

Nebenbei bemerkt: Ist vielleicht die angeblich fehlende Sprache gar kein entscheidender trennender Faktor? Machen sich die Menschen meist nur nicht die Mühe, die "Sprache" der Tiere zu lernen? So, wie die Eroberer fremder Erdteile davon ausgingen, dass die dort lebenden Menschen unterdrückt werden dürfen, weil ihre Sprache "unverständlich" war und sie anders aussahen? Immerhin gab und gibt es immer wieder Menschen, die sich der Mühe unterzogen, mit den Tieren eine Verständigung aufzubauen. Denken wir beispielsweise an Konrad Lorenz oder an Monty Roberts, den "Pferdeflüsterer".

Zurück zu Bentham. Der Philosoph war überzeugt: "Der Tag wird kommen, an dem auch den übrigen lebenden Geschöpfen (also den Tieren) die Rechte gewährt werden, die man ihnen nur durch Tyrannei vorenthalten konnte." Ein Optimismus, den zu teilen nach 200 Jahren zwar schwerfällt, der aber angesichts der inzwischen errungenen Siege über die Sklaverei oder die Frauendiskriminierung vielleicht seine Berechtigung hat.

The horse owner and their odyssey towards holistic healing Martina Lange, (Germany)

In the year 1999/2000 Georg, Etienne, Gladje and Fritz found the way to me. Fritz grew up in a stallion-herd.

My dream was, to learn the correct handling and ridingstyle. The horses lived in the common way of keeping horses, in a stable with daily 6 hours outside on grass. The hoofs were done with hoofshoes. The normal way of life was, 3 times riding school in the week. The horses were fed in the morning (not to much hay, the horse will get fat!), oat, mineral or special feeds to solve or prevent certain illness or problems.

Plantagines for the lungs, from the vet Venti Plus, Equiselenosel, Imaverol, Biotin, Magnoquiet etc. When the horses got outside they had, if it were raining blankets and in winter they had warm blankets, so that they do not freeze. In the evening, back to the stable, horse have to sleep. For the night 2 Layers of hay, not to much the horses have to stay slim. Every half year, the horses where vaccinated and everything was handled as in usually ridingstables. Every little thing was cured by the veterinary, with all his weapons, clinic, blood samples, check the teeth, but with not much success. The horses functioned, but slowly more and more „little“ problems appeared. Problems with the lungs, with the hoofs, with the movements, with the legs, with the behaviour.

School medicine and alternative medicine, nothing worked. The horses started to fade away. The veterinary did not have an explanation, simply thats the way it is and I would have to learn to live with it or get a new horse.

In spring 2002 Georg had a collapse after being vaccinated. He started to cough and he could not breathe no more. The vet had no explanation and gave him an injection of high dose of Cortison. He told me that Georg would be no more „useable“. Etienne started to turn evil with her behavoir. She started to attac her „trainer“ and her enviroment. Gladje did the same. Both horses refused to work with the „trainer“.

The „professionals“ told me, I should sell the horses, because I would never be able to control/discipline or work with them. Every thing what I had done so far, was precise that, what the trainer, the vet and the „horse-professionals“ told me, but

nothing seemed to get me anywhere, it was exact the opposite what happened. Everything, what these people told me, went in the direction, how to use the horse. But not what needs the horse to stay healthy and keeps it willing to work with the human being.

In that year, Schuna crossed my path. The breeder did not like her and she was supposed to go to the slaughterhouse or in a riding school for children. I felt sorry for her, so I just took her with me. I paid the price that the slaughter wanted. Schuna was trained before by a professional in Celle. The first thing that horse did, when I collected her from the stable, was to bite me. Her ears were in her head. Her neck look funny and the horse, some how, was turned completely backwards. The horse had finished with life and human beings and she showed it.

Something was terribly wrong here, with the thinking of the professionals and the reality. That was the point, when my thinking towards horses began to change. 30 Schuna arrived. The mare was turned backwards, and all what she showed was, leave me alone. The ears did not know how to turn forward. Later on I found out why: The horse was grown up the a dark lonely stable. When she wanted to see another horse, she could only do that through a little hole in the wall. In Summer they put her on grass, but in winter she was kept in that stable. Every 5 weeks once out in paddock to keep the stable clean and then back.

- Breeding in Germany! –

2003 Carrie arrived as an emergency call. The mare did not allow the halter and riding was impossible. And that mare is big and strong. To break her mind, they put her in a sheep stable with a low ceiling and tried to pull her down with ropes. The back of the horse looked like corrugated sheet iron. The scare on her nose is the reminder of that. The only success by that action was, that they thought the horse how strong she is. And she turned against the people. I started to learn about the behavior of horses. Read books, went on schools (Mary- Ann Simonds) but somehow it all did not give me the answers to my questions.

In the meantime riding was not any more my main interest. I wanted to know, what is going wrong here. I still took riding lessons, but I did not have fun. The details simply did not fit.

In 2005 I got contact to a lady which where looking for a gentle place for her horse. She had to move to China. Her horse was trained by a well know trainer in the highest riding class S. He won every tournament he started or was at least in the first 3 ranges. He was taken out of the sports when he was 9, because he started to walk unrhythmical. The vet said: give him injections, that is only the back (as usually). She did not do it. She took him out of sports and put him on grass. She was afraid if she would give him to „normal“ riders, they would bring him back to tournaments, and she did not want that. That how Solero came to me. Solero had no physically problem it was mental. I have not seen any think like it before. On the right side he stepped 1 hoof over his trace, on the other side he stepped 1 hoof behind his trace. I took him over and the „people“ complained that a horse like that does not belong in the hand of a amateur, he should go to professionals which know how to work a horse like that.

I started again to check in the internet finding every thing what has to do with horses. My feeling became stronger and stronger, something was wrong I had to change. The „horse professional“ environment kept my voice silent for a while, with the argumentation that there is no other way to work with horses. But slowly my decision took place and I changed. I stopped that the horses were vaccinated.

2004/2005 we started to plan the open stable for the horses. My husband got bit by bit grass-land. Everything about open stables were read. Some was good some was bad. I stopped riding and started to watch my horses. I stopped every relationship with „normal“ riders. During the day, the horses were on the grass, but in the evening I kept bringing them in to the stable.

2006 I went to a Strasser-school done in Winsen/Aller. And that was it. The horses lost their hoof shoes and started running barefoot. I read the book „Healthy hoofs ...“ by Mrs. Dr. Strasser and was no longer compatible to the „normal“ riding world. In spring 2007 the horses moved over to the open stable. The adventure of building „The herd“ started.

I got Fritz home and after an emergency call from China (the ex-owner of Solero, the vet had told her that her horse is dying) I got her horse „Hobik“ as well.

In the first time I did have my doubts, if that what I was doing was really good. The horses were unfriendly to each other and they had massive wounds from bits. In the first time the ground was taken into 2 parts. On one side Fritz and Hobiki had their residence and the rest was on the other side. The fence between the groups was 1,5m wide and 1,60 high. The next morning when I checked, the groups had swapped the sides. The fence had no damage.

So I took the fence away before anything serious happens. But now, it turned really bad. The horses had a go at each other and started fighting all the time. After 3 month the behaviour changed. The herd started to find to each other.

I think today, that the horses had to find their way to deal with the new situation. Suddenly there were in little groups and friendly. The members of the groups change time by time. The leading mare became Schuna.

The first winter --- How difficult it was, to turn against the mainstream! The winter 2007/2008 was only rain. It started raining in October and it stopped in Mai. The horses turned into sea-horses. „Friends“ attacked me badly, the horses would become ill ...

So I stood in the middle of nowhere, freezing and wet watching my horses. Was it all right what I was doing? It is so cold, windy and wet and I was freeze ... I was freeze ... and the horses?

They felt well!!! The first winter with no cough! And that by these weather conditions! If there was wind, rain or mud the horses were in a really good condition. They look satisfied. Even so they had the open stable, they preferred to stay outside and they had a totally different look at the weather then I had. So I asked myself, what is all that about, about how I feel or about how the horses feel?

In December 2007 a ex-riding colleg came and ask if she could visit the horses, specially Fritz. I had nothing against it, so Friederike came and even the winterpaddock consisted at that time only out of mud, the horses looked good. The small Fritz had changed to a beautiful little horse. All horses had started slowly to change, physically and mentally.

3 days later, the telephone rang: Friederike, short and correct, can Sansibar come to you? After rethinking the situation, I called Friederike, told her the conditions, no hoof shoes, the horse always comes first. She accepted and on the 26.04.2008 Sansibar moved in.

Sansibar is a real brother to Solero. So we were interested if there were any family-bands. The same day I found Mondy. He was „parked“ at the winterpaddock that my husband had rented that day. I took him with me. He was once a school-riding horse,

after he could not walk no more, they simply forgot to feed him. He nearly starved to death. The truth ...? :

2003 – Spring

2006 stable on a farm with 6 hours outside grass. Mainly riding outside in the woods, in training area only forward, downwards, no dressage lections 1 st attempt taking of the hoof shoes, by recomondation of „experts“ dismissed suspicion “Prodotrochlose”.

2006 – 2008 riding stable 6-8 hours outside grass. 2 nd attempt taking of the hoof shoes, by recomondation of „experts“ dismissed. From 2006 Veterinary diagnostic: Borreliose, colics, knee inflammation, Hylaron injected, Tierärztliche Hochschule Diagnose Colitis, inflammation in the whole body, Kissingspines, vague limping, horse fades more and more away ... physically as well as mentally ...

Sansibar today: A horse back to live, he loves to play with his mate Fitz. When they play with each other, you can watch everything what expert have found out, what wild horses (Mustangs) do. And you will see a lot of elements out of the dressage. With every year the behaviour of the herd changed, „house-horses“ turned into a herd, which exactly shows every movement that a wild horse herd would show in nature. Small groups found together, friendship started and the big herd only comes together when „dangerous“ situations appear. When the horses go to rest or sleep, one of them has to be the guardian, the rest is allowed to doze or sleep.

Horses do dream, with movement and noise. When I saw that the first time, I was afraid that there was something awfully wrong. I wanted to call the veterinary ... but then ... Carrie woke up, started yawing, looked at me, got up and started eat grass. With that experiance I started to watch and take the time how long the horses actually stay laying on the side and sleep. The longest time in the herd was Hobiki with 35 min. Every „disbehaviour“ of the horses disappeared. Problems with disgestive system, colic and all this uncertainty little problems were gone. My „not possible to therapy“ horses have turned into friendly, high-performace horses. They did not turn to wild. They found back their love of life and they are healthy.

In summer 2009 we took Georg and Mondy to Dr. Strasser, to solve a hoof problem. There we met Ronja and fell in love with her. We got an agreement with Mrs. Strasser and so Ronja move from the south to the north. Ronja is a „Rehe“-horse. Ronja took immediatly the position of the leader and she is taken her work very serious. She is happy, friendly, curious, open to the world and she loves to be cuddled. Like the others. In spring 2010 I started riding again, with the Bidless Bridle. I have made very good experiance with that, specially by Solero and Etienne. ... the last time she was at „work“ was in 2005

In June 2010 I had the idea, just to try with the Bidless Bridle, and see how she will react. At first I was surprised, that she walk out of the herd with no problem, went through the industrial area without getting her hysteric attacks. In the riding area, I could take her the bridle on, without any signs of anger. To my surprise, Etienne reacted highly motivated. That horse in the past, was no compatible to riding work. She simply said no and used her strength against the people. In the following time we „work“ twice a week. Even in the uncomforable situations (very hot) that horse is highly motivated and efficient. Her favorite „training“ is free jumping. Soon as she sees the bares she knows what comes. I only have to stay in the middle of the ground. Etienne does all the jumpes by herself with no pressure. When she thinks one direction is enough she will turn around and go the opposite.

Solero stopped working by starting to walk and run unrhythmical. He was not able to walk, trot or galop correctly. His just „run“ away mentaly. Solero show inbetween alway situations, in which a flashback of memory happens, and what he dislikes. I am sure, if I would have used a „normal“ bridle, he would not cooperate. The pictures you see, where made the day Etienne took the first time the bidless bridle, beginning of June 2010. With every week we „work“ together, Solero started moving back to the horse he once were. His flashbacks gone down. If he gets a bad memory to day, he has learn to cope with it. I think, the herd and the friendly but consequent handling shows success. He is no more a ill „problem-horse“.

Quintessenz

From the last 3 years the horses tought me:

1. The horses have the right to live on their behaves. No horse has committed such a crime, that gives people the right, that it has to go to prison, without sozial contact, with breaks to go to „work“ or for a couple of hours outside.
2. If the human being gives the horse the possebility to live horse-way, many „problems“ will disappear, like strange behaviour , Physically problems , Problems with the joints
3. Horses, which where found as not able to be cured, will turn back to love the life, „work“ or „play“ with the best performance that the horse can give.

I will finish with a sentence by Dr. Strasser:

The „used“ creature which depends on human being, has the right to live in its way of life according to its physics.

Then we have the greatest pleasure with them.

... and from my own experience with 11 horses, it is true ...