



Marquise de Sevigne said that “memory lives in the heart.”

Ode to BOB JODER AND Joder Arabian Ranch: Memories that Live In the Heart

By Caroline M. Roy

The forties were the beginning of the dance with the horse
By Dr. G.H. and Ann Best Joder who set upon a course

To establish a horse ranch with Arabians at the helm
To dance with this magical horse in its very own realm

Consulting with Van Vleets of what is now Caribou Ranch
Ann Best purchased a gray gelding by the name of Besat

Donald, Patricia and Robert were just youngsters way back then
Along for an adventure was Bob, the youngest, just barely ten

Traveling to Kansas, New Mexico and beyond
Meeting Indriff and Raffles was like being touched with a magical wand

Just in time for the start of the great Arabian movement
Anna wrote the Arabian Horse News to help with their improvement

It was 1954 when Anna Best Joder took a trip to Colorado
In her mid-fifties, to purchase an Arabian ranch became her motto

The end of the Cheyenne Ranch was deeply marred
Leaving Cheyenne their home was really quite hard

Losing a way of life that was dear to the Joder clan
Undergoing a change, never seemed to be part of the original plan

Moving thirty-five horses was really no small feat
A lesson in the strength and flight instinct in a young filly's leap



Left Bob back at the Boulder Ranch, upon Kandy he rode
Sitting atop his horse in silence, looking upon an unpaved Old Stage Road

Asking difficult life questions, just seventeen years old
Conceive, grown, mature and die, the life cycle as it unfolds

Let it be known, the first Joder Arabian barn still stands
Along Foothills Highway, now sporting a W within its brown bands

During those years, Anna Best began to hit her stride
Breeding and showing amazing Arabians upon which to ride

Those early years with little money, dedication, hard work and nary a pip
She was able to build her home and Rocky Mountain School of Horsemanship

Right around that time, along came Linda Tellington Jones
And introduced herself, without any bones

When she knocked on the ranch's door introducing TEAM touch
The beginning of the focus of the relationship between the horse and the human that added so much

The ranch's acres was gradually reduced from 600 to 348 over time
What you see today is the ranch land that is prime

During this time Don, Pat and Bob had begun their own lives
Still visited the ranch with their husbands and wives

By 1973, Anna Best not able to fully care for her babies
Eighty horses by then and left little room for maybes

Enter Bob and Eloise into the changing picture scene
Helping create change without money and working as a team

Proved a very long and arduous task
To diminish the herd, was really all that they asked

No more babies, all breeding must cease and desist
And many of the horses found new homes because who could resist

A beautiful Arab with a flowing long mane



Who cares if the horse wasn't exactly trained

Revenue was a problem that needed to be solved

A large ranch with many horses with no income would not evolve

Along came new and young energy to create the shift for Joder ranch

With the help of Katie and Chris Peck/ Dan and Cindy Walsh, a boarding operation soon began to advance

Horse pens and fencing were changed over the next several years

Which led to tons of work and many many fears

But once the new reconfiguration was finally had

The Joder Arabian Ranch was beginning to look not quite so bad

For forty nine dollars a month, once the four stallions were moved

Allowed for a new community with new horses which proved

A boarding operation that would bring in many good vibes

For all who loved the outdoors and wanted to ride

Eloise and Bob shouted "A great place where people who can barely afford their horses can come."

We'll subsidize the ranch operation which will surely be a large sum

The journey for them was beyond their wildest dreams

The promise of horses, people and events to learn and enjoy and hopefully not make them scream

During this time many youth came a 'trotting

Full of horse dreams and maybe a bit naughty

Heather Lewis with Ka, Stacey and Adonia, her beloved Joder gang

Lived at the ranch from sunset to sundown and created quite a bang

A barn that was haunted by ghosts of children past

Made ever more real by live hauntings of wild children that would last

Random painting of horses on walls with gleeful hopes

Illicit rides on the Joder herd as they cantered up the slopes

Ellie and Bob often threatened to tan their young hides



For their bare legged riding with no halter or bridle while astride

Me thinks 'twas these gals who started the trend
To get a Western Soil Award over and over and over again

During these years many an instructor did liken to tarry
On the beautiful Joder ranch that was so caring

Given the opportunity to teach by the Joders it is said
To those instructors with a desire to lighten the hands of lead

Of many new riders who did not understand
The ins and outs of natural horsemanship, centered riding, dressage and being well read

You will find many of those instructors still teach all around
With their beginnings at Joder's and have new growth that will astound

The arrival of Pat back to her own mother's home
Occurred in 1990 with Barb with which whom she roamed

The ranchs favorite chefs both Pat and Barb would amaze
As the shows and festivals with many delicious food to graze

The next crew that challenged the wild young rides
Were fearless young gals by the names of Ashley, Casey, Nina and Brianna who took it all in stride

'Twas nothing to hang from the barn rafters with glee, thinking no one to catch them but they would
soon learn
That Larry was watching and saw them and got very stern

Blazing Saddles and RMDS to the shows they all went
Sometimes Bob left them home which would cause them to vent

A chance for a blue ribbon was missed on that day
If they arrived late to the barn and were left at the ranch with the hay

But children of past and those still to come
Would tell you of the ranch's power to shape them quite young

Into doctors and veterinarians, world trekkers and costume designers



Who would not be what they are in life and as riders

Without the magic of Bob and Ellie and the everlasting imprint that was left on their souls
By a ranch that holds memories that doesn't show up on the local polls

Bob and Ellie, ever the champion of the human and horse
Now led them to follow a much larger course

The decrease in horses in the County caused the duo into action like two freight steamers
Deeply invested in BCHA, CTRC, CHC and RMER horse organizations and became the county's
leaders

Community and connections was part of their cry
And they modeled and lived it daily to show us all why

A need to keep the HORSE presence alive and well
For fear that Boulder County would banish them, which would not be so swell

And sadly, we now find a community that is somehow diminished
Now that this way of life with the land and horses is closing and finished

But always adding some lightness and a measure of play
Remembering to cherish each moment of each day

Off with their horses in the a camper they went
with Sarah and Al and all their horses and probably also brought along a tent

Lest we not forget the scuba trips in the sun
Where Ellie and Bob and friends went to have some non- horse fun

Tragedy struck in 2002, when Bob struck his head at a clinic with Nafas gone bad
This resulted in many people feeling oh quite so sad

Because at the same time he was injured and seriously hurting
Eloise struggled with an illness where there would be no curing

We lost a great soul when Ellie passed on
To join the many strong spirited horses that had also gone

A strong spirit who would dance in the heavens above the ranch



A presence that remains in the land that she loved where she took a chance

Greg stepped up and carried the boarding operation mission
With Brian's right hand, the ranch had a new vision

Honoring Ellie and Bob's wish to keep the ranch afloat
Sometimes it seemed it would be much easier to manage a moat

Valuing the vision of community with land and the horse
The Joder sons showed support and embraced this continuing course

And so another young crop of equestrians Joder Ranch did find
Many who occasionally landing on their backside

Some of these riders included Caitlin, Natalya, Courtney, Amy, Amber, Kimy and Katie
Who became students of dressage and quadrille so stately

With Nina and Hallie so focused and young
Taught this brood how riding could be so much fun

Soon Mountain Meadow was created with the boarding operation anew
To avoid the loss of horses that we would all rue

Initially, we found, things got off to a great start
Caroline, Karen, Greg and Alfredo each played their important part

Many wonderful people supported this new change of plans
All made so possible with money and many strong hands

To keep the ranch growing, alive and quite well
Soon ninety strong steeds were housed and would tell

Of endless stars and crisp mountain air
Of foxes and frost and nary a care

Many challenges were upon us in '08 and '09
Strangles and fires and passing of many which caused us to pine

Young souls of human and animal held in our heart so deeply with love
Sadness enveloped us of things that can't be changed except from above



Time to close the boarding operation the Joders did say
All of us sadly acknowledging that come hence the day

Times had changed even with our denial
A rustic old ranch was no longer in revival

Rocky Mountain Equi-Rhythm remained at the ranch with a hearty crew
People who shared a similar view

The importance of the setting that speaks to our heart
Made us refuse to leave even from the start

Dan came on board to steer at the helm
Found out quickly it can overwhelm

To hold all the pieces and parts of the ranch
Left little time to ride his bike or even to dance

We loved this ranch that is deep in our hearts
Refusing to leave unless we were forced to part

The collective was formed with a few mighty friends
Who found a way to add four years before reaching the end

With Steve to fix electricity and a crew to make sure horses were led
To work together and make sure our steeds were all fed

In and out of the ICP's the horses did go
Unless a horse lived in Pen 8 where they could jump to and fro

Jake to manage the rattlers, prairie dogs and pigeons galore
RMER camp counselors to tantalize the campers with Joder lore

Caroline, Karen, Julie and Wren at the helm of the group
Consulting with each other to get the right scoop
But mostly to stay on top of the poop

And what of the last group of children at the ranch who have thrived
Who seeped in the good that the ranch still strived to provide



Reilly and Bishop, Campbell, Carson and Preston to name just a few
with Olivia, Sarah, Liam, Raef and Soren to make it a crew

For the Love of horses created in their hearts a very special place
So much more than a place to ride, Joder Arabian Ranch filled up that space

Joder Ranch, illuminating and capturing the earth's life cycle, each step till the end
Walking, trotting and cantering, running and meandering, time we so thankfully did spend

Many we have had occasion to say goodbye, to watch and to let go
Along the way to the other place but remained at the ranch to hold it just so

Pretty babies they always are once and forever more
We still deeply miss them and forget them never in our core

Lucky, Annie, Jodera, Madresi, Buzzy, Bokamir and Misty of Joder fame
Alfred, Kirk, Allegra, Pago, Doc, Sequoia, Little Joe and Charlie who all came

Beau and wonderful Tucker, our last old horse souls most recently gone
Their presence still feels strong, not unlike a beautiful song

On top of the list that we will never forget
Our beloved Caitlin, Oso Bear and Hammie the likes we have never met

For living with grace, a most spirited and wonderful life
That we are forever touched even though our heart remains cut like a knife

And what now of our beloved Joder Arabian Ranch
Where no place like this can makes our hearts dance

With awe and the breath that lives in this place
That we have been blessed that has allowed us our space

What memories have we of this place we call our ranch home
This land that we have been allowed to so freely roam

Watching the moon set while driving to the ranch
Horses that run with frost on their nostrils who prance

Riding in the crystal snow shimmering with only the sound of their hoof beats



Friendships that were built with the sound of our heart beats

And so we bid our horse home a fond adieu
But remember this well and be not so blue

And so dear wonderful Bob to answer your call
Of what Joder Ranch has provided for us all

A place where our heart sings and spirits are free
With horses beside us and being able to just BE

To Anna Best Joder, Patricia, Bob and Ellie too,
Dan and Brian and Greg all tried and true
Please know that we have so many thanks and hold deep gratitude to you

For allowing us to be part of your ranch family here
For this we hold you ever more so very dear

For nothing can replace the times that we had
When we have danced with the light and darkness that makes up this land

And as we leave we thank you again from our hearts
And know that we are sad that we must now depart

What they never tell us when we all were quite young
Is that time quickly slips through our fingers leaving a taste on our tongue

A flavor that remains nameless but poignant as well



That causes our memories and heart to just swell

We remember that home is never far as long as it remains in our hearts

The past is just a memory that often quickly departs

But is quickly recalled if given the chance

When time reaches out and lets it again dance

And now to add the final epitaph

Our beloved Bob has gone on his next journey's path

He would ask us to shed nary a tear

For his life's path has been devotion to the land and horses and humans he held so dear

And as he wondered so often aloud

Why his final years held him abound

And maybe the final question was his to behold

The rhymes and reasons are not to be told

Despite the struggles and strife - still beloved

And only known to the one up above

And with the sadness of beginnings meeting the end

We say goodbye to Bob, a sage, horse whisperer and friend



681 UU Hymnal

Deep peace of the running wave to you

Deep peace of the flowing air to you

Deep peace of the quiet earth to you

Deep peace of the shining stars to you

Deep peace of the infinite peace to you

(adapted from Gaelic Runes)