



CURLY HORSE COUNTRY

Your Curly Horse Resource

Unique Beauty, Unbeatable Trust



Curly Horse Allergy Testimonies!



"I never felt happier" by Lyndsey Dubbelde



Lyndsey enjoying her beautiful gaited curly mare, Cadence.

I grew up on a hobby farm. My mother was an animal lover and brought home every breed of animal she felt needed some extra love. It was no surprise that I would inherit this. Above all else was my love for horses. I was the middle of three girls, and I was the one who ended up with allergies. I was allergic to everything...even horses! I wanted to ride and be with my horse all the time, but I could barely enter the barn. Allergy pills were not enough. The doctors said that I needed to try shots. My mother would take me twice a week, crying and screaming for my shots that would help me tolerate my horse for the week. My allergies were extreme. They affected my breathing on top of all the normal allergy symptoms. A couple of year later, my horse passed away. I no longer wanted to endure the poking and prodding that was required for me to be near any horse. I thought this was were my horse journey ended... Later, as a young adult, I realized I missed horses and wanted/needed, one in my life. I was thinking of buying a mustang. In my research to find a product that I could potentially spray on the horse to keep dander down, I found the curly horse. I thought... could this be true? I researched, called breeders, and absorbed anything and everything to do with curly horses. I knew from my research that the next step was seeing if I was allergic to them. There were no curly horses close to me. I had a breeder mail me a hair sample to test the hair and see if I would react. Nothing. I mean nothing! I thought maybe they washed the sample before they sent it to me, and this was why I did not have an allergic reaction. However, this is just one of the many incredible qualities of a curly horse. They are hypoallergenic! I could not believe it! I still remember the moment when I buried my head in the mane of my curly horse. I have never felt happier. I came to love them for far more than their hypoallergenic qualities. There is truly something different about them. Their puppy-dog like personalities, curiosity, and overall docile demeanor is nothing short of amazing! Now, my children get to experience the curly horse, or horses, that is! I wish for everyone to have his opportunity. The curly horse is nothing short of amazing! by Lyndsey Dubbelde, South Dakota



The opportunity of a life time! by Sheryl D'Uva

The first time I heard of a Hypo-Allergenic Horse, I thought Yeah Right!!! And forgot all about them. My oldest Daughter Kristal, was tested positive for being allergic to horses when she was 5 yrs old. And of course she loves horses. And we owned some at this time. Well as time came and past, she learned to ride and joined 4-H. She then started to show. So here she is, swollen red eyes, hives, sneezing, and plain miserable. When Kristal was 11 yrs old. We had our opportunity to meet this Curly horse with the so called Hypo-Allergenic tendencies. When we got to the Farm where these horses lived, I told Kristal, before we got out of the car, "I want you to roll on them, breath them in, do what ever it takes to see if they make you react!!!!" Well, lo and behold, not one sneeze, no hives, and we were there all day playing with them. I started working for this Farm part time and the kids were able to come along since it was Summer time. And she never once had a problem with being around them. I no longer work at this Farm, but we are hooked, we now own our own Curly Horses! And yes, they are Hypo-Allergenic. Just ask Kristal! She now enjoys showing her mare GCF Standing Rockette "aka Girlfriend". Without the pain and suffering of her allergies, that is of course if she doesn't handle our straight hairs or some of the other kids' in the group. Responses and Questions welcome. by Sheryl D'Uva and the Home of: [Cozy Nook Curlys](#)



As a child, I had horses. They were my life. I lived and breathed horses. At the age of 13, I began having terrible allergic reactions when I even got near a horse. I was stubborn and suffered for about a year at which time my parents both told me that I had to give them up. I would get covered with hives, my eyes would swell shut, and my lungs would completely shut down. No amount of medication would help. My heart was broken and I was completely devastated. Now, fast forward about 30 years. I had just suffered the loss of my mother and had received a small amount of life insurance money. I wanted to do something with that money that would be meaningful. My first thought was to look into allergy shots so that maybe I could relive my childhood dream of riding a horse again. When I did a Google search.....the curly horse came up on the screen. What the heck, I might as well check them out. Sure enough, I had absolutely NO reactions to them. I ended up buying a mare and about 6 months later, she gave birth to a filly. I named that filly Lacy's Spirit (my mother's maiden name was Lacy), bought a farm in Tennessee, added 6 more curlsies to the herd, and am now living my dream on my farm named "Heaven Sent Curly Horses". It just doesn't get any better!! **Jo Ann Huston**



One Fine Day by Susan, Canada



She was the beginning of a realization of my life-long dream. Her name was Nutri-sweet. She was sandy brown in color with dark points. Her curled eyelashes framed soft brown eyes. Her mane and tail looked like they had been spiral permed. She was a hypoallergenic horse called a Bashkir Curly!

Pictured to the left: Susan with her new curly mare, Ruby.

The word 'horses' was magical in our home. As a young girl I grew up devouring every horse book I could get my hands on. My favorite was 'The Sand Dune Pony', by Troy Nesbit. The book tells the story of a young boy who captures and tames a wild mustang horse. My sisters and I would play Barbie's and horses almost exclusively. We would gaze longingly at the horses in the fields as we sped by in our parents' car. Sometimes we would sit for hours begging mom to retell the stories of her youth with her own horses. Our family's dream was to move to the country and have horses of our own one day.

Every opportunity to be around or ride horses was sought after. We went to friends' homes and rode their horses. We walked to pastures and petted other peoples' horses. But mostly we dreamed of them.

Then one day tragedy struck for me. I was covered in hives. After the excruciating allergy tests were over I was informed that not only was I allergic to almost every kind of grass, tree, weed, dust and several other things, I was allergic to animals and horses !!! It was the beginning of years of allergy shots and Kleenex.

We did lease horses, for a time, we even realized our family dream of living in the country and we even owned horses. But for me it was a kind of torture. I could look, but oh to touch was misery. I did anyway, but I never learned to groom or tack-up a horse. That was all done for me. In fact, my riding was always done in full armor; long pants, sleeves and gloves. Not to mention the drowsy drugs and the wad of at least 20 Kleenex. My rides were always followed by a shower and a complete change of clothes, and then an hour or two of lingering allergy symptoms. Consequently, the only gait I ever managed to learn on a horse was the walk. With the occasional trot or canter for a few steps before I needed to stop to blow my nose. Our dream of living in the country with horses was not really fulfilled for me, yet.

That magical day when I met Nutri-sweet and discovered there was a hypoallergenic breed of horses called Bashkir Curlies, was a turning point for me. I now knew that I could realize my dream one day! It took another five years before I was able, now with a family of my own, to appreciate my dream. We moved to Alberta in the winter of 2002. We purchased a hobby farm of about 18 acres, perfectly set up for horses. Anticipation began. Nutri-sweet was but a memory, but there were other horses out there like her and I was determined to find just the right one for me!

I had met a lady named, Shelly White, just before we moved away from B.C. She owned some Bashkir Curly Horses, and actually, I had been planning to lease one before we decided to move. So naturally, after our move, I looked to Shelly in my search for my very own horse. I visited her place and fell in love with a black mustang. But wisely, Shelly steered me to a different horse. As it turned out, I am grateful for her wisdom and caring. I would recommend her to anyone else in their own search for a horse.

The red mustang convertible came off the trailer in our yard on August 13 th , 20 years to the day I'd met my wonderful husband. She was glorious! A Bureau of Land Management (BLM) authentic mustang!! A hypoallergenic minimal curly, Bashkir Curly horse!! Her name is Ruby, Livingstone's Ruby. And she is better than anything Ford Motors could ever come up with! Ruby is living proof that God, and my husband, care about even the little things.

My journey with Ruby, it has been a journey and will continue to be, has caused me to grow. It was not love at first sight, believe it or not. Don't get me wrong, I thought she looked beautiful, but I was so scared and nervous. She tested me immediately. She would not let me do her feet. She either wouldn't give them to me, or she would kick and jerk them out of my hands. After two weeks I cried in complete frustration and told my husband to sell her! I hated her. This was NOT the dream I had envisioned!!

I smile at all this now because I have learned so much. I have learned patience. I have learned courage. I have learned perseverance and assertiveness. I have learned to understand the language of the horse. Yes, there is one, and it is not like ours. I have learned that Ruby is a wonderfully smart, easy going, and sometimes, stubborn mare. She has been so patient and tolerated so many of my mistakes. She is forgiving. She knows me, and I believe I am beginning to know her. She continues to test me. She baths me with her tongue. She follows me around and gives me her feet whenever I want. She stands wonderfully to be groomed and saddled. She lets me hug her. She doesn't spook easily. She is forever curious and putting her nose in where it shouldn't be. Like under the hand holding the hammer, poised to strike the nail. She turns and looks at me with disdain, but doesn't move a muscle when the saddle slips sideways because I forgot to tighten it before I mount. She gives me those looks. Watching her move is like reliving watching a Black Beauty or Black Stallion movie from childhood. She is my dream horse. And one day I will learn to ride her with confidence. I am delighting in the gratification of owning a horse. I have had Ruby for a year and a half now. I can watch her from my front window. I can touch her and groom her and tack her up, all without allergy symptoms! I can do her feet. I can even ride her at a walk and sometimes even a trot, in the confines of a fenced field. We are taking lessons her and me. We are learning. I realize that being an inexperienced rider on a green broke horse is not a good combination. But we are not taking silly risks. One day I will ride her confidently on any path we choose. One fine day I will ride her on a sandy beach, cantering in the surf, bareback. Written: February 2005



"Here are three testimonials related to Curly horses that I sold to horse allergic people." **Jerry Halvorson** , WI

1. A teenage girl wanted a horse, but showed allergic symptoms so severe that when her mother went to a horse barn and just walked through the barn before coming home, the daughter would show reactions when her mother returned home. An extreme Curly gelding, purchased from Halvorson Farms, produced no allergic reactions in the daughter.
2. A family with 4 children, 3 allergic to horses, had a mother who was not allergic and had avoided having horses until she discovered Curlies. They decided to try Curlies. They have purchased 5 Curly horses from Halvorson Farms and have repeatedly reported no reactions.
3. A grandmother, entrusted with raising her horse allergic grandson, sold their straight-haired horses and bought Curlies, one from Halvorson Farms that was shipped all the way from Wisconsin to New Orleans.