

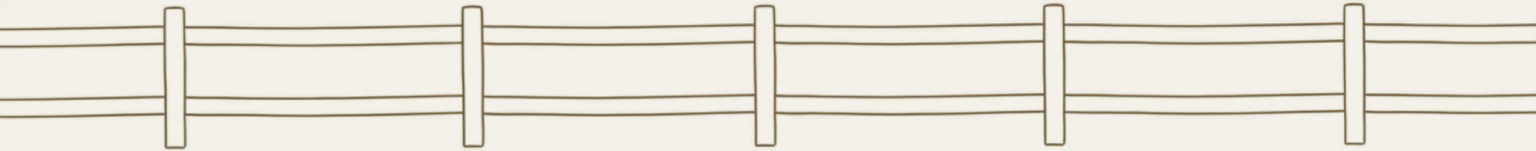
IN LOVING MEMORY

Remembering Willow

20th May 1999 – 2nd October 2023



Twenty years, one very lucky family





Willow

20th May 1999 – 2nd October 2023

Remembering Willow

Twenty years, one very lucky family

Willow came to us as a green four-year-old in 2003 and stayed for twenty years, which is most of a childhood and a good part of a life. Hannah learned to ride on her, fell off her, cried into her mane, and grew up alongside her at the yard.

She was honest and kind and occasionally very stubborn, particularly about gates and puddles. She carried a nervous child through her first shows and a confident teenager through her last, and she never once did anything to frighten either of them.

In her later years she was retired to the field she knew best, where she spent her mornings grazing and her afternoons standing nose to tail with her old friend Bracken. She died in the field in the autumn of 2023, an old and much loved pony. There is a Willow-shaped gap at the yard that will not be filled.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Willow

yasin · 20 July 2026

It is with heavy hearts that we share that Willow, our Welsh pony of twenty years, died peacefully in her field on 2 October at the age of twenty-four. She taught a whole family to ride and looked after every one of them. Thank you to everyone at the yard who loved her.

EVENT

A morning at the yard for Willow

yasin · 20 July 2026

When: 4 November 2023, 10:30am — 4 November 2023, 12:30pm

Where: Meadow View Livery, Kenilworth

Anyone who knew Willow is warmly welcome to join us at the yard for a quiet morning to remember her, with tea, cake, and plenty of stories. Bring a carrot for Bracken, who misses her too.

MEMORY

She taught me to ride

Hannah Reid · 20 July 2026

Everything I know about horses, Willow taught me, usually by doing the opposite of what I asked until I asked properly. She looked after me when I was small and had no idea what I was doing. I owe her more than I can say.

MEMORY

The whicker at the gate

Claire Dunn · 20 July 2026

Every morning when I brought the feeds round, Willow would whicker at the gate before I was even in sight. She knew the rattle of the buckets. Twenty years of mornings, and that sound was the start of every one of them.

MEMORY

Retirement in the field

Hannah Reid · 20 July 2026

In her last few years she did nothing but graze and doze in the sun with Bracken, and she had earned every minute of it. We would go and sit with her, and she would rest her chin on our shoulder. She knew she was safe. That is all you can hope to give them.

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