

"Courage is being scared to death,
and saddling up anyway."
John Wayne



Grandfather
Real Deal
Always Helps Me
Makes Me Laugh
Playful
Sincere

Love,
Jenna & Luke

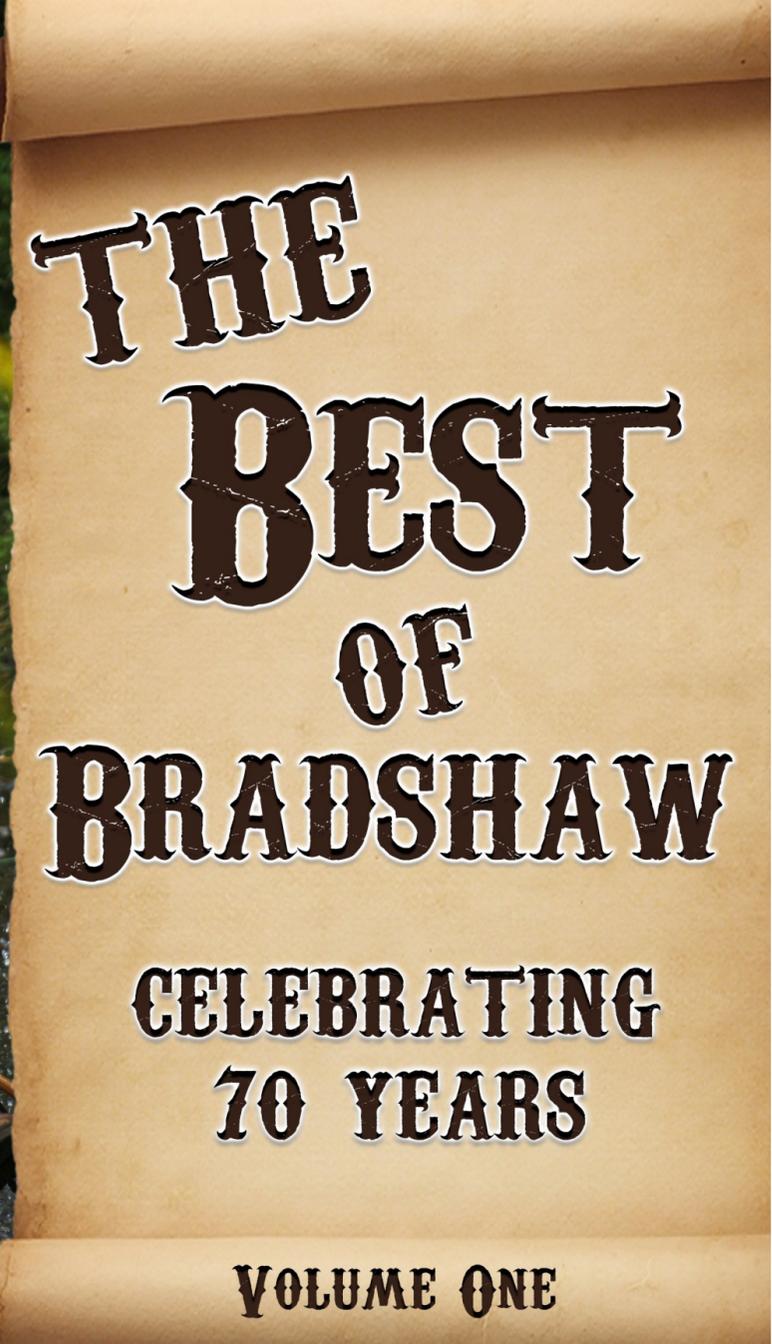
Don't go where
the path may lead.

Go where there
is no path and
leave a trail...



The Best of Bradshaw - Celebrating 70 Years

Volume 1



THE BEST OF BRADSHAW

CELEBRATING 70 YEARS

VOLUME ONE



Created By Mandy Boggs
*Yes, they chose an English rider
to create a book about a
legendary Cowboy.*

Stories Collected By:
Jamie Davis
Kendall Smith
Pam Bradshaw

Stories submitted by
your friends and family, near
and far. You have touched
many lives ol' Cowboy. These
are just a *few*....

Happy 70th Birthday

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For Rich, Our Fearless Leader
Happy 70th Birthday



**Tell a story, Kendall, Pam, and Jamie say;
To celebrate a very special day.**

**Rich has a milestone birthday this year;
Share a story about the cowboy that all can hear.**

**Each week as we ride we soon are engrossed;
As horse, rider and life get diagnosed.**

**A thread in his stories and lessons reveal;
How often horse, cow and rider must yield.**

**Experiences lived he passes on with pride;
Sprinkles of ideas with each and every stride.**

**His brand of horsemanship brings out the best;
Breaks down veneers and stands above all the rest.**

**We take what we've learned and ride without fear;
For its Rich's voice in our head each of us hear.**

**We chime in with chatter seeming to not listen at all;
It will be shocking to learn all the stories recalled.**

- Missy Reeves



So, this is where I swallow my pride and tell this story that doesn't quite flatter my ego. When I first got invited by Miss Kendall and Miss Jamie to do a clinic at the Bradshaw training stables I was a bit hesitant. Not every trainer is "cool" with a kid, a girl no less, comin' in and claiming to be a big deal.

So, I get to the barn and the introductions begin. Everyone was so unusually nice! So as usual I offer to help in anyway I can, we get everything set up, we get through our Friday night group lessons, we go eat, we come back to take care of horses and this is where it begins. Mr Bradshaw, who had said all but 3 words to me the whole night, pipes up, and asked every one if they wanted to have some fun. So he has everyone go get a horse and meet back in the arena. Well, I was horseless seeing as how I flew, but not to worry, Mr Bradshaw had the one in mind.

He tells me to walk in the barn with him to grab a horse, and I notice a small sorrel horse tied in the back. As usual open my big mouth and ask about the Pony.

He tells me that it's a good pony and belongs to a client, "needs some finishing",he says. Then he tells me to grab him and we walk back to the arena. We all, Miss Kendall, Donna, Andrea, Amber, Miss Jamie even her husband Jerry, played, who's horse rolls the fastest. And of course the Pony wins. Well then Mr Bradshaw tells me I should ride this pony, that he's broke and all. After all, what could happen, it's just a pony!

So I jump on, bareback, in a halter. We start to walk around and everything is going well. Then we ask for the trot. And in typical pony fashion, the bucking and running for the gate happens. Now I realize that the Pony is not in fact broke cause now, Mr Bradshaw is screaming, "keep em forward! You're doing it ! keep em going!" So I do everything I can to get this pony to move out, then all the sudden, were running off. What the hell, this \$#% pony, are the only things I'm thinking, only to look over my shoulder and see Mr Bradshaw chasing us with a lounge whip!! At least you got some forward he says! Ha.ha.ha. I still have to go the other direction on this little bastard. So I turn around , and the Pony gives me the ole "not gana happen" and the challenge was excepted lol only to realize that this pony could buck pretty dang hard. And here I go flying off, head first. Mr Bradshaw screaming you better get back on him so he don't learn to win! Pissed off and dirty I pile back on the Pony and get him going around, with Mr Bradshaw's help of course with the lounge whip.

After all that, Mr Bradshaw tells me that that was a pretty good first ride. Ha! It was like Road to the Horse all over again, no, he says, it was Road to the Pony ;)

- Obbie Schlom-Hefner



The day came so much sooner than I had ever imagined. Tim was gone. What was left behind was sadness, emptiness and despair but what was also left behind was a little Appaloosa gelding named Geronimo that had given Tim so much joy during the last few years of his life. He was the horse that had taken him on so many great adventures on trials through Beaver Creek and Tri County Trials, who carried his son, TJ through the streets of Cleveland, who showed up to the Chagrin Valley Hunter Pace and raced with his team like a pro and the horse that had given Tim an escape from the reality that he was fighting an uphill battle. So, now the question was, what to do with a horse that had given Tim so much joy and happiness. The first part was easy. He would live out the remainder of his life with me and my two horses. He would always have a safe place to live where he would be taken care of. He would never have to have another owner and learn new rules and have to start his life over again; which unfortunately he had to do in the past more than a time or two. He was great at home, great with my other two horses, never got into any trouble, and tried his hardest to follow the program. Jumped in a trailer when it was time to go somewhere, was a super trial ride, hardy and strong, would go anywhere – as long as someone else went first. But, he wasn't broke. He didn't really steer, the only thing he thought legs meant was go fast...or faster and the random touch would make him jump out of his skin.

So, could I make him more broke? Maybe. Could I make him a better trial horse? Maybe. Could I lope him off without him bolting to the other end of the arena? A not so confident maybe? The only place I knew to start was my Tuesday lesson with Rich so I loaded him up one hot August day and took him to the lesson. The goal was to pretty much stay on... walking, a little trotting but certainly no loping. It was a new feeling for me to be on a horse that wasn't broke that I didn't yet trust but a horse that I knew needed to be something more than what he was. Weeks went by and then months with me feeling like I've made such little progress with him. But every week Rich gave me encouragement and strength. The endless support and reassurance kept me loading that little horse in the trailer while it would have been far easier to load one of my other two.

I finally felt like I was at a standstill, I wasn't seeing much progress from my end. I was still holding onto Geronimo telling him "Go, but not that fast and I really don't trust you". And Rich said, "You know, if you really want to ride that horse you're going to have to let him go one day and finally trust him."

The weekend was upon me, a routine trail ride at the West Woods and I knew something had to change. I got to the straight away and Rich's voice popped into my head and I thought, "I have to let him go, I have to trust him" so I did. The amazing part was there was no bolting run off, no race to the end of the trail but a realization that we needed to trust each other a lot more than I thought. I showed up at the lesson the next Tuesday and as Rich walked in the arena Geronimo and I were loping around. I stopped and said "I think we made a breakthrough". We still have lots of work ahead of us but under Rich's direction and constant support and encouragement that little Appaloosa gelding will become another great horse that I am so blessed to have in my life. - **Susan**



ONLY Rich could get someone to stand up on a horse's back, put one foot on the saddle horn, and jump over the horse's head! How does Rich get us to do all this crazy stuff! Happy Birthday!

TJ Pumphrey

"It's like...if you were in a bar..."

- Rich

I had always heard about Rich Bradshaw; everyone said he was THE trainer of Geauga County. I didn't get my first horse until I was 60 and I went to Rich because no one else would ride her. Rich is a great guy and has certainly taught me a lot. I have had so much fun with Rich. I'm sure my husband wishes we had never met him though. Because of you Rich, we built a barn, are tied to the house and my husband is a manure pusher and a groom!

Happy Birthday, Karen and Allen

I've always loved horses but never made time to ride. When my Mom passed in 2012, God put it in my heart to learn to ride Western. I got online and found a barn close to my house and had my first lesson in January 2013. After a couple months, I learned that I was paying a lot for a half hour lesson. A friend told me about one of her patients who owned a barn so I called and started taking lessons from her.

A few months in, she asked if I wanted to ride a horse that was a bit head strong to help me with assertiveness. I agreed and, after a few rides, was thrown off and in the trauma unit at Hillcrest Hospital. I never stopped thinking about getting back on a horse while healing.

When I returned to work, a co-worker told me about Rich and invited me to the Geauga County Fair to meet him. I wasn't able to meet him that night because he was busy with cow sorting so I called the next week to schedule time to meet. He was having cow sorting at his home and invited me out. I met Rich, explained what happened and still having a strong desire to ride. He understood and asked me to hold Dundee for a minute. Scared to death, I did. Even that brief encounter sent fear through me, but I felt comfortable with Rich and knew I would take lessons from him. The minute my doctor cleared me to ride I called Rich to set up my first lesson, which was unforgettable....

At the first lesson, knowing my fear, he walked me through just touching Dundee to get the "feel" of him - was he tense or relaxed - and then on to grooming/tacking. It was time to get on and, as Rich usually does, he rode with me during the lesson. We just walked the horses and talked until he told me to go get a big ball in the arena. I didn't understand. He told me to walk Dundee to the ball and have him kick it! It was so much fun and I was grinning from ear to ear! I wasn't worried about my fear during this drill; only having fun. I realized later that Rich's goal for me that day was to get comfortable on the horse and have fun. So grateful for this lesson, a big THANK YOU hug was given.

That was 2 1/2 years ago and I've been taking lessons from Rich every Tuesday along with a wonderful group of women. I have learned so much from him, gained confidence as a rider, graduated from Dundee to ride other horses in his barn and have had so much fun doing everything he suggested.

Thank you, Rich, for your abundant patience, your never-ending knowledge of people and horses, never giving up on me and, most importantly, teaching me how to have fun on horses and in life.

Much love and admiration,

Cindy Wynne



When I think of Rich Bradshaw, I think of a self-made man. His horse sense and life's knowledge have created a lifetime job of learning and teaching life's lessons be it client's, family, or friends. Rich, you should be very proud of your many accomplishments!

Happy Birthday! Nancy & Ed

“Beginnings” by Donna Boggs

I’ve known Rich since he was a young rider working for Bob Barnard, but it wasn’t until my husband Jack and I had race horses that we employed him on a regular basis. Jack and I used to attend Keeneland Sales and buy thoroughbred weanlings or yearlings for future race prospects. By this time Rich had his own business at the Fairgrounds and did a lot of breaking and training. We would do some ground work at home, bridling and such, and then send them to Rich to break. Interestingly enough we sometimes had to give the young horses a little tranquilizer to ship them to Rich’s but they never needed any to come home.

This had been going on for some years with great success, as we would load up the horses as long yearlings in the fall, and then have them broke, turn them out over the winter, and start them back up in the spring of their two year old year.

One year we had a particularly tough colt. We named him “The Great Escaper” as he would take advantage of his handler while leading him to the paddock, and run off. His trick was to get his head just a little bit in front of whoever was leading him and then just dig in and run right past, pulling the lead out of your hand. He was known for this and got away from my husband and Dr. Kroh. I was very aware of his shenanigans and always lead him with a chain and kept his head turned into me so he couldn’t escape.

When we sent him to Rich’s we told him how tough he was and advised him of his tricks. Rich always taught the young horses to pony first as they were sometimes more afraid of a rider above them than the actual

rider on their backs. He was in the indoor getting ready to pony Escaper one day and asked his helper to get his pony horse. The young man inadvertently retrieved one of his sale horses instead. Not wanting to waste any time Rich mounted and thought he would just try to pony him to get him started.

This colt had other ideas. He had more energy than common sense and when he started acting up, and Rich had to shank him, he decided to rear up and came down in front of Rich’s saddle. And as in the nursery rhyme, Humpty Dumpty, they all fell down.

I didn’t find out the particulars of this story until just recently, as Rich is not wont to talk about these things.

“The Great Escaper” turned out to be a very successful race horse and I don’t think they ever did pony him at the race track. He just didn’t care for it.

“The Flatback Club” - by Donna Boggs

If anyone has ever ridden they know that they will eventually part company with their mount. It’s not a question of if, it’s just a question of when and how many times. Rich commonly refers to this phenomenon as becoming a member of the “Flatback Club.” This tale is just a little twist on that.

I bought my first quarter horse from Rich 15 years ago and he had been a really good horse for me as I learned to ride Western, after having ridden English and jumped for most of my riding career. As he aged though he became a bit spooky, especially in the indoor arena at the far end. It all started when the Fairgrounds personnel decided to put a gate in front of the sliding doors on either end of the arena.

Probably a very good idea for protecting the doors, but not a good idea for Snip who had been in that same arena for over 10 years and thought that they had put a troll behind it. One day I was riding Snip in the indoor with my friend Chris and Rich. I had just mounted and started a jog trot at the far end. Snip had a wonderful “old lady trot” which I was enjoying at the time. Since it was so comfortable I had no leg on him and wasn’t paying much attention, when Cheryl opened the man door and came into the end of the arena, the end where the trolls reside. Snip was startled and did a 180, for which I was totally unprepared.... Suddenly I was hanging off the side of the saddle looking for a soft place to land. Funny what you think about in that situation. I’m sure it was only a millisecond, but all I could imagine was what would happen to my knee replacement when I hit the ground. Thank God he only had the one move. I hooked my left arm over his neck and pulled myself back up in the saddle. Where upon Rich says without a moment’s hesitation “I didn’t know you were part Indian. I thought you were going to shoot a bow and arrow under his neck like they do in the movies.”

Thank God I didn’t become a member of his “Flatback Club!”



"Tuesday Lessons" by Donna Boggs

Tuesday afternoon is devoted to our ladies riding lesson with Rich. It is as much social and entertaining as it is instructive. As we all know Rich's style of teaching is to push you just past your comfort level, so that you can continue to improve your riding. Sort of no pain no gain. Sort of. About a year ago Rich announces that at next week's lesson we will be learning and participating in the new and fastest growing western sport, Cowboy Mounted Shooting.

We all look at him with our mouths gaping and ask him how we're going to get our horses used to gunfire. Plus ride at speed and aim a pistol. He just smiles..... At this point we're thinking he's pulling our leg and he probably watched an episode of Craig Cameron on RFD TV and they did just that. We're sure there will be no gunplay next Tuesday afternoon.

Our lesson day arrives and we go out to the outdoor ring and he demonstrates how we will be shooting off our horses. He shows us how to extend our arms to the side so our horses will get used to it. Noting that the discharge from the gun has to be directly out to the side so the shot is not near the horse's head.

Then he disappears..... A while later he tells us to go to the indoor arena as we will be shooting inside. He has a guest instructor on the way to show us how to ride and shoot. This man will be bringing us firearms. We're still pondering how and when we were going to get our horses used to gunfire. We enter the indoor and see 5/ 55 gallon drums on end lined up in the arena. Rich disappears again.....

A while later Rich shows up again and says " Well I have good news and bad news. The

bad news is that our guest instructor couldn't make it. Of course he was bringing the guns.

The good news is I have a Plan B. ' We're still going to do Cowboy Mounted Shooting,but with squirt guns...Super Soakers to be exact. We're going to shoot styrofoam cups off the top of the barrels with the squirt guns. " And that's how we learned to do Cowboy Mounted Shooting!

PS: We never did get our horses used to gunfire, but it's amazing the strange sound a stream of water from a Super Soaker makes when it hits a styrofoam cup off a 55 gallon drum! s



I wouldn't even know where to start with a story, but I do know we are lucky to have such a wonderful family and so many awesome friends! It has been a great journey and I love being a part of your life! Love, Linda



"I LIKE WHAT I'M SEEING!"

— RICH

In 1982 I bought my first horse Angel, a 5yo Arabian. Never owning a horse before, I was very nervous riding a high energy horse. Someone in my barn who boarded said a trainer, Rich Bradshaw, would help me learn to ride her. After Rich rode her 3 days he told me to come out and ride in a lesson. Halfway into it, he told me to canter her, my reply was "Oh shit!". He said "Now!" That was when I first trusted Rich and my years with my horse was very rewording. I did a lot of things with Angel in the 18 years I owned her with the help of Rich. In 2004 after retiring my horse, I bought my 2 1/2 year old Paso Fino. I called Rich 2 days later and said "help!" He said what ever possessed you to buy a young green horse. So, had it not been for his help with Annie, I would have gotten rid of her many, many times. He just has a way with people that makes a person feel very at ease. He is great with horses - he is a horse whisperer.

When we were looking for a horse for Vince we purchased a 5yo Tenn. Walker (Pablo) from Rich and Pablo is now 24 years old. So again, Rich also knows how to match a person with the right horse.

We are so lucky to have such a great trainer. Thank you for bring you, Rich Bradshaw. - **Vince & Pat G.**

"You should come with us," words that served as an invitation for Rich to experience riding horses in Southern Arizona with Joel Percival and Jeff Carver. Rich decided to make his first trip west with two guys who both suffer from the wanderlust, but he was curious about why Arizona seemed so exciting. No more than ten minutes after arriving at the Cox Ranch in Cave Creek, Arizona, Rich was in the saddle. "Life is good here," Rich thought. "A roping pen, beautiful scenery, sunshine, this is great!" Thanks to Jeff and Marilou Carver his horse was there and ready for the experience too. Well, maybe a little too ready....Rich got to experience the red clay up close and personal. He was bucked off within five minutes of riding. Fifteen minutes of this Arizona ranch just might be enough, but with the stubborn pride of a cowboy and the ruthless teasing of Joel and Jeff, the show had to go on. Rich climbed back in that saddle and was bound and determined to make this trip a good one. Rich rode and roped all afternoon and into the early evening ignoring his aches, pains and that damn sore shoulder. As the day came to a close and dinner was about to be served, Rich decided he might as well self-medicate with a little whiskey. However, a little whiskey is not something Joel or Jeff seem to do when they are on a road trip. "Another?" "You betcha!" Rich really got to know Jack Daniels. Later that night after hours

of whiskey the journey continued back to the hotel. When Joel, his wife Tracie, and Rich arrived at the hotel, somehow Rich continued to be off balance. He grabbed onto Tracie and pulled her down in the parking lot. She sprung up, "Rich are you ok?" Laughing he said yes. He took another couple steps and the suitcase just seemed to pull him down again. He grabbed Tracie again, they fell again. This may have happened one more time until Rich came up with the ingenious strategy to crouch down to the ground and just roll the suitcase to maintain his balance. Miraculously they made it into the hotel without the police being called. Rich decided he would just have to sleep this cowboy injury off. The next morning, Joel and Tracie headed to breakfast at about 7:00am. "Rich was hurting last night," Joel said. "I bet he won't be at breakfast yet." The elevator doors opened and there was Rich sitting at a table with a cup of coffee and a big smile. Joel said, "How are you feeling, I didn't think you would be up so early." Rich said, "The funny thing is, I got a call from my daughter, Pam real early this morning. She said, Dad are you ok? You called me about three times last night." Apparently not only was Rich falling down and dragging Tracie with him, he was also butt dialing Pam too! What a night! Needless to say Rich survived the trip out west, got over his injuries and somehow continues to still ride with Joel and Jeff!

-Joel, Tracie, and Jeff



I have never heard you say an unkind or negative word – only words of kindness and encouragement. You have helped me and others more times than I can count, and I thank-you from the bottom of my heart. So here's Wishing you a very Happy 70th Birthday, and welcome to the beginning of a whole new world. Rich, Happy Birthday!

-Catherine Ullman

Cathy and Denny get hitched!

Rich was the best man and Linda was the maid of honor. The ceremony was outside and just as we were ready to walk down the aisle someone grabbed Rich and said you might want to take that sale tag off your sport coat!

As we were exchanging vows a giant bumble bee landed on Linda's bouquet, I saw her eyes get wider. . . I was proud of her. . .she DIDN'T scream!

When the reception started Rich's great toast was "I told him not to marry her but he did anyway, the food line is to my left so get in line behind me and LET'S EAT!

-Cathy & Denny

I can't believe we're celebrating you on your 70th birthday, when it seems not long ago we cheered you on as you roped 60!! Time has an amazing way of getting away from us, which can only be measured by memories, more wrinkles, more aches, and yes, tighter blue jeans that no longer fit! Thus, the hole in my jeans qualifies as a distant memory! Rich, you helped me get rid of an alpha horse, found me a new beautiful paint horse of my dreams, helped me find my true self (and a new appreciation for bad jokes!), opened my world to a whole new group of friends, taught me to seize the day by not focusing on the pains of the past (remember telling me not to look down at the horse's feet?), focus on what I'm doing (remember the man walking into the bar story?), following through toward my goals (getting stuffer to walk thru water), getting over fears by chasing those dang, smelly, pooping cows! ; the list goes on and on. But what I admire the most is your BIG, BIG heart. You understood my pain in losing my son, as you suffered too, with your daughter's passing. Your involvement with TRC is awesome. Your kindness to people less fortunate is unparalleled. One must not be fooled by the appearance of a small little barn in a tiny little village, run by a guy who everyone there knows and loves. No, your world is huge, with no boundaries.

If only we had more "yous" in this world we'd all experience a better place!! Thank you Rich for all those 70 years filled with laughter, horses, bad jokes and life lessons!

With much love - Sunnie

PS where IS the manakin man???

"You're either training or un-training..."-Rich



Happy 39th Birthday Rich!

Only you could invent Cowboy Skiing, and teach the two Scott's (Burroughs and Schinness) the proper techniques to use in a GHPA pair's class.

And leave it to you to show Nancy & Cynthia the intricacies of cow sorting on the ground. There is nothing quite like chasing lovely bovines through the mud and manure, without the benefit of being on a horse!

We love you Rich and wish you the happiest of birthdays!

Love,

Nancy, Scott, & Cynthia Burroughs

(Hershey & Kahlua too)



Ghalewind, aka Tempi, is a 17 hand Hanoverian mare who I show dressage. I sent Tempi to Rich when I was DONE with her. She had run me into one too many wall, refused to go forward one too many times, and scared me for the last time. I thought I was sending her to a "cowboy" to get an attitude adjustment. Instead, Rich had her for a week and worked on her confidence. When he had me ride her again, he recommended I do it without the two dressage whips I always armed myself with for my rides. We worked on MY attitude and her fears. She still isn't perfect. She is a horse. She may be the slowest horse that has ever worked cows at Rich's farm, but she has done it. And she didn't run terrified from the pen. She may have taken 15 minutes to get onto the teeter totter bridge at Kathy's, but I wasn't afraid to try it with her, and she did it. Thanks to Rich and Patrick, Tempi is still my horse. She is actively showing (and sometimes winning) at fourth level dressage. I have an entirely different approach to riding her. I am not afraid of her (though I do still have a healthy respect for her), and I work to see her deviations from my desired behaviors not as opportunities to pick fights, but "teaching opportunities." Many thanks and the happiest of birthdays Rich!

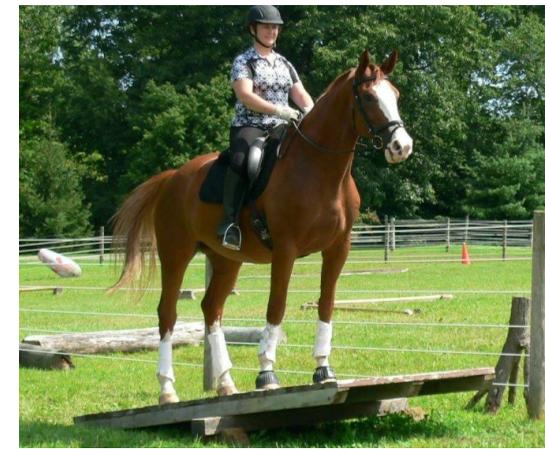
- From Lauren Wade and Tempi

Back in the day, a group of us, Karen Richmond, Judy Meyers, and Polly Petersen would get together and ride with Rich once a week. We had lots of good times and Rich would make us do the craziest things! Ride backwards, no stirrups, ONE day my pants split from the front to the back and everything was hanging out! We laughed until we cried. I miss the good ole' days... I miss Karen. I miss our good dependable horses. Thanks for the memories, Rich. Happy Birthday! Now we are the same age!

Love, Peg

Do you still have the registration papers from that burro you sold us, and then sold back to you?

- Lisa Schinnes



A few years ago I was struggling with my new horse, who decided to buck and run backwards whenever I applied leg. After visiting the vet and consulting my trainer, I was still having problems. I knew Rich could help me. Rich quickly sized up the problem and helped me to solve it. The horse had gotten the upper hand and Rich helped me reclaim it. It turned out that I needed more determination and courage to get over the hump. Rich took away my fear and hesitation in his gentle, but firm way. With his encouragement I prevailed. Since then, my horse and I have been having fun doing cow sorting, obstacles, trails, dressage shows, and even a big parade. Rich, you gave me confidence, and you gave me back my horse. You did it because of your vast horse knowledge and wonderful way with both people and horses. You are a special individual. You know how to be light hearted and fun, in a world full of some serious control freaks. I will be forever grateful to you, and cherish the times spent with you and the horses we call our friends.

Love, Patti Valencic

RIDE.
JUST GET ON AND RIDE



Stylin' with Rich! East meets West to form "The Red Boots Society". In September 2014, I brought my mare, KnightHawke, to practice cow sorting sporting my shiny new red paddock boots. And wouldn't you know it? Rich was wearing his red cowboy boots! I said, "Hey Rich! We match tonight with our red boots." He laughed and said to everyone there, "See- even dressage riders love color! Let's get a picture for my Facebook page."

Thank you, Rich, for always being so welcoming to us at your Trail Obstacles Challenges and Cow Sorting nights, in spite of our funny looking tack!

You make things fun while challenging and educating with insightful comments and riding tips. Perfect!
- **Linda Cooley**

Well, the story goes something like this...it was a nice spring day and I had been traveling and working a lot. When I got home and realized I had about thirty minutes of daylight left, I saddled Belle and decided to go spend some time with my son who was working his draft horses in the field and work on my roping. Usually, when we do this my son takes the roping dummy out with him ahead of me, but since he didn't know I would be joining him, the roping dummy was still by the barn. No big deal I thought...I will take it with me. Now, just to paint the picture accurately, I was in a hurry, did not put on my boots so I was still in my work boots. But, what the heck, make the most out of the day that's left, right? So, I hooked the loop (the tied loop that was tied to the roping dummy that is) over my saddle horn, threw my lariat over top of that and climbed on with my work boots just barely tucked in my stirrups. Off we go....as soon as I asked her to step off, the old cow legs clanged and off we go, we did! It was an UGLY 45 seconds or so. First, after the cow legs clanged, she took off, when she took off (bucking), I went off right over her shoulder after about the third bounce since I barely had my feet in the stirrups; which resulted in her running over me right before I saw the old cow run right over top of me as well. When I was able to right myself, I then saw my mare, closely followed by the old white cow, running down the fence line, knocking over the hay elevator, and taking out six or so fence post. My son, who had now stopped his team to watch the commotion, simply said, WHOA as she approached and she stopped.

approached she stood still and I untangled my rope and the loop that was still attached to my horn. My horse was ok, I was ok, so I remounted we walked around the old cow whose parts were scattered across the pasture to let Belle know that it was ok to be around the old cow, now that it was in fact, dead and in pieces!

What I should tell you about this is that throughout the whole long (45 second) ordeal, all I heard was Rich in my head, at the beginning, in the middle and at the end. It went something like this...'Ride, just get on and ride; uh-oh, Listen to me horse, Listen to me; Don't Weaken, Jim...Don't Weaken...Well, you are either training or un-training; we are all on a journey with our horses.'

Rich, we need to call a vet!

Happy Birthday from Lynn and Jim.

Thank you for your friendship!



Rich CAN keep a secret!

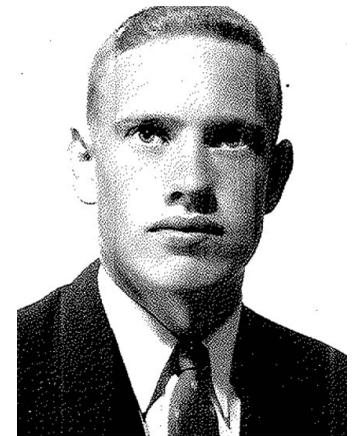
Jamie rode a horse of Rich's one summer, and she really liked this little mare. I went to the fairgrounds, Rich and I made a "horse deal", "just for you!" Rich said. One stipulation, I asked Rich, you can't tell anyone! I want this to be a surprise for Jamie's birthday. Rich asked, "Not even my wife?". No one! Rich agreed, he would keep the secret. I decorated the stall and pulled off one of the biggest surprises ever! I don't know if Rich screwed me, but my wife tried to sc\$#% me into the ground time and time again, just for buying that horse! It was the best summer - ever! Thanks Buddy! - **Jerry**
(*we may not have gotten her permission for this one!)



I've known Rich since 1982 so there are lots of tales to tell, but the one that's most meaningful to me also shows what a good man he is.

2012 was a hellish year with four stays in the hospital. Stay #1 for broken ribs and punctured lung lasted 10 days, most of it tethered to the bed. After just a few days at home I had to be readmitted with blood clots in both legs and one lung. They put me on blood thinners and a doctor who had little or nothing to do with my case, and absolutely nothing to do with the blood clots came into my room and smiled saying, "you're on blood thinners." I said yes, and he replied with, "That means you can no longer ride horses, probably for the rest of your life. If you fall off you could die." All with the bedside manner of a dead blowfish, although I think he was secretly enjoying himself.

After "excusing" him from my presence, I freaked out, bounced off the ceiling several times, cried, screamed, swore a lot, and was pretty much losing it when Rich just happened to walk in for a visit. He quietly and calmly talked me off the ledge, reminding me that it's my life and I have to live it as I see fit. I wouldn't be "me" if I had to live my life in a glass bubble. Within a short period of time he had me calmed down and able to think clearly. Not many people, even my husband, could have quietly and methodically accomplished it in the frame of mind I was in. Unfortunately, although I went back to riding and wore a helmet and vest, I still found up in the hospital again with internal hemorrhaging after being bucked off (Rich was there for that too!) but they finally admitted I wasn't a good candidate for blood thinners! - **Kat Lamprecht**



As much as I've enjoyed ten years worth of lessons with Rich, we actually go way back to the good old days, growing up in Kirtland when Kirtland was still like the Wild, Wild West, with no local law enforcement. One of our favorite entertainments was playing Hide-N-Go-Find-Em in the mansions of Kirtland Hills, where some of the guys' Dads were caretakers, while the owners were away. On one occasion, while we were playing, a security patrol came onto the property. It was a mad scramble for us all to dash out the back door and we had to run and roll down a steep wooded hill to escape. We had a good laugh afterwards about our near capture!

-**Harold Lamprecht**

If Dr Novak was with us he would tell the story of Rich's great watch dog Roy. He had to come vet a horse when Rich wasn't around, Roy calmly let Dr Novak lead the horse down to the arena but when he tried to bring it back Roy growling & snarling refused to let him back in the barn! Dick had to tie the horse in arena & called Rich to make him aware of the situation.

Maybe this is why Rich has sold so many horses Roy said you take em out you keep em!!!! - **Pam**

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass,
it's about learning to dance in the rain.

I have known Rich for what seems like forever. Probably since my cousin Janice married his brother Chuck. As we got older and joined 4-H in Lake County we were showing horses and competing against each other along with my second cousin Barb Radebaugh. (who later became his wife).

His first horse I bought for showing was "Cimarron", turned out he was not a pleasure horse...he had been used only for contest, barrels, poles, etc. all he knew was foot in the stirrup "Run Fast" - foot out of the stirrup "Stop!". My Dad decided we should sell him and Bob Barnard should buy him, and Rich should ride him. We took him to Boots and Saddle in Madison and my Dad told Rich, "Whatever you do, you don't need to spur him."

As they came through the gate, Rich and Cimarron headed for the first barrel at break neck speed, however, Cimarron didn't turn but as Rich started to bail and his foot came out of the stirrup, the horse STOPPED ON A DIME. Rich didn't stop quite as fast, but came away unscathed!

My Dad was happy because Rich was ok, and we did sell the horse that day! A few years ago, I was looking for a nice horse for my grandson. I'd been out of horses for years so I went to Rich for help. He told me I should try riding again since I was "older". He put me on Dundee and I was immediately hooked....

Next step - he found a little 4 year old red roan who grew into a bigger red road. I, not sure how, but it seems Rich knew that horse and I fit together. My Dad died just before I bought "Red" and I once said to Rich, "I wish my Dad could have seen Red". He said, "He does - don't worry - he does." That meant a lot to me.

So Happy Birthday Rich! Many more!

PS. I forgot to mention how all the young 4-H girls were in love with him "back in the day"!

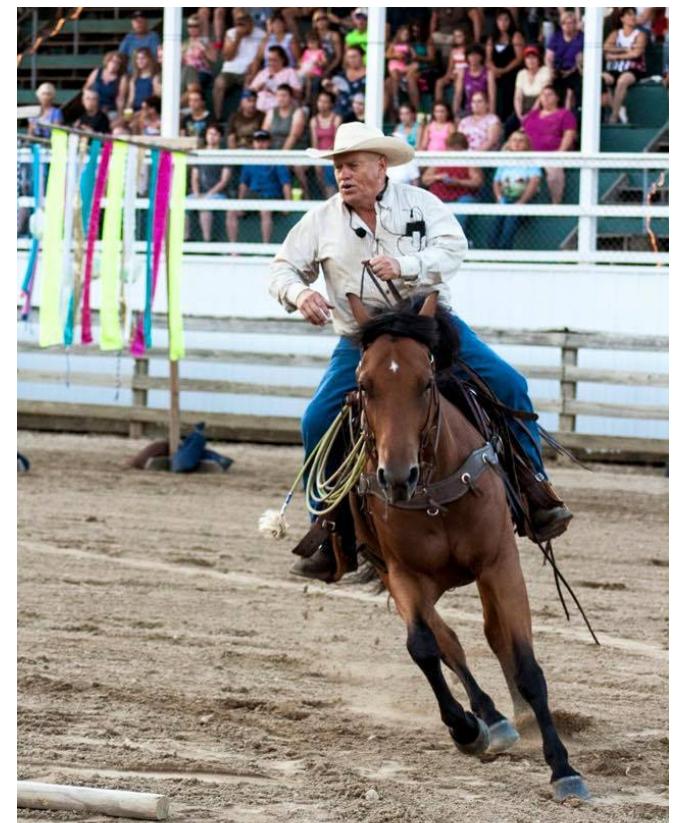
- Sue (Cross) Alexander

About 15 years ago, Rich and I went to look at a horse on Rapids Road. We went into this dark and narrow aisle way, opened the stall door and out came a dog. We both ran back and were scared for a second. Never did see the horse!

- Betty

I took a friend over to Rich's to see if he knew of a buckskin horse for sale. Rich was in his barn and acting very knowledgeable about what she needed. He climbed on a horse right there in the aisle way in front of us, pulled the horse around and the horse reared and Rich hit his head on the ceiling... he claimed it didn't hurt but it sure was bleeding! Happy Birthday!

- Sue Mulhall



"we
are all
on a
journey
with
our
horses"



Two years ago on Super Bowl Sunday, Rich and I were riding outside at the fairgrounds. It was cold and snowing. Rich decided we should go ride in the deep snow, and Mr. T seemed to love that idea. We jumped over the first snow bank and Rich's horse laid down in the snow with him still in the saddle. I figured, if his horse was going to do that...I was TOAST. Thanks for all the good rides, Rich. Happy Birthday.

- Vince F.

The good ole days The Biff Fitting Memorial roping held on July 4th weekend, at John and Barb Hart's place, was always a huge deal. Around 1980 the story that still gets passed around 35 years later, took place. Picture a 90 degree day, dusty, sweaty, and smelling of 35,000 chickens and cows. The kids were all swimming in the pond with Grandma Hart keeping watch when out of nowhere thundering hooves and screaming cowboy come barreling at the pond! Rich Bradshaw of course on his trusty stead Brownie! Into the pond they sail and they disappear under water. Little did Rich know that where he dove in was over 12 feet deep. Up horse and rider come with eyes as big as saucers. Now as some of you know, Rich keeps all his money in his shirt pocket, the kids had fun swimming for his money! It took two weeks for the water to settle in the pond enough for the family to resume laundry duties. Rich, thank you for the years of friendship.

- John & Barb Hart



Michael Tavoletti & Rich go way back. It was the summer of 72 that Mike's favorite trade took place. He hurried home to brush the horse up that Rich was to look at. As he pulled in the drive the farm Billy goat was sunbathing on the hood of his shiny 1963 Corvette! Not acceptable & he immediately knew that goat was going home with Rich. Mike claims he beat Rich up pretty bad on that horse deal but got the deal done, but Rich refused to take the stinky goat! As Rich jumped in the truck the goat got shoved in the trailer but Mike got caught! Rich unloaded the goat & Mike reloaded approximately 4 times!! Rich finally took the stinky thing & a few weeks later asked Mike if he had anymore goats, because he made more money on the goat than that dang horse! Thanks for all the memories Rich.

Your friend - Michael Tavoletti



"Kick Kick, Big Kick,
Kick, There You Go!"



One of my favorite Rich Bradshaw moments occurred when he came to Fieldstone Farm during our "Ride Around" summer camp session. The purpose of the theme was to teach the kids about as many different disciplines of riding as possible. Rich was here to teach about roping and reining. After his presentation, he allowed each camper to have a turn trying to throw the rope onto the plastic steer head on the hay bale. One little guy was "enthralled" with the cowboy in front of him and kept asking for turn after turn to practice his roping. At the end of the session, Rich called the camper over and presented him with his rope to keep. You would have thought that Rich had given the boy all the gold in the world. His face lit up and his smile went from ear to ear. He carried that rope with every minute of the day for the rest of camp!

Your friends at Fieldstone Farm

I remember ice skating on Bob Masek's pond with you and all the neighbors. Playing hockey! Good times! I remember you telling some "macho" kids that those pony mules (at the barn with Bob Barnard) were broke to pulling - you could ride them just fine. Then we watch them eat dirt. Then you showed them how it was done. I think you honed your skills on those ornery mules! Keep your seat in the saddle and keep loving it.

Happy Birthday and Best Wishes, Rich Steudel



The day I introduced my girlfriend to Papa & GoGo was so funny. We ate Italian food then piled in papa's truck. Papa ,GoGo & Mom in front, Jess Ashely & me in the back. Papa rolled the windows up turned the heat up & started talking about gross stuff & making gagging sounds to tease GoGo & her weak stomach. She started gagging & laughing & kept saying she was gonna puke but she was in the middle! Papa had to give her his straw hat to throw up in!!!! Yum spaghetti!! We got back he washed it out with the hose & put it on his head I think GoGo puked again!!! 1st impressions are important I don't think my girlfriend will ever forget that one! Thanks for everything Papa! - **Love Cody**

Thank you for all the fun, the new found friends, for all you do for my daughters, and for the hard work you have put into our horses. Tuesday nights lessons are always memorable, but one of our favorites was the lesson where you asked everyone to get a partner, and switch horses while still on. Mandy was borrowing the shortest mare in your barn and I was on 16.2 hh Showoff. Michelle and Susan made it halfway before they went across the ring, on the same horse (together), bucking. Them arguing over if the horse was actually bucking or not.

Happy Birthday, Rich. - Kim Boggs



I grew up in a family where riding and showing was second only to breathing. Yet somehow I was the one who really didn't find riding horses all that interesting. Mostly because ATVs didn't have a mind of their own. My mom and sister tried numerous failed attempts to get me interested, but many sporadic lessons later and I was eighteen and still hadn't ever cantered on a horse and really had no idea how they worked under saddle. I could walk in a straight line, maybe turn if the horse was willing and I had occasionally trotted several feet before stopping or nearly running into the barn. To say the least, I never really got the hang of it as a kid and gave up pretty easily. I just figured riding wasn't my thing and that was that. But then my mom convinced me to try a lesson with Rich. I was hesitant, to be honest, because I had found a lot of trainers to be.... well, scary. I went though. It was the summer I started college. I met Rich and explained my dabbled experience with riding, not wanting to give him any false notion that I could ride at all like my mother could. We got right into it, my lack of knowledge or experience didn't seem to bother him in the least but I was still really intimidated about the whole situation. He had me get Dundee out of his stall and put him in the cross-ties. I tacked up with a little guidance—I still had no clue how far forward or back the saddle needed to be exactly or how tight the girth should be. We did some groundwork, Rich explaining and giving examples the way he always does. He made me laugh and made me more and more comfortable with every passing minute. Before long I was in the saddle and walking Dundee around the indoor.

All the other lessons I had ever taken were English-based more than they were Western, so I was used to being told to have my heels down, chin and thumbs up, and to post post post! Well Rich told me right off the bat: 'You're here to have fun, all the technical stuff

will come way later. Today is about having fun. If you aren't having fun, you aren't gonna want to ride, right?' He knew me already. I wanted to have fun, I didn't want to fuss and worry about whether or not my heels were down or if my reins were perfectly even. I wanted to have a good time and, most importantly, to not fall off! My one mistake was telling Rich this: "I've never cantered before and I'm afraid to so I won't be doing that anytime soon." If I've learned anything about Mr. Rich Bradshaw in the last five years, it's that you never tell him you won't do something because he sees that as a challenge! By the end of my lesson that day, he'd made me feel so comfortable and safe. I'd had so much fun that when he told me to canter I finally did it and it was fantastic!

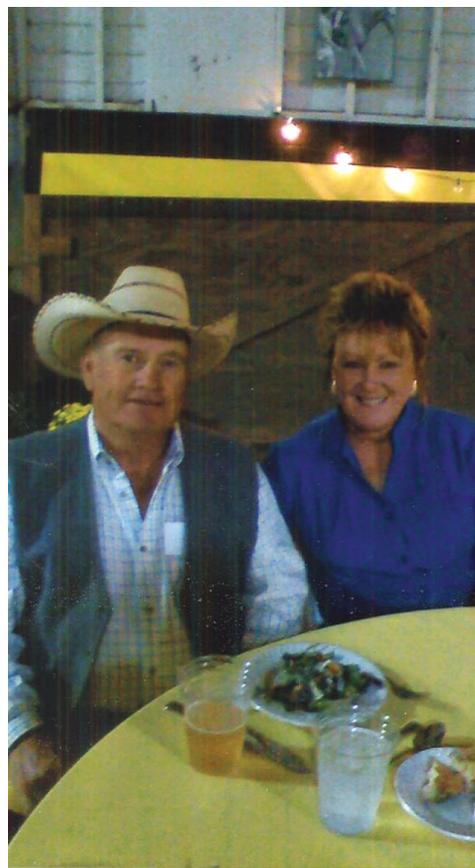
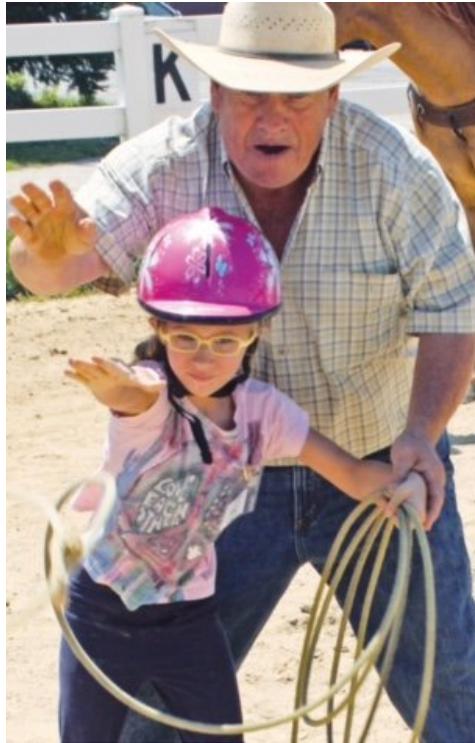
So, ever since that first lesson, Rich has instilled a love of riding in me. He did what no other person had ever done for me, he made sure I had fun instead of stressing me out about the technicalities of horsemanship. That got me hooked. Now my favorite speed is the canter and Rich more often than not has to tell me to slow down! I'm grateful to him for what he's done for me over the last few years. I now fit in with the rest of my family and we ride together all the time, making us that much closer. I've gained not only a love and appreciation for horses but I've also gained a group of friends I will love forever. I'm so thankful that Rich worried about me having fun while at the same time always willing to challenge me. That's what I love about Rich. It's not just about having fun (though that's very important!), it's about being a better rider no matter how slowly you get there or how rough the trail might be. He's taught me to take at least a few moments every time I ride to become a better rider. Without Rich, I probably still wouldn't be riding. I wouldn't have such a great group of friends nor my grumpy old horse, Gunner, who has been through this whole ride with me and who I love to death. All the memories that have been created in the saddle for me are all thanks to Rich and he will always have my love and gratitude for that.

- Michelle Householder

I could make another entire book filled with stories, things to thank you for, and all the great advice you have ever given me. I don't even LIVE there and I can't even count all the stories and things to say "Thank You" for. You have changed me as a rider (for the better), reminded me why I climbed on my first pony (not because I wanted ribbons, but because it was FUN), and have become the voice in my mind anytime I run into trouble and think, "what would Rich tell me to do?". (Usually, that voice is telling me to suck it up, kick, and ride like a cowboy!). From the bottom of my heart, I can't thank you enough for the last few years of fun. You have changed the way I enjoy horses. I wish I would have had the guts to walk into your barn 20 years ago (in my English boots & breeches, of course), and joined the fun. I am the only hunter rider I know (besides Stef!) who takes her giant (just broke) 3 yr old Warmblood cow-sorting, trail riding, to obstacle challenges, costume classes, group lessons, etc, all in one summer. Only Rich Bradshaw could have gotten me to do that. Somehow the (real) cowgirls over here in PA say I am now the "cool hunter rider" because of it. Maybe I can start the next trend! I may not be a cowgirl, but you make me feel like one anyways. Happy Birthday, Rich.

With Love, Mandy Boggs





During high school, my grandpa found me a job guiding trails and riding sale horses during the summer. In the odds and ends of jobs that were handed to me during my time there, one evening my coworker and I were told to catch some colts that were turned out in a forty acre pasture. Six two-year old colts that had been touched a handful of times. After about three hours of walking, sweating, and swearing, Cody and I sat down on the ground as tears of frustration started to well up. As I sat there, there was one person on my mind. My grandpa is always great for a pick me up at what seems as the worst of times. As I explained the situation between sobs, my grandpa patiently listened and offered his story as advice. In his younger years, grandpa worked for Bob with another young group of guys. My grandpa said that Bob would get angry with him one day and fire him only to call in the morning and ask why he wasn't at work. One day, the boys felt as though they weren't making enough money for the work they put in and decided to go on strike. As they sat in the front of the barn with their arms crossed and chests out, Bob walked up. My grandpa said the boys started whispering about how this wasn't a good idea and the famous line "Don't Weaken!" came under the breath of my grandpa. As Bob asked them what they were doing, my grandpa explained that they did not make enough and decided to go on strike. Bob told them to get back to work and the boys scurried as my grandpa still sat there. Bob was quiet for a minute and then told my grandpa to get back to work and enjoy his raise. He was the only one that day to get one. From that day, every time he got fired and was called in the next morning, he got a raise. And two dusty, sweaty hours later, Cody and I caught six colts. Thanks for the advice Papa!

- Love, Jess



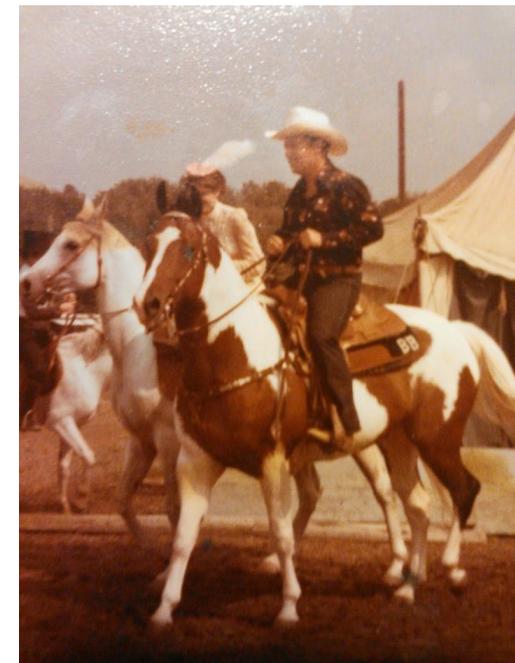
Happy Birthday Rich, fearless leader of horses & humans! I wish you a wonderful day! So many times when I have encountered difficult situations with horses, I would ask myself, "what would Rich Bradshaw do?" Now I want to know when there will be a Rich Bradshaw App for my I-phone so I can channel in and get the answers!! How handy would that be? Probably a most memorable "heroic feat" I witnessed while boarding with you, was the day you hopped on my difficult hunter mare Tess, Western saddle & all. On this day you rode her right into your indoor arena with 2 horses turned out & loose in there having a grand old time galloping & kicking up their heels. I remember thinking that Tess was surely going to turn inside out. I could not have been more wrong - was this really "my" horse?! It was spellbinding to watch you keep her under total control. To this day, I love to see the expressions on peoples faces when I tell them this story! Had I only had an I-phone camera then . . . it would have made a wonderful U-tube video!

Your perspective on teaching, keeping things fun while encouraging, educating and empowering is a gift and I am grateful! May today be a gift you will always treasure!

- Marianne MacLean



Once a horse trader always a horse trader, but some of Rich's most memorable trades weren't horse for horse or for money. He remembers walking into a jewelry store picking out a wedding ring & trading 40 rubber stall mats for it. He also bartered for a ring that Linda had her eye on for some time it just happened to be on the finger of Dave Treharne's fiance When that didn't work out & it fit Linda perfect you guessed it a horse for a ring. How about when he was selling a horse & saddle to a funeral home director & asked if they bartered? You got it he got a certificate for 2 cremations in exchange for horse, saddle & \$200! Rich's most memorable trade was of his very 1st horse he traded that horse & a summers worth of work for Frosty a mare who would have a Colt rich would raise at the age of 14 & that was the day a legendary horse trader was born. **-Pam**



Boss had a bay gelding for only a few days. A lady came to look at it early in the week. Was coming back on the weekend with her daughter. I had to go to a rodeo in ga. That's Saturday I was at lunch when he called laughing. He told me he traded the horse for 2 burial services. A few years later the funeral home was sold. He went to see if the deal would hold up. It was in the books and the new owners would honor it. I had to walk out of the restaurant when he told me. I was laughing too hard. You know it's going to be good when he starts the conversation with "you're not going to believe this..."

- Patrick Cooper



Well I met Rich at the Geauga county Fair in 1981. That was my last year in 4H. I had a horse named Little Rafter. He was my 1st barrel (contest)horse. I had a for sale sign on his stall at fair and Rich ended up buying him from me for \$2000. Several years later this horse was used as 'Burton's police horse'. Two years later I started working part time for Rich.

In the fall of 1988, I was packing up my life in Ohio and moving to Texas! My life then was a horse named Evening Star & a dog named Cody! The morning that I was heading out of town, we (my family & I) had a donut & coffee going away party. Many people stopped to wish me well, some with cards and gifts for the road. I remember Rich telling me that he wanted to do something for me but did not want to give it to me that day. He said that in the coming weeks or months, if I got in a bind and needed a little help, he had \$100 waiting for me. That I remember thinking was very different from anything anyone had ever done for me.

I took my time driving to Texas as Star was 6 months in foal with her 1st baby. My second day in Texas I found a farm to board Star. That first night she stayed in the outdoor arena & the next morning when I stopped out there we were gonna introduce her to the pasture. It was a barb-wire fence that the lady assured me was well marked & tight everywhere. The pasture was about 20 acres, so there was no way to walk her around the whole thing. So when I turned her loose, she proceeded to Ryu up the hill and into a temporary 2strands that was run across field. Yep you guessed it Star almost took her left front leg off at the top of her forearm! There was a vet 2 miles down the road, he came swiftly and said that she should go to clinic for a better healing environment. The vet did a beautiful job of fixing her. And that emergency that I needed help with , I called Rich, explained what had happened to STAR and he sent me the \$100 as promised! My Evening Star lived to be 33 yrs old!

Thank you Mr Rich Bradshaw!

- Cheryl Brown



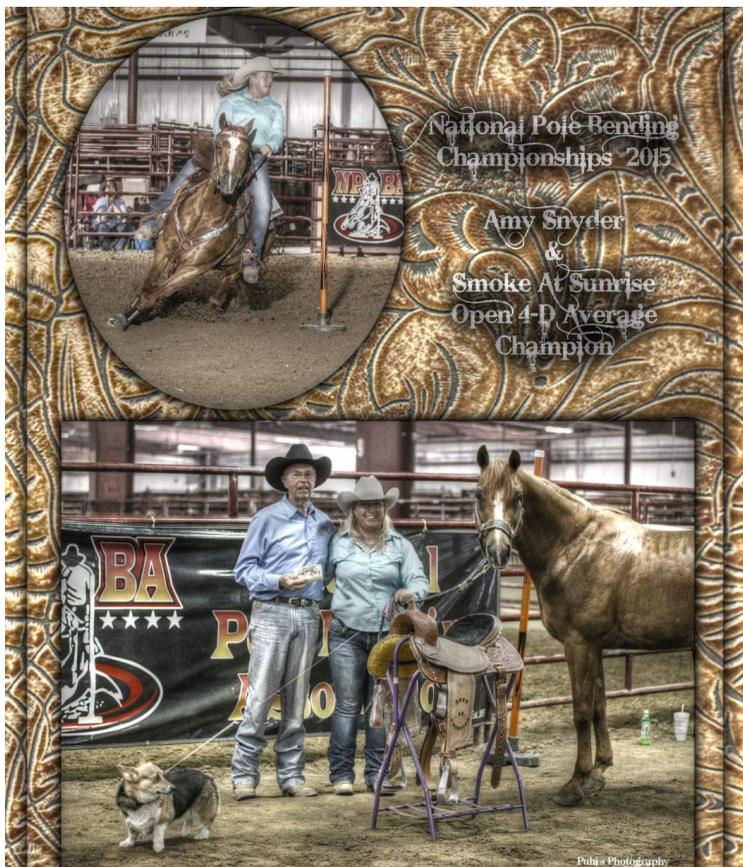
Thank you for all the years of helping me. For about forty years you helped me with horses, purchasing, training, and just answering questions that helped.

- Kitty Sarosy

"Listen to me horse. Listen to me."



Where do I start hmmm lets start back approximately 1977 ish? My parents decided it was time for me to get my first pony. Rich at the time was breaking out our show Morgan's for my parents and helping them show them all over Ohio and PA. My dad approached Rich for his help. The petting zoo at the Geauga Fair was selling a black and white pony. The owner wouldn't budge on the price even with Rich helping to seal the deal! So my dad decided to be funny he paid for my first pony in \$1 bills in a brown paper bag! Paint-Point came home to me as my first pony he spent years clothes lining me onto the fence and running under to get me off. Boy what a way to teach me to ride. My parents decided it was time for riding lessons so Rich was my first instructor I was about 5 I bet. I had amazing teachers Cracker and Brownie.... One day Brownie was not cooperating and Rich decided to make a make shift tie down for Brownie and well that was all she wrote he took me for a ride and from that point on Brownie and I weren't friends anymore! We did a lot of things with the Bradshaw's growing up in the summer together. We went to Geauga Lake one summer and I loved roller coasters! So we all get on and get seated Pam, Stacy (my step sister) and I . When the ride ended Rich was in a panic he couldn't find me as this trip my parents weren't there. The search was over I was under the seat hiding! Rich has never let me live it down. As I got older and parents went in different directions, I would go sometimes with Rich, Linda and Pam to shows, this trip was pretty local to Lake Erie College. Of course are barrel racers ever on time? We were on the back roads to the college and OMG Rich is like a race car driver trailer and all I was under the seat til we arrived! Pam was laughing at me the whole time! Great times at all the barrel races growing up! My ability to ride all came from Rich from all the lessons when I was younger, it made the basis and the rider I am today. About 9 years ago, I was in the search for a quarter horse my first one, I had shown Morgan's all my life Hunt Seat, Saddle Seat and Western. Dave Treharne spent many weeks helping at Rich's sales. Boy I think we all miss the spring and fall consignment sales Rich and Linda have put on. Rich got a sorrel 6 year old quarter horse gelding from Lawrence Bishop the week of the sale so he had two owners the week before Dave came up to get ready for the sale and bought him so this horse changed hands 3 times in one week. Dave took him home from the fall sale. I was in search for a barrel prospect so Nate my husband called Dave and pleaded did he have anything? Well, I have a gelding name Slide I was keeping for myself for roping Dave replied. Never the less he came home with me! Slide didn't know barrels or poles but I am fortunate that I was in the right place at the right time and friends like Rich and Dave led him to me. Years later he has been top 5, 10 and 15 in the poles at Congress and last year won a saddle at the NPBA show with the top pole horses all over the country. Moral to the story is you can always goto or count on Rich and say hey I am looking for this or if you ever want to be reminded of your childhood Rich doesn't forget a thing and will remind you and in the end you are laughing and enjoying the stories of your life! Thank you Rich for the great person you are you have taught me so much over the years and I my love for horses have grown from the great start with you! PS..... these great memories I can not depict or tell the way Rich can in telling a story!



Love Amy Snyder



The date Saturday March 19 1988 will always be etched in my memory. It was my sweet 16th birthday & for it to fall on Maple Leaf Horse Sale Day a girl couldn't get much luckier! My dad's horse sales for me & many others ran a close second only to Christmas. We spent weeks getting ready, bathing, riding, & gathering horses. Getting a sneak peek at all the consignments. Not to mention Friday evening when the catalogs came out & friends gathered together for dinner to find their pick of the sale. Well that evening my dad was late getting home, I remember Linda & I being a bit annoyed because we were gonna be late to dinner. Where could he be? Well the truck finally pulled in the drive & his little girl figured out why he was running behind. 16 red roses for his birthday girl. My very 1st bouquet of flowers from the man all men would be judged against for the rest of my life what a tough act to follow! Fast forward to birthday day. My present a brand new pair of red roper boots & red Western shirt my colors for sale day. We hauled & groomed & rode the twenty some horses my dad had consigned & it was time to start the show. I always got to ride the 1st horse in the ring I felt like royalty. I ride in & my dad explains the sale rules, welcomes the hundreds of people & then..... He says I wanna talk about my daughter for a moment. Sweat starts to form under my cowboy hat because we all know my dad. He says Pam turns 16 today so if there are any young men out there willing to clean stalls & brush horses that would like a date with her their are applications in the office!!!! My face I'm sure was the color of those fancy new boots & I sure enough was looking for a place to dig a hole in the middle of that sale ring & hide! The good news I did get a date from that little speech so I guess it was worth the embarrassment in the end! The Man the Myth the Legend My dad my hero my inspiration. Happy 70th birthday DAD!!!



Pam Bradshaw







Finding Rich in the USA back in 2000, was for me just like my American dream. I already used to do Team Roping in Brazil, and always had a dream of roping in America. So, when I got there in Ohio I didn't have anyone to count on, and Rich and Linda turned out to be just like my mom and Dad up there. I learned a lot about horses and roping with Rich, we worked a lot together and had so much fun. We did a lot of roping, riding, and traveling together. I still think about him and Linda almost every day. I really wish I could be there at his 70th Birthday, but I will be here still waiting on Rich to come down to Brazil! Pictures included are at RB Arena when I arrived in August 2000, when we went to a Cleveland Browns game (It was the coldest day of my life. It was 27 degrees below zero. We ended up in the bathroom drinking hot chocolate to get away from the cold!)

Happy Birthday Rich, you sure have a big friend here in Brazil. I really do miss you and Linda. Love you guys just as I love my own parents!

- Luccas Aguiar , from Brazil

Rich was training two 3 year old morgan mares for me. Teaching them to drive was quite an experience. The one named Priceless drug Rich over a wall in the arena, while ground driving her. After a while, they were ready to hitch to a cart. One mare as easy and very quiet. The other, Priceless, was not so quiet.

He felt she was okay to drive around the fairgrounds, so I got in and he drove. We hit a bump and she took off, while trying to get her stopped he handed me the reins and said, "I will jump out and grab her head". I said NO WAY. Just then, we hit a bank and the horse went down to her knees. The cart shafts stuck in the dirt of the hill. Finally we got her unhitched. he walked her back to the stable and I pulled the cart back. One shaft was bent and stuck sticking straight up in the air. What a sight. Decided she was not for harness work, and went the under saddle route.

- Tom Snyder

Rich as you approach this landmark birthday, I think back on some of the times that you and I shared with Tom Tarkey. Like those out-of-state horse auctions, such as the one at the state college in Indiana, PA. None of us will forget THAT one. We flipped a coin and you and Tom lost! How about the night we stopped and had a few "beverages" in one of the local taverns after a long day at another sale, and you wanted to take 'old spot' out of the trailer and ride him around a bit... until the local law showed up, and told us to put him away. Just wanted to wish you a very happy birthday old buddy, and many more happy trails!

- Jim & Shelene Studzinski





It's always been my hope that my two-year-old daughter Anna would be excited about riding given that she represents the 4th generation of Schneiders. About a year ago, we told Anna that she would be going to Rich's barn to ride her first horse. She was excited. I was excited. All was great until we got to the barn. When we arrived, she was hesitant and cautious. Rich immediately showed my wife how to introduce Anna to the environment and his horse Dundee. My wife held Anna and pet Dundee. When Anna saw that my wife was having fun, Anna wanted to pet Dundee. Very quickly Anna wanted to ride the horse. She was laughing and smiling on her ride around the barn. I was so happy. It's clear that Rich's gift is creating connections between people and horses at all ages. Now Anna can't wait to get to the barn.

- Eric Schneider, Schneider Saddlery



Thanks for being the
BEST SANTA!

From all your friends at
Schneider's Saddlery





thank you for the adventures



for teaching me how to be a Cowgirl



for great fun and friends

ringing in a New Year tradition



**Happy Birthday to our
favorite Cowboy!**

**-Jamie Davis
"Miss RB Arena"
"Trail Princess"**

**"I've spent most of my life riding
horses, and the rest i've just wasted."**



This adventure (just one of many) occurred while camping at Cooke's Forest with Rich and Linda.

Rich, Linda, Mike and I decided to go out for a 3 or 4 hour trail ride. During the first few minutes of the ride we encountered some ladies who obviously didn't know their way around. When they asked to join us on the ride we were very welcoming, and the 3 ladies joined us. Part way through the ride, Rich, Linda, and I were up front, followed by the ladies, and Mike took up the rear. Mike was far enough behind, that I think the ladies forgot he was back there, and they all stopped to pee on the trail. One lady was very "big boned" and the rest of her was even bigger.

My first real experience with Rich was over a horse deal. I asked him to look at a horse that I wanted to sell. Rich liked him but really didn't have any use for him and was very honest in saying that. He ended up offering me XYZ which I said I would have to think about. 24 hours later and another bad ride I found myself calling Rich with my own counter offer. Rich, how about you give me XYZ and I'll throw in a case of beer. "A case of Beer"? "I drink Bud Light". The next day I showed up horse in one hand, beer in the other. Rich looked at the beer and said that's not a case, that's a 12 pack, a case is 24. You owe me another 12 pack. So off to the store I went. Thank you Rich, you may not even realize it but the reason I have the horse I do today is because of you.

- Jill Romask

My experiences with Rich go back many years. These experiences happened through friends instead of direct contact. I first started watching Rich ride a green horse in the middle of a herd of loose horses. I asked Marianne, what is he doing?! The response was making the horse trail proof. Years later, Missy Reeves would pass on Rich's lesson information to me and I would try them on my green horse and show ponies. The bits of teachings made my horse wonderful and ponies winners! My horse goes in Rich's hackamore, doesn't fall in because I keep my inside hand up, can back up across a ring, side pass, jump anything, trail ride, chase geese, stop on a dime all from second hand Rich lessons! The ponies are all child safe and happy. So you see, Rich can teach without even being present.

- Jeanne Ford

I've known you almost my whole life but I have gotten to know you so much better since I have started my "second" riding career! You are an amazing horseman and an inspiration to so many! I have thoroughly enjoyed riding and learning from you. Your clinics, trail rides, cow work, obstacles and charity events are enjoyed by so many! Thank you so much for everything you do! Wishing you many more years of health, happiness and horses! By the way, the absolute funniest thing I remember about you was watching you jump butt naked into Ted Stepiens hot tub. Some things are just burned in my memory forever!

- Sincerely, Terri Schaefer

Rich asked me where everyone was, and I told him I think the ladies stopped for a pee, which at that very moment it occurred to us that Mike would encounter the "bathroom break" in a few minutes. Rich pulled out his phone to warn him....Mike's words when he answered the phone were "too late, my eyes are burning". I personally have never seen Rich laugh so hard, he was doubled over on his horse!

- The Remple's





The telephone rang and Rich Bradshaw answered it. "Hi Rich! This is Judi Smego. Ray and I are in Florida and we just bought 4 young, unbroke paso fino geldings. How would you like to start them for us once we get them back home to Ohio?" It was 1999 and Rich and I had not seen each other since we were riding horses at Bob Barnard's years ago. He worked there full time and I helped out with some of the horses. Rich went on to ride rodeo and I went on to ride hunters. Years later, my husband, Ray, and I were getting into paso finos as they were smooth gaited horses. Rich started those 4 youngsters for us and they all went on to be wonderful solid citizens. Three were easy and one was super sensitive. Rich asked if he could develop his desensitization program with him and we gave him the go ahead. It worked so well and the horse went on to be a wonderful junior horse for a teenage girl. Rich invited us to watch his sorting practice one evening and we were hooked. Ray bought Baxter, a fantastic sorrel quarter horse gelding, from him, and he and Baxter became legendary! I soon joined with Bear, another made quarter horse

gelding, and we had a wonderful time at sorting practices with Rich and competing successfully. We worked together for ten years developing his website and advertising horses over the internet. Working with Rich was a unique experience. He is so painfully honest and knowledgeable. If the horse did not fit the buyer, Rich would not sell him to that customer. But, there were so many good matches made during those years. Rich and I are the same age, and as we progress through the years, he has been my mentor and good friend. I turn to him for those solid words of wisdom. He has helped me tremendously, both as a horsewoman and as a person. Ride your horse, Rich! Happy trails forever!

-Judi Smego



It has been seven years already since i first met Rich and Linda. I remember it like it was only yesterday i was new in town and just started working nights at Town Tavern (OTG) and here you all came flooding in lol was so nervous since nights at the bar were also new to me too. Of course i wanted to make a good impression and after a few times of Wednesday night , it soon became a night i looked forward too!! I loved hearing all the laughter from his stories and jokes and one of the first ones i remember was his hula skirt he got from "magic Mark" soon after i heard how much fun you guys have and how crazy it gets ..i knew he ..and all of you were my kind of people!!! So over the course of the last seven years, in a whirlwind...summer time i am in short shorts so of course he started calling me daisy duke lol, remember seeing pictures of him bringing his horse into the bar, The cantaloupe story when he forgot his teeth and keep trying to tell Cristi the cattles still out to tell Linda but it sounded like he was yelling the cantaloupe the cantaloupe!!!

Dressing me up in chap's and cowgirl hat for halloween ...good thing i am not shy lol!!! Love hearing about all the adventures with Linda from the time they first met and how many nights they stayed late and closed the bar down with Al.... to ending up seeing them in the ER one night ,by the way glad they kept me company for awhile..so many things to say , but most of all i look forward to my Wednesday nights thanks to him and Linda both , you guys keep me on my toes ..the more i learn about you all. I hope you have an amazing Birthday and of course cannot wait to take you to the "Ball " one day too . from your second perfect waitress lol Gabrielle Thank you for all the laughs and most of all always being truly good to me.

- Joel Hobson

Drinking, Dancing and hat shaping sure makes for a fun night! Once upon a time when Rich was between marriages we all went out for a night of laughs. As the story is told now, Rich felt sorry for Lorri as she was a young widow and need to have some excitement. On the way home, after a full evening of beverages and dancing-Jamie and Lorri were in the back seat of Rich's Tornado(which resembled a pimp car)they spotted a cowboy hat with a big pretty feather hatband."Hey Rich what's this?" Nice hat! wire rim hats are really in style. We started to play around with the hat and Rich hollers "Don't mess around, I need to get that hat shaped. Jamie says "I'll shape this hat", she punched out the top and Lorri put it on looking like Hoss Cartwright. Rich is reaching into the back seat "Hey cut it out it's Esther's hat" trying to grab the hat. "like this?" Lorri asks. Everyone is hysterically laughing, Jerry is on the floor of the front seat. The car is skidding into the median strip of the freeway, swerves hits the berm when Rich cuts the wheel, thru the mud and weeds. Jerry takes the wheel and Rich is trying to grab the hat. The girls try to throw it out the window-windows locked. They opened the back door and slammed it in the door. As hard as Rich tried he couldn't save the hat, feathers flying and crushed in the door. Lorri and Jamie put the hat back on "How's it look now?" We somehow got home with the car packed with weeds and mud. We are glad Rich can laugh about this now even though he had to buy Esther a new hat!

-Lorri, Jamie and Jerry

The evening Rich Bradshaw almost got me beat up. As Rich was trying to sell a horse he was riding in the sale pen he slid off the back rear of the horse slapped her on the butt as to show her quietness when two guys in the stands didn't like it and a few words were exchanged him and I having been in the bottle. They were coming over the top rail of the sale pen, when I said to myself; here we go we're probably going to get our asses beat. I stepped off the wall which was the other side of the pen into the center of the pen at that point I guess the two local boys didn't want any part of us. I didn't ride with Rich for a while after that night.

- Michael DeMauro

A wild night in Gates Mills. A group of horse friends went to a Holiday party in Gates Mills where the hostess invited us to use the hot tub it will make your back feel great (having just had a compressed fracture from a riding accident) . I didn't hesitate to go in bathing suit or not you're covered in water and the skylight was shining down with the stars. I was not the only one in the hot tub a few others also. Not your typical 6 person but a large one that instead of a pool house it was a hot tub house. When Rich showed up and decided to join the fun- still not sure if it was Rich or Jerry Davis that did the cannon ball into the middle next thing I knew Rich grabbed my leg and pulled me under. With that Michael jumped off the chair and had a towel yelling KIMBER out now!!! That was a night we still talk about.

- Kimber DeMauro

P.S. A short note for Rich – When I was going over to see Joan before she passed all she would talk about was Rich and some of the horses he rode and how she thought the world of him. Not one day would go by that she didn't have a story or two about him or Charlie.

"everything you want is on the other side of fear"

I have been lucky enough to have known you for 153 years, when you were 45 y.o. and I was 12.... Luckily at 13, I had learned to drive and somehow found my way out to "The Guru of the Fairgrounds."

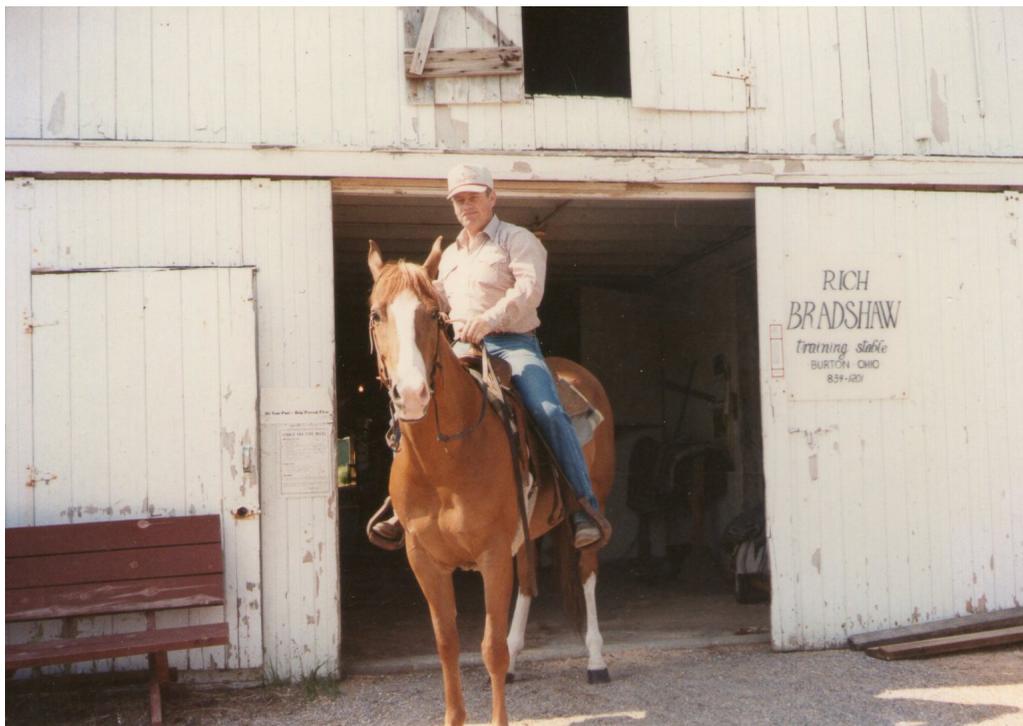
I don't think that you will remember, as you are now soooooo old, but I came to you seeking a Draft x TB for hunting, since I was bigger than the average guy. You looked at me, smiled and said nobody ever asked for that kind of horse and that I was one of the first! I turned to leave and you called "But don't go away – I have a youngster you may like." Ever the salesman, you showed me a handsome black Perch-x with a white blaze, perhaps a 2 y.o., and I was immediately taken! I entered his stall and he put his head in the corner. As I approached him from the rear to talk with him, that big, young, powerful rear lifted and his hoofs popped me in the... well, hold that thought! When I regained my wind, I said "I'll take him" as I could tell he was athletic (at least with his back feet.) Finnegan went on to become a terrific hunt horse who I eventually sold to a Pittsburgh Stealer (though he did not "steal" him.)

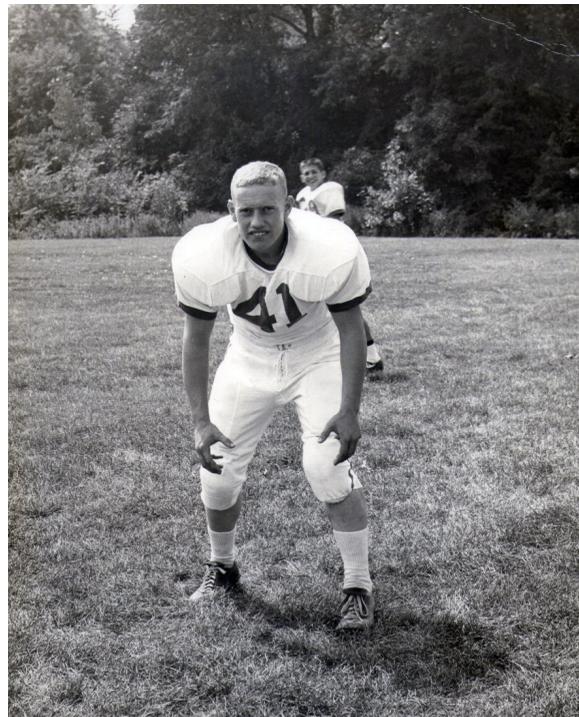
In the horse biz, we have always (I hope and believe) been friends. I really liked the horses I bought from you, and they were what you represented them to be. I have always appreciated your sense of horsemanship and good business...however...I wish you'd wear a helmet so you will reach your next HAPPY BIRTHDAY! **- Dick Desberg**











Betty

Rich Bradshaw training stable has been in business over 45 years. Rich has had a right hand man or woman in this case for over 30 years. Betty walked into the barn all those years ago & was a perfect fit. Most people looking to work at a riding stable want to ride! Stall cleaning & brushing is not the fun stuff. I don't think Betty has ever asked to ride a horse at work. What she does do is all the little stuff. Feed, clean, turnout, saddle, greet clients, keep the other hired help hopping & her specialty taking a shaggy dirty newbie sale horse & making it look like it's headed to the show pen. I know Rich appreciates the years of hard work, conversations & laughs he has shared with Betty. He told me the other day "if Betty ever retires I might have to retire to I couldn't imagine running this place all these years without her" So Betty thank you for doing all the little things all these years you really are a irreplaceable employee & friend to my dad.

- Pam Bradshaw

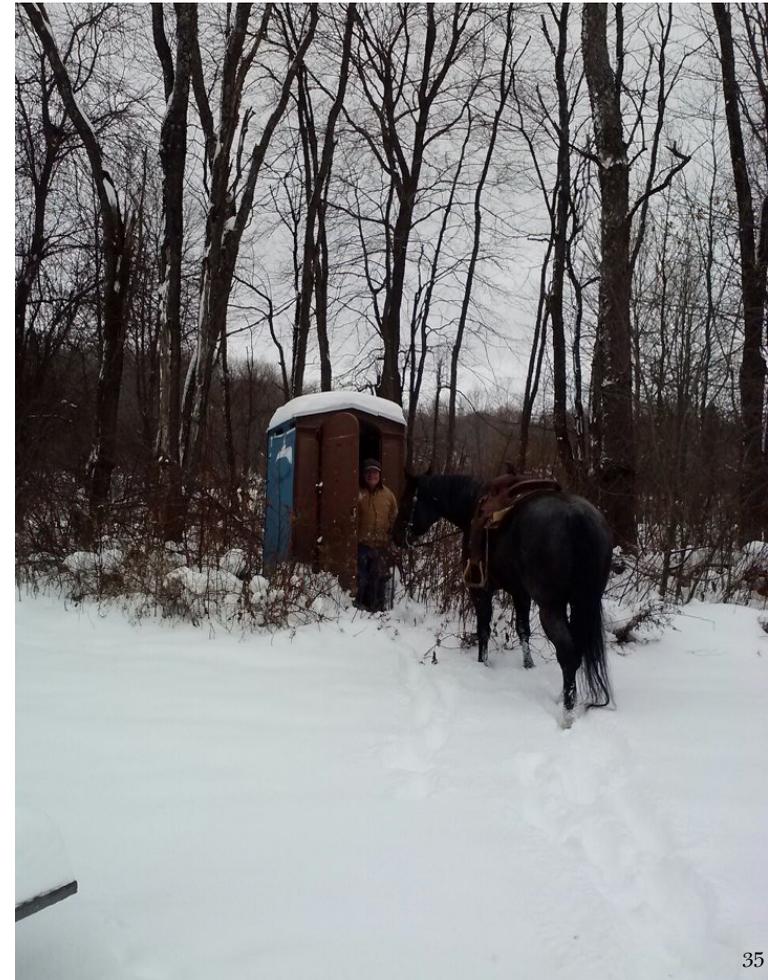
One of the things I remember most is when I came back to riding. I was taking lessons from Rich . I had told him I was interested in buying a horse and that I was going to wait until next spring . In September I went to Rich's horse sale not planning to buy a horse and then everything changed when I saw this horse -LittleJoe . So I asked Rich what he thought about Joe , he said he talked to Linda the day before and said that might be the horse for me. That's all it took!

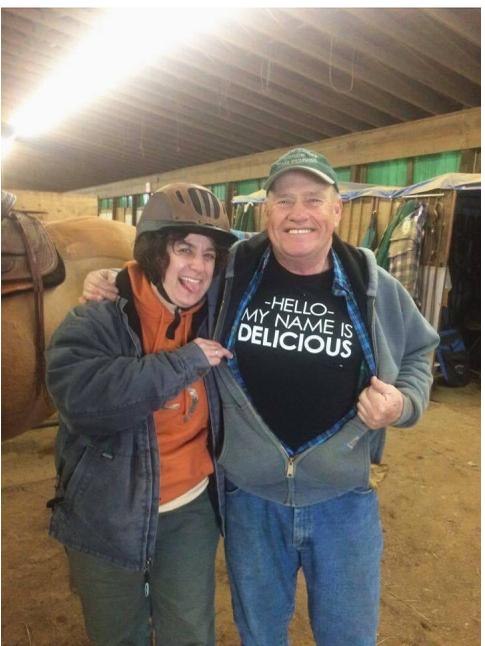
- Sally

I have so many good memories and good things to say about Rich I don't know where to begin! Rich has been an unbelievably instrumental part of our lives, from the early days as our teacher/trainer when we first started taking riding lessons, to the days as our coach when we started working cattle, which quickly progressed to our friend, someone we could go drink a beer with around the fire and even camp in his driveway for a few days. The sheer joy he exuded when I first told him I was pregnant and the big hug he gave me is something that made my heart swell, only to swell even more when he came to visit our newborn son and carried him around at a sorting practice, only 3 days old! His quiet demeanor and patience is unparalleled, his ability to read a horse and rider and to judge how best to allow both to get the most out of a lesson is inspiring, and you will learn he is always watching and assessing your horsemanship skills, ready to give advice the moment you ask. He is someone you want to make proud and when you do, there is no better feeling. We are so honored to be able to call him our friend, and he is someone we have both sorely missed since moving away. May you have a wonderful birthday and know how very blessed all of us feel to have you in our lives. Thank you for being you!!

- Love The Randolph's

*"In riding a horse, we
borrow freedom"*





I met Rich when I purchased a cross eyed pony from him at his last horse sale at the Geauga County fairgrounds, but that's another story to be told later. I took my first lesson with Rich because thankfully, I had enough sense to know that if I was going to have horses, I needed to really learn to ride. I had horses as a child, had no lessons of any sort and had gotten back into riding in my 40's. I was a passenger and to quote Rich, "had the worse balance of anyone that he had ever seen." Rich told me after we became friends that the only reason I stayed on my horse was because "she didn't really care about getting out from underneath you." The first morning I arrived for my lesson, I expressed my desire to learn, he asked a couple of questions and then, we hopped on. Rich had me go into a trot which my horse willingly did for a stride or two before returning to the walk. This was typical for us as was her going wherever she wanted despite my attempts to keep her on the rail. Rich was on a horse behind me and suggested that when he said 'three' I kick my horse. Ok, here we go.....I went up into a nice little trot, Rich said, "one, two, three" I kicked and off we went. My horse was moving around beautifully! This went on for probably close to ten minutes. Every few minutes, came the 'one, two, three—kick' and we were looking great! All the while, I am thinking to myself, "this man is a genius; why didn't I come here before; we have never trotted this long and this well; he is the real deal cowboy!!" At probably close to the ten-minute mark while making all the wonderful comments about Rich in my mind and plans to continue lessons with this incredibly talented trainer, I happened to notice something out of the corner of my eye.... what was it you may ask...well let me tell you...it was Rich, riding along behind me with a lunge whip saying "one, two, three, and on the three whacking my horse with the lunge whip! No wonder we were going around so beautifully! Well, that was in January of 2012. To date, I have continued to ride with Rich every Friday morning despite the weather (especially early on) except when one of us was out of town. What I have learned from Rich has been invaluable to my horsemanship, my riding and to my own personal growth. I would have never ridden the places I have , never participated in obstacle challenges, roping, cow sorting at the Great Geauga County Fair, showing with the GHPA, just to name a few. And, if we write a second book I will tell you about how he helped me learn to drive my new trailer.

- Kendall Smith

*The Crossed-Eyed Pony... So the horse lovers reading this are already thinking... What the???..... A cross-eyed pony? Let me take you back to a day about five years ago. The sun was bright, the wind was brisk, and the sale was, well, it was my first. I was obviously there with horse lovers. I was along for the ride. I love animals, but the horse addiction was not flowing through my veins. To me, they were big dogs who I could slowly get to know and hopefully then pet. I walked around. I saw the beautiful Dalmatian horse, (now, I realize is an Appaloosa); the blonde horses with the beautiful manes; and of course the reddish/brownish horse with 4 black socks (yes I knew what socks were) and a flowing mane. I thought she was cute. Well my partner, Kendall, thought she was more than cute. She had to have her. So we went to lunch. We planned our bidding strategy and walk-away point. We walked back to the fair grounds and friends. At that point, our friends gave input, of course they did. Their input varied, and to a large extent was like me giving input, uninformed. Kendall although had fortitude; she wanted this horse; she was not leaving without giving this her best shot. The bidding started. She was engaged. \$1,000, \$1,250, \$1,400,..... you get the point. The bid surpassed our stop point. Kendall looked at me and without hesitating, bid a few more times. She Won! Uh, oh, She Won! Now we had to figure out how we were going to get the horse home. We were trying to figure out the logistics of that while standing in line to pay the lady. It was then that I overheard Linda Bradshaw. Please understand, poor hearing mixed with no horse experience can lead one into some funny situations. Oh yeah, so Kendall was making arrangements for how to transport the horse, and told me to pay. And that is when I heard Linda say, "the horse cross-ties." She was talking about the horse we were purchasing. I breathed slowly, calmly walked over to Kendall. And said, "hey this is a lot of money for a cross-eyed pony. Are you sure?" WELP, suddenly, there was an uncontrollable roar – a freakin' thundering roar. Kendall and her friends asked me to repeat what I said, so I did. Suddenly, there was not a dry eye amongst them. For the non-horse people – there is no such thing as a cross-eyed pony. Just look at their eyes - think about it. Sheepishly, I paid. I slinked out...

continued....

The next weekend we went to Congress. And strutting down the isle was – Rick Bradshaw. He yelled over to Kendall. “Hey, come over here and tell my friends about your cross-eyed pony.” Kendall was like, “oh no, he thinks it was me that said that, not you.” Then we both roared. Well that my friends, is what I call the spark that ignited my awe of Rich. I started to accompany Kendall on some of her Friday morning trainings with Rich. I would sit in the grandstands and watch Kendall ride, and listen to Rich. Yes, Rich was teaching her to ride, but what I heard was unparalleled insight. He may not know this, but I went home and told Kendall, “I want Rich to be my coach.” Rich has an amazing ability to connect with others, read others, see the potential in others; his heart is large his wisdom unbounded.

Rich thanks for teaching me that there are no cross-eyed ponies. But what I appreciate above all else is your energy, your willingness to share, teach, encourage and give back to others. Rich Bradshaw – thanks for all that you do.

- Andrea Singer



Grandpa Taught Us...

- How to ride a horse
- How to play cards
- How to stand on a horse
- How to clean stalls
- Responsibility
- How to respect animals
- What to eat for breakfast (donuts of course)
- How to drive a four wheeler
- How to get a tractor stuck in a creek
- How to hold the stick at pancake breakfast
- How to clean the horses
- How to spray the horses so they don't get bugs
- How to ride a horse with squirt guns and dodge water from a hose
- How to canter
- How to jump over things on a horse
- How to ride a horse without a helmet
- How to respect the military
- How to sort cows
- How to play tag on a horse
- How to lasso a cow
- How to hold the reigns
- How to drive his truck
- How to get on and off a horse
- How to tell a good joke
- How to appreciate the small things
- How to give back
- How to be care free
- How to be crazy
- How to have fun!

Love, Jenna, Luke, Sandi and Jason

“NO HOUR OF LIFE IS
WASTED, THAT IS SPENT
IN THE SADDLE...”

- WINSTON CHURCHILL



I have been thinking of you and all of the good times we have shared. I remember when Mom & Dad brought you home. Back then, no one talked about women being pregnant and babies being born. The only babies I had seen were my cousin Mary Alice's little brothers and sisters. They lived just past Tubby's beer joint and next to Aunt Mary and Uncle Homer's. Boy what a big surprise it was when they brought you home! I was so happy! I didn't get to hold you for a long time. As you grew up I got to play with you, feed you and dress you.

You were three when Dave was born. Mom was so busy with him that you and I really spent a lot of time together. We went for walks down to the field and the river. I took you to some school basketball games. I really remember reading your favorite book 'Little Black Sambo' over and over and over again. If I missed a page, you sure let me know.

I remember you starting school at six years old {I was sixteen}. You hated walking to the bus because JoAnn Bramley wasn't nice to you.

In 1954 we moved to Maryland and lived there for ten years. I really missed your growing up years. We moved back in 1964 and life was great. Anne and Chip got to know their Grandma and Grandpa, Aunts and Uncles and all of their cousins. It was wonderful to go to family get-togethers.

This was about the time you started your business, I think. I know that Dad told you he didn't think you could support a family that way. Years later, he told you he was proud of you for what you had accomplished. I AM SO PROUD OF YOU for what you have done with your horse

business. You have worked so hard, no matter how many hours and how much work, to succeed and support your family. You have been in business for over 40 years and I think that is awesome.

There is something else you have done with your life that makes me, all of our family and all of your friends even more proud of you. As busy as you were, you raised Diana and Pam. I know of single parents raising children and working, but not having a fairly new business and raising a handicapped child like Diana and raising her into her early twenties. I have no idea how you could have possibly done it all. I know I wouldn't have been able to do it by myself.

You have always been so good to me. Coming to visit, bringing pancakes from McDonald's, you and Linda bringing me a whole dinner, taking me to lunch for years and taking time for me when I come to the fairground. There are too many things to list.

You are a wonderful , super brother.

I love you, Joan

Happy 70th Birthday!

The Runaway Stagecoach As a teen-ager Rich was an aspiring young cowboy. He worked as the driver of a mini Stagecoach for Bob Barnard. It was pulled by 2 ponies Billy & Peanuts & 2 mules Sadie & Susie. At the Ashtabula county fair while driving down the Midway the boot broke on the wagon & hit the mules in the butt.... chaos followed!! The team ran off down the Midway as Rich tried to slow them down, what were they headed for you ask??!! The pony ride ring, in particular the ticket booth, now mind you back in the day a person went in the booth & the door was locked from the outside! From what I hear the booth was rocking like crazy when the person trapped inside saw that Stagecoach coming! Luckily Rich got the scared team under control just in time to save a real wreck. - Pam

Dear Uncle Rich,

My first memory of you has to do with the first time I rode a horse, or maybe it was a pony—it sure looked big to me. I was 9 years old and there was a group of us. You were in charge. I'm not sure where we were , but it wasn't far away. You helped me up on its back {I don't remember a saddle—just reins} and without any instructions, you slapped it on the rump. It took off like a shot and I held on for dear life. I was scared spittleless. I have not been on a horse since then. I did forgive you—much later!

I want to thank you for always being there for my Mom. That means a lot to me. Thank you for setting such a good example for the rest of us. I am a better person today for knowing you.

I love you, Anne

Happy 70th Birthday!

.... And many more!



ROLL N B LINE

EL PASO

ANTONIO

DODGE

CREDO

Dallas

OOO



to be continued....