever seen. No one knew how old he was - we were told 8, but it became apparent he was probably in his late 20's. He had been passed pillar to post for a long time but he quickly settled and warmed to us, and flourished, he was the sweetest pony you could ever hope to meet, he was whinny back to anyone who took the time to say hello and he did his happy little trot everywhere he went.

Despite being a tiny 29", he was larger than life. Fraser and I enjoyed just over two happy years with Cola, before he fell ill with chronic grass sickness in March 2015. I worked around the clock nursing Cola through the worst of it, but with a life changing move to France coming up in August, I worried about his future. That June our horses move to Jillian's and Cola happily went along, he was over the worst of his illness and it was in his best interests to be on a busy little yard to keep him interested and occupied.

Jillian still had a lot of work on her hands and she became his second mum, he still needed several small feeds a day and almost constant supervision and stimulation... No small task when you have a successful business to run! She never let him down, she cared for him like he was her own and he had the best of everything. He made such great progress and we really thought he had beat it, but in February this year, Cola showed all the signs and symptoms of grass sickness once more, he gradually went down hill worse than his first bout, despite Jillian's best efforts and the best veterinary care, we very sadly had to make the decision to have him put to sleep on Sunday the 27th of March 2016.

Jillian never left his side. We take comfort in knowing he spent his final years happy, surrounded by love and friendship. Quite simply one of the most wonderful ponies to have touched our lives and many others and we miss him every single day.

Hayley McEwan



“Connor”



We bought Connor in August 2013 when our daughter was 3 and a half. He was the absolute perfect pony. Gentle, patient, well mannered, a complete gentleman and the ideal lead rein/1st pony. He stood 12hh and was chestnut with flaxen mane and tail. He was a very pretty pony and a dream for a pony mad child. He came to us with no problems and settled in very quickly with us. I had no qualms allowing Olivia to wander off round the field with him on the end of a lead rope. He looked after her perfectly whether she was onboard or on the ground.

Just 3 months later I went to poo pick his field for the 2nd time that day and there was nothing to pick up. I didn't think much of it until my husband said there was nothing the next morning either and when there was still nothing by lunchtime we got the vet out. He looked the picture of health but his temp was up and also his heart rate. We stayed with him most of the night administering fluids and the next day he was a bit brighter. He was at that point diagnosed with chronic grass sickness. He fought very hard for 9 days but in the end he couldn't take any more. He was the perfect gentleman right to the very end and took all that was thrown at him. In his short time with us he made a massive impression.

Julie Laing

“Crofty”



We think it first might have been from the horrible kick he got years before from a horrid huge horse. He had a broken bone in his hip plus an awful torn muscle. He just might have had stress laminitis, but no one picked it up. Just that all his trouble stems from that kick. Bone and muscle healed good, took two years starting off with just a few minutes' walk...His laminitis only showed up the once and he was treated for it, it came good. But the last lot was thought to be his shoulder playing up as he was on just hill grass with bits of green, but good Shetland pony stuff. As I have said, no heat, no throbbing. If we had had an X-ray on the Island, it might have been picked up. Sad as the poor boy was always being treated for the wrong thing. Funny it was the back legs that seemed to be the problem. Think the vets were gutted also the farrier as they were always saying, no laminitis. I just wished I had known that this was a ? But at least others will learn that that dreaded disease can have many faces xx

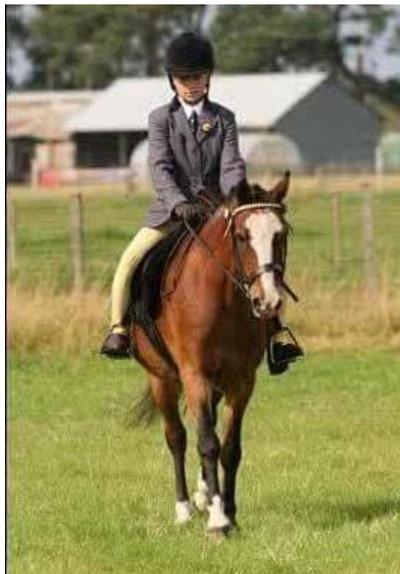
“PENCOT MARCHWIND”

Aka “Danny”

Danny was a registered Welsh Section B. We bought Danny when he was 20 as a confidence giver and that is what he was. He would pop jumps, show and did well in veteran classes including winning the first one he entered.

Danny was retired after having an accident and losing an eye as the result. He lived with Cushing's disease but always looked well. He came down with horrendous laminitis a few days before Christmas in 2011 and we sadly put him to rest. He was 27. He was a fab pony that is sadly missed by us all.

Shirley MacKillop



“Dublin Rock”

Blue was jumped under different names. He was born in Ireland and owned by a Priest! He was by the Arab Red House Condor and out of a Connemara mare. He made grade A in Ireland by six yrs old. He came to the UK and made JA. We bought him and decided his stable name was to be Blue...only to find out from his previous Show Jumping rider in England that he'd always been Blue with her too! He was a bit injury prone and was diagnosed with EMS (Equine metabolic syndrome) after a bad bout of laminitis in early 2014. He recovered eventually and was given the summer on (sparse) grazing with company and we promised him that he wouldn't suffer that pain again. Sadly, he succumbed to laminitis again and we made the sad decision to have him put to sleep. He was a fantastic pony with not a bad bone in him at all. Blue was a very special pony and it was a privilege to have had him in our lives for over the 8 years. He was 20 when we had to say our final farewell. He will always be remembered.

Shirley MacKillop



“Dylan”



My handsome gentle boy was taken by Acute Equine Grass Sickness on the 18.05.18.
aged 18.

He was my rock, my soulmate; he was faithful, loyal and looked after me for 13 years.
It was a pleasure to be his guardian and a comfort to know I kept my promise to
him.....to be by his side to the end.

Run free my precious boy, you will be loved and missed forever.

Donna McGeever

“Edi”



Edi was bought with the intention of breeding from her and she went on to give us 2 fillies and 1 colt. We still have her offspring.

One Saturday night in July 2014, Edi was happily grazing along with the others but on the following morning, I noticed she was in the field shelter a lot and I assumed it was because of the flies. When she did come out of the shelter, she just lay down and I realized something was wrong when she didn't want to go and eat. The vet was then called but within 24 hours, Edi was gone.

Equine Grass Sickness is a heartbreaking cruel illness for which we must find a cure.

Hazel Manson

“Firefly”



This is my best friend 'firefly'. My parents bought him for me for my 11th birthday; he was three years old when I got him. We had 19 beautiful years together where he was my best friend and we done loads together. He was my daughter's first ride too and she loved him, he was so good.

I was eight months pregnant with my son when I lost fly. I was gutted my son never got the chance to meet him. I lost fly within 12 hours of him getting Equine Grass Sickness and I still miss him every day.

The EGS group was so helpful to me when I lost my boy. I had owned horses for 25 years and never even heard of EGS until the day I lost him. Now I am paranoid about the others and watch them like a hawk.

Becci Avent



“Flash”



We lost Flash to EGS in July '12. He was 6 yrs old. A lovely, gentle, genuine horse who'd been through some tough times with a severe leg injury which kept him on box rest for a long time, but such a gentleman, he never complained, always well behaved.

As he recovered I started some Natural Horsemanship with him, we were doing OK. A friend of mine brought him back into ridden work so he went away for 2 weeks. He'd been home for a week when he was struck by this awful disease.

He was just standing in the field in the morning, drooling & trembling. It was terrible to see. I called the vet who treated for colic, 2 hrs later he was admitted to Oakham Veterinary Hospital to stay for a week of counting poos etc. hand feeding & watching him get more & more sad, thinner & thinner. He seemed to buck up a bit with visitors & walking out but back in his box he just became depressed. I'll never forget how he looked in that stable.

We brought him home & hoped to get past the 10 day stage & it would be chronic EGS & he would have a chance & I would nurse him & he would get better..... It wasn't to be. He couldn't eat, didn't drink, consequently nothing else worked. No poos, no wees. No Flash... RIP mate. Love you

Julie Doorne

“Gaucho”

Gaucho was my horse of a lifetime. He loved to jump and was very enthusiastic about his jumping. He also had the loveliest tail. We sadly lost him eventually to laminitis.



Susan Ross

“Gem”

I was so touched to be asked by Kirstine to write about Gem, our lovely girl, who sadly had to be put to sleep in October 2014. Gem came to us as a first pony for our granddaughter, Rhiannon in 2013. We only had her for a few months, when we realised that she had laminitis, in fact it seemed she had a history of it, but we didn't know that when we bought her. It was such a shock really, but we were totally committed to her. She was just the sweetest pony you could wish for a child, always friendly and affectionate, even in her pain. It was a constant struggle to keep her well. John, from moray coast vets was amazing and we tried everything we could, she would get periods of remission but never really enough for her to be totally pain free. After all avenues had been exhausted the end came last October, when we had to make the agonising decision to release her from her pain. It's a heartbreaking and devastating disease and we need to do everything to find a cure for this killer. I cannot tell you what an absolute honour it is to have a trophy in her memory. She was the bravest, sweetest, most beautiful girl. And we are so grateful she came into our lives, however briefly.

Beautiful Gem.

Carol

Mackenzie



“George”

George (Rebel Rascal) was born on 23/04/2009 St Georges Day. I bred George out of my lovely event mar Kofi and he was by the lovely Connie stallion Rebel Rouser. My intention was to breed a good quality WH/Event pony to make about 14.2. By 3 years old George was 16.1hh! He was a spindly legged foal full of cheek but always kind and gentle. I have never been a fan of Greys or Geldings, however George changed my mind. He was a real charmer and everybody fell in love with him. He could drive you crazy with his antics too, running around the field with any piece of equipment you wanted to use and not giving it back. When he was 2 due to personal circumstances I had to make the decision to sell either him or his mother, so I put them both up for sale and his mother sold. George now was to be my future event horse. He was broken at three and we had just started riding out when he got Grass sickness. He put up a good fight for a month. Unfortunately it was not meant to be. He was my horse of a lifetime, so bold and cheeky, I know we would have had years of fun. I miss him every day xx

Tammy Gilyeat



“Goldie”

Goldie was a pony of a lifetime; she was an unbeaten jumping pony that had a heart of gold. She sadly was only 5 when she had grass sickness; we took her down to the dick vets but sadly she didn't make it. I will never find another like her.

Ashleigh Reilly



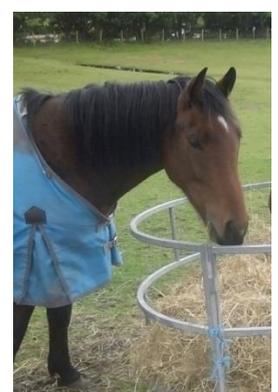
“Harvey”

On Sunday, the 1st May 2016, I was coming home from Glasgow when I received a call from Douglas at Conon vets to say my friend had called him out as my young TB, Harvey had shown signs of colic. He gave him Buscopan. When I got home I went straight up to check him and he was fine, cantering up to me, trying to get into my pockets for sweets. He was back to his cheeky self and I was more than happy with him. My friend told me he had looked a bit colicky that's what she had phoned the vet. The following morning, Monday 2nd May. I went up to check and feed them. Harvey was stood in the corner of the field with his head hung low showing no interest in me or his surroundings. I brought him into the stable, took off his rug and noticed how tucked up he was. I noticed his eyelids were very droopy and he was drooling a lot from his mouth, green to start with then it was clear. There were no sweats or tremors I called the vet out. He performed the eye drop test as I mentioned I thought it may be EGS having witnessed my friend's horse go through it, who is a survivor.

The eye test proved positive for EGS, I was devastated, yet hopeful we could battle this together. My vet wasn't so convinced. He made him comfortable. My friend came down to give us moral support. By this time Harvey was eating. I led him out for a nibble of fresh grass as she advised I should keep him interested in food and his surroundings. I brought my mare in so he had some company. I left him that night with a buffet for him to pick and choose from and I felt confident he was going to be ok. He looked in great condition and I thought he has it but it's not that bad, we can do this!

The next morning Tuesday the 3rd of May, was a totally different story. His bouts of colic were worse where he had stood there was a lot of saliva on the floor which was pouring out his mouth and he'd roll his top lip up. He was in agony and had only passed 2 dropping in 24 hours. Very little urine had passed either. I called my vet and my friend. There was no gut movement. My vet spoke to me over the phone saying the bouts of colic are a massive concern and should have started to subside. I needed to do some soul searching and do what was right for him. I knew his insides weren't working as they should be and he was in so much pain. It was one of the most difficult decisions I've ever had to make. I knew the biggest act of love and kindness I could show Harvey at that point was to set him free from the agony and misery. The cruelest part of the disease is that he would look ok between the bouts of colic and I'd keep hoping there would be hope for him. At 3pm on the 3rd of May I set my brave boy free. He would have been 4 in June just passed. He had his whole life ahead of him. I still get upset when I think about how he suffered and when I hear another has been lost. I hope this makes even 1 person aware of EGS then Harvey won't have lost his life in vain.

Helen Whitehill



“Herbie”



This is Herbie he was 11 when he died. He was the nicest and sweetest natured horse you could meet. He put up a strong fight against grass sickness for 4 days but he unfortunately lost his battle on the 4th May 2017. His field buddy Mac, also lost his battle to this vile disease on the 28th of May 17.

Mac’s owner Emily & I recently did a skydive to raise money for equine grass sickness, we raised £2,646 x

Holly Clayton-Wright.

“Honey”

IF ever a pony was well named, this Wee Highland was, well I met that Wee Highland lassie last year! I was lucky enough to be in the right place and at the right time to give a new home to 2 Highland mares, both born in. 1995. The two girls were both Croila bred and were called Honey and Tammy. Honey was sweet natured, gentle, loving, affectionate, friendly and steadfast. As soon as Tommy found out that someone in Culbokie used to take them toast as a wee treat, Tommy took it upon himself to make sure that they both had toast every day! Gosh did they enjoy it and look forward to their breakfast treat, regardless of time of day! Honey was a dun with dark mane and tail and strong eel stripe and to me looked simply gorgeous, to match her nature. Let me introduce Anna! Anna lives in Maryburgh and has a love for ponies. My last pony Tiara was Anna's great friend

And she groomed her, plaited her mane and shone her shoes!!!! Unfortunately we lost Tiara before Anna had actually ridden her. When I was offered the two girls, part of me wanted to give Anna that opportunity to ride and revel in the ability to have a pony and for Anna, Honey was that delightful girl! Anna grew in confidence with Honey, as she was looked after, walked, trotted and cantered, just as I did! Anna was desperate to compete at a show and suggested the Black Isle Show, whereas I nearly choked and then remembered the amazing Ross-shire EGS and Laminitis Show!!!! I was going to enter both mares and Anna and I, but unfortunately despite the best care and attention from Kym from Conanvet and Cathie, as she is my best friend, we could not save Honey! Another beautiful horse lost to this wicked disease. AS I was already involved with the show, despite my sadness, I was determined to support Yvonne with her Charity Show, and I will continue to do so for as long as she supports this cause. MY joy, when I told Yvonne what had happened and she immediately supported me personally with a prize in my Honey's name - I cannot tell you the mixture of love, pride and sadness! I had a whale of a time at the show in 2016, with Lovely Tammy, Anna, her wee sister Anna, her Mum and Dad, Fiona and Kevin, Cathie MacQuarrie and Helen Whitehill. I spent that day smiling in memory of a wee sweet Highland Mare called Honey! Xxxxx

Jane Menzies



“Jeannie”

Jeannie was a gem of a pony that taught both me and lots of others so much when we were younger. She had the bounciest trot ever but was loved by everyone who knew her. She had suffered throughout her life with laminitis but she lived till a ripe old age, I think she is in her 30's in the picture below. The sweetest and most gentle wee mare you would ever meet.

Susan Ross



“Leo”

Kingsmill Prince Leopold, known as Leo, was born on 22nd May 2010 to my mare Kingsmill Princess Victoria, known as the 'B' and he was her 2nd foal. The 'B' sadly died on the 15th April 2015 (not EGS) followed nearly 3 weeks later on the 4th May 2015 by Leo who was put to sleep diagnosed with Acute Equine Grass Sickness.

On the 3rd May Leo looked lethargic and showed symptoms similar to colic. The vet attended and gave the usual injections which are usually quite fast acting. There was no improvement, so the vet was recalled and all hell broke loose. The vet referred him to Liphook Equine Hospital, my lorry was made ready, Leo was loaded and we arrived 20 minutes later. He was operated on but 3 hours later was informed that he had Acute EGS and had no other decision to make but to say goodbye. One minute my beautiful 5 year old boy was playing with his sister in the field and in a matter of hours he was gone.

Sandra Kent



“Leo”



This is Leo. He was a big gentle giant, 16.1 warm blood, full of character and he loved everybody. He became ill on Xmas eve 2013 with EGS and was sadly put to sleep on Boxing Day 2013, he is very sadly missed every day x

Julie Sweeney

“Lucky”



This is Lucky. He fell ill whilst I was on holiday and my best friend was looking after him. I drove straight to Newmarket from Brighton to be with him arriving late at night. He had colic surgery and at the same time a biopsy was taken. He came round from his op but it was confirmed the following morning that he had EGS.

Lucky was a real cheeky pony who was always full of life. He loved to Jump and he always looked after his rider, especially young children. I lost him 31/08/2013

Claire-Marie O'Hare

“Lucien”

Lucien Casta Hakan

Translation

The Light That is Katie's Descendant

Lucien was born to Katie on the 11th of May 2012. Katie had arrived with us in a terrible state, made worse when discovered she was 5 weeks from giving birth. Between the vet and ourselves, we worked tirelessly to try and get Katie strong enough for the birth and hopefully a full recovery. Sadly Katie only survived for 7 days after the birth of Lucien. We bottlefed Lucien from birth, this created the most amazing relationship and would change my whole outlook for life. I couldn't let Katie's memory slip away to oblivion hence Lucien's name and we also started a charity named after Katie, Katie's Cradle. Lucien was obviously an integral part of this whole process. As a charity, our main criteria are horses who are not cutting it in the mainstream through behavioural issues, once balanced they go on to work with people who have issues. Lucien was the reason we went down this road, his ability to connect was out of this world, his character was extremely unique which gained him fame in 2014 making the top 125 most amazing pets in the world by National Geographic. He was an icon for many, at such a young age he helped many children get over issues such as bullying, low self-esteem and much more, he brought laughter to many people across the globe with his unique antics which was displayed on his page Lucien The Asbo Pony and Friends. In 2016 the unspeakable happened, Lucien was diagnosed with Grass Sickness, this boy was like my son, I spent every minute of the day with him, 2 hourly feeds day and night, as you can imagine this turned my whole life upside down. I fought his case with the vets, I refused to leave the hospital and stayed with him until we took him home. Sadly he lost his fight. I have been left with the biggest void as has the charity. This boy is the reason that many equine lives have been saved, he is the reason these 'dangerous' horses have been able to turn their lives around and become therapy horses helping veterans with PTSD, children with Autism and many others, he is the reason we work 24 hours a day being caregivers to the horses. He was just four years old when he was taken, a shining star that shone so bright in this world for such a short time but lives on in every horse that our charity saves.

Sharon Katie's-Cradle Taylor



Luna Bay

My beautiful baby 'Luna Bay' Clydesdale x hanoverian x shire

Born 16/07/2016 was PTS on the 14/10/18

On the 28th of September 2018 when going to feed them their breakfast Luna was no where to be seen, didn't come when called which she normal does, we found her lying down the a corner of the field hiding! After thinking she was just being lazy left her to eat her breakfast after she had got up and acted abit sleepy, and went to uni, at lunch time my dad called to say she was lying down and had been for most of the morning vet was called due to thinking she was colicing, this started the worse 2 weeks of my life! She stopped eating and drinking and within a day or two she had lost a horrible amount of weight! The vets didn't know it was GS to begin with but as all the symptoms started to set in they knew it was that, I had had her since 4 months old she was my life, my baby! We trust each other with anything! The bond we had made the whole experience worse but better if that makes sense! I would spend hours every night just lying in her stable with her, her head on my lap while she slept! I had never heard of grass sickness before that horrible day and I hope to god I never have to experience it again! This group really helped me through it all with the support and helpful information! Not a day goes by that I don't think about her and what we could/should be doing now! She was my first Foal and I will always remember her and the bond we had!



Amy Elizabeth Burton

“Mac”



Mac sadly died of equine grass sickness on the 28th April 2017. He was so special to me and my mum. He was part of our family for 17 years and we miss him dearly. Grass sickness took him and his field mate Herbie from us within a week. Its left a huge gap in our lives. Me and Herbies owner Holly recently did a skydive to raise money for equine grass sickness, we raised £2,646 x

Emily Jones.

Misty

Misty was my first own pony, I brought him on from practically unbacked to local competition level. We faced so many challengers and overcame them together. He's that pony that will always have a place in my heart no matter how many others come and go. He died of EGS when he was 13 on 12th April 2012 and not a day has passed since where I don't think of him.



Ashleigh Burkitt

“Nadia”

I got Nadia as my first horse; I'd only been riding a year. She tested me to my absolute limit but 7 years later, she'd taught me everything I know and given me so much confidence. We had some brilliant rides in the beach, fun rides, hacking with friends and she was a great lead horse.

My life as I knew it with my girl came to a tragic end on the 12th April 2015 when she came down with suspected EGS. It left me devastated, along with my friends and family and her best field mate Muffin.

Claire Reid



Nazika

My lovely girl - only 17yrs old, purebred Arab and such a talented showjumper ♡♡ I lost my precious Nazika to accute - she went from full of beans to gone within 3 hours 😞

Samantha Moody



“Orion Star”

We had the pleasure of Breeding Ori, (Orion star) who was born on the 3rd June 2010. He was our special boy and was always a joy to be around. He was such a people person. He loved his cuddles, carrots and kisses. Also it was his Houdini like abilities, his wonderful attitude, or that he never did grow into his ears! He is greatly missed, but we are grateful to have spent the time we did with him. And that we owned such a stunning boy even if it was only for the short time we had him. RIP ORI.

3rd July 2010 to 23rd May 2015.

Candice Peckham



“Osbourn Rory”

Osbourn Rory came to us from Wales as a foal. He was always a super wee guy, rather like an oversized dog. He was shown in hand from 8 months, and more recently after a year of preparation he was broken to ride. Unfortunately he only had 6 months of fun under saddle getting out to dressage, show jumping and cross country.

On 8th May I went to get him from field like any other day. He was at the gate waiting for me. When I took his rug off he had little sweaty patches and a bit of a tremor. I thought perhaps he has eaten something poisonous. We got the vet and even when she said it could "potentially" be grass sickness I wasn't overly concerned. He "seemed" ok. The following day after no bowel movement the grass sickness theory was confirmed and off we went to Dicks Vets for further tests. Rory still seems "ok"; he was just very displeased as he was not getting a lot to eat. He was given IV fluids for 2 days, but scans confirmed he has partial paralysis of his large intestine and there were no treatment options. He was still happy and desperate to eat, but eventually the food would back up in his intestine and cause a rupture.

We decided to take him home and have one last day with him. He passed away peacefully with his friends and the sun on his back on 12th May at just 5 years old. He has left a tremendous hole in our hearts

Elaine McGowan



“Patch”



Mr Patch - arrived on the yard as a livery at 4 months old, after a few months the young owner decided she didn't want a youngster but he had got very friendly with my old man Harley who was 41 at the time, so we bought him, he was added in to our little herd and they were just the funniest herd.

He was so cheeky and would drag everyone around and barge out of his stable regularly but he made us laugh!! He was laying down in the field one evening, very unusual, he ended up having colic surgery but no signs of EGS at that time.

He came around and seemed bright but sadly he then deteriorated over the next few days until the decision had to be made which was best for patch – we had to say goodbye. Exactly 1 month to the day after we had said goodbye to our old lad Harley, Patch crossed over to rainbow bridge... I sometimes think maybe they were just meant to be together ... Xx

“Prince”

Prince was bought by me in November 2012 - he came all the way up from the depth of Wales and was 5 years old. He was the kindest, most gentle gelding and everyone loved him. I lost him in May 2013 after noticing one evening he was "not quite right", I called the vet and within 4 hour he was PTS with acute grass sickness.

I had heard of grass sickness but never thought after being at my current home for 13 years that it would strike me. Life with my horses after losing Prince has never really been the same worrying that it will strike again.

Theresa Dibblee



“Quinette”



We lost Quinette in 2014 to EGS and she left a large hole. We take some comfort from owning her full sister and seeing the last foal she bred in their village.

Birchcroft Quinette was a highland mare; she had bred 3 foals and was only 8 years old when she was lost to EGS. Quinette had a fantastic character but could also be a real diva when she wanted to be a truly lovely pony that is sadly missed by us all.

Maria



Raci Elsie Tanner

Raci Elsie Tanner born 28/4/12

On the 28/4/16 we had her 4th birthday getting ready to start a ridden career but at 6-30 on the 29/4/16 out in the field thought it was colic call the vet and by 10-30pm we lost the battle the vet said he could do anymore and she was put down she was only 4 it was the worse grass sickness, I've never had this disease in all the years I've had horses, I miss her so much



Anne Lamb

“Raz & Sam”

Firstly I would like to say well done for winning this lovely memory rosette. I thought it was such a beautiful idea that our two gorgeous horses could be remembered on a day that everyone was having fun. I hope you don't mind me telling you a bit about them.

We lost the two of them within 2 days of each other and they are both missed every day so it means everything to us to have them remembered in this way. EGS is a horrific disease that comes with no warning and you have no control. I hope you enjoyed your day at this event and hope you enjoy the rosette. It means so much to us.

Elizabeth Hill



11th April 2010 - Jennie returned to Lincoln and I had asked her to take her old mare Anna to prepare her for sale later in the summer. Reluctantly, she agreed so left Sam with me and Raz.

12th April 2010 – I moved both Sam and Raz to the lower paddock just the other side of the footpath (no more than 8 feet the other side of the electric fence)

21st April 2010 - In the morning, we had our second vet visit and this time Razzie was hospitalised as grass sickness was suspected.

22nd April 2010 – 6.00pm Razzie PTS

23rd April 2010 - 8.00pm Sam developed colic and was PTS at 10.00pm

RUSTIC RASCAL (aka Razzie)

I bought Razzie from a lady who had a yard on the edge of Exmoor on 8th June 1997 as an unbroken 3-year-old. This occasion has also given me the friendship of a lovely person.

He was a lovely young horse, very kind, loving and trusting. The first time I pulled his mane he was loose in the field and he just let me. He was the first horse I ever broke and he was so willing and tried so hard and never tried any of the usual opt outs that young horses perform while being broken. He was a delight to own and quickly showed his abilities jumping winning many events and he loved his cross country. You could aim at the smallest point on a fence and you knew that he would jump it exactly there.

I used to be a very active member of a local Riding Club and enjoyed competing both as individuals and as part of teams in Show Jumping, Hunter Trails and Eventing (both he and I got bored doing circles and bumps). My daughter, Jennie, started taking him to Pony Club camps and rallies at and represented her Pony Club and School at National Championships on Razzie from the age of 12. She also qualified to compete on him at British Eventing events up to Novice level.

Razzie took both my daughter and myself to 7 National Championships including taking Jennie to Pony Club Novice Horse Trials Championships in 2005 where they were 7th individually and the Senior Inter-Schools Show Jumping at Hickstead where they competed in the Derby Arena.

Owning Razzie was a great honour. He had such a wonderful generous nature and I never worried when Jennie rode him no matter how young she was as he always took such care of her. He always tried his very hardest and loved to go to a party and cross country was definitely his favourite.

COLMER BAY (aka Samantha)

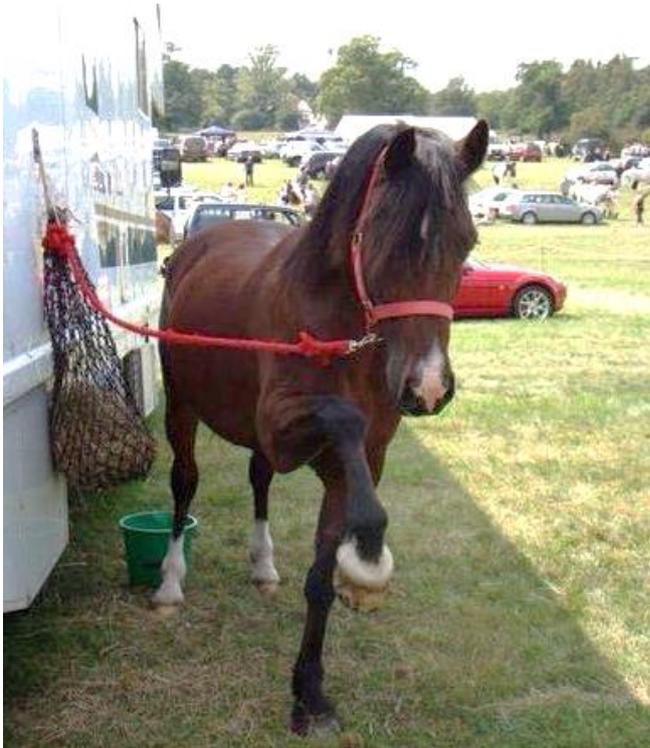
Having had so much fun with Razzie and knowing his lovely nature, when Jennie asked if she could buy a youngster I contacted the owner of the Colmer Stud where Man Among Men was standing and asked if they had a gelding who might be suitable. When we went to view a couple Mrs. Bowditch advised us that she had a little filly that she felt would be more suitable and so on 3rd October 2005 we brought home Sam.

As Sam grew up Jennie and her became almost inseparable and developed an unbelievable relationship. In the spring of 2008 Jennie broke her in and then together they started on their learning curve together by going to Pony Club and Riding Club rallies and camps and entering very low-key dressage competitions.

In 2009 Jennie gained a place at Lincoln University studying a Bsc in Equine Sports Science and Sam went to Lincoln with her and benefited from the wonderful training facilities and tuition available.

Again, Sam had the same wonderful nature as Razzie and the few times we took her out she showed the same 'joie de vie' and ability. We had so much hope for her and Jennie was so looking forward to affiliating her with British Eventing.

“Red”



My beautiful mare Red was lost on only 3rd of May 2015 to EGS. Red was loved by everyone lucky enough to come across her, especially for her willingness to please (the vets and dentist especially appreciated this and wanted her for their own!). She was always happy to have a go at anything asked of her and she was taken from us far too early, (just a week before her tenth birthday). There is no denying she loved the boys, would even try flirting with you in the field! I couldn't be any luckier than I was, in getting to spend five years of my life with such an incredible, amusing and affectionate girl. I miss her every day x

Katie Robinson

“Robbie”

Corriebean Robbie was bred out of our own mare Edi. Edi had given us 2 fillies and Robbie. Sadly, we lost Edi also to EGS the year before Robbie was so cruelly taken from us.

From the beginning, Robbie had the nicest nature and was the friendliest of ponies. Last October (2015), there was a night of gales and rain and in the morning, we went out to check the ponies. Robbie was standing in a corner of the field, head hanging, very subdued. He didn't want to walk but eventually we got him into the stable. The vet was called and our worst fears were confirmed, Robbie was diagnosed with EGS. We stayed up with him all night and first thing in the morning he appeared a little brighter but by mid-day he went downhill rapidly and the vet was called again. Unfortunately, there was no going forward for Robbie from here and he was put to sleep. A terrible loss of such a young pony as Robbie was only 2 years old with his whole life ahead of him.

Danny McNeill



“Romany”



Romany (1982 - 1986)

Romany was homebred, and I can remember going out to check the mare, Sunflash, around 10 pm or so on an April evening, to hear something clattering around in the dark, and it was him, a lovely bay colt, I was so excited!

About 4 years and 4 months later we lost him to the dreaded Grass Sickness. His life and the fun I was hoping to have with him were just beginning.

He was in a field a couple of miles away with Sunflash and his little brother Ceilidh, and another pony, and when I went to check them all I realised something was not right. A vet came out and diagnosed colic and I got him transported home; I don't remember much about that night, but the next morning another vet then told me Romany had Grass Sickness.

Some treatment was tried but to no avail and I watched him all day, but he didn't eat or drink. At some point Sunflash was brought along for company. That evening we heard him crashing around the stable in agony, and the vet came out immediately; he was sedated and given pain relief - selfishly I couldn't bear for him to be put down in the dark. The next morning the vet returned and 2 dear friends came for support; they were the ones who dealt with Romany in the end; he died just yards from where he was born.

This prompted me to get involved with the Equine Grass Sickness Fund, and I did quite a bit of fund raising in the past; now I am always keen to support any event raising money for this cause.

“Roody”

Roody 'Downfield Gemaris' was my Irish show hunter who I bought as a foal in 1997. He had a super personality & scope but in the September of 2001 developed grass sickness. He battled for 10 weeks in the Dick Vet & his weight dropped from 750kg to just 350kg at his worse, luckily though he came home at Christmas 2001.

Although over the years we did the odd showing class with some success the GS had taken its toll & the Dick Vet for such a large horse (17.1hh) he would be very lucky to make 12.

The after effects were not kind to him, recurrent colic & chokes. A very wonky thermostat so overheating or very cold within an hour often. The neurones in his right eye died causing sight loss. He did make 12 & happily pottered around with our other horses. At 15 he became very unwell again & battled against gastric ulcers, yet another problem that hindered weight gain something that he always battled with. But being the Trooper he was, he yet again survived. Last year he deteriorated again & was diagnosed with Equine Motor Neurones Disease. This was to be his final battle with weight loss & urinary in continence but he lasted until the end of March this year when he decided it was time to go, just weeks off his 20th birthday. He slipped quietly away with great grace & dignity just like the legend that he was!

Roody has left a huge hole in my life & heart but I have amazing memories of him including from the GS parade at Blair in 2006 to happily pottering around his field together. I miss him but was honoured to have been his mum.

Pammy Armstrong Collins-Crewe



“Dundreggan Samuel Whiskers”

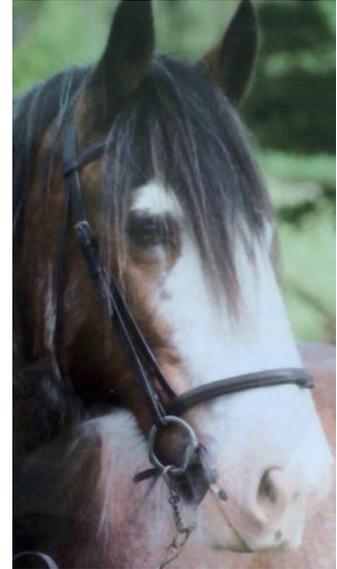
We bred Sammy ourselves and he was the girls lead rein/first ridden pony. He was a fab pony who the girls loved riding, he always took care of them. We had in fact just turned down a blank cheque for him literally days before he was taken ill. With Sammy leaving such a gap and us having suffered through EGS, we donate regularly now to this charity to try and find a cure. Every time you take a carrier bag in the shop, the money goes to the EGS fund in memory of our Sammy.

Lesley Sinclair





“Scottie”



Scottie is my absolute pride and joy. He will be 18 this year and we've been a partnership for over 13 years now. Ok we've never taken the world by storm but I love the bones of him. We've had a go at most things over the years, even won a dressage league, and he's put his heart and soul into everything. We are happy hackers these days and just enjoy life together. I love all of my horses but Scottie will always be that special boy. I'm so glad that Scottie only had a very mild form of EGS and he is recovering really well. I can't imagine the day that he's not with me anymore. I'm so lucky to have him in my life. Hopefully we have many more years together yet. He's a dude



Lorraine Saunders.

“Skellorn Graffiti”



This was him at ponies UK summer champs. There are not many 4-year-old stallions that would be up to being dressed up like this at a show. He went on to take reserve home produced champion of champions at Ponies UK that year.

Unfortunately, we lost our beloved wee man, our special show stallion when he was only 6 years old to acute Equine grass sickness. The disease is devastating and the only consolation for me is that we at least have some of his off spring to remember him by. He had his whole life ahead of him. This disease causes such devastation to us owners; it was such a waste of a beautiful young life.

Eleanor Crate

“Summertime Lottie”

We bought Lottie as a yearling for my daughter Beth as a present for doing so well in her year 5 end of year exams, my daughter was just 11 and had outgrown her previous pony. Beth and Lottie had a very strong bond they went to local shows in hand and Lottie followed Beth like a puppy.

We changed yards when Lottie was 3 and Beth, our daughter backed her in the summer, that winter was very bad and we had to keep our ponies in due to the ground being so wet. We turned them out in March the following year and in the April, we had Lottie clipped right out, her beautiful feathers off too. After clipping her I thought she looked tucked up, the following day when we went to the yard she was standing at the back of the stable, shaking from head to foot and sweating.

A young vet came to see her and gave her antibiotics to see her through the weekend thinking she had a virus. On the Monday a senior vet came out and diagnosed EGS straight away. We were devastated as the prognosis was not good. We nursed her at home for several days and then she was admitted to the RVC at Newmarket. She was there 14 days, we went to visit her on the Saturday and she was sadly put to sleep on the Tuesday morning. (We lost her 7th May 2013).

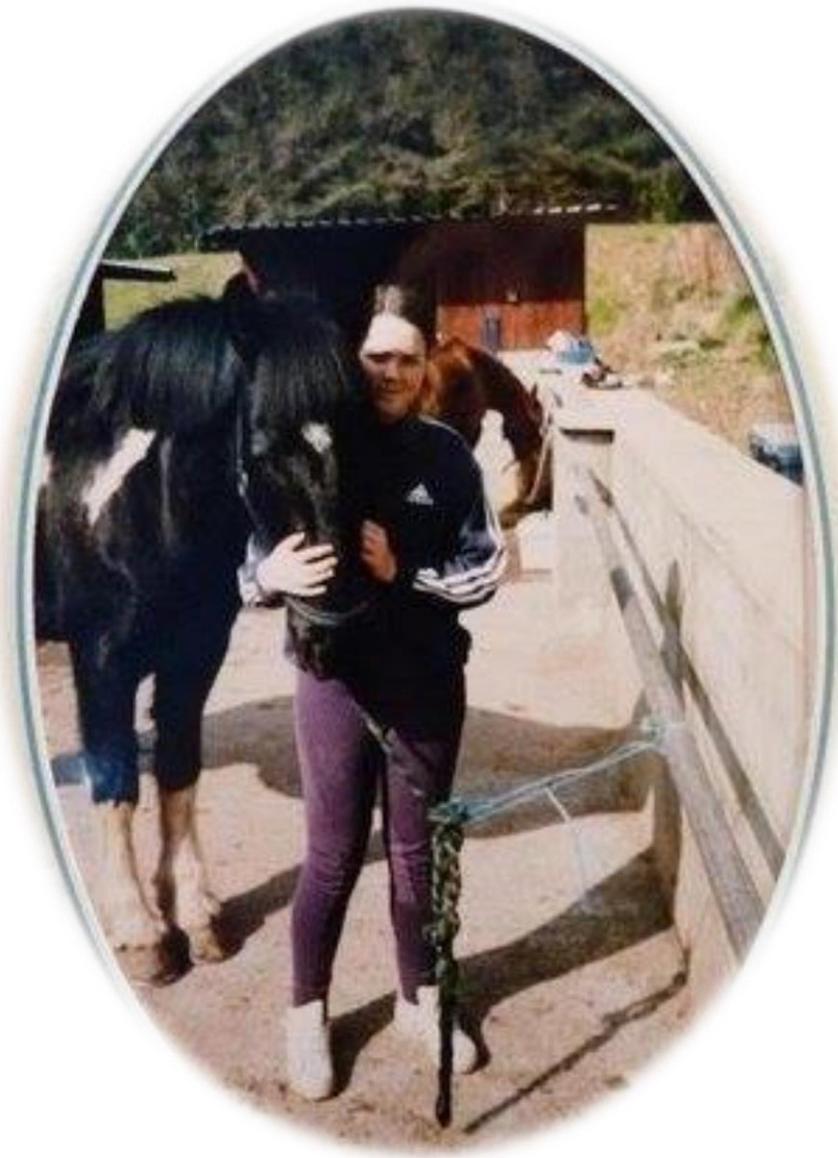
To be honest we have never got over losing her and I have withdrawn from my other horses in fear of losing them too. This disease is devastating in more ways than one and it's after effects are very hard to live with, even two years in!!

Sorry it's a bit of a long story. I would like to say well done for winning this lovely rosette in memory of our Lottie. I hope the show has taught a bit about the devastation this disease causes and raised some awareness so other owners don't have to go through what we did.

Lisa Croft



“Tex”



This is Tex. My parents bought him for me as a Christmas present in 2002. Normally a just-backed 4-year-old wouldn't make an ideal first horse for a 14 year old, but he had such a sweet, laid back nature and completely took everything in his stride. He was coming along really well and I was having great fun with him, and then we tragically lost him to acute EGS in May 2003. I had never heard of grass sickness before, it came on so suddenly and completely broke my heart. Tex was one of many lovely horses taken far too soon by this disease, and I've been supporting the EGSF in his memory ever since.

Allison Bruce

“Tillyochie Coral”

I was a working pupil at the Dick vet many years ago and lived with the grass sickness nurse helping with the horses and never thought it would affect me.

Tillyochie Coral (Connemara) 2005 - 2009

I fell in love with Coral as a two week old foal and brought her home when weaned. She had a huge personality and always thought the ground was too hot to stand on which created some fun breaking her in. She turned out to be the most fantastic ridden pony. She had her first set of grown up shoes on days before we lost her. The worst 48 hours imaginable.

I was kindly given her mother sometime later but unfortunately her father had already died. I now have her two-year-old half-sister who has a lot to live up to but looking forward to the future.

Thank you for supporting this fabulous show and well done.

Emma Jones



Tintagel

40yrs ago this summer we lost our gorgeous welsh palomino mare called Tintagel. She was my sisters' pony, fit & in good health. Seen at 4pm & was fine, went to ride at 7pm & she was flat out! Vet's came out & jagged her; Dad propped her up on bales & made a shelter round her but by 2am she was gone. Countless ponies had grazed in that field previously & the same since, no others have ever gone down with GS. It's so scary how random this horrible illness is.

Tracy McCarthy

“Tiny tears”



Tiny Tears 2013 to 2018.

Tiny was a little black yearling when she came into life. Very poor and obviously never shown love. I was asked to look after her for the winter, but she ended up staying. Despite her rough start she was the most trusting pony I've ever met. Always happy and had a zest for life. She loved my two little cousins and despite never being handled before coming to stay with us, she would stand for hours to be brushed and pampered. I'm sure she had Shetland in her as she was a real escape artist. If her head fitted her body would follow. She would neigh and come running if she saw me. She was loved by the regular walkers who used the footpath in her field. She would block their path till they gave her a scratch and she checked they had no treats.

I knew something was wrong when she did come when I called. When I found her I initially thought she had choke, as did the vet. It soon became apparent that it was grass sickness. I spent the next 48 hours with her and sadly on the Thursday morning we had to say good bye. She spent the morning saying good bye to her herd and we then cuddled in the orchard. We both fell asleep in the sun with her head resting on my shoulder. A time I will cherish.

She seemed so content, but I knew there was no recovery from acute grass sickness. She was so young and we had so many plans for her and her little people. Taken far too soon. A very special pony, too special for this world.

Miss you every day x

“Tommy”

Tommy went away to get broken. He was only 4 years old when he was very sadly taken down by this horrific disease, just starting out in his very promising career. He had such a great Character. Bred by Ronnie Black, we had bought both Tommy and Monty as weaned foals. Tommy (Collessie Rock on Tommy) & Monty (Collessie Full Monty) were great buddies. Monty still misses his buddy; a reminder that this horrific disease doesn't just leave us owners grieving.

When he was struck down with this disease, we thought his best hope would be to get him through to the Royal Dick vets in Edinburgh. He received fantastic care through there where they nursed him through 8 weeks of EGS. Unfortunately, he got an infection and due to the EGS, his immune system just couldn't fight it and we had to make the heartbreaking decision to let him go. He went the day before last year's EGS show so it is very fitting that he is remembered at this year's show. He would have loved to have been part of it. Tommy was a gorgeous lad and he has left us with a big hole. Run free big lad. X

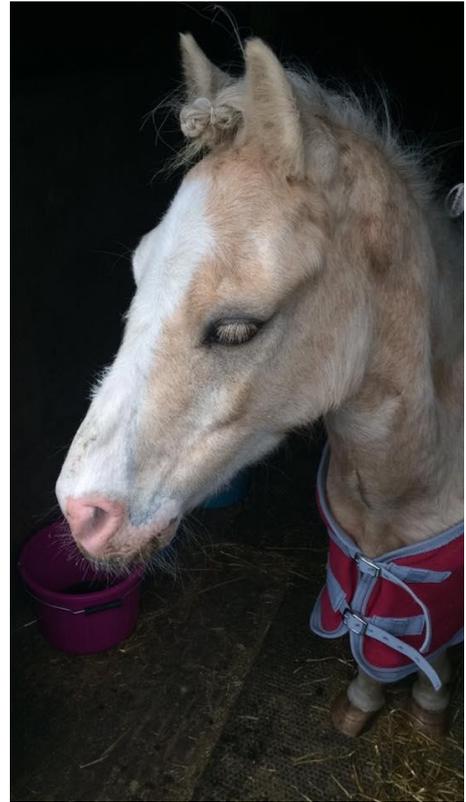
Diane & Jim Gibb



“Tonto”

Well after a long, stressful and very hard 6 weeks of fighting through EGS, my little man has lost the battle. After having owned him for the last 6/7 years he was part of the family and loved dearly by everybody! I have never ever experienced anything like the pain caused by this and hopefully I will never had to experience it again. Tonto was such a fighter and still didn't want to give up even at the very end but his little body had been through enough and was too weak to continue. I Will miss him so so much a massive part of my life has gone and it's heartbreaking. RIP little fella fly high and run wild and free. Love you always 

Chloe Ransley



“Vellums Dream”

Chyna was a very healthy pony out showjumping every weekend and always bringing home red ribbons. Two years ago she fell ill with chronic grass sickness, ended up in the equine hospital for a few weeks. Chyna had so much fight in her and we tried everything to help her but sadly she had to be put to sleep. So cruelly taken from us and we will never forget her, my beautiful cremello known as the pony with wings. She was 16 years old when we sadly lost her.

Rosalyn Carr



“William”



William was put to sleep on 30/4/11 after confirmation he had acute grass sickness. I'll never forget that day it was heartbreaking. It happened so quickly, 1 minute I had a happy healthy horse & 24 hrs later he was gone.

His symptoms started on the 29/4/11, it was Prince Williams's wedding day. When I got to the yard & brought him in I realised he wasn't himself, he seemed depressed & wasn't eating or drinking which wasn't like him. When the vet arrived, he diagnosed colic & said his only chance was surgery, I remember him saying what a tough horse William was as you couldn't tell by looking at him how ill he was, his heart rate had gone up to 80 (when we reached hospital his heart rate was 100). We were on our way thinking he was going to have an operation for colic which was bad enough, when we arrived he was checked over which was when grass sickness was first mentioned, I was warned that William was very ill & the vet was very worried. I'd never heard of GS so when I got home that night I was on the internet trying to find answers,

The next AM the vet phoned me at 9.30 to let me know they were going to operate but if it was GS William would need to be put to sleep. I've never forgotten that morning waiting for the phone to ring but dreading what I'd hear. I kept telling myself the longer I waited the better it looked, hoping & praying that I'd get a phone call telling me it was all ok & he was coming home. It wasn't meant to be, GS was confirmed & he was put to sleep. I'll never forget how helpless I felt, everything was taken out of my control, I'd known nothing about GS. I didn't know there were 3 forms of it or that horses could survive the chronic form. For weeks it haunted me.

What if he'd had chronic GS & I wasn't even given the choice to try & nurse him through it? He was taken from me so quickly without any warning. All I could think the next day was why did I not stay with him; did I give him a big enough hug & I hoped he knew how much I loved him. I felt for a long time & sometimes even now, that I let him down. I still picture his head over the stable door looking so sad & every time I was out of sight he'd neigh as if to say, where are you? please stay with me. I miss him terribly & the memories of that day are still very fresh in my mind, it was the shock of how quickly it happened.

This was a devastating experience made worse by not knowing the facts about GS & this is what drove me to start fundraising & to raise as much awareness as possible. William was a great character & I still miss him terribly.

Ulla Balletta

“Zag”



His name was Zag and he was a 6-year-old standard bred x cob. He was the cutest thing known to human and whenever I was in his eyesight he would be going mad to call me and try and get to me! Although only 14.2hh he used to love pretending he was an 18hh hunter which made him quite interesting to ride.

We did our first show together in July 2012 and I dragged him out the field out a few plaits in and walked away with a 2nd for best condition out of 25! We were on cloud nine! Then 4 days later he started showing signs of colic, electrolyte deficiency and equine motor neuron disease but after every test under the sun we realised it was equine grass sickness! We fought for 8 long weeks and I was with him from 5am until 8 working 10 hours and seeing him in my lunch breaks and then back with him 6-11 to try and get him to eat or drink. It was hell but I wouldn't change it and would do it again for any one in a heartbeat.

Unfortunately, we lost him on August 24th, 2012 he had made a vast improvement and the vets said there was a very low chance of losing him. We kissed him good night and did our checks to see him the next day, his owner had a gut feeling and went down to check him and found him down. He had gotten stuck and was lashing around to try and get up, his mind wanting and his body not, she called me to tell me it was time but I didn't have signal and didn't get the call until a few minutes after. Only a few minutes but it turns out those few minutes meant never getting to say goodbye, that I will never forget as I was in Tesco just getting some treats for him he took his last breath.

Every year on that same date is difficult and I celebrate it by going to Berkeley show with some friends as a tradition. I now have his brother who is so like him who keeps me going and neither of us forgets him. He's always watching over us. Love you Mr. Agglebear (zag) thank you for reading x