

LOU'S MISS MARJORY

#012047

Lou's Miss Marjory was foaled 27 April 1962. She was a daughter of Lippitt Field Marshal out of Lou's Jewel Lady.

Fondly known as Margie, this pretty little chestnut filly came to Sweet Acres in August of 1962. At that time I was the proud owner of a beautiful dark chestnut half Morgan gelding, but not satisfied, I longed for a purebred Morgan. A good friend, Mary Arnold told me of a chestnut filly that her friend, Lou Freidenstine had for sale.

I wrote Lou, after numerous letters and photos of little Marjory, a deal was made. My husband and I traveled to Bainbridge, NY to get our Morgan filly. Little Margie walked up the ramp of the truck like an old show horse.

Many enjoyable hours were spent teaching Margie to lead, pose, and behave as well as little ones can be expected to. Plans were made to enter Margie in the weanling and futurity classes at the Morgan show in October of 1992. Marge received third in the futurity class. She and I thought we did quite well for a pair of novices. In her life time Marjory, shown in hand and ridden by daughter, Linda Sweeting, brought home many ribbons.

Sometimes timid when in the pasture with the older horses, Marjory turned into the bravest horse in the world when under saddle. As much to say, "Look out for me, I am coming through, my rider will protect me." Marjory learned one trick that she would show off at any opportune time. She would cross one front foot over the other in anticipation of an apple or carrot treat.

Marjory presented<sup>05</sup> with one foal, a chestnut filly, H.A. Larena foaled 28 March 1969, sired by Mary Arnold's Bald Mt. Fire Glow. Larena was sold to a lady in Pennsylvania. She predeceased her dam by several years, a victim of acute founder.

On the 10th of April 1993 the vet was called, Marjory had developed a fever and labored breathing. On the 14th of April the vet was called again, Marjory no better was refusing to eat. The vet examined her and said there was no hope, her kidneys were failing. Marjory at age thirtyone was put to sleep. She rests in the pasture where she romped as a foal. She is forever in our hearts.

I composed the following poem shortly after Marjory came to Sweet Acres to live.

#### My Chestnut Morgan Mare

My shoes are falling off my feet  
My clothes are full of tares  
In the stall in straw so deep  
Stands my chestnut Morgan Mare  
She has the best in feed and care  
Groomed twice a day and stable cleaned  
I go about my chores with uncombed hair  
Happy with the time well spent with my Morgan Mare  
The vet is called when she's off fare  
The blacksmith comes quite regular  
As time goes on I'll be the only beggar  
That rides a Morgan Mare

Submitted by Marjory's owner  
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