



## Side-By-Side

ONLY TWO HOURS after the initial call for help, we were pulling up our driveway with the first rescued horse of 2005. Even though she was two years of age, her size was that of a five month old. As a young quarter horse filly, she should have weighed twice her desperate 450 pounds. Her flesh hung from her spine like a sagging canvas over a tent pole. The normally graceful arc connecting a horse's head to its neck, on this little waif, looked more like an old boot hanging on a broomstick. Her hooves were so small they didn't even come close to filling the palm of my hand.

She was not accustomed to human touch and in her weakened condition the simple act of being moved and processed taxed her to complete fatigue. Once she was settled in the ranch quarantine paddock, our tiny new charge collapsed in utter exhaustion. Her tattered black form lay in sharp contrast against the pure white bed of winter snow upon which she laid. Removed from her familiar hell, in this new world she was alone.

Perhaps, of the four women on the rescue team, Karly understood her the most. At fifteen years of age, Karly was the youngest. She was in the process of traversing a lonely bridge away from a life of self-injury.

Removed from her familiar hell, in this new world she too, felt very much alone.

With the soothing hush of a falling snowflake, Karly silently made her way to the collapsed filly's side. Sacrificing her own comfort, a broken young woman laid down in the snow, side by side with a broken young horse.

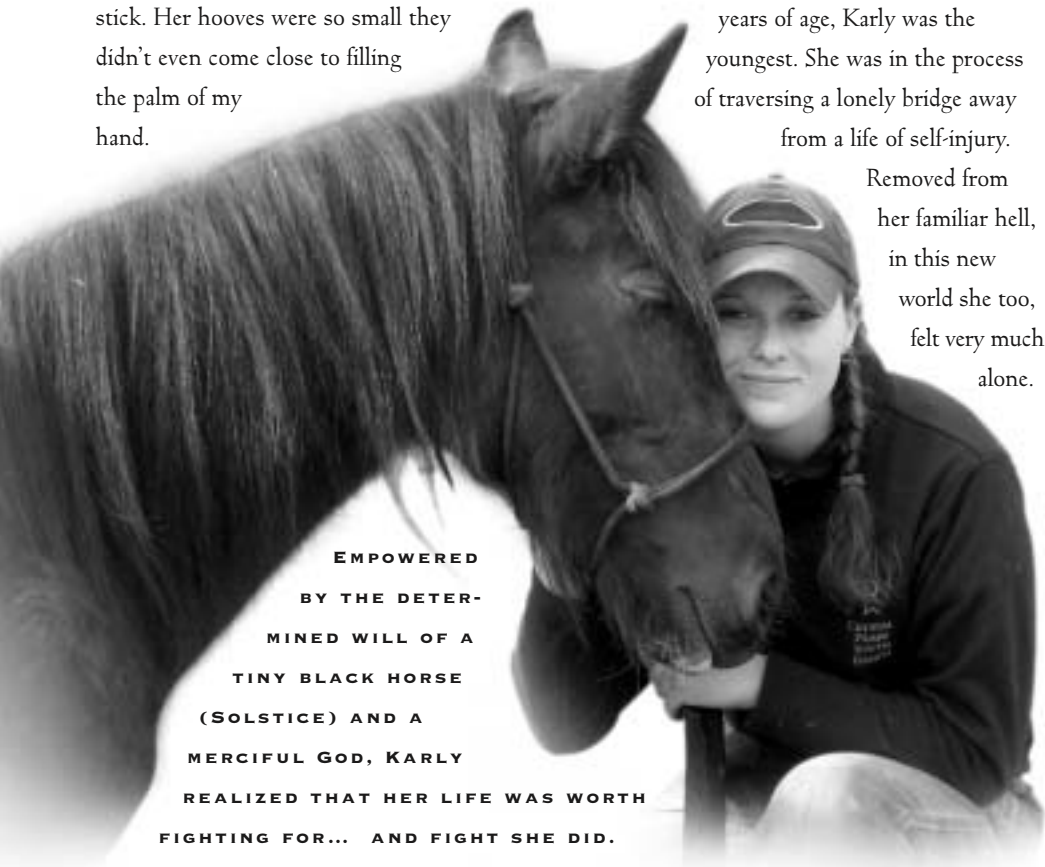
Sensing and taking comfort in the girl's presence, the horse relaxed until she was lying completely flat on her side. In moments the young horse was overwhelmed by a deep sleep.

Karly watched as the filly slipped deeper into her blissful escape. Fascination overtook her as she observed the tiny horse beginning to jerk, blink and twitch. There, with snow as her bed, the spent equine began to dream.

A new realization began to rise within Karly's heart. Despite all the trauma and heartache this devastated little horse had been through... she still had dreams. The battlefield within the young woman's heart began to quietly subside as she reconciled the fact that if this young broken horse was still fighting for her dreams... perhaps it was time for the young broken girl to follow her example.

So there, with snow as her bed, the spent girl began to dream.

The clenched fists inside her heart began to slowly open into hands that reached out to the One who was calling her toward safety, freedom, release and love. Moments passed in the cold and quiet as Karly understood that this was the time to CHOOSE to let go of her pain, anger, frustration and sorrow.



EMPOWERED  
BY THE DETER-  
MINED WILL OF A  
TINY BLACK HORSE  
(SOLSTICE) AND A  
MERCIFUL GOD, KARLY  
REALIZED THAT HER LIFE WAS WORTH  
FIGHTING FOR... AND FIGHT SHE DID.

# Facets of Life

Night and day, black and white, light and darkness, each the opposite of the other, each reflecting and balancing the other with stark clarity and reality. One facet revealing the other for what it truly is. So often we wish for one without the other while not really understanding that individually the depth of their value is completely lost.

SO IT IS WITH LIFE. It is easy to wish for eternal sunshine, joy and happiness and forsake the lessons taught by darkness, pain and sorrow. Each contrast helps us understand the depth of value of the other. None of us wish to suffer. Yet it is within suffering that our greatest joys are forged.

Suffering and joy are hand-in-hand traveling companions that alternately skip and crawl through our lives. This past season we shared in a great deal of joyful 'skipping' over the addition of our precious staff members Rose Jones and Jenna Albin. In December our joy was crushed into pieces when days before Christmas, Rose's young husband of only three years died of cancer. Then days after Christmas, Jenna\* and her mother Cherie's home, which they had worked so hard for, was completely destroyed by fire. For all who know and love them, the season following was one of great sorrow.

For both Rose and Jenna, this New Year will be a difficult season of 'firsts.' Each event will raise new challenges as to how they should proceed forward emotionally and physically. Truly, it is times like these that we are so

deeply appreciative of all who have committed to pray for us. Your faithful prayer continually reminds us that suffering really is a 'season'; it really does have a beginning and an end. Our crushed pieces of sorrow will be refitted by the hand of our Loving God into joy greater than we can imagine... "No eyes has seen, no ear has heard, and no mind has imagined what God has prepared for those who love Him." 1 Corinthians, 2:9

The Hawaiian saying "No bad days" is taking on new meaning here at the ranch as we gather in support of our hurting friends. Rose, Jenna and Cherie understand what it really means to be carried in the arms of our Father. In our weakness HE is strong and these faithful women are experiencing HIS strength on every side. 'Friends' are rolling in like waves during high tide. Each friend bringing their own brand of love and support, wrapped in strength and help for time of need. *With a family such as this... truly... there are 'no bad days.'*

— Kim Meeder, FOUNDER

\*Jenna and Cheri are featured in Hope Rising – Simple Gifts page 164



KIM MEEDER & LYNAI MCCOY

## She's the Real McCoy!

LYNAI MCCOY... THIS IS!  
Although Kim and Troy read and are greatly blessed by all the mail that comes to the ranch, time constraints prevent them from answering each piece personally. Lynai has come along side them to assist in being their voice in the response to so many wonderful notes, cards, e-mails and letters. She has a true and compassionate heart and is a welcome addition to the CPYR team. She took her position as Executive Assistant to Kim Meeder on the first of February and will assist in correspondence, and scheduling speaking, interview and book signing engagements for Kim. It's great to have her help in shouldering these precious events.



## THE NEW OFFICE

"There were cowboys sleeping here 80 years ago" Weldon Wanker said. It was hard to imagine that the old building we were transporting on a Hooker Creek Ranch flatbed was, at one time the original cowboy bunkhouse of the Black Diamond Ranch. With special thanks to Weldon and Marilyn Wanker, we now have a new office on the lower part of the ranch. We are in the middle fixing up the old bunkhouse. It will become our welcome center as well as an office for the Development Director. Special thanks go to Brett McCoy, Mike McIntosh, Ken Hanson, Shawn Baker, Norman Baker, Don Duncan and Jeff the super roofer, for their tireless efforts helping Troy give the old building a much needed facelift. Thanks to Darrin Kelleher and Hooker Creek Ranch for providing the "mules" to move the old bunkhouse to Crystal Peaks.

# FROM HOSS

Troy Meeder, CO-FOUNDER

Giving...is one of the hallmarks of this great nation. The recent Tsunami in Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Africa and India has shaken us all. None of us will ever forget the images we have seen of these ravaged areas. The loss of life and property has been staggering. In the midst of incredible tragedy, citizens of America have heard the call and responded. Across this great land millions have been moved to help those in need. What a testament to the generous nature of those we call our neighbors and friends.



WITH MUCH LOVE, "AROUND THE FIRE."

In many ways the past several months at Crystal Peaks have been just as dynamic. There has been suffering, hardship, tragedy and joy. On our knees before a gracious God we have prayed that the needs of this work would be met. Paying as we go, the ranch has worked hard to stay debt free. One of our foundational principles is to never borrow financially in order to continue. We have always believed that if God is in it, He would provide for it. For all of our friends and family that have stood by us in the past years, we can never express how much we love and appreciate each of you.



With great rejoicing and thanksgiving, we are able to open our gates for the 2005 season feeling greatly blessed! You, our extended family, have given us this gift that humbles our hearts. Our kids, our horses and all that is yet to come will be enjoying the bounty you have provided the ranch. From the children that sell eggs and send the proceeds to the ranch, the quilter's that have warmed our hearts and "feet," to our friends in Croatia and Canada, we send our deepest thanks to you ALL for your incredible faithfulness to this place. *Our hearts are rich and full because of you; Kim and I are truly blessed beyond words.*

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Waging a war within her chest, these negative emotions battled for nothing less than her imminent destruction. Empowered by the determined will of a tiny black horse and a merciful God, Karly realized that her life was worth fighting for... and fight she did.

A late afternoon breeze moved through the pines overhead. Their hushed music was the only voice that drifted over the white, frozen ranch. Lying below in the newfound freedom of peace, side by side in the snow, were a young dreaming horse and a young dreaming girl.

Not long after, a few women on the rescue team were mulling ideas of what to name the new black filly. "Solstice" quickly rose to the top of the list. It only seemed fitting. She had survived the darkest days of her life. From this day forward, each day would be brighter than the last. When the idea was run by Karly for approval, she remained silent for long moments. Perhaps, for herself, she was considering a name change as well. Finally, with a half smile and a little nod she simply stated "t's good."

— Kim Meeder

*Yes! I would like to help Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch fulfill their mission*

Please use my donation for:

- Where it is needed most
- Future Property Purchase
- Endowment Fund
- For the children
- For the horses
- Ranch Equipment
- Staff education
- Volunteer program

Payment Method:

A check payable to Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch CPYR for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Credit cards are accepted at:  
[www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org](http://www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org)

Send donations to: Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch, 19344 Innes Market Road, Bend OR 97701.

You can also make your donation at [www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org](http://www.crystalpeaksyouthbranch.org)

Our current wish list is also available at our website

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# Our First Baptisms

Every Christmas season we celebrate the birth of baby Jesus. How the world was changed by the events that took place long ago in such a simple farm setting.

This past winter, in another simple farm setting, two lives were deeply changed in an old horse trough, during the intense cold of a Central Oregon winter.

Like the manger in that stable in Bethlehem, what a fitting time and place to have our first baptisms at the ranch.

A young boy led the way by asking Troy if he could have his Daddy baptize him at the ranch. Moved by this question, Troy burst into tears and through many bear hugs responded with a resounding YES! This, also, inspired

## RANCH NEEDS

We would appreciate your thoughts and prayers on a great need we are facing here at Crystal Peaks. We are looking for a **truck with the ability to pull a four-horse trailer with a gooseneck hitch.**

This would be used primarily for emergency rescue and veterinary care. We would also greatly appreciate your continued prayers over the possibility of a **larger ranch property** as our ministry continues to grow.

Rose Jones, our Development Director, to follow his example. On one of the coldest days of winter this year the two walked hand in hand to the water trough.

Many tears fell amidst the freezing rain and 17-degree ice fog as they both stepped into our largest horse trough full of icy water. Before a small gathering of family and friends, with the horse herd gazing on, each chose to symbolically leave their past behind and rise to a new future in the Lord.



TRYSTAN IS THE SON OF BRETT AND LYNAL MCCOY.



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