

When a mother holds her baby for the first time and looks at her amazing creation, she wants her child to own the world. At this point, this little baby can be anything she wants to be! This is how it was with our first child 13 years ago. We saw the world through her eyes, all the possibilities that lay before her, and we dreamed of all that she could accomplish. Three years later we welcomed her little sister, with the same hopes and dreams and world of possibilities. Only with Libby, she was placed on the path less taken. We watched our little girl miss milestone after milestone and slip further and further behind all her peers. We visited specialist after specialist, only to hear the same words over and over again: “We have no idea why.”

And so our journey began. Instead of taking our little girl to dance and soccer, we went to physical and occupational therapy. Instead of choir, to speech therapy. We tried music therapy and water therapy, desperately searching to find anything that would make a difference in her life and help her progress. We wanted to see her smile. To see her happy. To feel joy. We wanted her to find a place where she belonged. A place where she was understood and loved. Not to be seen for all that she could not do, but to be celebrated for all that she could do!

With every missed milestone, we saw our vision for our beautiful little girl slip away, piece by piece. With time and support, we realized that our goals for both our children were not right. What does it matter if your child can conquer the world, but isn't happy? Isn't joy and love what truly makes the world a better place? And if you have the ability to bring that joy and happiness to any child, yet alone a child who has to work to accomplish everything in her life, isn't that worth its weight in gold?

When Libby was three and a half, we finally did find a place where she belonged. We found a place that loved our little girl and celebrated her milestones which came few and far between, but meant the world to us and to anyone who knew her and how hard she worked for them. We found a place that helped her build her core muscles like no other therapy we tried. It gave her the confidence to hold our hands and try to take steps and not scream in fear that she would fall and get hurt. We found a place where she could do something special like all the other little kids her age could do. This alone is something so incredibly simple and one of many things most parents take for granted, but something that parents like us can only dream of. We found Horse and Buddy.

These are only a few of the many things we found in Horse and Buddy. A place that brings joy and happiness to our little girl. This is what donating to Horse and Buddy means. It's providing a place of sanctuary to the children of this world that need it the most. It is giving children with disabilities a chance to feel special and to be able to do something that their peers can do. It is bringing joy and happiness to those in desperate need of both. But most importantly, you are supporting a place where our little girl, and those like her, can be seen for the amazing person she is. She is not “the girl in the wheelchair”, nor “the child who cannot talk.” She is simply Libby. And she is celebrated and loved for exactly how she was made.

Warmly,  
Elizabeth & Cyrus Bradford

