



days at
Dunrovin

June 2019



**Ranch
Talk**



The Lovely Lady Lonza



What was to be a very sad day for my mother and me was suddenly turned into a joyous one. June 15th, 2002 was the first time we would celebrate my father's birthday without him—and the lovely Lady Lonza was born on the day of his birth the year following his death.

In the early morning hours, my mare Annie gave birth to a beautiful Champagne colored filly. As soon as my mother had finished breakfast at the senior residence where she lived, I called her, excitedly told her the news, and left hurriedly to pick her up and bring her out to Dunrovin.

My mother and I spent Lonza's birthday together in the magic of new life, sharing stories of Dad and communing with his spirit.

My father was the one who brought animals into our family. I sound exactly like him when I talk to my dogs, and my sons sound like him when they talk to their dogs. It's a family tradition.

I consider Lady Lonza to be his gift to me after his death. He lives within her. She is named for him. His middle name was Lonzo, so I changed the "o" to an "a" to feminize it.

This is truly a terrible photo of my dad and me in Alaska, one taken long before smart cameras could automatically adjust for back lighting. Yet it captures, for me, much of my father, and it is one of very few photos of just him and me alone, although we spent many days together, just the two of us. But back then, "selfies" were a thing of the future, and neither of us ever thought to bring along the one camera we owned on our adventures. My father's love of nature and animals, interest in science, and keenness for maps hooked me from the beginning. We shared many loves and interests and, therefore, we shared a great deal of time.

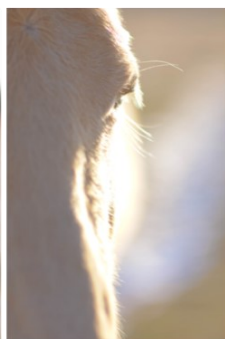


In this photo, you can see his strong hands. His job as a ventilation engineer required both brawn and brain. Those hands had turned many valves and wrenches and had built many structures. He often used them to give me a "love squeeze" that was so powerful it bordered on pain. "Hurts nice, doesn't it?" he'd ask, grinning from ear to ear. It shows us outside, in the elements, and smiling to be so. The vast majority of my most treasured memories of Dad and me are outside, in the mountains, along the streams, in all weather and all seasons, away from clocks, the judgments of others, and unrealistic expectations, out there where just being was enough. My dad has a profound impact on who I became.

Lady Lonza is both Beauty and Brawn



Lonza and SuzAnne have shared many miles on mountain trails with many friends. Lonza has one of the longest strides she's ever seen. Other horses have trouble keeping up with her, especially when going downhill. She can really cover the miles, climb the mountains, herd the cattle, and ford the rivers.



**Lady Lonza's
beauty makes
her a favorite
for photos and
for serving as
a blond canvas
for creative,
colorful, and
live art.**

Broadcast Date: _____ **Time:** _____

Location: _____