



Redefining rest time

A TREC champion overcomes severe Covid en route to her title defence

IN December 2021, I caught Covid, which hit me hard. As is traditional among horse riders, I wasn't having any of it, which resulted in an A&E visit as a result of an almost total inability to breathe. This led to an in-depth conversation about the definition of "rest", which it turned out meant "stay horizontal" rather than "work, look after three horses and just not ride".

My sport of choice is TREC and my goal in 2022 had been to defend the grassroots

national champion title I had won in 2019. My horse is a Norwegian Fjord mare, "Inca the Insane", who is bonkers – the spookiest horse I've ever ridden.

This became my incentive to get well – could I make it to the grassroots championship in July? I made it – and defended my title – thanks to the incredible support of my Wessex TREC team-mates. I drove the lorry, rode the horse, but that was about all I did. They poo picked, drove me round the obstacle course to "walk" it, plied me with food and drink and enabled me to spend most of my non-competing time conserving energy. They also gave me motivational speeches such as, "Lord, I'm glad to see you back alive, you looked grey when you set out" (thanks Jan!). And spooky Inca pulled on her brave pants. Underneath the neuroses, she's an absolute star.

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