



SERA NEWSLETTER

SOUTHEAST ENDURANCE RIDERS ASSOCIATION

SERA COUNTRY IS THE PLACE TO BE!

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Photo by Becky Pearman

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

for the

SERA CONVENTION

January 12-13-2018

Amicalola Lodge, Dawsonville, GA



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Nancy Sluys

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Hello to everyone and welcome to fall! This is the time of year when we breathe out a sigh of relief that the heat waves are gone and we can enjoy time in the woods with our horses and feel refreshed. I hope everyone has a ride schedule that can enjoy the good weather in the coming months.



I want to say a hearty THANK YOU to Eric and Nelia Reuter and all the volunteers who put on the SERA benefit ride at BSF this year. For those of you who couldn't make it, the weather gods smiled in a big way. Temperatures were just delightful---highs in the mid 70's, no rain, and low humidity. The rain that hit from hurricane Irma days before the ride contributed to some mud on the trails, and the river being so high we couldn't cross over to the trails on the other side, but hey, ride days were awesome!

We once again had Randy Knight's scrumptious smoked pulled pork on Friday, and burgers and dogs on Saturday. Tamra Williams kept all the volunteers and vets fat and happy all weekend.

We very much appreciate the effort and intent of the ride as a benefit. So...now we are on a roll for fundraising and are going to do some fundraising for SERA auction style. Be on the lookout if you haven't already seen things on FB for items being auctioned to benefit SERA. We will also have items at the convention in January.

Until we meet again on the trails--Happy riding and here's to healthy horses!
Sudi

EDITORS LETTER -

Hi Folks,

I apologize for the lateness of this issue but I had a super busy summer and it just got away from me! Being the ride manager for two (one NATRC and one AERC) rides kept me busy beyond belief and then we had back to back family weddings in New England that further backed things up. I'm sure you were all too busy riding the wonderful trails in SERA country to notice though, so I might be off the hook! :-). As it was, with two summer SERA rides cancelled, there wasn't as much to report on anyway.

I would like to ask that folks think about contributing stories and pictures to help me fill these newsletters with interesting things. I'm sure you all have a tale or two to share or maybe a tip that has worked for you. This is a community effort and it's fun to be a part of it. You can send your contributions to me at minglewood@surry.net.

Now that my ride manager duties are done for the year I look forward to attending some fall and winter rides. I'm sure I'll have a story or two to tell myself!!

Happy trails, Nancy Sluys



SERA Needs You!

Please take a moment to renew or become a member!

You can renew online at

Seraonline.org

Individual membership is \$25 Family is \$30

Thank you!

SUMMER SLAM PHOTOS

By Jessica Willis of Unbridled Imagery



Shannon Conrad's Old Dominion Experience

"No" I shook my head as the official asked if I could continue. My heart broke as I heard myself say it.....

It's 5:45 am Monday morning. I leave base camp as tears stream down my face, broken. Tia and I rode 94 miles, cavalry miles, of the Old Dominion 100. Unfortunately, my ride ended up in the ER instead of at the finish line, just 6 miles shy of our goal.

Rides are often defined by music for me. We started this ride with "Bring Me Back to Life" by Evanescence. This was our preparation, our focus.

"Wake me up, wake me up inside, I can't wake up,

Wake me up inside, save me,

Call my name and save me from the dark, wake me up

Bid my blood to run, I can't wake up

Before I come undone, save me

Save me from the nothing I've become"

We were prepared. We'd done the homework. Over the past year, we've perfected her home blend electrolytes based on blood chemistry, managed ulcers, tried to keep her weight up, all the while training—and training hard. She even was sporting her new Pete Ramey applied Easy Glove booties which everyone in camp came by to admire. She pranced about camp knowing what was coming. Some women show off a new handbag. I show off my mare's new pedicure!

The jump to Cavalry was not a big one for me. I always ride without crew, but this time was different. This was a point to point, never returning to camp, kind of a ride. I had to rely on someone else to provide me with water. The rules of riding cavalry are basically simple. No one can help you, period. If God didn't create it, you can't use it. There is no chair to sit in. There is no one to hold your horse. You are a soldier out there at war. You and your horse, alone. You bring what you need for you and your horse or you don't use it. The one exception was that at the vet checks we were to be provided with one bucket of horse water and human water.

"Look, If you had One shot

Or one opportunity

To seize everything you ever wanted In one moment

Would you capture

Or just let it slip?"

-“Lose Yourself” Eminem



Photo by Becky Pearman

I came into this ride with just one intention, for a completion. Not a top ten. Not a race. Just me and Tia. Just us. No one else. She felt great all day. All I did was ride her how she felt, and she felt great. We were running around top 10 all day and top cavalry by about 30 minutes going into the 50 mile hold. We weren't trying to, we just were... Everyone does it different. For me, I drink a lot of water at every hold; the camel type. I'm not one of those riders that drink on trail. I need to drink 3 to 4 bottles at every vet check, one electrolyte, two plain water and another I mix with Gatoraid or just to pour over my face. Much to my surprise, the ride was going great. We had a great start. Tia felt fresh and alive. I really had to focus to hold her back those first 50 miles. Not over 10mph, I kept telling myself.

We took the second loop with strength and power. If you can imagine the Oconee river basin without water, that was the trail. Boulder after boulder. Climb after climb. Up and Up. She clambered to get a foot hold after foot hold. She powered through. I tried to stay balanced and out of the saddle in two point to help her all I could.

Next, we climbed the hill from hell. 3-4 miles, straight up, in the sun. I focused on keeping her in the shade, changing sides of the road as we climbed. Riders trotted by, but I knew my Tia. I was saving her for later. Let her climb, she couldn't get too hot. We peaked out and headed back into the woods. She asked if she could go and I finally acquiesced. Every decision, every moment controls the next in an endurance race. It is all a gamble, but if you know the odds and you know your horse, you might just have a winning chance.

We headed into a single track downhill with large rocks that winded through the woods. It was to go on for several miles. From studying the map, I knew the worst climbs were behind us. My Tia wanted it, so I let her have it. I let her have her head and we trotted down, down and around. I stood high in the stirrups as she moved effortlessly below me navigating the rocks and technical terrain. I engaged every big of my core to stay balanced and stabilized to let her move as she needed to unhindered by my weight. We were moving at about 12-15 mph. I was flying, weightless, high above her while she moved. We were one. We passed several groups of riders. We took that hill like a Davidson. If you've ever rode with Bud, Tina or Debbie, you know what that means. If not, it's hard to imagine. The first time I did that type of riding, I walked away saying, "I didn't know people rode like THAT!"

We got into Bucktail, the third hold, at mile 48. I looked for water, but all I could find was a gallon jug next to my horse water. It was a mucky brown color and warm from sitting in the sun. I tried it and it tasted like creek water. I didn't know if it was for human or for horse but I was going to drink it regardless. I was only able to stomach down about a quarter of the gallon. When you are at war, you don't complain, you just do what you have to do, but this hold was critical. We were going into the next 24 mile segment and the heat of the day was coming upon us fast, so I prepared myself. Fortunately, the next "gate and go" was only 7 miles into this segment, so I was not overly concerned about not having drunk enough water, knowing there would be more.

I got into the “gate and go.” Tia pulsed down fast and I asked for water. They said I could only have one bottle and that they didn’t have that much. I was pretty irritated, but knew the “hospitality stop” was another 16 miles and they would have more. The trail was nice at this point. We had done about 60 miles of boulders and I was happy to see a nice trail! Holly and I left out together. Her eating a burger from the stop and me thinking “Wow, what I wouldn’t pay to have a bite of that right now!” but I had my beef jerkey. Tia was on fire. She was pulling to go faster even already going at a brisk trot of 12 mph. I let Holly go on as I knew Tia should not keep that pace. We winded about the trail, but I also started to slow my riding as I was feeling a bit numb and tired in the heat of the sun. But then again, at mile 60, one should feel tired! Around mile 66, Joni Burden (the next cavalry rider) and a pack of about seven other riders she was riding with caught up with us as we went into the “Hospitality stop.” Another one of these riders was Daryl Downs, working towards his 7th OD buckle. Several other long term riders were in that pack. I was the wild card, the rookie. In endurance, we have a saying, “Ride til your idols become your competitors.” I was riding with my idols, but also my competitors. My horse was just as good as theirs. We were all having fun together.

As we came into the hospitality stop, we asked for cavalry supplies. “Nope, sorry, nothing here for cavalry!” we were told. They would not even let our horses drink from the buckets. Now both Joni and I were really pissed. We knew the rules, but we dare not get disqualified after riding nearly 70 miles!

We only had 4 more miles to go until the next vet check, Big 92, at mile 70. We trotted together chatting. I’ve always loved riding with Joni Burden, not only a phenomenal rider, but a phenomenal person. This was her 26th 100 mile completion, and she’s only 23 years old! She was the person responsible for getting me through my very first 50 mile race through the sleet and snow at Skymont, TN a couple years ago. She found me crying, alone and broken (literally, my horse and I had fallen and I later found out I had broken ribs) and let me follow behind her horse. She talked me through those last 10 miles with that sweet southern accent, but also did not put up with any of my complaining! In those miles, she helped shape me into the endurance rider I am today. I have always been grateful to her for those 10 miles and for the impact she made on my life.

I had been told that once you got into Big 92, it was free sailing. It was only about 30 miles until the finish, mostly road, mostly downhill. It was only around 5:30 pm and still light. We had gone 70 miles of the Old Dominion 100 in only 10 hrs. The fastest recorded time ever! As I got off coming into the hold, I felt dizzy and drunk. Susan Kaesmeyer and I joked that I had to lay off the beer! To feel that way is not very uncommon when you’ve ridden that far. Honestly, I was just looking forward to getting some fresh, cold water and a few minutes of rest. I drank four or five bottles and took one for the road, but I was already behind the 8 ball.. I just didn’t realize how much behind the 8 ball I actually was.

Big 92 was a slaughter house. I later found out that there was around a 62% pull rate, mostly for horse lameness. The excessive rain of the season had washed away what little dirt was on the trail, leaving just more and more rock. Tia was still a rockstar. She vetted through with all A's. Not one recheck. Not one concern. She ate whatever grass she could find. She drank at all the creeks. She was the strong one of our partnership. Not many horses were able to go on, but Tia was. At the end of the hold I was still dizzy. Everyone in camp knew it as my demeanor had changed. I'm always happy-go-lucky when I'm riding, but I was quiet and withdrawn. At the vet checks, you will often watch from the corner of your eye to see how your competitors are doing. You watch their horses, how they vet through, what their out times are, etc. I was down for the count and everyone knew it.

I saddled back up and went out at a walk. Every 100 miler usually has a down time before they get their second wind. We think, "Why the hell am I doing this?" or "I just wanna quit!" but we pull through. It's just part of the process. 8 miles until the next check. I could do this thing. I had been in labor with my first son for 8 weeks, no not 8 hours.. I was allowed one contraction per hour. 8 weeks of pain. Then, I was in labor with my second son for 11 weeks. Now that's some serious endurance! This was only a 24 hour race. It would be over. It would be over, one way or the other, in less than 10 hours.

After a few miles of walking, I decided to hand walk Tia. I thought if I moved I would feel better, and I did. I ate some nuts and sipped some water as we went down the road. I got back up and we trotted on.

"I'm a survivor (what?)

I'm not gon' give up (what?)

I'm not gon' stop (what?)

I'm gon' work harder (what?)

I'm a survivor (what?)

I'm gonna make it (what?)

I will survive (what?)

Keep on survivin'(what?)"

-Survivor, Destiny's Child

Night time came and temperatures fell quickly. I had taken a jacket and long sleeved shirt with me, but somewhere in the first loop they fell off my saddle. But I was at war. I was not going to ask for another one (at least until I absolutely needed one!) I felt tired but good going into Laurel Run, around mile 82. Tia vetted through, again with all A's and I joked with the vets to see how much I could bribe them to pull us! At that hold, I met the man who created the cavalry division of the OD. He talked with me as I drank more water and as I tried to eat some of the last food I had with me. I rested in the middle of the road as Tia chomped on nearby grass. 13 miles to Bird Haven, then 6 to the finish. We could do this. It was only around 11:00pm. We had more than 6 hours to complete.

He asked if I had a jacket and I told him no. I was still only in my tank top. He suggested I use Tia's rump rug as a cape at which point we both laughed and tried to take pictures in the dark.

It was only a 20 minute hold, but as we left, Tia and I trotted out feeling good, rested up, cape blowing in the wind. I felt like superwoman. I've always liked riding alone and riding in the dark has become a favorite of mine. I love to look at the moon and enjoy the stars. I fully trust my Tia under me as she glides over the earth following the little white ball of light and I listen to the birds and crickets chirp. There is just nothing more peaceful than moments like these. About 6 miles into this loop, I crashed again. The dizziness fell upon me and then there delirium began. I just had to get off or I would fall off. Tia wanted to eat. The ground was so rocky. I didn't know which way to go. Glow sticks on the right, I told myself. Glow stick to glow stick, just walk glow stick to glow stick. My superwoman cape wasn't working anymore. I began, getting very cold and then nicely I got very hot so I took off my rump rug cape and helmet. I just couldn't cool down enough. I'd heard enough stories about hypothermia and with the small amount of sense I had left, I knew it was time to call it, for my own health. got out my phone and called base camp to ask for a pick up.

Unfortunately, my GPS had just run out of battery and I didn't know how far into the loop I was. Diane, the ride manager, was very concerned and sent for drag riders to come meet me and escort me in. She also told me there were 6 riders behind me, but they were still far behind.

Tia and I came upon a creek. The sound was so lovely. Tia loved the grass growing by the creek. I rested on my rump rug for just a quick nap listening to her munch. I knew I couldn't stay long in the elements, but it was just so lovely and peaceful. Diane was very worried by the shakiness of my voice and had me call in every 5 minutes to make sure I was OK and had not passed out.

It took all my might to get back up and leave the creek; I didn't want to and neither did Tia. I washed off my face and drank a long drink from the creek before we left. The glow sticks took us back into the woods and on an uphill climb. We were back on the "mail trail" part of the loop. Ok, I knew where I was and so did Diane. It was a single track, with large rocks that wended through the trees along a cliff. Water. I found a bottle of water on the trail! It must have dropped out of someone's pack on the way out in the morning. I poured in my electrolytes and began to gulp. I was in the middle of the trail when I saw two headlamps coming from behind. The rider asked if I was ok. I said "No." I had called into base camp. She said, "Well my horse would really like to get past yours." I pulled Tia to the edge of the bluff almost going over. I stood there stunned and couldn't believe that this rider was about to leave a fellow rider that was in trouble alone on the trail. I was infuriated as I saw them ride off. The rage was enough to get me back on Tia and continue to walk over the trail. We followed the glow sticks out of the woods and back onto a gravel road.

Then two new head lamps! My drag riders were here. I don't know who they were, but they talked me into Bird Haven, 6 miles from the finish. One even offered me a margarita, which I would have gladly taken had I not been cavalry! They radioed into camp that they had me safe.

When I arrived, everyone was there to help. I dropped out of cavalry and gave my Tia over to someone who brought her to the vet check. Again, she trotted out sound and had all A's. My Tia. My rockstar. I asked the volunteers to get her some alfalfa and anything else she wanted. This mare had just carried me 94 miles, without an ounce of grain or beet pulp or alfalfa, just grass and weeds. This mare, my partner, knew her job.

The volunteers mobilized with alacrity. They huddled around me and my angel appeared. Terri led me to a chair. I sat in a chair for the first time in 94 miles. Terri got blanket after blanket and piled me high, tucking me into a cocoon. I tried to stop violently shaking, but just couldn't. They fed me warm soup and warm coffee. They fed me warm orange Gatorade. She got me my B12 tablets and medicine from my saddle bags. They sent me Teri, because she too had thyroid problems.

An official came over and said that I had not done anything to disqualify myself from the race and if I wanted to continue I could. I had four hours to go 6 miles and still complete the Old Dominion 100. 6 miles. 6 miles to some people may seem like a lot, but to endurance riders it's like going to the mailbox and back. It's what we do.

After an hour or so, I stopped shaking and had even napped a few minutes. I felt better and like I might continue on. Another angel came over and whispered in my ear, "You have to go on. You've been my favorite rider all day. Smiling and having fun. You've got this!" A few moments later, I got up to go to the bathroom and as soon as the cool night air hit my skin and I began to shake violently again. It was over. I knew it was over.

Managing body temperature can be challenging to most people, but for people with thyroid disease, it is a nightmare. After having my full thyroid removed as a result of cancer 10 years ago, I have never been able to manage body temperature. Thyroid cancer is not a cancer that will typically kill you, it's just one that makes living your life hell. You have no metabolism. You have to rely on drugs to provide it for you which, if you exercise, are never regulated. As an athlete, one of the hardest things to come to grips with is that you can no longer control your body, your body controls you. Since I found endurance riding, I have been committed that this cancer will not define who I am, rather it will just be something that I had. A lot of endurance riders have ailments, this just happens to be mine.

As I shook, I mumbled, "No" I could not go on. Right then and there I left a piece of my heart at Bird Haven, a mere 6 miles from the finish. The cancer would indeed continue to define me. My body just wouldn't participate.

Teri and others got me into a car and Tia on a trailer. They got Tia into her pen with a warm blanket and a bunch of hay and mash. Diane insisted on me getting checked out by a retired ER doc before going back to my trailer alone.

I was lucid and angry and broken. My vitals were stabilized so I went back my bed. 30 minutes later I began wrenching and dry heaving. The anger and adrenaline had worn off and the sickness set in. My resting heart rate was over 110. I knew I needed fluids. Thankfully, a friend's husband drove me to the hospital and I was treated.

After three failed 100-mile attempts or 264 non-completion miles, this will be my last try for a while. I don't do this to sell a horse to the UAE. I don't do this to prove to someone else how tough I am. I do this to be one with my horse, have an adventure and battle my demons.

This horse, this mare, carried me with nothing but her heart for 94 tough miles. This mare carried a heavyweight rider with an extra 20 lbs of supplies with poise and focus and could have continued on, if only I had not let her down. At 19 years old, this mare put many 10 year olds to shame. This mare may not have completed the Old Dominion 100 this time, but I know I own one of the best endurance horses on the east coast and am bringing her home healthy to rest and recover with me. This horse, this mare, did this thing for me.

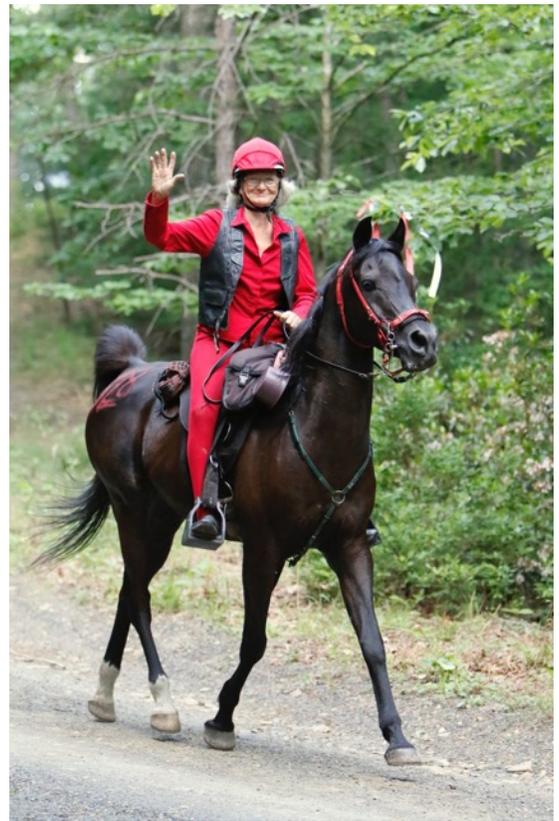
This would have been her 16th 100 mile completion, first with me. Whether I ask her to do it again is still yet to be decided. Maybe, one day, we will get the strength to go back to Bird Haven to reclaim that piece of broken heart that was left behind.

— Shannon Conrad —



Photo by Becky Pearman

**Old Dominion Winners
Bryna Stevenson on
TEF Lunar Eclipse +/- and
Annie Whalen on
Whisperstreams Atropine
Tied for First Place!!
Both horses owned by the
Stevenson Family!**



**More photos
from the
Old Dominion
By Becky Pearman**



Iron Mountain Jubilee - A Ride Manager's Perspective by Nancy Sluys

Everything just seemed to click this year leading up to the Iron Mountain Jubilee. This was the fourth year that I have been the ride manager and things are coming together. Relationships have been made, systems have been worked out, permits had been applied for in a timely manner, key volunteers knew their jobs, we knew the items we needed without bringing excess, things just seemed to flow. The weather smiled on us too with chilly mornings and moderate afternoon temperatures devoid of any rain. It felt as though we were getting the hang of it!

Riders arrived with smiles on their faces that lasted all weekend. Folks stepped up to help when a need arose. The general feeling was that of celebration of the horse, of the trail, of nature, of the fellowship and community we were sharing together.

On the surface it all looks so easy but those who have been there know the planning and precision it takes to make it all happen. Delegating tasks and finding the right person for the right job, having a good safety plan are key. Burnout happens quickly to those who take on too much themselves. The more folks from the community you involve the more the people in the surrounding area will understand what is going on. It is important to tread as lightly as possible with our high impact sport. Give a little back along the way in the form of trail work, working with land managers, supporting civic organizations and your ride will be a looked forward to event in the area.

As we sat around the fire on Saturday night after eating the birthday cheesecake my husband, Bill, made me, I reflected on all the positive things about the weekend. People had fun and no one got hurt, no horses were treated, six horse and rider teams completed two days of 50 mile rides to achieve the Iron Horse Award and money was raised for the Back Country Horsemen of the Virginia Highlands Trail Fund. Although I had to forego riding the ride myself, and have gotten a little behind in conditioning my own horses, the rewards reaped by running a successful event more than outweigh that. I am proud to be an AERC Ride Manager!



Scenes from the Iron Mountain Jubilee



Photos by Nancy Sluys



The Continuing Story of Danny the Mule by Nancy Sluys

In the last issue I related my successes with Danny since getting him back from the trainer and starting out on my own. Things were going really great.....until they weren't!!

It seems something like this happens with every equine I have trained, that once things seem pretty set I go off into the big world and forget that they are still learning and don't know quite enough yet, I let my guard down. I put Danny in a position to get scared and he bolted with a hump and a jump and put me flat on the ground, hurting my knee.

I didn't think it would bother me, I thought I could just shake it off, but that insidious fear crept in and took over. I tried to get back to riding Danny as soon as possible, but he could feel the weakness in my knee and the nervousness in my hands and he became nervous too. All he knew was that I was not the leader anymore and he didn't trust me. I didn't know mules well enough and this made me nervous too because of all the tales I have heard over the years. How many songs did I know about kicking mules, bucking mules, mules running off? There were lots of them in Old Time and Bluegrass music for sure!

I tried to set up mellow rides with reliable horses/mules and friends and I did numerous ground work sessions but still things were not getting better. It was then that I noticed a post on Facebook about a 3 day mulemanship clinic that was going to be held at Fort Valley Ranch in Virginia about 4 hours away. It seemed like a sign so I signed up for it, even though it meant that I would have to miss the Big South Fork ride. This was more important at the moment because I needed to mend my relationship with Danny and get back on the trail and now I had a path forward!



Photo by Skye Evans

It was basic horsemanship stuff but Ty had a great way of explaining things and I had many lightbulb moments. As the days went on Danny and I became more confident in each other and I learned how to be more assertive and to "get control of the feet". I've heard that saying before many times, but it really hit home what it meant, since it was the feet running away that got us in trouble in the first place.

Every day for 3 days I would start on the ground in the level 1 class then after lunch progress to the saddle for all sorts of mounted exercises. Ty kept the pace moving to keep things interesting for the mules. By the time the day was over we were both ready for a rest!

My low point came on the second day when half way through the afternoon session Danny decided he was done working and started veering off the rail and balking horribly at the gate and generally giving me the mule stink eye. Frustrated, I wasn't sure what to do, so I rode to the other side of the ring and made him do one little thing right then I got off and sat a while, thinking he needed a break. Later I asked Ty what I should have done and he said that Danny has got my number and that I should work him through it. The next day Danny tried to pull the same thing, so I circled him and worked him hard in that spot, going through all the maneuvers, until he didn't think it was such a great place anymore and he suddenly became compliant and was responding to a soft feel. We were making big progress. I had regained my position as his leader!



Photo by Skye Evans

The day after the clinic was over I went for a long trail ride on the beautiful and rugged trails with several of the participants and we had a lovely time. We even had the challenge of being faced with a dirt bike rider coming at us on the multi use trail, not seeing us until the last minute. I kept my cool when I felt Danny tighten up under me and kept him looking at the "monster". The motorcycle rider allowed us to come up and let the mules meet him and all was well. We had triumphed!

Now after some more ring work and relaxed trail rides with reliable friends I will feel comfortable taking Danny to another endurance ride soon and guess what? The next one I can go to will be Fort Valley, so that seems just right!

Kudos to these folks who reached milestones!

First 75

Jane Lee and Chico
at Rock n Roll
3rd place

First 75

Susan Wilson and Titanium
at South Mountain
2nd place

First 75

Rachel Land and Tawny
at South Mountain
7th place

First Pioneer:

Shannon Conrad and Tia
at Alabama Yellowhammer

First 100:

Kacy King and Chant
at Bighorn

Young Riders Worlds- Italy

Annie Whelan on Wallace Hill Leo

Decade Team

Shana Hall & Thorn

First 1000 miles

Cindy Cairns & Gwyns Hi Sierra

Southeast rockstars!!

Mark your calenders for January 12-13-2018

SERA CONVENTION!

Amicalola Lodge, Dawsonville, GA
800-573-9656

SERA members can attend free of charge--the only cost is your room at the Lodge (be sure to mention when you make a reservation that it is for the SERA convention to get the discounted rate) and the cost for the banquet on Saturday.

FRIDAY:

1 pm-4:30 pm Dr. Jose Castro
"Lameness, back soreness, acupuncture"

5:00 pm Hors d'ourves/cash bar
on the patio

Dinner on your own

SATURDAY

9:00 am Members meeting

10:00 am AERC briefing

12-1 Lunch on your own

1:30-3:00 Lara Worden
"What's in the Bag? Deciphering Feed Labels
and Nutritional Supplements"

3-15-5:00 Meg Sleeper
"Endurance Secrets"

6:30 Banquet
Awards

8:00 Men of Soul Dance Party

**Please help me keep this newsletter
interesting and send me your stories, tips and
news!!!**

email- minglewood@surry.net

Deadline for the next issue

November 1, 2017

Thank You, Nancy Sluys

Remaining SERA 2017 Rides

- 09-30-2017 - 09-30-2017 * [Sand Hills Stampede](#) - Sand Hills State Forest - Patrick, SC
 10-06-&7- 2017 * [Skymont Endurance Ride](#) - Skymont Scout Reservation, Altamont, TN
 10-14-2017 - * [Run For The Horses 2017](#) - Biltmore Estate
 10-20- & 21- 2017 * [Fort Valley](#) - Fort Valley, VA
 10-21-2017 * [Hunting For Bigfoot](#) - De Soto National Forest - Wiggins, MS
 11-04-2017 * [Raptor Run](#) - Bankhead State Forest - Moulton, AL
 11-3 & 4-2017 [Autumn Gallop at Dunns Creek -320 Sisco Road, Pomona Park, FL](#)
 11-10-2017 - 11-11-2017 * [Broxton Bridge - USA SE FEI Fundraiser](#) - Broxton Bridge
 Plantation - Ehrhardt, SC
 11-16-2017 - 11-19-2017 * [Blackwater Boogie](#) - Blackwater Equestrian Center
 11-25-2017 - 11-25-2017 * [JDs Carolina](#) - Patrick, SC
 First 2018 Ride -
 12-01-2017 - 12-02-2017 * [Shockaloe I And II](#) - Shockaloe Trails - Morton, MS

Happy Trails!!!