

Arthur Alonso: April 20, 1978 - December 29, 2009

With infinite sadness we share the passing today of Carol's wonderful Thoroughbred, Arthur. In two days he would have been officially 32 and they would have qualified together to ride their Century Cup.

Carol rescued the young racehorse Palladian (Arthur) from slaughter 27 years ago, they have been buddies ever since. With care Arthur became sleek, agile, elegant, and athletic. They did jumpers, which he loved. When Carol passed 50, they switched to dressage. Arthur was a challenger - bold, fast, proud, forward, aggressive, intelligent, hot-blooded, exceedingly strong. A horse with a strong work ethic, Arthur demanded respect.

Recently old Arthur developed narcolepsy, falling down while sleeping standing in his stall. Three times in the last two weeks he required extensive sutures for major head injuries. This time the vet said, it's not fair to make him go through this cycle again and again - the injury, the drugs, the suturing, the inability to get out and move freely for a long long time.

Through her tears as she hugged Arthur in his stall, Carol said, "I know, it is time." What propelled her decision was a desire to have him go while he was still proud and happy, before a series of embarrassing and deflating injuries make him feel depressed, worthless and hopeless. Still she could not look Arthur in the eye because as she hugged him she could feel his great love and his pure trust that his Mom would fix what was wrong.

As she walked Arthur up the long hill road in the sun he was alert, happy and interested in all he saw. He ate her carrots despite his bloody head. His body looked fit, sleek and beautiful, his walk was steady and athletic, he was still the proud direct descendant of Man O' War. Carol felt grief at the 100% trust he put in her as they made their last walk together to his death.

At a knoll above his final resting place, Arthur stopped and gazed proudly with interest at the vista of rolling green hills below, with the blue bay in the distance. Carol wanted to remember him looking proudly out over the hills, but when she walked away Arthur tried to follow her, it broke her heart.

Walking sadly down the hill, Carol had an intense craving wish that she would hear Arthur whinny as he broke away from his destiny and galloped back down the road to be with his Mom. But instead they caught up with her and silently handed her his halter.

