

In Loving Memory

Comet

May 9, 1980—June 12, 2010

We lost another trusted friend in the equine world, our old horse “Comet.” You don’t get a name like Comet by being slow and lethargic. In his younger days Comet was indeed a ball of fire and a bright light in the field of horses.

He went from a horse that it was almost impossible to put a saddle on and get into a trailer to a trusted friend that a child could ride.

Nancy bought him as her horse. He was the second horse we purchased. We began gentling him down. We took Rachel and him to the Iowa State Fair that summer. She rode him in the big outdoor arena with a hat she borrowed from some competitor across the aisle and was declared the class champion.

Comet had been a stallion until he was nine. We bought him as an eleven-year-old. He already had quite a reputation. Rachel was nine at the time and she was developing quite a reputation herself as a girl who could ride anything. They were a match made in heaven.

He could run. He’d be full speed in about two or three strides. Tail straight up in the air, ears pricked up, and his snow white mane flying. They made quite a pair. At age 22, we took Comet to his last show. Rachel entered him in the speed race. He beat them all. Won first prize.

Light as a feather. You could ride him by just thinking what you wanted to do and it would be done. He was the one that all the kids wanted to ride. He was the one all new mares brought to the farm immediately went to. He was the one that Ninja (our Lipizzan stallion) was the most concerned about. Comet was the man, gelded or not.

Rachel could ride him without hands. She gave jumping demonstrations, bareback and no reins. When she decided she wanted to shoot a bow off of horseback Comet was the choice. They both picked it up immediately and within a couple of weeks were doing exhibitions. He was about age 29 at the time.

A full-blooded Arabian, Comet had a pedigree that included some of the best in the Arab world. His sire was imported from Saudi Arabia. He was the great-grandson of Sultan, an Egyptian horse of great fame. Comet was royalty and he knew it. He wouldn’t tolerate poor handling.

A month or so before his death, Rachel purchased two Lipizzan mares from the daughter of a breeder in Arizona. Her father had recently passed away and she was selling off his stock.

We kept the two mares under wraps for a few weeks and then decided to introduce them to the herd a few weeks ago. Guess who the older mare went to immediately? Yep, Comet put on quite a show for her. He looked like the young guy we purchased almost twenty years ago.

His neck was arched, his back was up, and pranced and snorted down the fence line. They went nose to nose over the fence and the match was made. She was his.

Wherever Comet went from that moment on Alleluia (the Lipizzan mare) kept track of him. Whinnying and neighing to him. He died Saturday night in front of her stall with her whinnying softly to him. Friends and family gathered around. A little piece of all of us died that night.

-Gene Wehrheim



1992 Iowa State Fair Class Champion



Comet & Princess



1993 Johnson Co. Fair Grand Champion



Bow & Arrow at age 28 1/2