

HOOFPRIENTS of REGION 5



Let us hear from you...



Any information, questions,
photos you would like to
see in the next
Hoofprints of Region 5?

Please submit to
lindaclay@aol.com
or katcasey4@icloud.com

Region 5 Board of Directors **2020**

Bill Moore – President
Sherry Garnes – Vice President
Marsha Howard – Secretary
Cindy Keen
Patty Lucas
Sandey Pegram
Paula Riley
Andrea Rogers
Alternates: Victoria Whitehead

National Board Members:

Esther Diaguila
Kris Gray
Alternate: Sallie Kudra

Kathleen Elizabeth Nicholl

Sylva, North Carolina

September 19, 1944 - September 29, 2021

Growing up in Baltimore, Maryland, Kathleen “Kathy” Martin Nicholl drew pictures of horses, read about horses, and hoped one day to have a horse. She began to fulfill that dream when she and her husband started Fern Hill Farm near Cullowhee, North Carolina, in 1974. First came a barn, and over the years they bought and raised various horses, who enjoyed the large pasture and creek. Kathy became an active member of the North American Trail Ride Conference (NATRC) in 1989, competing in multiple trail rides in the Southeast (over 1750 competitive miles), volunteering to support both riders and horses on rides, and editing the regional newsletter for over 10 years. She loved her Tennessee Walking Horses and was cremated with her NATRC riding jacket and a stack of horse pictures.

Kathy became a pioneer in the computer industry when she graduated from the University of Maryland with a degree in mathematics in 1965, having taken FORTRAN and COBOL, the only offerings for undergraduates. She initially worked for the National Security Agency (NSA) near Washington, DC, and later faced gender discrimination as she sought a position as a computer programmer upon moving to Austin, Texas, to join her graduate student husband as a newlywed. After they relocated to NC in 1970, she found a job in the Computer Center at Western Carolina University (WCU). At the time, punch cards were still in use and computer terminals were just being phased in. In 1983, Kathy joined a WCU co-worker to take over a Radio Shack franchise in Sylva, NC. Being female owners of a computer store was ground-breaking. She sold her share of the business to her friend a few years later, and then focused on raising her two children, Emily and Matthew, as well as doing community service work.

Kathy volunteered for over 25 years with what is now known as Harris Hospice, preparing their newsletters and performing various administrative tasks. She then worked with United Christian Ministries until health concerns caused her to retire from that fulfilling work. Much earlier she had enjoyed the challenging job of co-leading a Girl Scout troop full of squabbling junior high and high school girls while Emily was a scout. In her last decade, Kathy was an active member of St. John’s Episcopal Church in Sylva, NC, preparing church bulletins, coordinating ECW (Episcopal Church Women) fundraisers, participating in book study groups, and using her still-expanding computer skills to incorporate music into the church’s Zoom-based meetings that began during the pandemic.

Had it not been for another love, of dancing, she surely would never have met her Texas-born husband, James R. “Jim” Nicholl in June 1966. While working for NSA, Kathy attended a Washington area singles dance, for which the men were required to be military officers or college graduates, and the women were required to be at least 18. Jim was in Maryland just starting 42 days of training in Army Intelligence. He spotted a tall, willowy brunette who looked like she was having fun, and he asked her to dance. They spent the evening dancing and talking, and the couple never looked back. They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at a special vow renewal ceremony at St. John’s Episcopal Church in June 2018, with their family, the church family, and other guests.

After a 6-year battle with two types of breast cancer (plus a broken hip and ankle, and hip replacement), Kathy passed away on September 29, 2021, with her husband, her son, and her only sibling, Susan Winterbottom, at her side; and with her daughter and son-in-law, Philip Hopfner, on the telephone. She took her last breaths as her children sang “Amazing Grace” to her. She is survived by her husband, two children, son-in-law, daughter-in-law (Jill Ludwig Nicholl), two grandchildren (Austin and Lily), sister, 4 nieces, 6 nephews, and Misty, her last horse.

From a condolence note: “All of us at St. John’s will miss Kathy, but we are blessed by her memory.”

A memorial service will be held at St. John’s Episcopal Church in Spring 2022. In lieu of flowers, donations in Kathy Nicholl’s name can be made to the Building Fund of St. John’s Episcopal Church, P.O. Box 175, Sylva, NC, 28779.





Endurance and Trail Riding Supplies



I Found My Wings and Learned to Fly Again

Angela Averitt

H Cooper Black Ride in the Pines

Remi and I completed 32 miles at our first two-day NATRC ride with the encouragement of some really awesome ladies Savannah Heath, Julie Hart, and Angela Moore! I knew Remi could do the miles, but I wasn't sure if I could handle her energy. I saw a FB post that they needed more riders and that was my sign! I immediately signed up. At your first NATRC ride it's highly suggested you ride with a mentor. Julie had coached me on the rules but because all the rules can be overwhelming, I wanted to utilize a mentor and knew Remi would do better with a buddy. However, to my disappointment, at the new rider meeting, I got paired up with another new rider, Allison Trill, because there were not enough mentors. Allie assured me she had a quiet horse and we would get through it. While walking back to our trailers she mentioned her horse can be a kicker. I often use a buddy horse to be Remi's brakes when she loses her mind and wants to race, so I was like "oh hell this isn't good". To add to my concerns, Saturday morning as all 30-40 some riders are gathered around on their horses to get timed out 30 seconds apart, Allie's horse reared (which she's never done before) and ran thru camp after Allie made an emergency dismount. The safety riders caught her horse, she mounted and walked over to me assuring me again that we would be fine if I'd give her a chance. I'm a nice person so I half heartedly obliged with butterflies in my stomach. Turns out Allie was exactly what I needed and her mare Bella was exactly what Remi needed. Allie has experience training horses and works with riders who have fear and confidence issues. Coincidence? I think not!! I had an absolute BLAST riding with her! After three years of being scared to death to let my horse go, I finally let her go. We trotted and cantered thru the woods on a loose rein like "trail seeking missiles" as Remi's trainer Elise Rogers would say. I didn't even have to put her behind Bella as she wanted to lead the way! After completing Day 1 I was over the moon in love with this horse and how well she behaved all day. Of course, she still had her silly green Arab moments, but Allie helped me breathe and relax my seat to calm Remi down. Remi always made the vets laugh with the wads of food she was saving for later and proudly showed them at all our P&R's. Side note: it was also supposed to rain all day and only drizzled! I almost canceled the whole thing over the rain and boy what I would have missed out on!

Lesson #1: have faith that everything will work out as it should! God's got your back and HE always has a plan!

When Sunday rolled around, I had a whole new lesson in store for me. We started off the ride on a loose rein. I was so excited at how calm Remi was I gathered my reins in one hand and took out my map to make sure we followed the right trail. Remi suddenly had a brain fart and forgot she had just returned from 3 months of desensitizing/confidence building training. She bolted in a circle like I pulled a damn cougar out of my pocket. I held on for what seemed like forever going round and round determined not to get thrown off while other riders were being held up by our excitement. I didn't seem to be getting anywhere at my attempt to stop her and my body was stiff as a brick in terror, so I decided to throw the map on the ground. Wrong decision! Suddenly the cougar grew wings causing her to bolt sideways away from it. I could feel the sheer fear in her body! We were headed downhill towards a mucky pond after a lot of rain making the terrain dangerously slippery. I decided it was best to bail and I let go. My HitAir vest inflated, and the force of the spin and speed bounced and rolled me in a huge puddle head first. I went in like a synchronized swimmer and came out like the Loch Ness monster emerging from the puddle covered in mud gasping for air. More concerned about my horse than myself, I started waddling towards Remi like the Michelin Man dripping in water with my inflated vest. She looked dazed and confused but somewhat relieved she got rid of that damn cougar on her back. I took my vest off and Allie grabbed Remi who was a good girl and didn't run. Allie insisted on taking my muddy crooked glasses and wiped them with her shirt while making me breathe before I passed out from the adrenaline. I was shaking like a leaf! One of the volunteers was trail riding by and offered to take my inflated muddy vest back to my trailer. This vest has saved my life more times than I can count so I WAS NOT leaving it on the trail to blow away.

I was just outside of camp and thought for a split second about calling it quits, but I knew the fear that I had just overcome the day before would return to consume me if I didn't get my ass back on that damn horse. In NATRC you have to finish your ride within a 30-minute window, or you get disqualified and we just lost 15 minutes so there was no time to change clothes or overthink things. So off we went! I sloshed around in my saddle with clumps of mud in my helmet, half an inch of water in my boots and a nosebleed. We had to make up time, so we immediately picked up a canter despite my fear of cantering without my safety vest. I called Savannah who came to my rescue during our 10 minute P&R hold with dry clothes and a towel for my wet saddle. I was freezing and could not be more grateful! We went on to complete Day 2 with no more incidents. Mission accomplished!!

I walked away from this weekend with so much more than I ever expected. I haven't LMAO this much in a long time and learning how to look back at something negative and scary and being able to change the way you look at it with a sense of humor changes everything! "When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change" Warwick Schiller

HUGE thanks to Allie for giving me my confidence back and having faith in me, Savannah for bringing me dry clothes and having my back, Julie for coaching me and encouraging me to give this a shot despite the weather, and again Elise for re-starting Remi from the ground up so she would have the confidence to endure this new challenge like a pro! Many times throughout the weekend I held back tears of fear and joy and I wouldn't change it for the world! Hopefully someday these life experiences will allow me to give back like these ladies did for me! Thank you to Angie Lindberg for putting on such a beautiful well-managed and well-marked ride and all the volunteers and riders who welcomed this first timer with open arms. The awards were super cool too! I'll definitely do another ride but next time I'll make sure my horse has had a refresher to map reading on the trail!

#keepcalmandrideon





**NORTH AMERICAN
TRAIL RIDE CONFERENCE**



Special Notes:

Hey everybody. I just want to share a thought I just had. Mrs. Paty's horse lost a shoe this weekend and I don't carry that brand of shoes in my rig most of the time. Thankfully, she had a spare pair of horseshoes that were the same size that she needed. The next time you have your farrier do your horse, ask them if you can buy a spare pair of shoes (or keep the old pair they just replaced) that are the same size as the ones your horse has on. I usually keep a variety of styles with me, but sometimes I don't have an exact match to yours. Thanks so much! See y'all at CITP - Nancy Johnson Fuller



CONGRATULATIONS Marilyn Hartness and CMF Hallel (Haley) on joining the NATRC Centennial Club after competing at the GA on My Mind ride. Her age + her horse's age = 100!



Please check NATRC5.ORG for upcoming rides and information!

Follow us on Facebook

