

Ode to my lovely horse “Augie”

by [Chance Sims](#) and [Michael G. Maness](#)

[Tyler County Booster](#), October 1, 2020, 1B

A horse is not just a horse, as any decent cowpoke knows.

They can be as close as family and live much longer than your favorite dog.

As many of you know, several crises hit the Sims family the last few years. And 2020 hit our world hard too.

This month we lost our horse, August Regal, the finest horse friend a man and wife could have. He was born on August 7, 1994, and we were blessed with him for 22 of his 26 long years.

I called him “Augie.” I bought Augie one week before our daughter Autumn was born. I was 19 and he was 4 and as green broke as could be. We both were. We had kindred spirits. Both us were in our wild teens, and we felt we were ten-foot tall and bulletproof.

I was a young father with a baby on the way and soon a new baby in the house. I had always worked hard, played hard, but a baby brings a lot of things into focus.

There was no more time for running the roads. I wanted to be a good father and husband.

Augie quickly became my new friend. When you stop doing those “fun” things with old friends, they tend to disappear. It was the best thing that could have ever happened for my young family and our new life.

Augie was our standing stud, the most beautiful golden palomino with deep browns and a white flax mane and tail.

If you ever drove by on the highway where we used to live, you couldn’t help noticing him. He was our heart and made the pasture a postcard to remember.

Augie was king of the pasture.

I cannot count the times I would walk outside and see people pulled over on the side of the road admiring him.

Augie was an incredible animal with a great disposition. He could be a tad unruly under the saddle, but he would quiet down for the vet—as though he knew he was in good hands. Horses know things, you know, and they seem to know their human friends.

Augie’s lineage goes way back to Old Sorrel who was an original King Ranch stud horse.

What adventures he and I enjoyed from day one.



Ode to My Lovely Horse Augie

In the back woods, I was away from all of the bad influences. Augie was not broke yet, and I needed to be broken too. Augie could be stubborn, a handful sometimes—yeah, me too—and so I spent a lot of time with him. Or was it Augie spending time with me?

Augie was a reflection of myself.

Augie wasn't broke as of yet, and I began to realize that neither was I. He was helping break me, too. A mutual breaking of spirits. As I helped reign in him, he helped reign in me. Augie and I understood each other, as though we came to have secret friendship pact.

Listen, Augie was one-man dominant. He didn't like anyone else on his back, and he didn't like anyone else petting him if I was around. Faithful. Believe it, Augie would shun me if I neglected to pay him enough attention.

I do believe he missed me when I was away from home a little too long.

As I grew into my reigns, I became a better husband, father, and Christian.

I haven't always provided the best living conditions for Augie, and I apologized to him for that. Remarkably, Augie seemed to understand.

We endured our struggles together.

I loved Augie, and Augie loved me.

For 22 years, Augie listened to me when we rode. As my kids grew and grew, and I grew prouder and prouder of my kids, it seemed as though Augie was encouraging me all the way.

Augie was my friend, and I am sad.

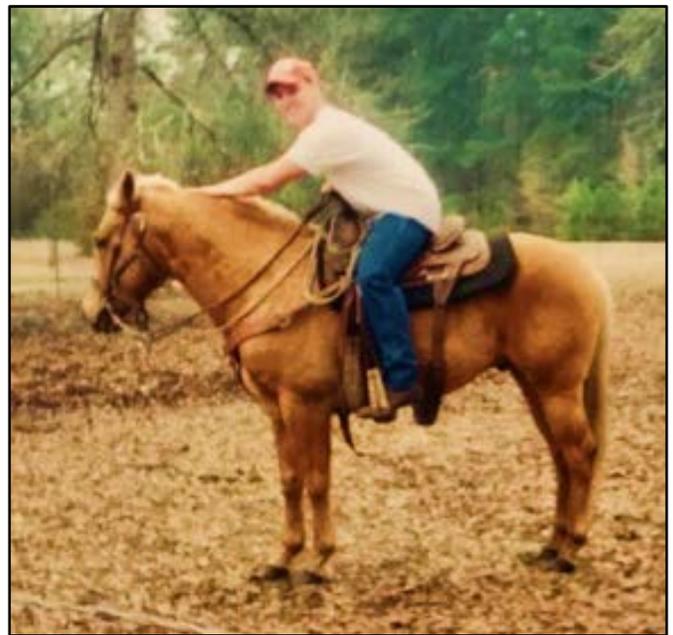
This photo was recent, but I am not certain. When our home burned down, we lost a lot of precious memories. And way back in the early days, when Augie was a youngster, it was not as easy to take photos as with today's cell phones.

The last three to five years or so, Augie had trouble keeping his weight up. We confined him to a small space, and I felt like that was putting him in prison. That was me, my feelings, for Augie never seemed to mind. He was getting old.

Oh, I knew his death was coming. We see these things coming. When I looked into his big eyes, I felt like Augie knew, too. I felt he knew my heart was sad when I rubbed his head. Our trail riding was coming to an end, and Augie was saying to me, "I think you will be okay now."

I guess we are never really ready for that last trail ride.

If you have a passion with animals or whatever, you better take time and nurture that passion. Take time with those you love and care about. They will not last forever.



Life will not stand still for you.
I have several regrets concerning Augie, for I could have been better.
Yet I will never regret the blessing of being his human.
R.I.P. Augie, the best horse and friend.

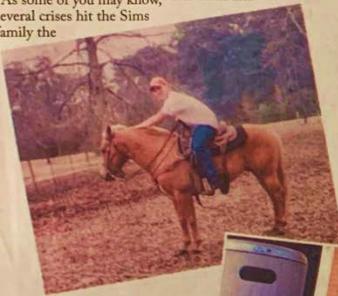


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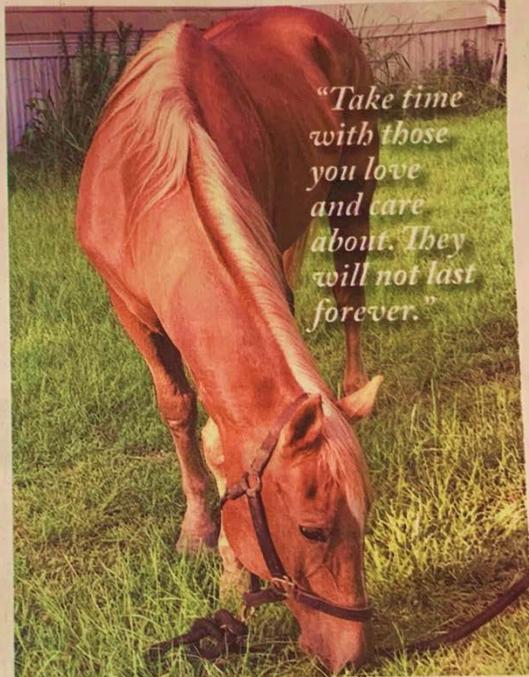
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