



Library podcast

Ginger Gaffney discusses 'Half Broke: A Memoir'

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[00:00:44] [MUSIC PLAYING]

[00:01:41] Good evening, everybody. Thanks so much for being here. I'm Stesha Brandon, the Literature and Humanities Program Manager here at the Seattle Public Library. And as we begin this evening, I would like to acknowledge that we're gathered together on the ancestral land of the Coast Salish people. We honor their elders past and present, and we thank them for their stewardship of this land. Welcome to Central Library. And thank you all for joining us for tonight's program with Ginger Gaffney and Ayla Jarvis, presented in partnership with Elliott Bay Book Company, we're grateful to the Connie and Gary Kunis Foundation, Seattle City of Literature and The Seattle Times for their generous support of library programs. We'd also like to thank the Seattle Public Library Foundation for their support of library programs and events. Private gifts to the foundation from thousands of donors help the library provide free programs and services that touch the lives of everyone in our community. Thanks to any Library Foundation donors here tonight. Now I'm delighted to welcome Karen Maeda Allman from Elliott Bay Book Company, who's going to introduce tonight's program.

[00:02:47] So thank you for joining us this evening. Tonight, joining us is Ginger Gaffney. She's a writer, a horse trainer, a teacher of riding and of writing. She has worked with horses and their people for over 25 years, working with both experienced riders, as well as anyone who, in her words, wishes to get close to the power and honesty of the horses. She received an MFA in creative writing from the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and she studied writing with Pam Houston and others. This evening, she'll read from and discuss her first book, *Half Broke*, which was published this month by Norton. And as always, it is already a regional bestseller and has received some wonderful reviews in *The New York Times* and *The Seattle Times* recently too. *Half Broke* is an extraordinary book, and within it, Ginger poses some deep questions about the nature of bonds between horses and humans, as well as our responsibilities toward our fellow creatures and to each other, human to human. Called to consult at a self-managed prison ranch in New Mexico. The author shares her knowledge and

instincts for working with horses, especially rescue horses like those on the ranch who have suffered substantial abuse and neglect. And along the way, the ranch workers teach her and readers about their lives and about recovering. Some of these lessons are hard ones.

[00:04:20] And once a week, she still returns to the ranch. This ranch is founded by the Delancey Street Project, which funds several self-managed prisons, operating catering companies, moving companies and this ranch. We have some similar programs in Seattle, such as Fair Start, which work with people suffering from trauma and addiction, many with histories of homelessness and incarceration. And I think we need to hear more about these prison alternatives, especially given the prevalence of drug addiction in our communities. I doubt there's anyone listening who has not been touched by this issue in some way. After Ginger Gaffney reads and introduces her book, she'll appear in conversation with Ayla Jarvis and Ayla wrote her own bio statement, which I'd like to read because I thought it was really wonderful and it talks to you a bit about the work that that they did together at the ranch. Ayla Jarvis was born into a family of organized crime, dealing with the stresses of a dualistic life, hiding her family's truth from friends and teachers. She became addicted to drugs as a teenager. In and out of rehab and juvie nothing abated her drug abuse. Her early 20s were spent in and out of prison and rehab. This pattern continued until she made her way to Delancey Street. Her first year there, she met Ginger Gaffney and began her work with horses.

[00:05:50] She was plagued with self-loathing and could not connect with living beings. The horses started to transform her and the rigors of the program taught her new habits. Through tough love from others and the help of the horses Ayla became a leader in the program, mentoring other young women. After five years, Ayla graduated and now runs a successful farrier business, a beekeeping business, goes to college and is a full-time wedding planner. She learned these skills at Delancey. She's a role model for her family members and friends who are attempting to escape addiction and helps residents who leave Delancey obtain employment. With nearly eight years sober, Ayla has shown the world that where there's life, there's hope. And Ayla, of course, is one of the people that Ginger writes about in *Half Broke*. So after Ginger speaks, Ayla and Ginger will have a conversation at the front and then take some questions from the audience and the evening will end with an opportunity to meet and talk with them at the front table and also to get a book signed. And we have copies of *Half Broke* for sale at the Elliott Bay table on the other side of the room. So with that, thanks so much for coming. And please join me in welcoming Ginger Gaffney.

[00:07:16] Thank you. Thank you for coming on debate night. I remembered.

[00:07:23] Thanks, Karen. Thank you for all your support of the book. And Elliott Bay and the Seattle Central Library. Thank you so much for having me. This is a real honor, a real pleasure. You know, horse trainers don't get to come to these kind of things too often.

[00:07:40] So a little bit about.

[00:07:44] How I got to Delancey Street. It's just right across the river from me, Rio Grande. I live in northern New Mexico, just about 45 minutes north of Santa Fe between Santa Fe and Taos. And Delancey Street has their only rural operation on an old Hacienda Ranch there. They got in the 70s. So it's a really old ranch with a 120-year-old buildings. And they have a pond there. They they have a number of different businesses. The main one that brings in a lot of money is the catering business. They have a lot of weddings there. And a Ayla who is Eliza in my book, she ran the catering business all the years that I that I've been there. Brings in a lot of the money that that feeds them. They don't take any government money, any government money. So they're all their operations pretty much run that run the ranch. It also allows for Delancey Street to exist in a different kind of structure than say, a government or state funded program.

[00:08:54] So, one of the reasons why I think the horse program worked so well and I'll talk a little bit about the horse program in a second, is that because of Delancey Street structure, everybody there is being held to a really high level of accountability, whereas in prison you don't have to do anything.

[00:09:20] And at many rehab centers that are funded by state and federal funding - there isn't this kind of work ethic and life skill building that happens at Delancey Street. And so as soon as you come on the ranch, you get a job and somebody is your mentor and you learn right away to start meeting people in the eye, start speaking to them, that's a life skill that actually is really lost in prison is being able to be respectful to each other and have conversation. And so a lot of people are just learning how to language themselves again. And so you come on, you have a mentor and you learn a trade. And then in four months, you'll you'll learn a new trade. You'll move from the kitchen maybe to the ceramic shop or to the retail end of it. So they have a ceramic shop. They have a cabinet shop. They have a moving company. They sell Christmas trees, the catering business. I'm sure I'm forgetting some of them and Ayla can talk about that later. But in four months, you'll learn another skill. And by the time you're there for about a year, you're considered a mentor, capable of being a mentor to somebody else, the new people that come in. And what Delancey Street calls this is each one, teach one.

[00:10:38] And you have to realize this ranch is only run by the residents. There is no hired guards. There are no hired psychiatrist or therapist. It's a it's it's it's own structures. And so the each, one teach one is essential for the way they learned more and more and more skills. And what I found at Delancey Street with the horses was that there was not that level of communication - each one, teach one from the horses, that they were just basically winging it with the horses. And so when I got the call from from one of the women, Sarah, she was telling me that some of the stories with the horses were doing. And I was this was impossible to believe that the horses could act like this, but they were like chasing people after they came out from breakfast, lunch and dinner. They would chase them down when they carried their garbage out and knock them over and then grab some of the garbage and then run off and run off with like a loaf of bread in their mouth or like the ramen noodles. One time when I was there there was a whole truck load of a pallet of ramen noodles. And, you know, the truck came

down with the forklift and before the guy could get it off and moved, the horses had charged. It broke all the saran wrap that was around it and started running off with the ramen noodles in their mouth.

[00:12:08] So this is what was some of the things that were told to me on the phone when I first got the phone call.

[00:12:13] And so I had to go and see if nothing else I had to go to see. And I knew I could help the horses. But the big question was whether I could help the people. I mean, it was not a skill I had. I am not a social worker. I am a horse trainer and I'm a very introverted person. And I can talk to people about horses quite well. But I'm very shy in every other way. I'm not a very public person. So working with animals is it was a great career for me. But this was a whole new part of my life, having to figure out how not just help the horses, but how to help the people, help the horses. And so I just say that a lot of the people at the Delancey Street have already either been to prison or four or five other rehab centers their at the rock bottom. It's not like they can just go anywhere. They've already been everywhere. And so Delancey Street is saving people's lives one at a time. That's. That's their motto. And sometimes I need that every day. Some days like these days, right now, I just feel like I got to take it one day at a time. I still work in recovery and I still work with horses.

[00:13:33] And I do know that that taking it one day at a time and just trying to live through the best you can be the best person you can. That's big, big thing Delaney Street taught me, actually.

[00:13:43] So I want to.

[00:13:45] Tell you what I'm going to talk about what I'm going to read. There's going to be lots of questions because it's an unfamiliar environment. It's not like any recovery center anyone's ever heard of. So, Ayla and I can answer any of the questions about the structure later. But I just want to get into the story a little bit. I also just want to thank Norton. I have to say it every time I talk because it's my first book. They really took a chance, I think a chance on me to put out a book about I don't think I know too many books that are just mostly about horses in the literary world. So I feel very proud that I did write a literary book about horses, because I think in storytelling, so much of the ways animals are portrayed, they're just not portrayed as the full living beings that they really are. And we're kind of anthropomorphize them so much or they are just like a second second to arm prime part. And I tried to write this book from the perspective that the horses were as much of a character as the people in it. And they are in my life. So it was not that hard for me to write it like that way. So at some point after I had some pretty hard work to do, when I first got there, the horses were very dangerous.

[00:15:07] And at some point, maybe within two weeks, I found out that I needed to help one particular horse, two particular horses. They were sisters two mares that had been dropped off at the ranch maybe two years prior to me coming at Luna and Estrella.

[00:15:27] And Luna had really had a bad accident. One of the residents, first of all they weren't catchable. They'd been there for two years and nobody could handle them. That means that they're about 100 people on the ranch at that time, and that means that over 100 people were trying to catch them and they didn't. And therefore, that means those horses learned every trick in the book on how to get away. So they were pretty difficult. And just, but than they were beautiful. They were these black and white paint horses. And Luna has a blue eye and they were complete trouble, but they were beautiful. And it was it was sad. I could tell the residents they were really interested in catching them because in many ways they were just like the residents themselves. They are pretty strung out - all nervous homeless peopleless. And they weren't part of the larger community that is Delancey Street. They're isolated off on their own. And at one point, probably about six weeks before I started. One of the residents tried to rope Luna, you know, with the lariat, and she was in her stall. And it's a pretty not too tall of a stall. And he missed and she reared up and she hit her head, smacked her whole face open.

[00:16:46] And it was a big, big gash and nobody still could catch her. So she didn't get treated. And by the time I was there, eyes were swollen. There was like a stinky smell coming out of her face. And you could tell that she was probably going to lose her eye if we hadn't caught her. So this story and I haven't read this one, but I'm just taking a chance on it because because I just feel like I want to read it tonight. Partly because, Ayla is here is a story about two sisters.

[00:17:22] It's called "Moon and Star." Lunas wound side is swollen and full of pus. Her right eye shut and padded like an overstuffed pillow. It looks like it's ready to blow. There's a trickle of yellow oozing from the corner where the infection has sunk beneath the surface of a five inch zigzag crack blazing across the center of her face. Without some attention and a long round of antibiotics Luna will lose that eye. Other than her swollen face, Luna's on her a-game she and her sister Estrella, both black and white paint horses have roamed free on this 17 acre ranch uncatchable for the last two years. The ranch residents have chased them into every corner, every structure, even into this 70 foot round pen.

[00:18:10] No one has been able to lay a hand on them. Sarah told me what happened to Luna in our phone call last night. One of the residents, a part-time team roper, part-time drug smuggler from Las Cruces, ran Luna into a stall one afternoon six weeks ago and tried to rope her. His loop fell halfway across her face as she reared up and smacked her head on the 12-inch overhanging shelter beam. Blood splattered everywhere as Luna shot out of the shelter, knocking the cowboy off his feet and catching her left hip on a t-post. Her flank sliced open like two pink lips parting. They've had the veterinarian out two different times, attempting to treat her, but no luck. Today, Luna and Estrella are hungry. Everyone has followed my instructions, skipping two days of feed so we can bait the mares into the pen, lock the gate and try to catch them. Sarah shakes a bucket of grain, tempting them out of the alleyway behind the tall building where they seem to find security.

[00:19:15] She walks across desert weeds, dropping small piles of grain, hoping to lure the sisters across the field and over toward the round pen.

[00:19:24] The New Mexico sun is already high in the sky, and it's only mid-morning. Estrella moves out in front of Luna and gobbles up the piles pieces of rolled oats far from her mouth as she chews sideways and carelessly. Luna shoves her head to the ground to eat what Estrella has left behind. And pile by pile, they walk slow and steady across the field, toward the pen. Until now, Flor and I have stayed hidden inside the hay barn as they approach. Flor walks to the round pen with two fat flakes of alfalfa. Luna and Estrella raise their heads and watch as Flor opens the gate and places the flakes against the furthest wall. She turns and hurries back to the barn. Sarah advances. Her luring piles of grain are now further apart. She takes what's left in the bucket and pours it into the center of the pen. We open the gate and Sarah joins us in the hay barn. Estrella comes through the gate first like a wildcat, slowly lifting each hoof from the knee. She holds her leg up with just enough pause that it looks as though she's ready to pounce and kill. Muzzle to the ground, her back arching high, her hindquarters dig in and sink under her body.

[00:20:42] She drops her head into the pile of grain. Sarah, Flor and I watch from inside the barn, about 100 feet from the pen. Luna enters a slant. She twists and turns in every direction, certain that trouble follows her everywhere. She bends over the bright green leaves of the alfalfa with a wary, backward twitch of her ears. Sarah moves out from the barn with long, quiet steps and snaps the round pan gate closed behind them. That's the first time we've ever had them in the round pen. I actually asked all the men to not come in. I think I'll get to that a little bit. They had some disagreements with a lot of the men early on. And so this day I really wanted it to be more quiet. And so I just chose to work with Sarah and Flor for that first time. We move in closer and watch the sisters silently pick at the clover sized leaves, the far reaches of their upper lips acting like fingertips, dragging the miniature leaves onto their tongues. Luna's body trembles as she eats. We can see the shake of it across her top line, where her long winter hairs bristle and shimmy across her spine.

[00:21:53] Estrella lets out a wet blow from her muzzle and continues chewing on the alfalfa. She's smaller and less athletic with a short back and a barrelled belly - she almost looks pregnant. The hollowed out dish in her nose tells me she's at least part Arabian. Sarah and Flor talk in whispers, hashing out some drama that happened in the women's dorm last night. There are only 10 women on this ranch, from what I've been told, all of whom come from women only prisons. There is no such thing as a co-ed prison and for good reason. Flor and Sarah have both mentioned to me that living with 80 or so men on this small ranch is one of the hardest things to navigate. Both men and women are constantly getting in trouble for messing around. Flor looks down at her hands and spreads each finger out wide, admiring her multicolored fingernails that match the red and purple ribbons woven into her long ponytail braid. There's already a chip and two of her nails and we haven't even started yet. They huddle

over this major disappointment as I break through reverie and remind them exactly why we're here today.

[00:23:04] Sarah has a wayward leg that curls out to the side of her body like a pirate's hook. With each stride, the right side of her body collapses. I worry over how to keep them safe. We must enter this round pen like wolves, intimidating, fierce, demanding respect and accepting nothing less.

[00:23:23] Sarah is chewing on her cuticles as if they are question marks and Flor twists the end of her braid over and over. "Flor, you ready?" "Absolutely." "You sure?" Flor explained in our first meeting that she is a compulsive liar. She can't tell the truth from a lie. She's been that way most of her life around this ranch, she said, they call it false pride, but for Flor, it's more than that. She has a thin hold on what's real and what's not. Her many years of heroin addiction make knowing the difference difficult. I pause and she recognizes I'm waiting for her to pay better attention, to forget about her ponytail, her fingernails, and return to the business at hand. "I'm not sure if I'm ready, Miss Ginger. What would you like us to do?"

[00:24:14] "I need you both to bend your knees, spread your arms and legs out wide and make yourselves bigger. Watch me." I bend down into a practiced basketball position, spread my skinny frame out as far as it will go and start to slide sideways - right to left, then left or right, my arm stretched and flapping like flags. "We're going to have to work as a team in there. One unit, no holes. If they see any space between us, they're gonna try to break through." To my right, Sarah crouches and starts to slide with me. Flor slides on my left with our outstretched arms and legs we entwine ourselves into a human wall, straight and woven, but still not strong enough to separate these mares. "We need to practice. Flor stand over there next to the cottonwood tree, please. And Sarah, you stand near the round pen. Bend your knees and take your positions no matter what crazy shit I do. Don't you back away." They laugh, but they know I'm not joking. Flor shifts her stance wide, but gets distracted by a loose shoe string. Sarah can't stop sucking and picking at her fingers. Neither of them know what's coming, nor do they know what to expect. They listen. Then they refocus. Flor bobs up and down on the toes of her sneakers, trying to prepare.

[00:25:35] Prepare herself. Sarah. Sarah sighs, then bunches her fingers into fists. She bends slightly from her waist and brings her fist close to her chin like a boxer. I run down the road about 100 feet from them and ask again if they're ready. They give me half nods and I haul up the road right at Flor, screaming, growling, pinning my upper lip to the bottom side of my nostrils. Flor sits low in her stance, with her arms out in front, elbows bent primed to defend herself against my attack. As I get close, she breaks forward at me and yips a cold sound that cracks from the narrow part of her throat. Her spit hits my face like a switch. Now, directly in front of her, I howl an angry call, jump up and down and try my best to fill up with fury. Flor returns a pitchy scream that sends pins and needles into my ears, followed by two big stomps close to my toes. The earthy smell of her breath anchors me. Sarah turns her head

away and covered her face with her hands. Our stage version of a cockfight has her backtracking. Flor's arms swing, wild elbows knocking at mine.

[00:26:47] Luna and Estrella have stopped eating and run to the far side of the pen. I look over at Sarah, who's beating up with sweat. "Please don't do that to me," she says. I drop my arms to my waist and turn to address Sarah. She removes her hands from her face and says, "Maybe, well, maybe I'm just not the right person for today." Her legs are shaking. I can see that my practice session with Flor has sent Sarah into some old trauma.

[00:27:18] I walk toward her, speaking slow and calm. "You're the right person. You're certainly the right person, just to stick close to me." I wave them both together and bring them in front of me. We're ready. I watch as Flor and Sarah walk ahead of me toward the round pen. They look like a moving puzzle. Broken pieces stuck momentarily together. I wonder how long we can hold our wall intact. Estrella and Luna's ears follow us as we get closer. They run around the pen at a slow trot. Their bodies moving and curve like a school of fish, neat and tucked, swinging in unison with each stride. I hear the crunch of gravel under my feet. I try to relax my shoulders. We must be whole for this to work. The horses will see us for who we are. We will have no secrets, no lies to protect us. Just the honesty of our bodies. We enter the round pen and latch the gate behind us. The two mares fly around their perimeter in a panic. Luna is out in front with Estrella close behind. Flor and Sara are positioned off the wings of my shoulders, arms and legs spread out wide, forming the needle of a rotating dial, a solid line across the center of the pin.

[00:28:36] Sarah and I walk forward as Flor moves backwards, turning our needle counterclockwise. When the mares turn up their pace, our walking turns into a run. We're looking for a large enough gap between the sisters bodies to step in and slice the two apart, put our woman made wall between them and break their bond. Flor sees an opening and slides sideways into the break, turning Estrella back to the right. While Luna keeps spinning left, the separation cuts our pin and the sisters into two and all hell breaks loose. Estrella turns back and forth. She tries to return to Luna, who screeches a piercing note that travels across the pasture and bounces off the 12 foot adobe ranch walls. Our needle turns as fast as Estrella. The two sisters peel around their separate spheres in a frenzy. The small pen makes our frames look larger than we are. Every turn Estrella makes sends our needle spinning in the opposite direction.

[00:29:38] Behind us, Luna is in a tantrum from the corner of her eye. I glimpse. I catch glimpses of her stomping her front hooves to the ground and then rearing toward the sky, thrashing out with her front legs. Flor holds hard to her position, running forward and then backward at Estrella's every turn. Her breath speaks in grunts. The needle spins round and round as our bodies struggle to keep our human wall in place. Sarah's tiring, her arms and legs shrinking closer to her body as her energy wanes. She's crossing her legs behind instead of sliding, tripping herself up on each rotation. Estrella swoops back to the right and our needle whirls around with her. Sarah loses her balance is down on one knee. Estrella finds the hole.

She breaks through the rift in our wall and gallops back to Luna, catching Sarah's crooked leg and knocking her face first to the ground. Luna's screaming halts. The mares meet up and flank each other. Two bodies becoming one. Luna's roars have pulled in a crowd residents gathered from all around the ranch in my peripheral vision I see some of the men from livestock arrive: Rex, Paul and Omar, Tony and Randy are nowhere to be seen. The men lean into the upper rail of the pen and start asking questions. Their curiosity causes a deep distraction for Flor and Sarah. Sarah picks herself up and slaps at the dust, covering her right side. Her face is covered in a pink shade of brown, and her forehead is scraped and pocked with small pebbles. A contagion of adrenaline starts to swirl around us. A mindless fever, a thousand black starlings cackling into the sky.

[00:31:26] "Quiet! Quiet!" I call out.

[00:31:30] "You are welcome to stay. But please be quiet and step back, please two feet from the rail."

[00:31:38] I set the boundaries and everyone comes to a hush while Flor, Sarah and I return to our positions. I can see doubt forming on their faces like maybe we won't be able to do this, won't be able to catch them or halter them. We won't be able to separate them and clean Luna's wound. Sarah looks at the ground and kicks at the dirt. Flor hasn't spoken a word since the crowd gathered. "Are you two alright?" I walk over to Sarah, put my hand on her shoulder, and check the gashes in her forehead. "We can stop if you need to," I say, "and start again tomorrow." Flo walks over and stands so close I feel the heat of her body rise onto my face. "I'm not stopping. No way. Look at her." She just juts her chin at Luna. "We've got to help her. And we got to help her today."

[00:32:31] We turn toward Luna and see the yellow pus drooling across her cheek. Flor's arms are relaxed and down by her side. Her breath is even. And she holds her head at such a tilt. I can see her nostrils flaring in and out. She's calm. She is confident and she is ready.

[00:32:50] Sarah agrees. We get back into our positions, which sends the sisters rushing around the perimeter of the pen. Luna leads once again, Estrella dragging behind now, she's tiring. Her footfalls are no longer fueled by panic and fear. Flor steps into the slot and cuts her back to the right. The connection between Estrella and Luna is broken again. Sliding together long strokes, we move as a band of feral horses. The spaces between our bodies swells with purpose. We push Luna's torment into the back of our minds as Estrella starts to make a change. She's running half rounds now, pivoting off our cue as we swing our needle left to right, right to left. In a syncopated dance, a quiet balance comes over her. She runs for five more minutes and stops parallel with the rail, breathing heavy. Both eyes facing us. I see something familiar in her face. Her wildness disrobed, her domestic breeding peeking through. We stay motionless and let Estrella arrest. Her body quivers, muscles loosening their grip. Her mind begins to untie itself from Luna. I move forward toward her from the center of the ring. If she is to take a step or try to bolt, Flor and Sarah will have my corners and they can cut her

back. I reach out to touch her, scratch her neck and shoulders the middle of her chest. She's sucks in a half gulp, and then blows out the extra with one soft snort. Flor and Sarah are overwhelmed with emotion. Tears catch on their lower lashes. They have lived a long time on this ranch, unable to touch these mares. This ranch is small. Every person and every animal is tied to the whole. Luna and Estrella have been on their own, isolated and traumatized for far too long. Flor and Sara know what it's like to live that way. We keep an eye out for Luna, who's pacing back and forth in the other half of the pdn, pitching a mournful wail every few strides I leave Estrella and hustle to the box that holds the purple and red halters Flor has picked out for today the same colors as her fingernails.

[00:35:13] I take a soft step back to Estrella and resume my hand massage with the halter and leadline draped over my shoulder. Without even the slightest flinch Estrella lets me slide the nose band over her muzzle. I latch the brass buckle as Estrella follows behind as I move toward the gate. I know now that Estrella has been handled by humans before she came to this ranch. She accepts my touch, offers a quick sense of trust. Horses who are damaged don't make these changes with ease. Luna has stopped her desperate calls and for the first time stands quiet and watches Estrella walk away. Everything is crisp and clean and silent. I gesture for Flor to come get Estrella and we change places. At a slow walk Sarah, Flor and Estrella, exit the pen Estrella's head and neck are low and swinging loose from her body. Her eyes are round glassy marbles. They no longer glance sideways looking for trouble. I'm amazed how fast she can change families. It carves a piece of loneliness from the middle of my chest. As they stride out together I notice Sarah's limp is gone. Her bent leg as straight as a walking cane. I turn, widen my stance and wait for Luna to burst toward her sister as she leaves the pen. But Luna is motionless, standing parallel to the rail on the opposite side of the pen. Her one good eye, a shotgun. Flor told me how the sisters arrived at the ranch two years ago. They were dropped off here by a small time breeder from a nearby town. They're too small. He told the livestock crew. But what he meant was they are mares. People like geldings, neutered males bring in a higher price and sell easy.

[00:37:05] No one from livestock crew knew enough to look in the trailer to see if they had halters on to ask the man if they'd been handled before. They swung open the trailer door while the owner banged on the sidewalls with a stick, trying to frighten the horses out. Luna and Estrella twisted into and crashed against each other, and then in a panic, leaped out the back and took off across the pasture, never to be touched again, until now. One of the men from livestock asked the owner if they had names. "They ain't got none. They're sisters, though." The breeder said he slammed the trailer door and jogged around to the front cab, wishing them luck as he hurried out the gate. The livestock team in his rearview mirror. "Flunkeys," Sarah told me, "there flunkeys just like us".

[00:37:54] Barely touched, thinnly loved, not even given a name.

[00:37:59] We all come from somewhere, but that does not mean we belong. Sarah's mom tried to strangle her two weeks before she took her own life. Now Sarah stands with her short,

beefy arms wrapped around Estrella's black and white neck, her head pressed into Estrella's forehead.

[00:38:17] Both close their eyes. Flor pulls down with her fingers and struggles to unravel the tangled knots locked solid into Estrella's mane.

[00:38:27] Inside my truck, I drink a cold bottle of water, catch my breath and watch the three of them. About a half dozen men gather around and dote over Estrella. On the back seat of my truck sits the lariat I brought over, hoping I would not need to use, resting flat and docile against the fabric. It looks nothing like the noose I may have to float over Luna's neck if I can't catch her.

[00:38:52] Luna is no longer crying for a sister, no longer looking up. Her one open eyelid, half covers her good eye. She paces around the perimeter, hits the middle of the gate and paces back.

[00:39:04] A sick, empty rhythm comes from her hooves. When the horses are in distress, they turn inward and ignore the world around them. They look more like robots than animals of prey. No longer alert their ears fall sideways and face the ground. They move like caged animals, purposeless. They stand still, staring out into the distance without blinking.

[00:39:30] I take another sip of water, my throat begins to burn. I know this sunken place. For the first six years of my life I rarely spoke. Silence was my inheritance. Like my blond hair and broad forehead, like the worried wrinkles round my baby eyes. I came into this world choosing to stay mute. I would not speak. Not even in the confines of my room. I lived in a dead space where silent kept silence, kept me protected, and language was not to me what it is to most people. Power to express, power to understand. To me, language sounded like a knife, cutting everything apart. I was born into a fast moving family. They talked fast. They moved fast. One paragraph rolled onto the next without a breath. The space to listen, to form a thought, to build a sentence was infinitesimally small. Every conversation was a simultaneous avalanche of sounds that roared and circled around us, a constant spray of words that seemed to squeeze the air out of the room. Unable to speak. I learned to watch. My family became a cacophony of motion fingers, hands, arms, touching, twitching, scratching and picking. Torsos rocking, twisting away from each other when they got too close. Eyes darting around the room, staring at the ceiling, out the window, downward toward the ochre colored linoleum floor. Lips that held stiff wrinkles in their corners always prepped for the clamor of thought, waiting to exit their heads.

[00:41:05] I sat in the center of this human storm until my torso curled forward into a small ball. I would crawl between the rolling bodies, roiling bodies toward the couch where our dog Sandy slept, taking refuge under the living room table that sat in front of the sofa. There I watched from the knee down. Their legs were like the branches of trees caught in violent weather, rubbing, twisting a snap and crackle of joints. Looking up, I could see Sandy's chest taking,

deep breaths. Her body a still point where my eyes could rest. Luna's head has sunk low to the ground. She has quit her pacing and stands shoved up against the corral wall. I lean back, pick up the lariat from the seat of my truck and walk toward the round pen. Tony and Randy have arrived. And along with the rest of the men from livestock, they arrange themselves around the outside of the pen like boulders. Just as I begin to make my underhand loop, I'm not great with a lariat. I learned it a number years ago from an old cowboy. Mostly I take practice swings at a plastic cow's head outside my barn every few days a month. Catching poor, terrified Luna will be a much harder target. Luna's pain enters my body through my eyes and I see what I must do. She will never give herself up. She won't do this on her own. She will fight for her freedom, even if it means losing that eye. Luna has a break in her. Either she was born with it or someone put it in her. Either way, she has no home. I'll have to make her come to us, not ask her, not love her, not try to change her. I'll have to rope her. I'm nervous, but I have no choice. She looks half dead before I start to swing. But then she wakes and takes off in a gallop. Angles, it's all about angles. Three, four, five feet.

[00:43:01] I've got to think ahead. Step back behind her, straight across from her. And all I'll do is throw this loop right at the side of her face. The loop must come in like an unseen cloud, something that drops in and over her before she knows what has happened. If I miss if I hit her face with this rawhide hanger, she'll try to break through these walls. Some of the men have their hands on their hips, legs spread to the width of their bodies as Luna peels around the pen. Tony and Randy hold their arms out wide, waving them, trying to distract her. She races around the pen in a rage, watching my loop grow, sweat drips down the back of her legs. Her ears are flat and her tail is pinched up between her butt cheeks. She's ready to kick the shit out of me if I get too close. Counting again, my loop grows slow. It's long and narrow, but I need it wider. The front edge of my loop keeps hitting the ground as I swing. I flatten my elbow. Move it closer to my body and straighten my wrist. My hand faces the sky as my loop bloats big enough to cover half her body. One, two. Three. I let it fly. It's coming up from behind her shoots out in front like a massive frisbee and hovers.

[00:44:15] It's three feet ahead of her and she freaks, kicks herself into fifth gear to outrun it. And the loop drops in around her shoulders. Take the slack out, damn it. Take the slack out. Don't let it slide down toward her legs and tangle things up. I'm running backwards, pulling my lariat, snatching up, snatching it up around her neck. I grabbed the rope with both hands and tucked my arms close to my body. Hands out in front of my stomach. Ready for her to hit the end. Contact. She's in the air. Her front legs jump above my line. She turns and the lariat pulls from under her belly. Another hit and I take her momentum and swing it back to the other direction. She's tangled and she's pissed. She's thrashing her front legs at the line as she gallops around trying to unravel herself. One more revolution around the pen hopping and bucking, and the rope hangs again from her neck. I coil the lariat tighter, grab hold and with all 122 pounds of me, I pull her around and she faces me at a halt, steaming. She bolts again. Again she turns trying to outrun the connection. But there's nowhere to go. We're tied to each other, 15 more minutes.

[00:45:27] Wheeling back and forth I'm coiling the lariat in closer and closer. I have her five feet in front of me at a standstill. I can smell the stench of her infected face from here. I'm not making a friend today. Today I'm going save that eye. I move off to the side of her. Not too close to her hind quarters and fold her neck around her rib cage. From this position, she'll have to bend those hindquarters under her body and reface me. From this position she cannot bolt and she cannot level me. I bend her side to side for 10 more minutes until her neck feels half as stiff. My mouth is dry, my jaw tight. My skin trembles as sweat tingles under my shirt. "Two men. Two men," I shake the words from the back of my throat, "I need two volunteers." Somebody get the hose hooked up to the hydrant. We need to clean her up. Tony jumps the round pen wall. "I can hold her," he says. I have Luna's head bent so close to her body that her muscles are fatigued and shaking. The lariat burns in my hands.

[00:46:39] "You can't let her straighten out," I tell Tony "she'll line her hindquarters up and kick the hell out of you." "I got the hose!" Rex yells, then pulls the green snaking monster toward Luna. She gurgles and huffs at it like he's going to kill her. "Slow! Move slow, Rex." I shout at him then pump my arms to the ground to settle his forward motion. "Turn up the water. Just a little at a time, please. We don't need to spook her any more than she is." I hear the squeaky hydrant handle lift upward and a dribble of water slips from the mouth of the hose. "Ready, Tony?" I ask. He nods, one quick bump of his head. Rex holds up the end of the hose, and water starts to leak across Luna's face. She twists her head and jerks trying to get loose, opening her mouth and snapping her teeth together. Clack, clack. Clack. Even restrained, she's fighting for her life. "It's only water, Luna." I say in a soft voice. Then tell Paul who's over at the hydrant, to pull the handle up a little further. Water is pouring over Luna's face. Tony has her in a firm grip. Luna's good eye twitches back and forth looking for what might happen next.

[00:47:56] "Turn the water off." I instruct Paul the hose runs dry. "Tony, with your right hand can you scratch her a little." I know if we take this in stages, Luna will learn to trust us. Tony takes the edge off his fingernails and scratches the bumpy mosquito bites that cover her neck. "More just like that. Just keep scratching." I tell him. And Tony digs in and Luna starts to lean into his touch. She chokes out a cough and green alfalfa leaves spray out of her mouth. And then she licks her lips and swallows, licks her lips and swallows, drops her head and sighs. "Turn on the water, please. Slowly again," Paul turns on the hydrant, Rex places the hose against her face. Luna takes a long, loose breath and allows the water to seep into the deep crack along her forehead. The crusty pus starts to let free, one small chunk at a time until the larger chunks give way. By walking closer to see the damage, I can see bone. The edges of the skin around the break are already dead. Blood flow to this area has ceased long ago.

[00:49:08] Sarah and Flor come up behind me and breathe on the back of my neck as they stare at the damage. Luna's face looks like a topo map. Layers of pink, gray and hints of green line the three inch crack. "Is she gonna be okay?" Flor whispers. I look around and see their faces, then leaning in towards Luna's pain. "I don't know, but just keep the water coming."

[00:49:41] Thank you. Do you want to come up, Ayla?

[00:49:48] It was a hard chapter for me to write because wasn't all that hard because I was in every second of it. And I remember it like it was yesterday. And it's easy for me to write about horses and all the little details that go into everything that helps them understand us. But it was really hard because Luna has always reminded me of me just ready to flee at any moment.

[00:50:16] You know, give me some hard in front of me. I'm going the other way. And I was really struggling in my relationship for a long time.

[00:50:22] All my relationships of staying, you know, it's something I say I say to myself still, like stay Ginger, stay. So Luna was very emotional for me the day that we finally did get to touch her and treat her. And I don't know why I wanted to read that today. But mostly I was thinking when one of my friends was here, she just left. But from where I got my MFA and she said, what are you going to read? And I said, I don't know, I might read "Moon and Star." And then I, I could feel like I wanted to cry. So then I said, oh, then I should read it. That's sort of why I picked it. And also because I'm here with Ayla, and Ayla has gotten to spend, we've spent the last seven years together, five of them at Delancy Street and now Ayla has been out out into the world. And we've done a couple of these readings together. And they're really great because, you know, it's one thing for me to talk about Delancey Street. It's another thing to talk to Ayla about it. And so we've kind of come up with some questions for each other. You want to go first? Sure.

[00:51:37] Also, if you want to say anything besides just the questions. Hi, I everybody, it's nice to be in Seattle. So, I just want to know Ginger kind of where. Well, OK.

[00:51:51] Because like there's an epidemic of drug addiction and of homelessness. And we don't have a lot of funding for this, to deal with these type of issues. And you're kind of in the heart of dealing with people that we're going through this. And you saw how transformative working with the animals can be. And, so I just wanted to know, first off, what your what your goals are with this book and how you hope to that maybe shed some light on this issue. And then also, I wanted to know where you plan on going next when it comes to working with the horses and with people.

[00:52:33] The hope for the book is that it got published so and it did, gratefully, um, but you know.

[00:52:41] I didn't really want to call it a memoir. I really didn't want to put myself in the book.

[00:52:45] I wanted it to be a story about these amazing people and all that we did together.

[00:52:51] And the book is a it's just the first year and a half. But I you know, I stayed with the program for another five years after the book.

[00:52:59] So I just want to make that clear, because there was a little question of that in *The Seattle Times* today.

[00:53:06] You know, I think that.

[00:53:10] We're struggling with not knowing how to structure, to form structures around recovery and for people who come out of prison and what they really need.

[00:53:24] And and I don't think we've landed on good enough structures.

[00:53:29] Delancey Street has a structure that works.

[00:53:34] But a lot of the government funded stuff and I work in a program now that the government funded programs aren't as good as Delancey Street. Meaning that still people have to be, in order to, first of all, drug addicts just take.

[00:53:51] We were talking about this here drug addicts just take and take and take very self-oriented, real beaten up and beaten down. But still, they just take they take from their families. They take from all their friends, all their neighbors. And what Delancey Street does is it takes them out, and that first thing is it takes them out of themselves and says, you got to help somebody. You got to get get back to work and start talking to people. And then soon as you can do that, you're going to help that person. And so it's it's then you start to be able to give. And so it's you stop just taking and you learn what giving can give you. And we don't have the structure out there. So I'm hoping if it's just, I know some people know about Delancey Street, but this will be another way it can get out there.

[00:54:43] And then because of the wonderful structure of Delancey Street, the horse program worked. But I would not put just horse programs in prisons or in just any recovery center without really good structures where people are having to hold themselves accountable and just can't act out with the animals.

[00:55:06] So what I want to do with horses is, with my work now is, continue this kind of work that I do, which is that intersectionality between horse and human, where we we need to become better human beings. And a lot of the work that I do with horses so far in my life is just training horses and not having as much work with humans. Humans have to come up to a bigger level of self-awareness. And so right now, when I work with people and horses, because of my work at Delancey Street, my focus is a lot more on the humans and trying to understand what's going on for them, getting them to understand what's going on for them while we're working with the horses so they can grow. It's just something that I don't see enough in the horse world is that the trainer or the person who owns the horse wants, wants, wants, wants from the horse, but never does the self-reflection.

[00:56:06] I was going to ask Ayla this. I gave her a hint that I was going to ask her this. That one thing that's really hard is when you come out of programs, prison and programs like Delancey Street. You know, it's so we know how hard it is. We hear about it in the news about finding housing, finding work, finding support. And I wanted Ayla to talk a little bit about how it went for her after she left Delancey Street.

[00:56:34] When I was driving in here into Seattle tonight and we were on the highway, I looked up and I saw just a ton of tents and a ton of homeless, makeshift homeless shelters and just a lot of homeless people along the highway and it just it makes me sad.

[00:56:54] And then I also kind of know, because there was the time in my life where I was also homeless, just kind of bouncing from house to household drug house to drug house. But so I think that was one of the hardest things for me originally leaving Delancey Street and then any of the times that I got out of prison was finding housing, simple housing, being a convicted felon oftentimes apartment buildings and and renters don't rent to you. And so I was lucky enough to have a boyfriend at the time whose father rented an apartment for us. It was under his name, but we still we were still not able to get our own lease. And so housing was difficult.

[00:57:36] And then another thing I was kind of laughing 'cause Ginger had mentioned this question to me and the first thing that came to mind was grocery shopping. I know that sounds funny, but when you don't own your limited on your choices and then you walk into even a convenience store or just a grocery store with money in your pocket and you're like, wow, what do I buy? There's so many different options because the options, of course, in institutions are very limited. And so when you walk in, it's very overwhelming. And it brings it's anxiety ridden to actually walk into a store and figure out what you need and purchase those items. And it's kind of funny because I've noticed myself kind of counseling people when they first leave Delancey Street on how to get together a basic grocery shopping list for themselves without going wild and without feeling complete anxiety around it. It's a simple thing, but it's so important.

[00:58:27] She was telling you about what they buy. They buy everything in the greatest quantities they could ever get it.

[00:58:33] Things they'll never use for 40 years and they get this stuff. Yeah.

[00:58:39] Ayla has been really involved in since she's been out of.

[00:58:43] When other people are coming out of Delancey Street, she's been finding them work. Been finding them housing and doing a whole lot of support for the people that are coming out behind her that she's known and I've known.

[00:58:56] It's just the recidivism is so high. It's I think it's around like 70 percent of people usually go back to a prison or institution within their first year of release. And it's a lot of people

really have the desire to change, but they're not given the opportunity or they want to do something different, but when it comes to finding a job or housing, you hit a lot of roadblocks. And so even simple things like learning how to write a resumé or fill out applications online. And some people are illiterate. And so just getting basic literacy skills into prisons and into institutions can really help people.

[00:59:35] Well, I would say one more thing. I tell this to a lot of the groups. At Delancey Street.

[00:59:42] There's rules, a lot of a lot of rules. And some of the biggest rules that were the most important for me is that people weren't allowed to talk about religion. They weren't allowed to talk about politics, sexuality issues, gender issues. Many of the things that right now are the things that are pulling us all so far apart. And, you know, Delancey Street is 90 percent brown people.

[01:00:06] And, you know, just a few Anglos there. Ayla is one, I was one.

[01:00:14] We just you know, it was one of those places where everybody is really different from each other. Very extreme.

[01:00:20] And we knew it. But it was it was the first place in my life I have.

[01:00:26] I was around people that was so different from. And that difference made us better, you know? It made us more interesting. It made us more curious. It opened something up that I rarely ever feel in the world when I am out there. So it's a it was a crazy, safe bubble. You know, the most place you would not think you're going to feel safe.

[01:00:49] And and I I felt so safe there. And so not so much welcomed because we.

[01:00:56] I had a lot of people weren't all that happy about me, but because I had to be stern in times just to shape the situation, as you could read here.

[01:01:07] But does anybody want to have a question or. And we're open to any comments. You don't have to.

[01:01:14] Do you live around here now? Or, where are you living?

[01:01:19] I live in New Mexico in Corrales, New Mexico. Oh, you do? Right outside Albuquerque.

[01:01:24] So, you know, have you found work and feel

[01:01:30] Connected? Yes, I actually started work with a lady that I had met through Ginger she came and volunteered at the horse, at Delancey Street in the horsemanship program. She

taught us how to trim and shoe horses. So I rode with her full time as a farrier and learned the skill of farrier, which is blacksmithing and horse shoeing. And I started I opened, I started my own business with my partner. And yes, we started our own business. I did that for a while. And then I got a job in the catering field from another Delancey Street graduate who helped me get into that position. So, yes. And it was actually the horse community that really took me in. Where I live right now is on a ranch. And I met them by way of Ginger as well. I live on a ranch and I work with horses and it helps pay part of my rent. And they know my whole backstory. So they're they're fine with it. And yeah. So I'm actually doing really well.

[01:02:25] Other questions. I see one here.

[01:02:27] So how does the information about Delancey get around? I mean, I'm sure it's very popular in New Mexico, but it sounds like a really good program that you couldn't have around here. As you said, you can't have horses here in the jails. But so how do you.

[01:02:47] Recruit people, do people just walk on? You should answer that.

[01:02:53] There's actually five Delancey Street programs and the homebase is in San Francisco, and so New Mexico is the first country ranch program and there's one in South Carolina, North Carolina, Los Angeles actually, yes, and then New York too. So six of them.

[01:03:12] And they a lot of time, the way I found out about Delancey Street was through my parole officer. He's the one who he was like, well, you need to go to this long term program. And I kept saying, no, no, no. And then I got arrested and went back to prison. And he's like, okay, now you really need to go to this long term program. So that that's how I found out about it was through the corrections system itself. And then there's information that circulates throughout the prison system like pamphlet. It's just a sheet of paper that kind of explains Delancey Street.

[01:03:41] And so I'd say about 80 percent of the people that go there are either sentenced there in lieu of a prison sentence or they go there court ordered through their probation officer. And you get about 20 percent of the people that find out about it that are kind of like just more walk-ins. But it's not widely known.

[01:04:02] The model they're sharing, the model Delancey Street is sharing the model. Talk about how they're doing that.

[01:04:07] Yes. So there are several models, there's different programs that have opened up with the basis of the Delancey Street program. Like graduates will leave and open up a different type of program with the same structure, with the same foundation.

[01:04:23] So that's happening all over. Can go and learn the model they teach the model has also gone international.

[01:04:29] And they also started a satellite program in a prison in California. They started a prison unit that was based off Delancey Street principles.

[01:04:39] We have a question here.

[01:04:46] Ay la, la, la, la. Sorry. Ayla.

[01:04:50] This will be more revealing of my total ignorance. But when you were going through this program, was it like. One week or one day, you suddenly felt like. You know, you were getting there and that something was leaving you, going behind you or was there a moment? My sense from just reading the book and talking to Ginger is and particularly the crisis in the book is it's it's like this constant repeating, repeating, repeating. I'm going to do this today. I'm going to do this again today. I'm gonna be this. Can you talk a little bit about that? Because I find that completely fascinating about human behavior and misbehavior. And that makes sense, that question.

[01:05:44] Yeah, yeah, absolutely.

[01:05:47] And there was actually a couple of defining moments. There's some moments that really stand out in my head that were like, okay, I'm actually starting to catch on. But it's so easy to just sink back the next day or even the next moment into your self-loathing and your, your hopelessness. But a few of the defining moments actually came through the horsemanship program and the one is described in the book when I was underneath the horse and I was trimming its hooves and it was raining. And I. And it was just such a hard time because the horse kept rearing up and I was holding on, so I remember I was bloody, I was cut up, it was it was raining. And there is this determination in me, though, that I was like, I have to just get this done.

[01:06:31] I had to prove it to myself. Nobody else around me. But I just had to prove that I could actually follow through with something. And I remember I just wouldn't leave until I trimmed that entire horse. And that it showed me something in myself that I had lost a long time ago that actually if I put my mind to something, I could follow through and finish it. And another moment that was really critical for me was when I woke up one morning and I heard the horses outside neighing and I thought to myself, I said, huh, I wonder if they've been fed yet or not. And I said, I hope someone's been out there to feed them. And for me, it was like a light bulb moment that I could actually care about something, because up until that point, I had stopped caring about myself. I didn't care about anything or anybody around me. And I was to this point of hopelessness that I was just like, well, I could just die and I'd be fine. Like, I'd rather just die instead of live on another day because I really just did not care. And I didn't think that anybody else cared. And so when I thought about the horses outside of myself and I wonder if I care about their well-being, I was like, whoa, I can care!

[01:07:38] It's amazing. And like, I'm not completely broken. And so that was that moment for me.

[01:07:43] It opened up the doorway for me to care about them and then in turn care about myself and then start, that translated into caring about other people and actually thinking that I could have a future. But it takes. I mean, it's it goes back and forth, as you're saying, it's a day in and day out thing. And I have to remind myself of those moments. Even to this day, there's sometimes where I get overwhelmed and I get stressed out with just life. And my family, like my family is all crazy and I just try to keep them at a distance, but they just kind of still encroach on my life. So I get overwhelmed and I get stressed out. But I just have to keep grounding myself and just keep reminding myself every day that it's OK. You know, you just get there's the saying that we haven't Delancey Street is just make it to your pillow. That's it. Make it to your pillow and then everything will be all right.

[01:08:33] So. Sure.

[01:08:38] I'd like to ask, whoops. I'd like to ask about the horses. So once they're once they're broke, once there's been a connection made. Do they stay there as therapeutic animals? Here in Washington, there are quite a few successful programs where kids who are on the spectrum, or who have PTSD, folks coming back from war will oftentimes find a connection through horses. And then I am just wondering about your horses and how how that all comes back to society. If it does at all. Not sure.

[01:09:20] The horses stay.

[01:09:21] They like they stay there a long time. They had tons of trouble when I started, but they're all pretty well behaved, you know, they can still revert back to crazy a little bit. But, um, so they stay on the property and the residents, you know, take care of them. They are the main caretakers of them. Um, but every four months or six months now, it used to be four months every six months we get a new group of residents and um, and some of the residents stay on the horse program and some leave and go on to working with the trucking company or whatever. And so really every four to six months, it's like starting all over again. Nobody knows anything about the horses except for a few of them that stay. Because they're the new leaders, they're the ones to each one, teach one. I just kind of oversee it now and they they do it. So it's really still quite remarkable. It is equine therapy in Delancey Street style. But it it's really about learning how to do all the physical things because again, with addiction, you've got to wake your body up before your brain. Like Ayla was talking about how she just sort of woke up trimming this horses feet and that's.

[01:10:39] Same thing with a lot of the residents come in when they come on the program. They've been there maybe six months. And so there's still kind of not very you're not really with it, you know, not alert, not moving altogether. And so it's really just horse training and riding and all the skills that we do with horses and just meeting that big body, you know? You know,

and just being in the presence of that big body and picking up those feet and trying to figure out how to get the horse to move itself around you. All those skills, wake the body up, wake the human body up. So in the way that that is done at Delancey Street interests me because I watched how all these people started waking up, stripping away. It was like a makeover, you know. And within a year, it's like a complete makeover. And so that's equine therapy. Those horses stay there. And every four to six months, they get a new group of people and they get to do it all over again. And it works because I mean, every time you'll get a few of those guys come in and just go, wow.

[01:11:46] Did you see like I got to pick up his foot? I mean, they are just them amazed and it changes them, you know, now the horses, trust the people a lot more. So it's working a lot better.

[01:12:01] Any other questions? I know you, you had one at one point up there. You're good. Okay.

[01:12:08] Ok, we have time for one more question, which will be right over here.

[01:12:16] Not really a question, but I just want to thank you. Thank you for writing. I love the book. I couldn't put it down. I cried. I just love horses are a big part of my life. Late in life, but big part. Love you, putting the face to the fictitious name and and knowing how it works. And I love the reality of the book that some people don't make it. And it broke my heart. But it's true. I mean, it's real. So I enjoyed it. I just want to thank you.

[01:12:52] I really appreciated it very much. Thank you all, thank you all for coming. Thank you. Thanks for having us.

[01:13:06] This podcast was presented by the Seattle Public Library and Foundation and made possible by your contributions to the Seattle Public Library Foundation. Thanks for listening.

