



Over Herd

Horse Protection Society of North Carolina Inc.

2135 Miller Road, China Grove, NC 28023

(704) 855-2978

On the Web at:

www.horseprotection.org

**Mark your
Calendars:**

**Members Meeting
July 10th**

**Come early/stay late!
Lots of projects.**

**Lunch/Meeting at Noon.
Please bring a covered
dish to share.**

Almost a new resident...

Lenoir County Animal Control called for our help with a starved horse that had been turned over to them. Of course we said we would take the horse in, and then went to work on how to get her picked up considering it would be about a 10 to 12 hour round trip. Six hours is too long for a starved horse in a trailer in this hot weather. We called on Mike and Doris Lane to pick her up and bring her to their property. They agreed and spent six hours on the road to retrieve her from Lenoir County near the coast. The plan was then, after she had time to rest, Kathy Haw would bring her the last two-hour ride back to the sanctuary. Mike and Doris arranged for her Coggin's test and then I received a call from them. Doris called.... They had fallen in love with this big 25 year old, almost blind, appaloosa mare. "Could they keep her?" "Why of course," I

answered, "The officers will be overjoyed to have a horse like that placed in a loving home!" ... and everyone is so happy for "Big Momma," as Doris calls her. (Any equine over 12 hands is BIG to Doris.) Horses like Big Momma, usually end up spending the rest of their lives at the sanctuary, because no one wants them. Of course they are going to need a companion horse for her.... Mmmm! Popcorn comes to mind. Sure enough the Lanes call back, and we talk about Popcorn. They will be coming with their trailer tomorrow.

Doris, Mike and Sara have cared for other equine for HPS, hauled horses from their area to the sanctuary and take wonderful care of their collection of rescued mules and donkeys. I love happy endings. God bless these kind folks!



Doris and Big Momma

Sun Dance By Patty Miller

I almost never call my mom in the afternoon. For some reason, I had thought of her a tremendous amount throughout the day. I called 5:45 p.m. I didn't even get the entire "HI MOM" out of my mouth before she said, "I've been putting off calling you all day." Neither one of us could make the words come out, but I knew my Sun Dance was no longer living. Mom kept saying, "I am so sorry." I bet most of you never bonded with Sun Dance. I know what your thinking, "Sun Dance, the cantankerous old lady." Well in honor of Sun Dance, please let her story change you and your thinking.

Do you ever wonder why a horse is named what they are named? Let me tell you the story of the naming of my friend and dearly beloved Sun Dance. When she came to the Ranch. I was a young adult, who had recently come home to recover after living in an abusive relationship. Here arrives this God awful, ugly, filthy dirty, skin and bones horse, who threatened to hurt any who came close. Scared to death of people! She was also fresh out of an abusive relationship. The horse had been ground tied for many years. We could see where she had been beaten in the head and other places.

See Sun Dance Page 4

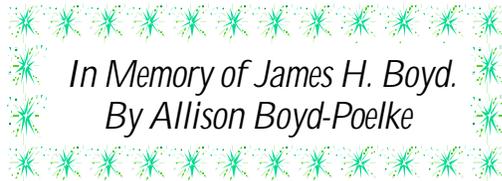
Meet the Members...Michael hulme

In one of life's ironies I got involved with horses when I first came to the US from the UK in 1980. I agreed to learn to ride with a friend of mine; it turned out he was so allergic to horses that he was not able to go near them ever again. However, I have never looked back. For almost all of the last 25 years I have owned horses here in the US, back in the UK, or both! Some of my favorite memories are of weekend camping in the Rockies and the Snowies, with sunrise to sunset rides without seeing another soul (I generally prefer the company of equines to humans!) For a year or two in the UK I rode frequently in a Wild West Show, usually on a borrowed horse since my Count Justin (aka Boots) was far too skittish for all the noise. My current buddies were my ranch horses in Wyoming (one of them was also my Sheriff's Posse horse). When I moved to North Carolina I trailered them down with me.



Michael & Oscar

It was another friend of mine that 'introduced' me to HPS. I have only known about it since late last year, and unfortunately rarely have the time to make the trip out to China Grove. However I am hopeful that this will be a more frequent event during the summer.



I'm BACK! By Joan Benson

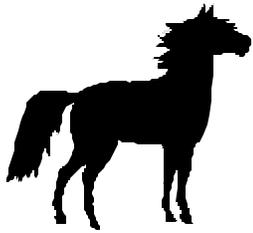
My yearly track to Colorado went off with out a hitch... well almost. Sue Wortman is paranoid about getting me to the airport on time. Three hours early is plenty of time to find the concourse. Then son David forgot to pick me up at the airport upon my arrival in Denver. I understand his powers of concentration when he attacks a problem and closes out the world around him. The start of my rejuvenation consisted of reading my novel sitting on my luggage while daughter Patty tracked down her brother by one of the multiple phones people all seem to have now. Good thing I have an active sense of humor and see the world as a cartoon!

Kids are great when they become adults. You can now be friends, and they provide you with these wonderful little people that you have no responsibility as to how they turn out. What a joy! The only job description is "HAVE FUN!" My two weeks in Colorado was filled with museums, the zoo, field trips, movie night, miniature golf, paddleboats, train rides in the park and playingand more playing. Patty and I did a little work on the shot gun approach to landscaping. My wonderful son-in-law Bryant and Patty had not had a night away since Lexie was born 4.5 years ago. Then Carson followed 15 months later. Finally I got rid of the parents and had THE KIDS ALL TO MYSELF for a night! It all went too quickly and I was heading back to the airport ... with David after an evening in Denver.

The officers and many of the members pitched in to take care of the sanctuary while I was gone. I told the horses to stay well and behave while I was away. Dottie Rebhan, Lisa Murray, and Kathy Biggers even cleaned the old farmhouse! What a wonderful present to come home to. Folks put the funds together to board Sirius in the doggy spa, and she seemed happy to be back, too.

So many give of their time and efforts to make it possible for me to have a vacation. All my heartfelt thanks go out to each and every person.

Of course it has been crazy since my return! Kathy Biggers and I had a bad abuse case to handle. There were stacks of paper work to catch up on. It seemed like everyone waited until I returned to call with problems. July is going to be a busy month with at least three horses coming to the sanctuary.



News From The Herd

Wind Walker was the only horse to need a vet visit while I was vacationing. Some how she got the lid below her eye cut open about an inch and half. It was deep enough to need internal and external stitches. She has recovered from her unknown mishap and the stitches have been removed.

Sugar Foot had always had abnormal cells around her genital area that needed to be washed away with a weak betadine solution every few weeks. While I was gone on vacation one of the members cleaned the area and noticed a quarter size area that seemed different than before. By the time I returned this had transformed in to an ugly plum size growth extending out from the area. She also had developed a pink tinged nasal discharge. Dr. Robin Smith examined Sugar Foot and we agreed that this indicated a very fast growing cancer had spread through her body. The kindest thing to do was to let her cross the Rainbow Bridge peacefully.

Sugar Foot never had much of a chance in life. We know from her over size head and neck that she was starved as a foal. There was a goiter on her neck and generally they are caused by dietary deficiencies of iodine. There is no way of knowing what her life was like in between, and her coming to the sanctuary a walking bag of bones. Twenty-two years old is too short a time on this earth for such a wonderful sweet little girl.

Cancer has become much more prevalent in equine. The latest research for people states the importance of a good diet in your whole life. For Sugar Foot years of a poor diet may have been a factor in this aggressive fast growing cancer. I have seen this type one other time, and I pray I never see it again!

Just Chit-Chat

by YumYum (with clerical assistance from Roberta McCardle)

It's late at night but a light still burns at HPS.....one may glimpse Joanie seated at the dining room table, her head in her hands. "What on earth happened to the phone bill?' she asks no one in particular, "it has NEVER been this high!"

Well! If she asked me, I could tell her. There was a two-day period in June when the portable phone got mislaid. She was happy to find it but she wouldn't have been so happy if she knew what took place during those two days.

Queenie used it first. She found it on the table outside of the tack room. "Hotdog," she exclaimed, "I can call my cousin in Paris!" After a twenty minute conversation with her cousin Duchess, she reluctantly turned the phone over to Tacoma. (At this point, Shiloh would like to interject a comment that it was Tacoma who called all those 900 numbers and not him). Shiloh took the phone forcibly away from Tacoma and tossed it to Navajo over the fence. He called the grain people in Statesville and doubled the feed order (wait until JB gets that bill!). It was Firebreeze's turn next -- he called a party store in Kannapolis & placed an order (he was thinking ahead to the 4th of July). Irish called information and booked a farm call with an equine dentist ("A girl has got to keep her appearance up, doesn't she?")

Bo and Monty decided that it would be soooo nice if every horse had his or her own round bale of hay so they called Harold. He should be here any minute.

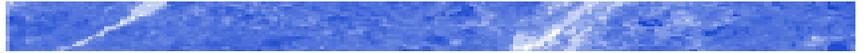
Dakota had one of those horsey magazines and ordered all kinds of great gear. "Hey, my two-leggers are always saying what a great looking horse I am. Shouldn't I have beautiful tack to showcase my handsome frame and shiny coat?"

And me, what did I do? I've called Northeast and got a doctor on stand-by....Joanie is going to need help when the rest of the bills start coming in.

In memory of Joan Rumbly. By "The Staff, Friends & Neighbors at Wesleyan Homes

In memory of one Siamese cat, Moon. Even though she has gone on before us to a better place where she is healthy and happy, we sorely miss her. By Sharon & Michael Shively

In Memory of Gene Cannon's mother-in-law, Joan Rumbly. By Hanes Industries



Sun Dance...Con't from page 1

With Joanie's (my mom) encouragement this horse became my responsibility. Only she knew that we were kindred spirits. The most important thing to know about this horse was that she didn't realize that she was free to walk around the corral and pastures on her own. After I had gained her trust through hours, days, and weeks of nurturing and grooming, I could bribe her to follow me, one arm draped over her back. If I stopped walking or removed my arm, then she would stand wherever I left her and not move until I coaxed her to a new spot. The hours of grooming revealed that she had a beautiful coat that glimmered in the summer sun. Also during those many hours of grooming, I would talk to her and tell her that someday she would know that she was free and that she could run and dance in the bright sun..... hence the name Sun Dance.

During that summer I spent a great deal of time crying with my arms around Sun Dance's neck and her head resting on my shoulder. Many times I swore she cried, too. Both of us relieved to not be living our old life, but scared to live a new one. Together Sun Dance and I learned to walk, to run, to dance in the summer sun, and to live life freely again.

The ranch can bring us all life, happiness and freedom. It takes long hard work, but the rewards of love are worth it. Sun Dance no longer walks the Earth. She died and went to Heaven. When you hear the thunderclouds boom in the sky, think of Sun Dance dancing freely across the Heavens. She is gone, but will never be forgotten by me.

For all of you that have been away from the Ranch for a time, please hear this and go. The horses are alive for only so long. They patiently wait for our love and care. If you don't love and care for them NO ONE will! If you don't clean their stalls they will stand in their own manure. They are 100% at your mercy. They will also love you with no regrets, boundaries or limits. They have a special way of healing our pain and filling those hollow spots in us. I didn't see Sun Dance for 5 years before she died. Don't let that happen to you. Go! Go to the Ranch and learn the name, the life, the history of a special horse. Get all the love you could ever want for only your time, a bit of work, and a carrot or two. Come to the Ranch and bond with a horse. It will change your life for the good. Sun Dance changed mine.

My 3 year old son climbed on my lap and cried with me. My 4 year old daughter told me I could go to Ranch and make fiends with a new horse. I can't ever bring Sun Dance back, but she won't ever be gone from my heart. I healed because of my summer with Sun Dance. She lived freely on the Ranch for many, many years because of the kind care of all of you. For this I give you my utmost thanks. It eases my pain knowing that so many loved her. Dance Sun Dance, Dance!

Good by Old Friend By: Joan Benson

When I see a beautiful flower I will be heard saying, "Oh, that is one of my favorite flowers." Close friends soon pick up on the fact that I say this often. I have been asked if there is a flower that is not one of my favorites... if there is I have not found it yet.

This is also the way I am with the horses. Each and everyone is my favorite horse. But Sun Dance held a very special place in my heart. In the spring of the year her coat would shine like a golden sunset. At times we could tell she was feeling her 38 years of life. The bounce was not in her step, and she had given the leadership of her small band of horses to Irish Night. Tundra seldom left her side.

Last year we nursed her through liver failure of the worse kind. About five years ago the area between her eyes that had been damaged by a severe beating, started to disintegrate. We were at a loss as to what was causing the bone to degenerate. Then as quickly as it started, it stopped. But it left Sun Dance a different horse. She lost the sight in the right eye that she had recovered years before, she frightened easily, and would stress over almost any change or being away from her little herd of Irish, Fire Breeze and Navajo. Sun Dance no longer wanted to leave the sanctuary for short rides and at times seemed to forget where she was and thought she was going to be mistreated again. Thank heavens her confusion usually did not last long.

A few weeks ago I read a new study about a pulmonary disease that strikes older horses. A horse that may never have had a breathing disorder before will go into an asthma like attack, which they cannot recover from. Sun Dance developed this problem. The veterinarian was called and medication was administered. She stopped eating, except small amounts of soaked alfalfa. Nothing we tried seemed to help. I went to the barn after everyone had left to spend sometime with Sun Dance. I walked her out into the field hoping some grass would be of interest to her. I knew I had to call our vet the next morning, and I needed time to say good-bye. Sun Dance died that night. In the morning I found her with all her favorite friends close by.

Sun Dance had been at the sanctuary for 12 years..... too short a time for such a wonderful horse. How long could she have lived if she had not had to endure 24 years of torture before coming to us? She was only two years old when her life of isolation, starvation and beatings started. The owner ground tied her for the 17 years prior to her rescue. I take comfort in the knowledge that the last 12 years, Sun Dance was happy and well fed..... because of you kind folks who make the sanctuary possible. *THANK YOU!!*

Special THANKS to this months contributors:

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Kathy Biggers | Perry Morgan |
| Helen Bishop | Lisa Murray |
| Teresa Bonk | Lt.Col. John & Emily Myers |
| Peggy & Raymond Bouley | Mr. Mrs. James Pyke |
| Joan S. Bowen | Kathryn Reaves |
| Allison Boyd-Poelke | Dottie Rebhan |
| Catherine & K.A. Briggs | Beryl Rehn |
| Pat Constantine | B. Robert's Food, Inc |
| Ronda Duncan | Marvin Saunders |
| Hanes Industries | Harriet Seabrook |
| Brown Hobbie | Sharon & Michael Shively |
| Kathleen M. Humphreys | Jerry & Sharon Smith |
| Lillus Kurland | Mary Walters |
| Betty & Floyd Lentz | Frank Warot |
| Sara Lewis | Michael & Suzanne Webb |
| Katherine Lofgren | Wesleyon Homes Inc. |
| Ellen Lopez | Joyce Whitaker |
| Cheryl McDermott | Cindy & Paul Wilcoxon |
| Rev. Yvonne McJetters | Shelagh Winter |
| Jill Messer | Teresa Woods |
| Susan & Chris Monroe | Sue Wortman |
| Barbara Moore | Kim Wrenn |

*In fond memory of my rabbit
"Iris." Her 8 years with me were
too brief. By Sara Lewis*

*In memory of John Adam
owned by Mary Myers.
By Emily & John Myers*

*In memory of Andy & Carly.
By Rev. Yvonne McJetters*

*In Memory of Joan Rumbly.
By Mr. & Mrs. James Pyke*

*In memory of Desert Sand.
By Jerry & Sharon Smith*

*In memory of Santana's Mahogany.
By Kathleen M. Humphreys*

*In memory of Joan Rumbly.
By Wesleyan Homes*

*In memory of Patricia Ann Peterson.
By Catherine Briggs*

Special thanks to Rubbermaid Foodservice Products for photocopying the monthly newsletter.

Donation Form:

Your name:

Your phone number:

Your e-mail:

Your Message (for newsletter):

Is this for a memorial donation? Yes No

Whom do you wish to Honor:

Their e-mail:

Their Address:

Any donation amount is appreciated: \$_____ Please make checks payable to **Horse Protection Society**.

For a \$25 or more donation the honored person can receive a year of "Over Herd."

Would you like the newsletter sent? Yes NO

Please clip and mail to: **Horse Protection Society**



Horseplay Golf Tournament



Come horse around at McCanless Golf course in Salisbury on July 24th to help the rescued horses. There will be a shotgun start at 8:00 o'clock on the 18 hole course. Free soft drinks and snacks, lots of prizes, and we look forward to seeing you on the course. Form your foursome or come and join some other golfers to make a foursome. The cost will be \$35.00 a person. Part of your greens fee is tax deductible! Wow! Play golf and get a tax deduction at the same time. Please sign up early and let us know you will be joining in the fun. If you have a foursome, please pick you captain as your contact person.

PLEASE PRINT

Captain: _____ Phone: _____

Addition phone #: _____ Email: _____

Player #1: _____ Phone: _____

Addition phone #: _____ Email: _____

Player #2: _____ Phone: _____

Addition phone #: _____ Email: _____

Player #3: _____ Phone: _____

Addition phone #: _____ Email: _____

Amount enclosed: \$ _____

Return to:
Horse Protection Society,
2135 Miller Road,
China Grove, NC 28023

Order Form for T-Shirts Adult & Youth, & Adult Tank Tops



Logo will be in white

Adult T – Shirts: Steel Blue \$11.00

#_____ Small, #_____ Medium, #_____ Large, #_____ X-Large

Adult T – Shirts XXL \$14.50 #_____XXL

Youth T – Shirts: Seafoam green \$11.00 #_____ Youth Medium

Adult Tank Tops: Lime Green \$12.50

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(Mailing cost: \$3.75, Plus \$1.00 for each additional item.) \$_____ Total cost:\$_____

Total Order: \$_____ I will pick up at the sanctuary

Purchaser: _____

Address: _____

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All shirts have been imprinted and are available for pick-up or mailing. (Limited supply)

**HORSE PROTECTION SOCIETY
OF NORTH CAROLINA INC.**

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China Grove, NC 28023

Phone: 704-855-2978
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Web site:
www.horseprotection.org

**Horse Protection Society
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China Grove, NC 28023**

Address Correction Requested

Making the World a Better Place for Horses

It is the mission of the Horse Protection Society of North Carolina Inc. to make the world a better place for horses through education, rescue and rehabilitation.

Founded by Joan Benson and incorporated in 1999, we continue to reach out and to grow. We are always seeking new members.

HPS is a fully incorporated 501(c)3 nonprofit organizations. Your donations are the main source of income to support the sanctuary and are eligible for tax deduction.

HPS Officers

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