



# OVER HERD

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## Big Shoes To Fill

By Deborah Baker, President

Looking out the front door onto the porch, I reflect on Joanie's gardening sneakers neatly placed in front of the rocking chair where she left them yesterday before leaving for Colorado. Size 8s. Two sizes bigger than my own. And I wonder how I will fill them in the weeks to come.

I go out the door and into the garden and turn on the sprinklers and water the potted plants. Joanie has toiled all spring on this garden. We're in the 7<sup>th</sup> day of a heat wave. Joanie would be heartbroken if it were allowed to die. Despite living in this home for 20 years, she still refers to the garden as Mrs. Wallace's flowers, but as I look around and pull a few weeds, I see flowers from Vera, Dottie, myself, and many others who have, one time or another, sat in the broken chair at her kitchen table, sharing stories over coffee.



The computer, a relic of the dinosaur age, should have finished booting up by now and I head in to answer the emails. Nope, not yet. I'll go to the barn and see how everyone's making out. Sybil, 75, and Sarah, 23, are busy at work. As usual Sybil has been busy "fixin' anything that needs fixin'" in between doing her regular feeding chores. A stall door latch, a leaky hose, a flat tire on a "wheelbarrow" ...she rattles off the little projects of the day and reminds me that we're low on bedding pellets. I then walk the fields and check the salt and mineral blocks, the giant round bales of hay, and the electric fence lines. Heading back to the house, Sara gives me a list of things we need: homemade fly spray, thyroid medication for Anza, cleaner, sunscreen for our pink-skinned horses, bananas and cabbage.

List in my pocket, I sit down at Joanie's desk. Computer's up! Click Internet Explorer. Hmm...seems to be backing up now. No wonder she gets up at 5am to answer emails. Off to pick up supplies.

Trip to Wal-Mart. Trip to Aldi. Trip to Goodman's Feed. As I pull out the checkbook to pay for the salt blocks and bedding pellets, I notice a sign taped to a bottle of molasses on the counter. WE LIKE CASH. NO CHECKS. DEBIT AND CREDIT OK. I ask the elder Mr. Goodman if they were no longer taking checks. As he totals the order by pad and pencil, Mr. Goodman broadens my knowledge of the US banking system and explains its impact upon small business and the profit margin on a bag of feed, any feed - cow, horse, chicken, pig, llama, alpaca or goat - A Dollar A Bag. I pay by check. He loads the salt blocks, 6 at 50lbs apiece, and bedding pellets, 5 at 40lbs per bag, into my Corolla after shoving aside the 3 large bags of cedar mulch I bought yesterday. He's still repeating his mantra 'A Dollar A Bag' as I pull from the curb.

At the sanctuary, I pull the little Toyota up to the barns to unload the pellets then drive around the fields to place the salt and mineral blocks. Back to the computer. Internet still not up. Is something wrong with the modem? Check connections. Turn off computer and reboot. I'll do a deposit. Having written all those checks and watching our balance dwindle has made me a little sick. I enjoy the crisp sound of the letter opener tearing through the envelope. \$20, \$50, \$10, \$100...as I open each envelope and pull out each check, a heartfelt thank you spills from my lips. Thank you Ann Whitworth, thank you Harriet Seabrook, thank you Roberta. With each check I see a bag of feed, a neatly trimmed hoof, medicine, a bale of hay, a salt block....

Later that evening I drive by the sanctuary after work to check fences again and to finally answer those emails. Hopi has her neck pressed over the top strand to graze the grass on the other side. I grab the flashlight from the car and the fence tester to repair the fence. It's a simple fix and after a little zap from a fully charged fence, she's back where she belongs. Now to those emails. "Bleghhh...bleghhh" I stop short. Ble..ghh..hhh...Ble..ghh..hhh" What the heck? ALL the geldings hear it too and whoosh to the other side of the farm. What could it be? Goats. Two of them. Harley and Bridget from our neighbor, Perry Morgan's place. The geldings, nostrils flaring, are circling them in a corner of the field. I grab the big one by the collar and start dragging him hoping that (continued page 2)

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little Bridget will follow. Out of the gelding field and now through the mare's, then I shove Harley into one of the horse condos and shut all four doors. Bridget appears. Open a door and in she jumps.

The goats make it home safely that night. There was a little chasing of Bridget around in the condo to get a leash on her; I have learned the origin of the expression "to grab a bull by both horns" thanks to the unusual goat encounter. No email tonight. But I will start the computer tonight so I can use it in the morning.

Successfully answer email following morning! It goes like this. Open Outlook. DSLD chat group. Delete. DSLD chat group. Delete. DSLD chat group. Delete. Delete. Delete. Delete. Delete. Reply volunteer inquiry. Reply "please take my unbroken mustang." Delete. Delete. Reply "my horse has EPM." Delete. Delete. Delete.

Phone messages are more difficult. A woman has euthanized her daughter's young horse after a bad colic and needs help disposing of the carcass. A woman has an older horse that has lost several hundred pounds despite being fed twice a day, full access to hay, and veterinary treatment. Her husband is unemployed and they are having financial trouble. And so it goes...trying to be sensitive to people's emotions AND telling them what they need to hear.

A call from the barn. Goldrush appears to be colicking. She keeps lying down and getting up in the barn. I go out to check. Gut sounds normal. Gums pink. Capillary refill good. Hydration normal. Temperature normal. No signs of lameness. I can find no reason to call vet. Her eyelids look very droopy. I think she just needs a nap. I'll come back in a few hours and check on her again.

Come out later to check Goldrush. Feed is being delivered. This time the conversation drifts to the cost of commodities and I hear the lament of the grain dealers: A Dollar A Bag...A Dollar A Bag. Meanwhile, Goldrush is contentedly eating hay with Sweet Pea so I guess at least she's fine.

Joanie will return to NC in three days. There have been many more adventures while she's been away. I have a baby chick being nursed back to health in my greenhouse at home. There's been a dead hen in the freezer for a while now. It's not been a good week for poultry. Windstar has a cold and we're keeping a close watch on her. She had a high fever. We brought it down with some Banamine and she's on antibiotics. Sirius, the house guard dog, has been vacationing at my house. She's been through a box of milk bones, has dug up my flower beds burying her rawhide chews, and has made her nest on a sleeping bag outside my bedroom door at night.

Despite all the little adventures, it has been a quiet and stress-free two weeks, and I believe this is a reflection of the calm personalities we have helping at the sanctuary. Ashley Bethea and Jennifer Zirt have been particularly helpful by filling in the feed schedule and checking the ranch on the nights when I've been too tired. All of the volunteers and helpers have been taking such good care of the horses that I've not had to worry a second about what may or may not be happening at the sanctuary. This has not always been the case.

Joanie's been wearing her new white sneakers from Penney's while she's been away, and her old gardening sneakers are waiting for her still on the porch. I'm here, too, waiting for her to come back and fill them.

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## **HPS OFFICERS**

HPS Officers are volunteers who give of their time to organize and oversee the day-to-day operations of the sanctuary. Many of them are also volunteer feeders. If you have skills you would like to contribute, please contact our President or Vice President. THANK YOU!

President	Deborah Baker	704-855-1267	de_bakre@yahoo.com
Vice President/Medical Needs	Ashley Bethea	704-855-5447	abethea125@gmail.com
Treasurer	Ashley Bethea	704-855-5447	abethea125@gmail.com
Recording Secretary	Norma Miller	704-542-6162	kz5nm@juno.com
Corresponding Secretary	Jennifer Zirt	704-433-8057	jzirt68@carolina.rr.com
Executive Director	Joanie Benson	704-855-2978	hps@horseprotection.org
Newsletter	Janet Elmo	704-843-2073	janet48@windstream.net
Web Administration	Deborah Baker	704-855-1267	de_bakre@yahoo.com
Web Administration	Stephanie Mills	704-560-9712	s1mills@windstream.net
Feeding Schedule	Joanie Benson	704-855-2978	hps@horseprotection.org
Stallion to Gelding Support	Janet Elmo	704-843-2380	stalliontogelding@gmail.com
Riding Program Coordinator	Deborah Baker	704-855-1267	de_bakre@yahoo.com

## EPM: Equine Protozoal Myeloencephalitis

By Joanie Benson

I have written previously about this devastating illness. The protozoa that causes EPM is passed to horses in the stool droppings of opossums which may be found in pastures, bagged sweet feed, hay and water sources. HPS has been dealing with EPM horses since 1999. Some we were able to keep happy and symptom-free into their late 30s and early 40s. Some horses are not as fortunate and we lose them at a much earlier age. At the present time, Cheyenne, Inca, Teton, Cherub, Spirit and Windstar have EPM.

A short time ago we lost Pawnee to EPM. He went into heart failure. The two supplements that keep the EPM horses going are very expensive: The Super Immune Booster is close to \$300 and does not last long with so many horses receiving it. Then there is Chaste Tree Berry powder that we need to buy six to eight kilos at a time. Some of the horses will not eat the Chaste Berry, so those have to get a prepared solution called Evitex, which is about \$100 a gallon. Each horse receives these supplements twice a day. It is becoming very difficult for HPS to continue to purchase these expensive supplements.

Your kind contributions have allowed HPS to try so many different possible cures for this devastating illness. Windstar was crashing and we tried a new treatment with her. It helped her for a few months and now the EPM is returning. Then Cherub was going down hill quickly so we tried another new supplement with her. She was so depressed! Today she is gaining weight, walking better and feeling much better.

If HPS can find a reasonable treatment for EPM, we could be responsible for saving thousands and thousands of horses from untimely death. The present prescription drugs have only a 10 to 20% cure rate and a 58.2 % improvement rate even though they are very expensive. The side effects are frightening: they can damage the liver and kidneys and cause other serious issues. Please help in our continuing efforts to not only save the lives of Cheyenne, Inca, Teton, Cherub, Spirit and Windstar—and possibly the new paint horse, Commodore—but so many horses that have EPM across the country. You can help to make a huge impact, and isn't that what life is all about?

Summer is upon us, and this is a season in which donations to the sanctuary drop. Folks are thinking of vacations and doing things with their families; the starved horses are often forgotten. Please help us to be able to treat all of the EPM horses and to provide for the horses' needs through the summer months. We have only your contributions to count on. We need each of you to care about the horses - *any size donation helps*. The horses need you to show that you care!

## Honors and Memorials

In Loving Memory of the Great Comanchee  
who died bravely on July 14, 2000. Forever in my heart.  
By Roberta McCardle

*In memory of Quinn, loved by Susan Broome.*  
By Glenda Thompson

In memory of Special, owned by Julia Clodfelter.  
By Jan Tevepaugh

In memory of Spencer Seymore.  
By Loretta & Ronald Wachs

In honor of Kira Cornell's  
First Communion.  
By Martha Cornell

In honor of Harry Swimmer.  
By Marilyn Swimmer

*In honor of Joanie Benson and Deborah Baker  
and everyone who helps the horses.*  
By Susan Kotraba

### Youngsters Pitch In:

\*Thank you to Taylor Morefield who collected aluminum cans at her school to donate the funds to help the horses.

\*Michelle Hausman and two friends made items from duct tape and sold them at the art fair at an elementary school. The girls raised \$126. The horses Thank You!

## Monthly Donations & Contributors

Thank you to our members and friends who keep us going in our efforts to rehabilitate, retrain and re-home the seemingly endless number of horses who are abused, thrown away and starved. Here they regain health or at least enjoy kind human touch and care before crossing the Rainbow Bridge. Thank you for knowing this is all about the horses and for joining us in a very meaningful way to ensure the continuation of a safe haven for them. Be safe and enjoy the beauty of summer.

JoAnn Abair  
Elaine Addison  
Anne Marie & James Allison  
Theodosia Arkus  
Sybil P. Athey  
Sandra Babinski  
Judy Blackmon  
Teresa A. & John Bonk  
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Jennifer Brest  
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Nina & James V. Burton  
Deana R. Cannon  
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**\*\*For a \$25 or more donation, the named person can receive "Over Herd" for 1 year.**

Mail completed form to:

Horse Protection Society, 2135 Miller Road, China Grove, NC 28023

## **Freedom Returns to the Sanctuary by Deborah Baker**

Freedom returned to the sanctuary in June. He was having some lameness issues and his new person was feeling overwhelmed. The initial phone call was very confusing to us because he had never had any issues with his knees during his five years at the sanctuary. I was expecting to see the worst as he got off the trailer. I was pleasantly surprised. There was a glitch in his step from his right rear leg, but nothing at all like I had anticipated.



We spoke to his person and she explained that Freedom would pin his ears when asked to do any gait other than a walk. Hmm...this is often a sign that the horse needs a chiropractic adjustment. No, she hadn't called a chiropractor. Her vet felt that Freedom had had all the "good" taken out of him from his racing days and that he was suitable only for light riding. Yes, we agreed that he was suitable for light riding also but that he had much more to give. Freedom was a little on the thin side. She said that he had been very cold last winter and they would have to blanket him because he had been shivering. He had lost weight but regained some before returning to us.

I was disappointed that she had not called us about any of these issues. Having cared for Freedom over the past five years, we knew him well and could have helped with all of these problems. It is so important that lines of communication remain open between the former and current caregivers.

There is no doubt that Freedom was loved and enjoyed the companionship of his very own person. He has returned with a calmer demeanor and a soft eye.

Dr Lisa Busco, DVM and chiropractor, has now adjusted Freedom. As we suspected, his right hip was out of alignment. From the pathology of his hips, she believes that at one point he may have cracked his pelvis. She agrees with us that he is suitable for light trail riding. No steep hills. No jumps. No tight turns. But she also said that frequent riding would be extremely beneficial for his back and hip muscles. He will likely be a horse that will need to see a chiropractor every few months in order to keep him in optimum health. Will you help support Freedom as his Angel Sponsor until he finds his forever home?