

A Winter Journey: Horses & Fate

Based on a True Story

By Kaia Berg

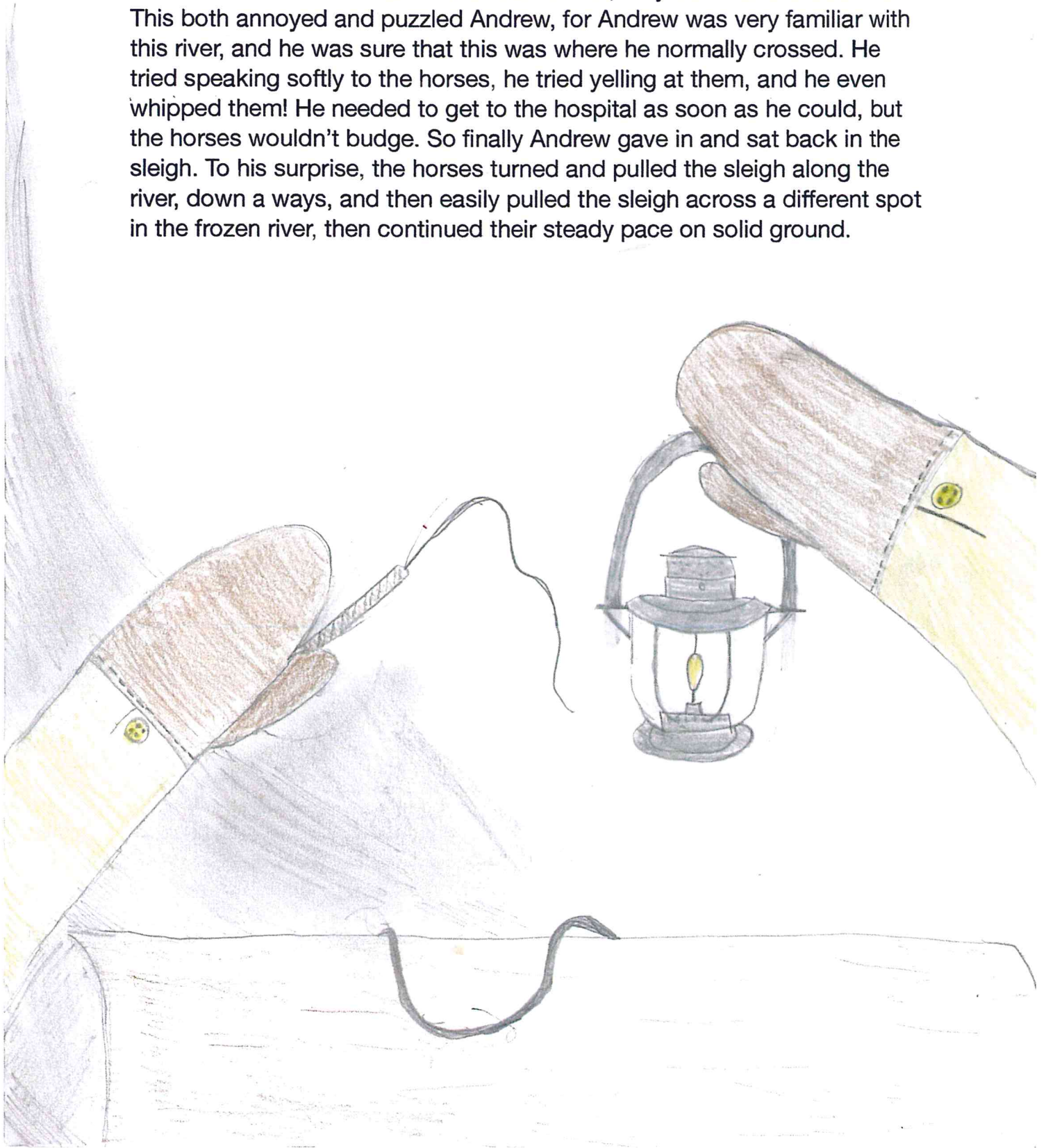
One chilly evening in the late winter of 1921, (long before I was born) my great great grandma Carrie was sitting in her rocking chair, thinking about the baby in her belly that was due to come any day. In the midst of her vision, she felt a strong tug in her stomach that snapped her out of her daydream. "Ohhh..." Carrie let out a moan of pain that sent her husband, Andrew, immediately to her side. "What's wrong? Is it the baby?" He asked frantically. Carrie forced her head into a slow nod.



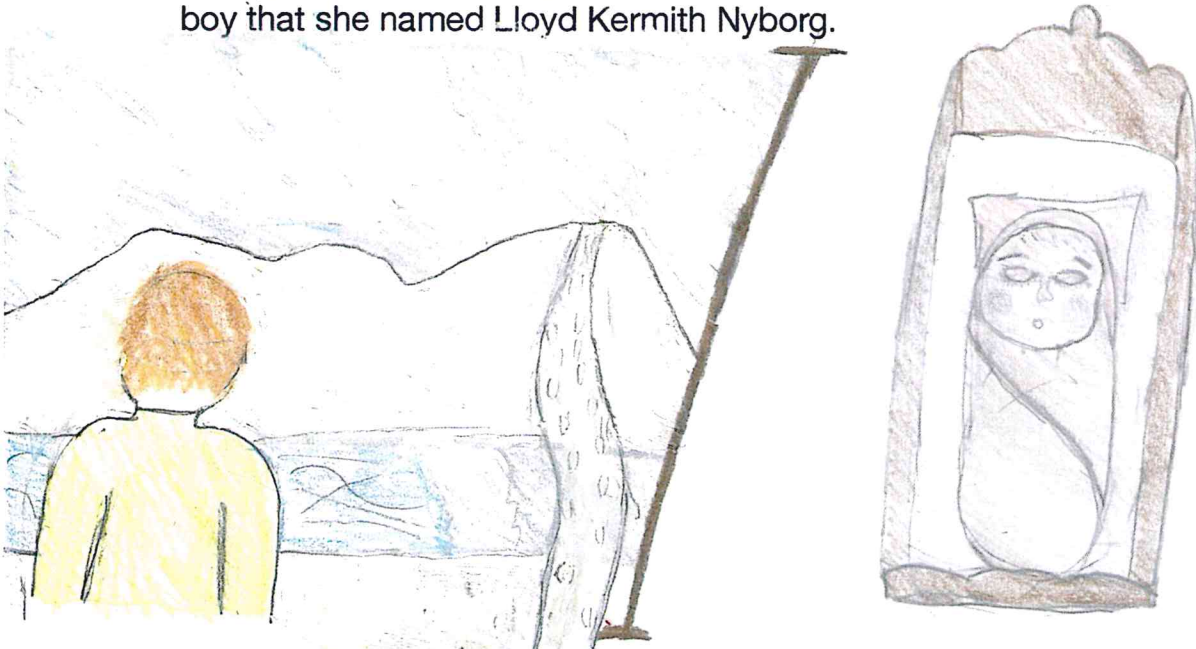
As quickly as he possibly could, Andrew hitched the horses (Rusty and Trooper), to the wooden sleigh, then he helped Carrie into a comfortable position on the seat most near him on the sleigh. "Don't worry, we'll be to the hospital soon" said Andrew to his wife, although he was as worried as she was. Andrew adjusted his position so he was standing at the front of the sleigh, and then he used his whip to get the horses going while shouting: "Giddyup Rusty! Giddyup Trooper!" His shouts were enough to get the horses going a reliable pace.



Trooper and Rusty ran like the wind for miles with only the dim light coming from Andrew's lantern to guide them. But when Andrew tried to make them cross the frozen Yellowstone river, they came to a sudden halt. This both annoyed and puzzled Andrew, for Andrew was very familiar with this river, and he was sure that this was where he normally crossed. He tried speaking softly to the horses, he tried yelling at them, and he even whipped them! He needed to get to the hospital as soon as he could, but the horses wouldn't budge. So finally Andrew gave in and sat back in the sleigh. To his surprise, the horses turned and pulled the sleigh along the river, down a ways, and then easily pulled the sleigh across a different spot in the frozen river, then continued their steady pace on solid ground.



The next morning, Andrew had to make the trek back home to gather supplies for Carrie. On his way, he saw where he had tried to make the horses cross: To his shock, instead of the ice he expected, there was only open water. He knew that if the horses had not followed their instincts, they surely would not have survived the icy plunge. Fortunately, Carrie was feeling better, for overnight she had been blessed with a beautiful baby boy that she named Lloyd Kermith Nyborg.



Lloyd lived a very happy life, and grew old with his beloved wife Hazel. I am very grateful to my great-great-grandparents and the horses that saved their lives, for without them, I wouldn't be here today.

