

Three thousand one hundred and seventy two, three thousand one hundred and twenty, one thousand nine hundred and fifty six, one thousand four hundred and sixty, one thousand two hundred and thirty eight, one thousand two hundred and twenty eight, eight hundred and fourteen. You may be asking yourself, what do these numbers mean? These seven numbers represent the many of miles that I have spent behind the windshield with my family and friends driving to cuttings. Cutting-up is about the journey before you step into the show pen. I have made a lot of memories in the show pen, but the times I truly look back on and cherish are with my friends and family. My love for the cutting industry and the people in it has kept me driving thousands of miles each year to go to shows and spend time with my cutting family.

I started this journey eight years ago on hot summer days in the Central Valley of California. I was riding a green cutting horse and definitely had my own difficulties trying to learn the sport. When I was nine, I attended to my first youth clinic and with encouragement from the clinician walked into the showpen the very next day. It was everything except graceful, my horse leaked up the pen and lost a couple cows. Everyone cheered and supported my attempted run with encouragement to keep on cutting. A lot has changed since then and cutting-up is so much more than that.

There is a unity among everyone at cuttings. Even if you are showing against each other, you are more focused on beating the cows than your fellow rider. I experienced this hauling for the world in 2016. The people I competed with all year became some of my best friends. We would cheer for each other while we were showing and when the horses were cooled, groomed, fed and put away we would all gather around the trailers for dinner and storytelling at night. Hauling that year were some of my most favorable memories. Some of those memories were not always at the shows. Clocking those miles, we experienced some interesting stories. Around midnight on I40 coming back from a 17 hour haul in New Mexico we narrowly missed two big white pigs in the middle of the road. Education was always plenty when stuck in traffic returning from Idaho among everyone returning from the Burning Man festival covered in alkali dust. And then listening to the same audiobook ten times on the way to one of the Arizona shows because one of us always fell asleep at the ending.

When hauling for the world my mare tore a suspensory a month before the finals. Against my trainer's advice I decided to show my three year-old, Rodger Rabbit at the World Finals. The amount of support I received from my cutting family was amazing. Showing a three year old in the Watt Arena and marking a 217 against older, more experienced cutting horses was memorable, but I really enjoyed the experience because of the people along the journey that I made connections with.

The past two years I have made a journey halfway across the country to Oklahoma for the Breeders Invitational. When I look back upon the Breeders Invitational, I fondly remember going to Jimmy Hula's every chance we got with my friend Bear, and then there is my Mom being constantly worried of tornados and even taking not just my horse but all of the trainers horses into the tornado shelter during a storm. Or hosting dinner every night at the LQ trailer and playing Kan-Jam with the other kids in the RV

park. When I think of Cutting-up, this show definitely comes to mind because of the memories I have made and the people I have met in the loping and practice pen, and being able to watch and learn from the top trainers in the world.

The people in the cutting industry are what makes it truly unique. My love for the cutting industry has kept me driving these miles to do what I love. The memories made are unforgettable and the friendships formed are irreplaceable. And that's cutting-up.