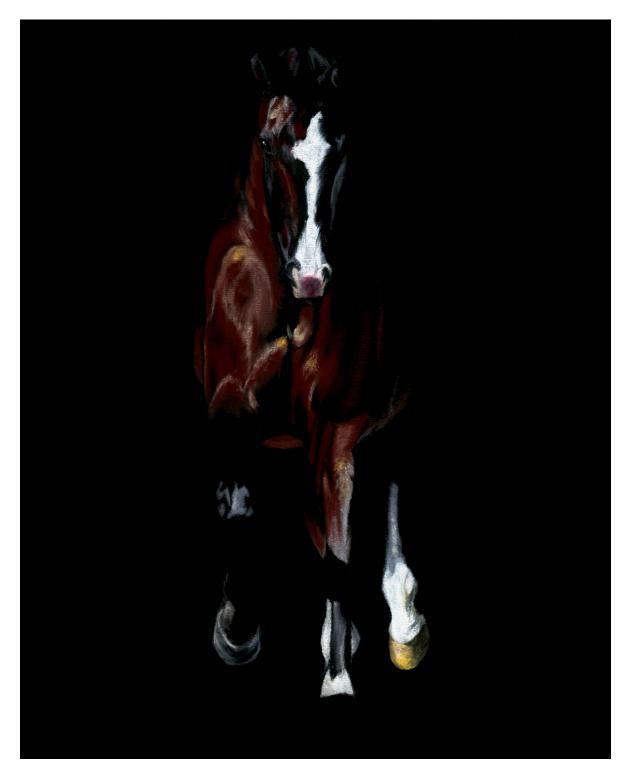


#### **GRAND PRIZE WINNER**

Elizabeth Robinson, White Blaze





#### ART DIVISION

15 & Under: 1st Place: Jessica Dees, Head Frame





#### ART DIVISION

15 & Under:2nd Place: Sophie Nasrullah, Harmony





#### **ART DIVISION**

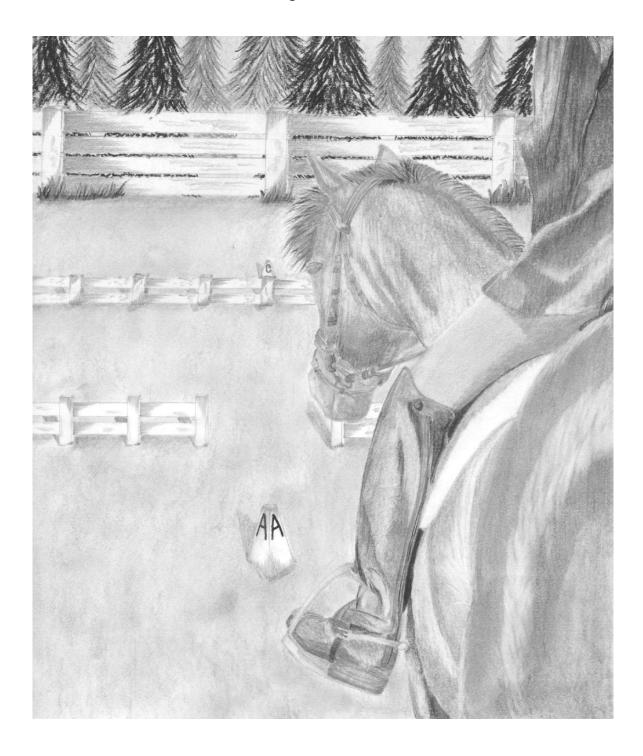
16-21: 1st Place: Jordan Schulz, Nalando





#### ART DIVISION

16-21: 2nd Place: Nellie Stallsmith, Meditating





#### ART DIVISION

Adult: 1st Place: Melanie Eberhardt, Warm-up Arena





#### **ART DIVISION**

Adult: 2nd Place: Goldie Schnitzer, Half Pass

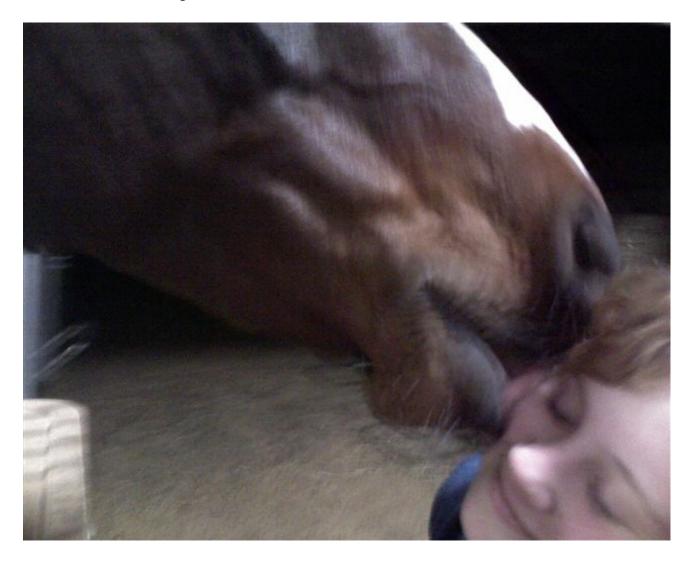




#### **PHOTOGRAPHY DIVISION**

15 & Under:

1st Place: Katie Lang, Peace





#### **PHOTOGRAPHY DIVISION**

15 & Under:2nd Place: Katie Lang, Camouflage





#### **PHOTOGRAPHY DIVISION**

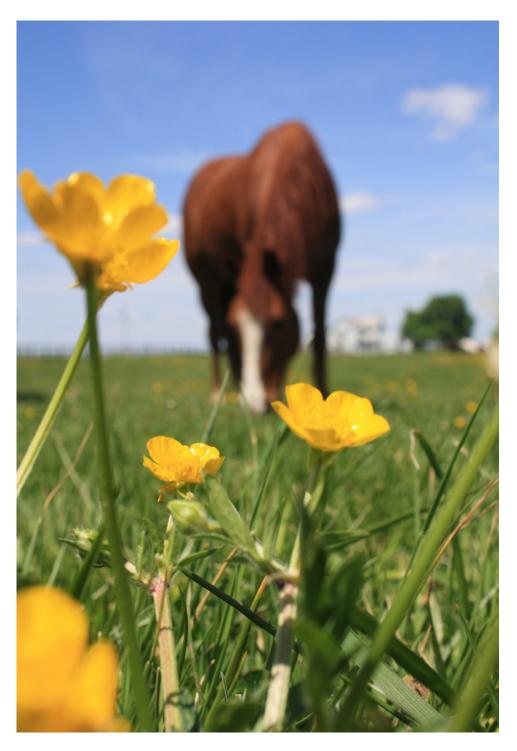
16-21:1st Place: Emily Austin, New Awakening





#### **PHOTOGRAPHY DIVISION**

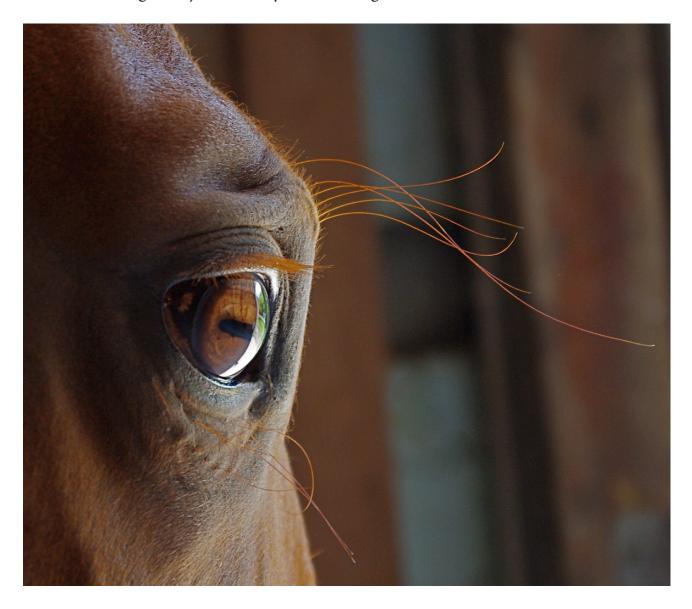
16-21:2nd Place: Victoria Holtsberg, Meadow Buttercups





### **PHOTOGRAPHY DIVISION**

Adult: 1st Place: Margaret Bjorkman, Eye on the Judge





#### **PHOTOGRAPHY DIVISION**

Adult: 2nd Place: Bonnie Marentette Bendzans, Dee Cee





#### WRITING DIVISION

15 & Under: 1st Place: Rachel Cohen, The Rider

### The Rider

She rode everyday The sun on her face, sweat dripping down her back, and the reins in her hands Sore muscles and sunburns just a formality Mouth set into a firm line, forehead crinkling with determination Pushing, every muscle, every moment Perfection is what she strives for, only settling for her best

Dressage-all demanding Every hour she put in showed, Pay off at it's best-those moments when horse and girl mesh completely In her zone, exempt from the world around her Worries pushed aside, just riding, just horses In the moment all the time

Riding, a passion to be there the rest of her life



#### WRITING DIVISION

Adult: 1st Place: Eileen Krause, Once More into the Arena

### Once More into the Arena

Scents of leather, horse, and nerves ride the rays of the setting sun.

Tall boots hang down the sides of the huge, gray mare.

Tight hips nestle, at home in the saddle. Once-stronger abs lift while slumped shoulders unfurl. Arthritic fingers struggle to keep double reins from slipping.

Stiff hocks loosen with the long warmup. The mare flows to the bit and offers her back like a forgotten medallion. No thought for the Century Club.

A reassuring pat and a whispered "We can do this."

From collected canter, an immobile halt at X. With bowed heads and hopes high, a respectful salute to the judge.

Extended canters down the long side, half pirouettes and half passes, the softest velvet of flying changes.

The dance of their lifetime. The long-chased dream. The quest.

The Silver Medal.



#### **WRITING DIVISION**

Adult: 2nd Place: Nancy Lashua, Canvas

### Canvas

I hear That voice I have to ride, As I must breath, Or live, Or die.

I see Van Gogh A canvas, a brush. My horse and I, His garret high. Our empty arena At twilight, Don't we all have our Starry nights?

I feel our tempis His swirls of stars. Streaks of life in Dark and bright. Passage, Pirouettes that never end, Journey to our dreams. Together we bend. I pray Vincent, Your paint, your tears. Dressage To us, Is heart and fears. A portrait That sings to that voice inside-Vincent to paint, You and I, To ride.