

Gandie
Owned by Lori Windows

We've all had friends like this. When you were kids, they were the one that was afraid to ride no-handed down the big hill. When you got in to High School, they wouldn't try that can of beer, but they'd cover for you if you wanted to stay out all night. In college, they'd go home when the drugs showed up at the party. After college, they took the safe route - joined dad's company - while you lost your shirt in that risky business venture. Through it all, whether you used them or ignored them, they stayed your friend. That is my good horse Gandie.

Gandie passed the UMECRA 1,000 mile mark in 1993. In 2000, he surpassed 5,000 miles. He has raced at the World Championship in Kansas, carried me through the Big Horn 100, crossed the Rockies from Wyoming to Colorado, travelled the sands of New Mexico and the swamps of Florida, and climbed the humid mountains of the Biltmore estate. He has done it all with style and quiet compliance. He does not race because he wants to, he races because I want him to. He has his faults, I've learned to live with them; I have my faults, he's learned to live with them.

This is perhaps my favorite memory of Gandie. In the summer of 2000, we were engaged in a race on the hottest, most humid day known to mankind. Leading the pack, we left the final check alone, almost everyone else had been pulled! 6 miles from the finish, I was convince I was going to die. Gandie watched as I lowered my entire body into a water trough. Patiently, he sipped around me. 15 minutes later, still no one else evident on the trail, he said to me (and I swear this is true, not a dehydration hallucination), "Lori, if you'd get your wet ass out of that trough and up on my back, we could win this thing." I did and we did. Thanks for covering for me one more time my patient friend.

