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Owl Man by Bob Miller by Bob Miller

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One day as I was filling in the blanks on a check I intended to send to an animal shelter that needed money in a bad way because they had ended up with several horses that had been shamefully neglected, a visiting in-law says, â€œWhat a waste of money. Most horses are mooches. They donâ€™t d nothinâ€™ for their keep.â€•

I placed the pen down out of reach which is my habit if I have a sharp object in my hand, and suddenly through no fault of my own, I become fearful that I might shove it into a personâ€™s eye or throat.

I slowly turned the high back leather chair around until I could look deep into my brother-in-lawâ€™s eyes. I asked nonchalantly, â€œHave any luck job hunting today, Dan?â€•

I almost never ask an idiot a question that I donâ€™t already know the answer. I knew he hadnâ€™t had a luck because he hadnâ€™t been out of the house since arriving three days early.

Dan with his best woe-is-me expression said, â€œNo, there ainâ€™t no work to be had.â€•

A lot of people cringe when they hear a double negative, but Dan has a way of rotating his head when heâ€™s getting ready to lie that reminds you of an owl. He ends up looking up at people shorter than he is. I canâ€™t explain it, but it just seems to make listening to Dan worthwhile.

â€œDan, has my sister Wanda ever mentioned her great, great grandfather, who because of similar circumstances just happens to be my great, great grandfather as well?â€• I supplied my sisterâ€™s name hoping my brother-in-law, whoâ€™d make JethroBodine from The Beverly Hillbillies look like a Rhodes Scholar, wouldnâ€™t ask, â€œWho?â€•

Owl man didnâ€™t answer because he had sat down in an overstuffed chair I use when reading or watching a video, and he was busy feeling under the cushion for change. I have on a couple of occasions put a few coins under the cushion just to watch him fish them out while trying to look as if he was just fidgeting around trying to get comfortable.

I continued on, â€œThe truth is, Dan, youâ€™d not be in that chair if it were not for a horse.â€• I now had attention such as it was.

â€œYou see, Dan, Wandaâ€™s great, great grandfather was caught out in a blizzard. After several hours in knee deep snow hoping against all hope that his old horse could make it back to the house, he passed out. When he awoke he was home in his own bed. His family told him the next day that his horse had brought him to the front door and whinnied, screamed, and nickered until they open the door. Then it fell over dead.â€•

I watched as Dan made his way to his feet. Once upright and with the $0.45 cents I had stowed under the cushion he says, â€œCanâ€™t see what thatâ€™s got to do with me being in that old chair?â€•

When I see a horse lazily grazing I see a creature whose ancestors lost their lives saving the lives of my ancestors. I realize that if it had not been for the horse that I might not be here.

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The author of this article has expertise in a equestrian. The articles on a shelters reveals the authorâ€™s knowledge on the same. The author has written many articles on animal, a sanctuaries as well.

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