**Harrison Kane’s College Essay**

I lay on the ground covered in dirt, with scratches from my neck to my calves. My horse and my students were looking down at me. It all started with me and two other instructors planning our class. We stood in the middle of the indoor arena, having casual conversation. Around us, numerous students were riding on horses, eavesdropping in on our planning of activities. One of the duties that needed to be done was moving the bull from the run-in shed to the inside stables. This was done every so often so that the bull’s stall would remain well kept and clean. Moving the bull was a task only for a person who is persistent and determined. The instructors would take the students to the outdoor arena, and I volunteered to move the bull.

  I had a launch line in one hand and my horse in the other. My heart raced as if I was just done running a marathon. I clipped the end of the twenty-foot launch line to the halter of the bull and mounted the horse. All was going as planned until the bull decided to buck and rear in all directions. The horse, of course frightened, mirrored the bucking and rearing of the bull. I had one hand hanging onto the reigns and the saddle horn, while the other hand was holding the twenty-foot launch line attached to the bucking bull. Hanging on for dear life, the horse steered one way and the bull the other. The off-billet strap holding saddle to horse snapped underneath me, launching me into the air like a rag doll.

While lying on the ground, under these circumstances, one might feel defeated, but I felt rather exhilarated. With my heart palpitating and transporting adrenaline all over my body, I jumped to my feet and chased the bull. As I leapt into action, the instructors moved the students to safety by shutting the outdoor arena gate. Ignoring the gashes on my hands, I gripped the launch line and pulled the bull into a position where I was in control.  Fixing the situation in a quick and systematic manner was what was expected. Reflecting on this situation, I believe that this proves just how committed I am to being a leader, taking control of a situation and being successful in accomplishing the task I set out on to achieve.

Before this event, before I could even remember, horses and people have always surrounded me. I grew up with my mother owning the stable and with that, came learning the responsibilities of taking care of and providing for the animals. The horses need training so that they can become part of the program and this takes an abundant amount of hours, persistent patience, and unconditional love. A sixth sense emerges with the ability to communicate with horses through body language. In order to keep the farm running as a business, animals need to be fed and taken care of, and money needs to come in. A balance must be kept between keeping the animals content, while attending to the clients’ needs.

My ability to please clients came from the fact I was at the stable all the time. When a customer struggles with learning a concept, my familiarity with the stable and its surrounding environment helps me appropriately direct them. Lots of time and energy is put in teaching the clients, but it’s all worth it when you see customer and horse build a relationship.

The experiences at the stable have made me who I am today, a leader, a person with a strong work ethic, and the ability to remain compassionate while working with many different people.