**Green Bean Webinars**

Our series of Green Bean conference calls/webinars with Q&A had a great start with Sudi Lenhart's "The Art of Pacing" on Nov. 5, which had 30 participants and lots of great follow-up questions. If you missed it, notes are posted on the website. The random attendance winner is Dawn Champion!

Join us **Monday, Dec. 3 at 8 p.m. EST** for Mary Howell's "Things I wish I'd Known When I Started This Sport." We'll email a reminder the day of the call, but dial 302-202-1100 then 220060 to listen in. Our final two webinars/Q&As are scheduled for **Jan. 7 and Feb. 4**.

**Green Bean Webinar Merchandise**

GREEN BEAN ENDURANCE SHIRT (https://teespring.com/greenbeanendurance) you can place your orders for multiple colors and styles of GBE t-shirts, sweatshirts and more. To have your GBE team name included on the shirts you order, email Lindsay at L_S_Waddell85@yahoo.com

Pictures below are with shirts ordered from fellow Green Bean Lindsay Waddell!

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**"The Day I Swallowed a Bug"**

I want to share one of the dangers of conditioning for endurance events in South Carolina during the Fall season. I’m not sure how, in all my years of riding, I’ve never swallowed a bug. That all changed during a quick conditioning ride with a group of friends one Sunday. My very traumatic experience started with my dragon, disguised as an Arabian horse, acting like a total twit.

There we were, riding along; going more upward than forward for the first mile while Zephyr remembered he had a working brain. I’ve been cursing at him more than a drunken sailor at this point, using every “big bad word” in the book and some creative made up ones as well.

Zephyr hasn’t quite grasped the concept of being an endurance horse just yet, or a horse in general. Anyway, back to the story.

There we were, going down the trail, cursing my creative made up phrases when it happened. A bug flew straight into my open mouth. Now, this bug wasn’t a normal bug, it was a giant, soul sucking bug. So now, not only is my horse trying to kill me but nature is joining in with this bug in my throat. The bug that isn’t dead and obviously just as panicked as I am, moving around in the back of my throat. I start coughing and gagging while trying to keep all 4 of Zephyrs feet on the ground and hearing the laughter of the friends riding with me. Apparently swallowing bugs out here is a normal occurrence and I should have kept my mouth closed.

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This bug STILL isn’t dead and somehow has managed to feel like it is in my nose now. By this point I am saying “Jesus take the wheel” and giving up to the ghost. Finally, after what seems like forever the bug finally goes down the back of my throat and I swallow the awful thing.

The laughter dies down and we continue our ride. With 2 more miles until we get back to camp, the ride has progressed to actual fun, the horses love the cooler weather, and we know they are ready to head to Broxton Bridge. Then it happens……I swallowed another bug.

I love the endurance world, I love being a green bean, but I hate these dang bugs! - Joanna Bieger

**Endurance Racing in Maine**

Thick fog blankets the river valley. The sun is just barely up and it struggles to light the landscape. I’m trotting along a sandy tractor road that snakes through fields planted in potatoes, corn, and sunflowers. The farmer in me admires the soil tilth in this flood plain, imagining the beautiful crops that will soon be harvested.

My horse and I are alone in the fog. We’ve become separated from the pack of front-runners. She wants to gallop her heart out to catch up with them. Her anxiety grows as we catch glimpses of horses appearing and disappearing in the fog across the fields. I hold her back to conserve her energy. We have over 25 miles to cover this morning. It’s an endurance race but she doesn’t know that.

…. Check out the full story of Jess’s first LD completion at Pine Tree earlier this season ….

Once I know that Mackenzie is comfortable, I make a bee-line for the bath house and get cleaned up. My raw skin burns like fire in the hot shower but I don’t care because the water feels so good. I hobble back to our campsite and collapse into my chair. I stuff my face with cucumber slices, cheese cubes, and guacamole. I chug cold coconut water in an attempt to rehydrate my worn out body. I think about my current condition and try to imagine riding 50 miles, or even 100 (gasp!). I’m proud of what I’ve accomplished today but am humbled too.

Later that evening, while the aches and pains are still fresh, I find myself on the American Endurance Ride Conference website, scrolling through the ride calendar, planning my next competition. Am I crazy? Perhaps. Am I addicted? Most likely. - Jessica Ishbrecht

**A New Season is Upon Us**

It is close to Thanksgiving and I’ve started looking at back at things I am thankful for. One thing I am thankful for is the Green Bean Endurance group.

I joined AERC in 2015 because I purchased my first horse and a deal was made that I would get him to complete an LD. At the time I didn't know what endurance or AERC was... heck I didn't even know how to properly use half of the tack that I do now! Long story short, blood, sweat, tears, and a range of emotions got me hooked.

The Green bean group has introduced me to some amazing people that have helped me through difficult times and celebrated accomplishments no matter how small.

I urge you to invite friends that have interest in the sport to join for 2019, it will be an experience I am sure they will love!

http://www.greenbeanendurance.org/

-Lindsay Waddell