

Everything's Coming Up Rosie

By Janie Mejias

Do you believe in kindred spirits? I do! Kindred spirits don't always have to be another person, in my case it was a horse! Our story begins on my family's farm in Charlottesville, Virginia. When I was about seven years old, it became a nightly ritual to look out my window at the stars above, and think about beautiful horses and ponies, and pray that one day I would have one of my very own. I was doing just this, one stormy evening in December, when to my great surprise the most beautiful horse I had ever laid eyes on comes trotting up to my window!

Her magnificent rose gray coloring and dapples shined brightly as raindrops fell on her thick winter coat. She almost appeared pink against the moon lit sky. I was awestruck by the glimmering white feathering on her legs that somehow despite the rain, did not have a speck of mud on them. I slowly opened my window and reached my tiny hand towards her. She proceeded to poke her giant head through my window and gently nudged my hand. "Where did you come from?" I said, giggling. To this day, I still don't know where she came from, but I assume she escaped from our neighbor's farm. The first night she came to visit me, she stood calmly for several minutes with her head through my window and let me stroke her thin blaze and soft pink muzzle, before snatching a bright red ribbon off of one of my pigtail braids and galloping away into the rainy darkness with the ribbon hanging from her mouth! "I will call you Rosie," I yelled as she became a fuzzy blur in the distance.

A couple nights after her first visit I was awakened by the sound of hoofbeats trotting up to my window. I spring from my bed and ran to the window, to my delight there was Rosie! This time she had my red ribbon tied around her tail. I squealed with excitement and opened the window, “oh Rosie, who fixed your hair?” I said, grinning ear to ear. She didn’t stay long, just long enough to snatch another red ribbon out of my pigtails and trot away as fast as she had come.

Throughout the ten years we lived on the farm she must have come to visit me about a hundred times. Sometimes she would simply stand at my window for hours with her back hove propped gently upward, struggling to stay awake as I shared my childhood worries and troubles with her. Other times, she would snatch the ribbons from my hair and gallop away like a flash of lightning, before returning a few days later with the ribbon tied neatly around her tail and sometimes in her mane!

Out of all Rosie’s visits, one night stands out to me the most. Just the right amount of breeze was cooling the summer heat. The stars shone brightly in the night sky amidst the full moon. I was feeling particularly adventurous that evening. I grabbed a stepstool, tied a dog leash around Rosie’s halter for makeshift reins, and climbed out of my window and on to her back! As soon as I was aboard, Rosie started ambling towards the pond on our property. I trembled with excitement; I could feel the power of her movement underneath me. “You want to go swimming?” I asked, with a mischievous gleam in my eye. At that point she picked up a slow jog, I pulled back on the reins, but her pace only quickened. Before I knew it, I had slid down her neck and into the shallow pond. “Oh you “naughty girl,” I hissed, wagging my finger at her.

Dripping wet, I lead Rosie back to my bedroom window. “Go home before we both get in trouble, Rosie!” She did as I said, but not before pulling a ribbon out of my hair!

I tiptoed back into my house and left my wet clothes on the laundry room floor before returning to my bed. The next morning my mom was full of questions about why there were soaking wet pajamas on the laundry room floor. I tried to explain the story as honestly as I could, but my mom just laughed and said I had an over active imagination. To this day, she still doesn’t believe my stories about Rosie.

After years of visits, Rosie’s visits abruptly stopped. For months after her last visit, I would stand at the window and call her. I even left peppermints and carrots outside my window, but she never came again. There were times where I questioned whether she only existed in my imagination, but I knew in my heart she was real!

When I graduated high school and moved to New York for college my family sold our farm. At that point, I had very little hope of ever seeing Rosie again. But, the connection of kindred spirits can never be broken. One fateful day I was taking a walk in Central Park when I looked up and saw an older rose gray draft horse pulling a carriage full of tourists. At first, I didn’t believe my eyes, but then I noticed she had a beautiful red ribbon tied around her tail. I called out, “Rosie?!” Her ears quickly pricked forward and she swung her head around revealing the same thin white blaze that belonged to my cherished childhood friend.

As it turns out, she was just about ready to retire from her carriage career. I was able to scrounge up enough money to buy her and bring her back to my family’s farm, which was now owned by friends. She lived out the rest of her days there, grazing in the green pastures and splashing in the pond. I would go visit her whenever I could. She

recently passed away at the age of 30, but she will live on in my heart forever. She is truly my kindred spirit, who is yours?