



OVER HERD

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January 2002, *What a year!*

Back in January 2002, we were fortunate to have the support of just 20 contributors that month. **Today**, your unwavering support has not only allowed us to provide the best care for the herd and meet our monthly bills, but it has also transformed the lives of these horses. We are deeply honored to share our progress. Here is a list of the horses that were with us in January 2002 and benefited from your support.

1. Angel, 2. Candy Cane, 3. Cheyenne, 4. Chief, 5. Chinook, 6. Cinnamon, 7. Cloud Dancer, 8. Dakota, 9. Fire Breeze, 10. Gold Rush, 11. Irish Night, 12. Maya, 13. Meadow Flower, 14. Moon Glow, 15. Navajo, 16. Phoenix, 17. Pumpkin, 18. Queenie, 19. Sequoia, 20. Snowstorm, 21. Star Fire, 22. Summer, 23. Sundance, 24. Tucson, 25. Whisper, and 26. Willow.

Each one of the horses listed here has a unique and inspiring story. We invite those who remember to share their experiences and memories of their favorite horse on our Facebook page. Your engagement and shared memories make our community so special and unique.

In 2002, our organization faced significant challenges. The country was in the midst of a recession, which led to a surge in the number of horses needing our care. Looking back, most of the year was a constant financial struggle. Despite these difficulties, we remained committed to our mission, thanks to the support of our community. All of the following horses came to HPS in 2002.



Dakota & Jen



Lollipop & Cupcake

1. Moncha, 2. Salida, 3. Tonto, 4. Sprinkles, 5. Raven Feather, 6. Eagle Spirit, 7. Aztec, 8. Teton, 9. Mesa, 10. Wrangler, 11. Lollipop, 12. Cupcake, 13. Laredo, 14. Wind Walker, 15. Dizzy, 16. Night Mist, 17. Sugarfoot, and 18. Yum Yum.

Kathy Haw and I traveled to distant parts of North Carolina to rescue horses using her truck and trailer. Years later, HPS received a grant and purchased the Ford 250 truck and three-horse slant-load trailer we have today.



Cloud Dances

Everything Changed, Miracles Do **Happen**: *A Testament to the Power of Prayer*

The Officers were close to a nervous breakdown. At the August 2002 meeting, they were upset with me because I wasn't concerned about our large budget deficit. I told the officers to go home and pray. It was a call for collective faith, a belief that sincere prayers would be answered, and it was about to change everything.

Jeri Krentz, a fantastic writer, and Jeff Siner, who took lovely and sometimes poignant photographs, visited HPS on and off during the summer of 2002. They said initially that they would write an article for the Charlotte Observer. They became a fixture here, and we enjoyed their company. There had been many articles written about the rescue with pictures before, but when the article came out on September 15, **EVERYTHING CHANGED!** The Horse Protection Society caught up on all our bills and was able to put a small amount of money back into saving.

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As I look down the columns of donors in the October 2002 newsletter inspired by the article and pictures, I still tear up. Twenty-two years later, many of the contributors are still aiding the horses, and some on the list have passed away. We are sincerely grateful to everyone for their devotion to our mission, and most of all, we thank God. (*He never said it would be easy.*) Your continuing individual support has been a lifeline for us, enabling us to continue caring for these magnificent creatures. We are deeply grateful for your ongoing support.

Our greatest challenges are coming in the months ahead starting yet 2024. We may need another miracle. **Inflation** is nothing more than a **devaluation of the dollar**. Our government is responsible. Our buying power has been greatly affected! **Thirty-seven** horses need your devotion maybe more than ever before.

Irish Night Amazing Story

The following is one of the stories of the fantastic horses that lived at the sanctuary in 2002.

Irish Night came to HPS while dealing with the Saddlebred herd. We didn't ask this poor, starved horse to pick a name; we called her "Night Shade." Anyone who called her by the name got flipped off.

I received a phone call from a gal who thought "Night Shade" might be the horse she had sold 23 years before. Kim Wrenn lived a busy life and said she would try to come within the next six months. I reminded Kim of the horse's advanced age and mentioned how terrible it would be if she missed the chance to know if this was her horse.

Kim came the following Saturday and brought her horse's favorite treat. I had tipped off the volunteers about Kim's coming; many were here. We were excited to see if Nightshade was Kim's horse. Kim asked me, "How will I know if this is my horse?"

"Just walk out a short distance and call her as you would have," I replied.

Kim walked out and called, "Irish." Nothing! She called again, this time, Irish through her head up, and she searched for the voice. The two ran together, and there was not a dry eye on the property as Irish buried her head in Kim's chest. Then Irish stepped back and fisted Kim for her treat of a large Red Delicious apple.

The following day, I asked Night Shade to get into her stall, and once again, I was flipped off. Of course, she didn't move. I asked if she would like the new name, Irish Night. She walked over, bumped me with her head, and walked into her stall. That was a "Yes."

Irish Night lived a long life. Kim's mom said that she was a few years older than Kim remembered which would have made her age 46 years old when we lost her. (Horses lived longer before the GMO



Irish Night & Kim Wrenn



A Gorgeous Nest

The two little wrens fought over things while building this beautiful nest, which is made of a plant with tiny yellow flowers. We are doing some work in the house and had to put the lumber needed on the porch. We are hoping we didn't scare off the hard-working little birds.

Two Saved Horses

It has been several years since we began assisting Lincoln County with their horses. They have done an admirable job of rehabilitating the starved horses. As for the legal aspect, the case is still pending and has not yet gone to court. Unfortunately, I am unable to provide any further details at this time.

Over the next few weeks, HPS will be conducting crucial EPM tests on the horses, including a retest on the last five horses under treatment. These tests are a significant step in our ongoing commitment to monitor and maintain the health and well-being of the horses from Lincoln County. We believe it's important to keep you informed about these developments.

The gelding, a large paint, is currently experiencing a breathing issue, possibly due to neglect in his previous living conditions. We suspect he is an older horse, which could be a contributing factor. The bay mare, on the other hand, is a beautiful horse with some white markings. However, she came to us with trust issues, which we are working on. She is gradually becoming more comfortable with our volunteers. It is difficult to imagine what has caused her to be so leery of people. At first neither horse would go into a stall. Often this is because the horse has been lock in a stall or building without correct amounts of feed and water. Today neither horse is afraid of their stall.

Thank you, everyone, for making it possible for us to take in two more horses.

YOU MAKE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE!



Picture a lovely typical day at HPS, the horses have been fed, med checks completed, boo-boo's treated, and it's now one of our favorite times of day; open one of the three fields and watch as the happy horses gallop, roll, play, graze... basic frolicking. What a feeling to know that you're helping them to heal and find a happy place.

But on this day ... they went on strike!

The previous day the horses had been in the back field, so the following day, a good hearted, somewhat too literal, stickler for rotation volunteer (that would be me) rotated the horses to the pond field.

Under normal circumstances it's only a matter of open the passage to the field, giving a small whistle or gentle call, and waa-la, the horses happily run to begin their beautiful entrance into the wide-open space ... only none of them moved. They literally just stood there, looking at me. I whistled again, thinking maybe they need a bit more coaxing. This time, as if on cue, they all turned their backs on me and looked to the back field, as if to say, *"Nope; not doin' it lady."*

Obviously, I didn't take the hint. I had remembered a conversation early on with Joanie of the need to rotate fields, and by hook or crook it was happening.

I walked up to my sweet Gallant, who is always willing to walk with me. We got halfway through the opening, and I could hear his thoughts melding with mine, *"They're not going to follow you in here you know."*, said Gallant. *"Of course they will, you're doing it. I love them and they understand we must rotate fields, they're just a little lazy today."*, I replied. At which point Gallant stopped, turned around, looked at me and slowly began walking back to the herd. I heard him think, *"Read the room lady, it isn't happening, I'm out."* A tinge of humiliation ran through me, was I was just dissed by a horse?

I spent a minute thinking about the way the horses usually enter the fields, there is a pecking order of sorts. *"Ahha!" I have it, Flame! Flame is always one of the first to enter, surely the others will enter if Flame does,* I thought. So, I approached Flame, and explained the situation. He looked at me as if to say, *"If you want to embarrass your yourself in front of all of us, who am I to stop you."* Flame waked with me through the opening to the beginning of the field.

At this point, the remaining 33 horses were still motionless, I mean they didn't even go to the hay feeders, they would not move. A few of them began whinnying towards Flame. I could hear the protest; *"Flame, is she a complete sod? Tell her to get over here and open the back field."* Flame whinnied back a few times. I would like to say it was in my defense, but it was more like flame was saying, *"give it a minute, I'm enjoying her make an ass out of herself."*

A good 15 minutes had gone by when I spotted Joanie, who had come outside to see what was happening. I heard her say, *"What's going on here? They look like they're all on strike."*

I walked back and explained I was trying to rotate them to the pond field, but none of them would come. Joanie laughed and said, *"they want to go in the back field, so let them in the back field."* At which point, Flame strolled by me, throwing a thought at me, *"I'm embarrassed for you."* He nudged my shoulder, and I opened the back field.



I learned three things that day. **One;** No matter what your feeling, as you watch one of God's most majestic creatures run with graceful excitement you can't help but be filled with happiness for them and for yourself being witness to such beauty. **Two;** Horses love deeply, they even help you to embarrass yourself, by following you, even when they know you're a loser-face. **Three,** horses go on strike!

Be well, be happy and don't be so literal in the world. Sometimes we just need to do as Gallant said, and *"Read the room"*.

In memory of Ruth Elaine Addison. By Anna May Danner

"In memory of Comanche, July 14 2000, always in my heart, Roberta"

In honor of Roberta McCardle's and Sybil Athey's birthdays. Both were dedicated volunteers at HPS. Dottie Rebhan

For Father's Day - In honor of my horse-loving Father, Edgar W. Dunhan Jr.

Elizabeth (Liz) Bergeron
John A. & Judy Bonk
Charities Aid of America
Anna May Danner
Barbara A. Grigos
Heather Hamilton
Brenda & Charles Hemperley
Dr. Leslie C. Henson
M. Lisa Higgins & Darren Woods
Donna M. Hipwell
Amber S. Hozey
Kim Lane
Gerry Layson
Cynthia Lee
Brittney L. Liddic
Kathy B., Lex & Lauren Lofgren
Michelle Marckwardt
Roberta McCardle
Jill L. & Charles Messer, Jr.
Carolyn J. Miller
Barbara Byrd Moore
Melly Quinones
Dottie Rebhan
Betty & Harold Rhoads
Dr. Robert H. Schantz
Patricia D. "Trisha" Scudder
Harriet A. Seabrook
Ashley Simmons
Lisa M. Slatt & Alan Spanos, MD
Ruthie & Richard L. Smith

Lisa M. Slatt & Alan Spanos, MD
Ruthie & Richard L. Smith
Tacy K. Smith & J.R. Schermerhorn
Nicky & Gilbert Turner
John Vinal
Timothy W. Walsh
Myra Warren
Maliene Williams

Have you ever had a time when too many things went wrong? The month slipped by so fast that we only made an early deposit, which disappeared from the computer. I convinced the bank to give me the names of the folks who made the deposit and email me the list. We apologize to those not listed, and they will be included in next month's list.



Cadbury's dental is so bad, she may never have had any work done to correct issues. She still can't eat hay. Dillon's moth is just as bad. It often takes several visits to make corrections.

Donation From: _____ Phone# _____ Address _____
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 Membership—single \$35 _____ Membership—Family \$50 _____ Honor/Memorial \$ _____
 Who would you like to receive your Honor/Memorial (please circle one)?
 Name: _____ Email _address _____
 Phone _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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Horse Protection Society
 2135 Miller Road
 China Grove, NC 28023

Address Correction Requested

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You can help support our efforts to save horses by
 providing your email address to us at:
horseprotection@windstream.net
 This will save money in printing & postage.
 THANK YOU!



HELP I'M FALLING!

Panther and Smokey had their first adventure climbing a tree. Several of us were sitting under the tree when the two kittens enjoyed showing off. They would go up the trunk about three feet and bump into each other, and down they would come. Then Panther raced up the trunk and out onto a branch when he lost his balance. Christina jumped out of her chair, and Panther, who was hanging off the branch, and caught him as he fell.