

Spring Creek Horse Rescue



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From The Manure Pile
Another year has come and gone
the Christmas chores are almost done
Healthy and Happy Horses,
sometimes a delight,
are waiting for Christmas
so they can take flight.
Into the grain room
where treats will abound
all spoiled rotten
with humans around!

*****Merry Christmas to all*****

Diane

I have been volunteering at SCHR for about 4 months, I thought I'd write about each horse as I get to know them better. Today will be about Jesse, or "Marshmallow".

I have been around horses all my life. I've never owned my own, but got kicked in the head when I was four and I've been hooked ever since. I am comfortable with not riding horses anymore, but

to be surrounded by them would be a nice alternative. That's why I go to Spring Creek every Sunday. What do I get out of volunteering? I get to learn just how Intelligent horses are. I get my fill of nickers & nudges. I get to learn how different they can be. I get to try to build up trust with the ones that have been abused. I get to know their individual stories, heartbreaking as that may be. I get to help them have a clean environment to live in. I get to feel a horse lean into the scratching he's getting between the ears, much like a cat or dog would. They turn to see me when I call their names. I know that one in particular is slowly beginning to trust me and that feels great. I come to SCHR to help out. The horses seem to have accepted me. I've had them walk right up to me waiting to be scratched or brushed. I've had one turn away from me but back up to me so he was in control of the contact, but he did no harm. He was allowing me into his space but by his rules. I have to respect that. It shows intelligence and thought and consideration by him that I was at least marginally acceptable, but more that I was not imminently dangerous. I think that's progress. I'll take it.

Jesse

Jesse's a Welch Cob, snowy white with enormous dark eyes. She has several health issues, and is most likely a hospice case. She never goes in her barn, but stays outside, watching everything going on around her.

Her hair was almost an inch long, long before the other horses started "furring up" for winter. Now to run your hand down her neck is an almost luxurious feeling. She's darn near fluffy. She stands patiently to be groomed, and nickers to anyone going in and out of the feed room. She's learned the routine, and expects a treat from anyone around.

When she first arrived, she had not had her hooves trimmed in 3 years, maybe longer. Her hooves were so long, splayed out, cracked and broken that she was virtually walking on the frog of her foot. Every step a big effort, and it had to hurt like crazy. One

Sunday Diane put Styrofoam "shoes" on her to see if that would make walking any easier, and it did. We knew her hooves were troublesome, but being left like that for that long could have atrophied her tendons, crippling her no matter what shape her feet were in. The change was Immediate, and Jesse seemed to know we were helping. The farrier came and trimmed Jesse up, and eventually she got shoes. Now her feet are under her and she's been trotting when it's been her turn to be let out into the big run area. She's still a hospice case, but she's enjoying life now. She can go see all the other horses and she does. She explores everything and acts like a happy animal. It's a good thing to see!

Sue



I love Spring
Creek!
Merry
Christmas!

