

ESCAPING THE KNIFE

Of all the colts, the experienced eye chose Windy Ryon the best,
The decision was made - an appointment with Doc for the rest.

Misfortune did come, so it seemed, before that day,
When studs would become geldings, and cut short their play.

For the colts ran through the wire, and wouldn't you know,
The one called Dash for Cash would take the barb's blow.

It was just a shoulder wound, some stitching, and time to heal,
But to throw him and cut him, it was too soon, the Doc did feel.

So that day he escaped the knife, for him, no neutering,
And off to the track for some rigorous training, and tutoring.

It was left to the trainer to finally decide his tes-tic-ular retention,
When Cash caught wind of the option, it gained his attention.

Not looking back, pressing forward, he set tracks ablaze,
That thing about gelding - that was just a ridiculous phase.

Dash For Cash teamed with Cascio, and Nicodemus – their engine revin.
Together they unfold, with several World Champions in 1976 and 77.

He earned \$252,000 green with 21 wins in 25 short starts,
A high money earning speedster - he stirred many fans hearts.

Born in '73, the year Secretariat won the Triple Crown,
Two greats, genetically linked, in their tail female line - down.

Imperatrice was the second dam of the great Secretariat,
And the fourth dam of Dash For Cash - no she was no mutt.

The two showed physical similarities, yet two separate breeds,
Each the greatest among his own field, both posting incredible speeds.

So long ponder this, and give it some careful thought.....,
If Cash hadn't escaped the knife, what would it have wrought?

There would have been no First Down Dash's, or Dash To Fame's,
Only slow ponies, equine turtles, and a lot fewer barrel race dames.

No Mr. Eye Opener, Royal Quick Dash, or On A High's,
Many less millionaires, fast horses, and more bored sighs.

It's been said that death was the only thing that Cash couldn't beat,
It's the same thing for you and me - escaping the grave an unlikely feat.

There's a fascination with bloodlines, great horses, and winning races,
But what about each one of our own - yours and my - heavenly cases?

The Judge rendered us not guilty by the one perfect sacrifice,
We don't have to live life wondering - it's not a toss of the dice.

Escaping the knife of the second death - that's the eternal one,
It's by believing and trusting in the sacrifice of Jesus - God's Son.

There's a faith race - one set before us to finish, for sure,
For God made a way for us to believe - He provided the cure.

Escaping the knife – a racehorse story where fate and greatness did meet,
Being raised from the dead 3 days after - now that's a supernatural feat.

Doug Hobelman 12/05/2012