

## *Wild by Nature*

# E

*quine Adventures.* I thought I would share my Life Experiences and Equine Adventures. This blog is dedicated to revealing the moments that shaped and changed my life. The instances that effect my decisions and training when dealing with horses and people. It is young farming at its finest. And I welcome you to the creation of Wild by Nature Equine Adventures.

My name is Rachel Bulmer and I train and “coach” horses and people. I currently own 4 horses and I am 25 years old. I am young but I have most recently accomplished a 10 year dream of mine. It’s been a long time in the making, a “pipe dream” many would say. But I’ve made it and I’ve worked extremely hard for this.

First and foremost I am going to say Thank-you. This adventure is dedicated to all of the people currently in my life and those that have been a part of it for even just a moment. You have touched my life in numerous ways. You have taught me to be compassionate, forgiving, envious, independent, reliable, hardworking, loving, dedicated, inspirational and most of all the person I am today and who I will be tomorrow.



I will never be the same. I will be different and I will always change. I am not who I say I am going to be and I am not who you think I am. I will always be something more and I have you to thank.

I may have only met you once but I know that I have learned something from you intentional or not. I have many successes and just as many failures. And I appreciate all of them. If it wasn’t for the failures I wouldn’t have learned how to be successful. If it wasn’t for you I wouldn’t have been able to put all of the pieces together. To my family and friends I know you are proud and I am just as proud and thankful for all of you.

Wild by Nature Equine Adventures is about having a coach for life that will help you through your horse experiences at whatever part of your equine adventure you are on, and it is my pleasure to bring you to the beginning of my.....*Equine Adventures*

### *Wild by Nature Chapter I*

I could be wrong but I am pretty sure I started getting ponied around on a few of my aunt and uncle’s horses when I was extremely small. Just big enough to hold on. On my mom’s side her sister and brother had horses and when we came to visit them in Ontario, we got tooled around on the back of a couple.

I know I liked it. I was on top of a giant animal that is meant to run. With muscles to take their 1200 lbs bodies anywhere they wanted at a whim. Yes they had a rope attached to their halter and a person leading them around. How could you not think of the possibilities of the horse beneath you, running away from the person leading it and taking off with you as their captive audience? It was invigorating.



From then on, I took riding into my own hands when we moved to Alberta. My dad was in the military and we were stationed in Morinville, Alberta. I loved it. I found a few friends on the block and we explored. We would take our bikes on the trails and bring our lunch and be gone for hours. One day we stumbled on a facility in the middle of one of our journeys and this place had horses everywhere. I wasn't sure why, but I was in there like a dirty shirt. Savannah and I had stumbled on a gold mine. We found out that there was a horse auction held here once a month and the horses were being auctioned off. So it became a ritual, we would tour once a month to visit these horses.

We started off asking if we could pet the horses. Yup sure could. So we pet them. Then we somehow got permission from the owners to sit on their back, and eventually I was getting paid to enter in the ring with them. Where were my parents? I was in grade 4 and 5 and I was making money riding horses. My dad soon found \$5 in my pocket while doing laundry and I had to put it all on the table for him. This girl's riding career was on hold for a little while. Horses are dangerous didn't you know?!

Unfortunately the following year my parents divorced and we moved back to Ontario. We moved into my Aunt Cindy's Ranch for a year that just so happened to have horses. In the most unfortunate circumstances there were fortunate circumstances. The barn was my playground. There were two horses present. Goldie and Montana. Goldie an older mare and the mother of Montana, a recently gelded gelding, that was determined to protect his mom from small children.

He was very spirited, young and dangerous for inexperienced horse people. He was very protective and it became a game for my cousin Andrea and I; we would cut through the field to our tree house or the barn and try to be stealthy enough that this horse wouldn't see us. But when he did our little feet would run as hard as we could from him because he would aggressively chase us down. One day we were in the field petting Goldie because we thought we had worked enough trust into Montana that he accepted us into the group, and were we ever wrong. One non-trusting moment and Montana swiftly kicked Andrea in the back of head or back and I was OUT OF THERE. I ran as fast as I could away and left her for dead. I was in grade 6 at this point so don't judge me for running. I sent my older cousin Eddy out to the field and he went to collect her. She believe it or not was fine. Bruise on the back or something like that but in all seriousness very dangerous and a speedy recovery. Guess what horses can be dangerous! My dad was right. (Montana ended up being a gentle giant and amazing horse for my Aunt Cindy and Cousins Andrea and Eddy)

The summer after grade 6 we moved to another city in Ontario. Back into the city we went. Further from the horses. Lived out a couple of years in a town house and had a horrible first year at my new school. Being the new kid isn't always easy. I moved a lot growing up. I met a lot of new faces and said even more good-byes in my lifetime. By the summer before Grade 9 I had moved from British Columbia, Alberta, Nova Scotia, and a few different cities in Ontario including Borden, Kitchener, Ayr, and Cambridge. You meet a lot of people this way, which I love, you adapt to change and you learn to deal with all kinds of people, every one of them different.

My grade 7 year was the worst because I came into a school that was only grade 7 & 8 and everyone had their clicks. For the first time in my life I didn't fit in. This was devastating to me. This has never happened

to me before. For the first time I was treated like a no body, I wasn't the cool kid in school like I had felt previously in all the other schools. As shitty as this felt I learned the most important lesson in life and that was compassion. I now knew what it felt like to be the kid that was shunned in class. The kid that ate lunch by themselves and didn't have a friend at all. No one could understand what I was going through and I'm not sure that everyone cared as much as I did about my situation. I ditched school, called in sick and did what I could to protect myself from feeling like this. I ended up getting over this hump and making lots of good, down to earth friends. But most importantly I learned from this experience. Ever since I try to be extremely considerate about how others feel. You don't know what you don't know and this short lived experience taught me to be compassionate and understanding.

Which is the key to riding, being a strong leader and a trainer of horses.

*More Wild by Nature Equine Adventures to come!*

