

In Loving Memory-NANA



Nana was the inspiration and guiding factor in forming Placitas WILD and finding a partner with the San Felipe Pueblo. Without Nana there would be no preserve or Placitas WILD

Nana was the matriarch of all the western herds of Placitas. She avoided the first fatal roundup in Placitas by chance. The story goes that the big paint stallion and his herd were rounded up because they were regularly coming to drink from a resident's unfenced swimming pool in Sundance Mesa. The BLM was called and captured the herd breaking the stallion's neck in the process and took all the horses away. Nana was thought to be a young mare in that herd that escaped and has been roaming the surrounding hillsides for more than 20 years.

She has been the lead mare in most of the herds of the west end and taught most of the resident horses how to survive and find food. She has had a hard life. Once let through a gate opened for her during another roundup. In 2007 she found herself without a real herd. She followed a herd, but was not really a part of it. She became weak and so thin she could not raise her head over the stall half door when coaxed into a barn adjoining the BLM lands where she had a still birth. She was kept there and cared for by her friends in the community until she put on about 200 pounds and was gaining strength, While there a very young stallion just put out of his herd about 6 miles north showed up. They paired up with the help of her human friends and she became Sundance's lead mare and teacher. In 2008 Nana had a beautiful son Milagros. Nana and her little family thrived in the post drought years.

Until once again her human friends saw she was spitting out partially chewed grass and realized she needed her teeth floated. Nana has accepted help from humans over the years, but has never allowed her human benefactors to pet her or intrude upon her wildness. There was no way she would tolerate petting let alone a vet getting close to her.

Kind humans again came to her rescue. Daily she was fed water soften pellets they carried in back packs out to her, often walking a mile or more. She again thrived. Five years ago she was given a three acre corral to live in and treated to everyday care. She shared her corral with a series of injured wild ones brought in to be treated and release. Her life became a very comfortable one. Plenty of food, shade, and shelter. She got so she'd let a few of her admirers and care takers give her a pat between her legs on her chest, but only one or two strokes before she'd pull back and walk away.

Nana passed away in August and is still missed. While she could never go out on the preserve, she inspired the folks who loved her for her wildness and worked tirelessly to get the San Felipe Wild Horse preserve establish for all her children and herd mates.