

What do you do when your elder daughter wants to ride to her wedding and then discovers that she has a clot (DVT) and not allowed to ride or have any contact with horses just in case she gets bruise? Faced with this dilemma she turned around and said to me "Mum it will just have to be Danny in a cart". That was all well and good but for a couple of problems, one Danny full name Boonahburra Braveheart is a Connemara stallion aged 6 and although broken to saddle as a three year old he had only a little education, as his main purpose in life was to look after his little herd and occasionally agree to go to the local shows

I had been suffering from a back problem and walking, never mind long reining a quiet but never the less powerful young stallion was out of the question. I tried several times but ended up lying on my back for a week. The wedding was drawing ever closer and I was beginning to panic, as there was no way I could see that Danny could be trained to pull a cart, Never mind a four seater sulky "with a fringe on top", a bride, her father and her sister in a matter of weeks to a church in the middle of Wingham (a little town in NSW with a village green and olde English style pubs)

I went to the Taree races and met one of my friends whose husband just happens to be a racehorse trainer, I asked him if he knew anybody who could train a horse to pull a sulky, he thought for a moment and then said he would, but he was very sceptical when he realised the time line. Trevor admitted he knew nothing about Connemaras loved the thoroughbreds and he had a wonderful Arab years ago that he did endurance on, but Connemaras nothing!!

The following Monday Trevor and his wife Kim arrived to give Danny his first lesson, the cart we had was too heavy so he made shafts out of irrigation pipe and screwed them together at one end with a piece of "four by two" and off they went for a drive. The poly pipe was light and quickly gave way when Danny turned, "slow and steady" Trevor kept saying and at the end he kept saying "what a brave boy you are Danny". Trevor and Kim came out three times a week for four weeks and each time Danny would improve and Trevor became more impressed. "He's a great pony, very brave". He graduated from a two wheeler to a four wheeler in no time, Trevor remarking he was born to do it. Danny amused us all with his "Quarter horse sliding stop" as soon as anyone mention the word "Whoa" or "stop" he would tuck his hind legs under him and stop dead. Trevor drove him in the paddock around jumps and down the road. Danny never forgot who he was or where he was going and would whinny to any ladies in the paddocks but would merrily trot on as if saying "Hey ladies look at me, I'm a fine young gentleman come and see me sometime". My younger daughter and her friend were very eager to have rides in the sulky and regularly turned up "just in time "to have one.

The big day dawned and Danny was washed, scrubbed, plaited and for once didn't roll just after his bath!! I guess he knew this time it was important to be clean and neat. We decorated the sulky with white ribbon and white tulips and he had a special brow band made in the colours of the bride and bridesmaids dresses, he looked so smart.

Trevor was all dressed up in his "Sunday best" and they both looked a million dollars as they headed off to pick up the bridesmaids returning then to pick up the beautiful bride her handsome father in his kilt and stunning sister. (I guess I am a little biased) After the wedding the bride and groom were taken to have photographs and later picked up and driven to the reception by Trevor and Danny. As the bride and groom got out of the sulky, a member of the band on a tin whistle played "Danny Boy" it was just so special.

Having done their duty Danny and Trevor about turned, picked up two young ladies who had been waiting all day for a ride and started back towards the float for the journey home when the most awful thing happened. The shaft attached to the front

wheels snapped and Trevor was catapulted forward landing face down in the grass. But still holding firmly onto the reins, Danny could have bolted and caused a worse accident instead as soon as Trevor shouted "Whoa Danny" he stopped dead. The girls in the back of the buggy were jolted forward and bruised their knees but otherwise Ok ,Trevor was shaken (but "not stirred") as he recovered he asked if anyone had it on video because it might win Funniest Home Videos ..But nobody had they were all being introduced to the new Mr and Mrs Collett.

As I reminisce on the wedding and I think of the people who helped make it so memorable I thank especially all my relatives and friends but especially Danny for making my daughter's dream come true.

Danny was bred by Sue and Robert Dodds in Bambra Victoria Australia he is by Celtic Michel Magee out of Boonahburra Katie. He has several purebred and partbred foals and has passed to them his gentle willing nature.