



Spring Creek Horse Rescue
Diane McCracken
39908 US HWY 160
Bayfield, CO 81122

SCHR Newsletter

Spring 2011

From The Manure Pile

We are hoping 2011 will be a better year for horses, & humans, so many calls for horses in trouble, we hope it ends soon! Of the many calls we receive one was about some kids camp horses that were in great trouble. The camp had foreclosed 2 years ago, & the horses had been left to their own means of food, water, & warmth. None had seen a dentist in forever, no feet trimmed, abscesses, thrush, thin enough the wind could knock them over. Some have multiple Injuries, and ailments, besides being starved & un cared for. Some of the "camp" horses went to foster homes, as we can only be that "one on one" to so many. The ones we have here are wheedling their way into our hearts, making us wonder again, how humans can be so cruel. One of the horses-"Missy" was definitely NOT a kids horse, we think she was a very expensive, & well trained cutting horse, she is about 12 years old. She has a blown out knee, & a rear leg that grows at an odd angle. Mr. Big, a 16-3HH TB, 500# underweight, feet so long he could barely lift them, thrush & abscesses, not able to eat because his teeth have never been done, so hungry for a scratch from a human, and so forgiving after what has been done to him amazes us. We could use everyone's help with hay, senior feed, & a few more volunteers to give them the hands on & let them know they are safe.

Diane

First day on the job

Suzette Collard

I have been volunteering at Spring Creek Horse Rescue since early January, of 2011 and have found this to be a most rewarding experience. I found the rescue from browsing online and immediately called to see if I could be of any help and learn something about horses as well, as I knew very little. Diane, the head of the rescue, accepted my offer and the following Monday, I was working.

My first job was to muck a stall. If there was any apprehensiveness as to what mucking entailed I was determined not to let it show. I wanted to gain an education in caring for horses and this was as fine as any. I felt very pleased with myself for digging in and mucking. After the first stall was completed I was confident that horse care wasn't so different from child care and that I could become a pro. Of course the first stall I ever mucked belonged to a six month old filly named Tar Baby; there wasn't much there to muck.

After mucking other pens until lunch time I was starving and so ready to eat that my turkey and cheese sandwich never tasted so good. Diane and I talked during lunch and I was welcomed into the rescue as if I were family. What a good feeling that is when you know absolutely nothing about what you are doing but giving it your all.

After lunch we went into the "boys pen". This consists of seven two year old geldings that are rowdy and lively. My heart was racing. They were excited to have us there and wanted to be brushed and loved. This was definitely more than my comfort zone was used to, but I picked up a brush, rolled my shoulders back and started brushing. Oh what a sweet boy, the horses name I was brushing was Jack, and from that moment on he has been a favorite of mine at the horse rescue. I learned a lot that moment about trust and how good it feels to give a good scratch where one can't reach for himself. Jack was kind to me and made me feel for that short moment that I was on top of the world. Imagine me, a newbie to horses, brushing a big, at the time, very big to me, boy. We finished mucking and then feeding time began.



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Feeding the seven geldings was a really exciting highlight for me. All the horses love you when you have something for them to eat. Diane explained how to throw flakes of hay in different locations so that the horses don't fight over food. I think that day that they had so many different single flakes to choose from it probably felt like they were eating dinner at an all you can eat scattered dinner buffet with the menu consisting of.....hay. I was determined to do my job right and not let them be too close, or have to be to choosey as to which flake to eat from. I am sure that Diane was laughing, but she never said a word to me about it. We then went on and finished feeding all of the other horses and I quickly learned that hay must taste really good.

After my first day was finished my body ached from all the work I had done and I was tired. My ego was huge, and the smile on my face must have been even larger because when my children came home from school they said, "Mom, why are you so happy?" I told them about all the great things I had done, mucking, feeding, and brushing. Then I told them about some of the horses that I met and tried to remember all their names. The children were so excited that my nine year old son asked if he could work with me sometime. Later my six year old daughter said, "Mom, when I grow up I want to work at a horse rescue and muck stalls." Boy, did I make it sound grand or what!

To me working at Spring Creek is such a joy and something that I look forward to doing every week. It feels good to give of myself and actually, I think I am receiving so much more than I am giving. I am grateful to Diane and the horses of Spring Creek Horse Rescue for allowing me to be a part of them.