

# Porgy & Bess

Porgy & Bess arrived at Black Sheep Crossing in November of 2003. The Pot-Bellied pigs were sisters, approximately four years old. Their previous owners, Lynne and Bill Watson, could no longer care for them due to health issues. They had named them after the main characters in George Gershwin's all-black opera; we called them the "Gershwin Girls".

Porgy (L) & Bess (R) drool while awaiting supper!



Cherry arrives with supper, FINALLY!





The chicken coop was divided into three sections which housed guinea fowl, rabbits, and our new arrivals. Porgy & Bess slept inside but roamed the five acre fenced-in yard whenever weather permitted. They made their daily rounds, eating fallen pears and apples under the trees and getting into my flower bed to munch on hollyhock leaves.

The girls 'pig-out' on pears for dessert!



Bess was very independent whereas Porgy was particularly friendly. Porgy followed me and liked to be scratched behind the ears and petted. They would travel the premises, eventually finding a shady spot to share nap time.

A pig, even a black one, can get sunburned. Neither of the girls liked to wallow in the mud (which keeps their skin moist and free of flies), so I applied Avon Skin-So-Soft. Porgy loved the rubdown, but Bess would run, squealing, as I ran after her, squirting the lotion down the middle of her back.



Porgy, before her rubdown, relaxing on the porch.



Porgy scratches herself, leaving lotion on the tree! trunk!





During the winter months, we kept the straw in their enclosure about three feet deep. They would burrow in, snuggle up and usually snore. Their winter coats consisted of long, coarse hair which they would spread up and out to allow circulation of body heat.

Most pot-bellied pigs are fed too much and become obese at a very young age. Diet is extremely important as obesity can cause diabetes, deformity, gastrointestinal disorders, as well as bad teeth and many other problems (you will hear about “Maybelle” later).

Bess passed away in February 2011, and Porgy was never the same afterward. She mourned the loss of her sister and, getting older herself, didn’t travel about the yard for her needed exercise. She passed away in April of 2012.

About a week after Porgy’s death, we received a letter from Porgy with the return address of 12345 Rainbow Bridge Ave., Heaven. Her previous caregiver, Lynne Watson, was told by Porgy to send us this poem:

Dear Mommy & Daddy,

Just want to let you know I’m here,  
This place is really great;  
And Bess and I are having fun,  
The food is all first-rate!

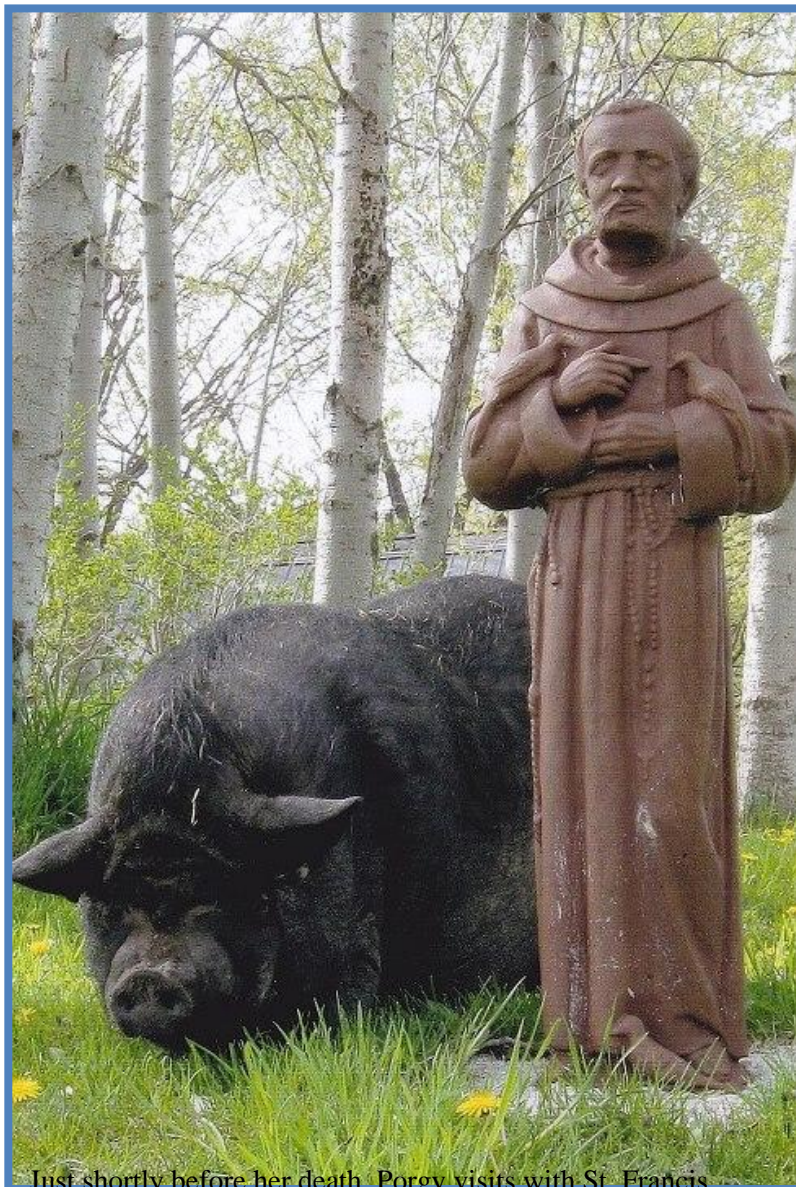
I’ve seen the kids from Black Sheep,  
They said to say “Hello”,  
And send their love to everyone,  
Still living down below.

The clouds are fun to wallow in,  
The Milky Way’s up high,  
And, yes, it is the honest truth,  
Pigs can really fly!

I miss you both and want to say  
Thanks for all you give,  
Black Sheep’s the closest place to Heaven,  
A pig could ever live!

Love, Porgy

(as dictated to Lynne Watson)



Just shortly before her death, Porgy visits with St. Francis.