



"HOPE FLOATS"

She is one of the reasons why I do rescue. Probably one of the very first cases I did with OSPCA. I rescue I don't hoard. I'm very opposed to most rescue. They pretty much all start with good intentions but fast become hoarders feeling that no one else can take care of animals. There is one such "rescue" around the corner and really it's a horrible place to go. There are worse things than dead. Living in a lot of these rescues and refuges is worse! I've seen lots.

Hope is an OSPCA rescue. You have to love her and religions or not God sure did. I got a call on day from the local OSPCA agent asking if I would accept 35 horses/ponies, 15 cows and a pig. In my infinite wisdom I said sure. OMG.

The rescue was about 1.5 hours from my house in October or November. I had two rigs going up and was told there were 5 or 6 others waiting for me there. We would load all and bring to my house and go from there. What I didn't know and found out once I got there was that once the other truckers (who lived in the community) found out where the pick up was, they all refused to help as they felt support for the farmer. The weather was horrible. It was snowing or raining or combination of either. Terrible. I get there, you have a bunch of well intentioned people who know little or nothing about horses trying to catch semi wild animals in a dark 35 acre field.

We have an angry irate wife who is screaming at the top of her lungs, horses terrified at all the people in the field and it's dark. She tries to run me over with her truck. It was great fun. When OSPCA has a seizure mandate they have a time frame. So you have to get the job done in the time frame allowed. Would have been possible if all the trucks showed up and that didn't happen. So we are now trying to catch all we can and get them out of there for now and OSPCA would come up with another game plan tomorrow as the mandate was till midnight.

We managed to catch 6. One foal was so small we were sure it was born a few hours earlier. In fact it was born 6 months earlier. The owner of the animals had walked 6 horses over to the neighbours before the seizure. (We found out one week later - she called to relinquish them to OSPCA) - Hope was one of those. We took a bunch of ponies and the vet took the emaciated stallion and pig out of the barn. Picture a 600 pig (well it was supposed to weigh that) and it weighed less than 100 lbs. The stallion you could see through him. Their food - the walls. We had no choice we had to leave the rest behind.

A week later we got a call about the 6 horses. Neighbour is tired of taking care of these horses and wanted them gone. So off Howard Galganov and my husband go to pick them up. The lady had done her best, she obviously wasn't a horse person and her priorities were a little iffy, but horses were fed, watered and had shelter.

I ran to the barn upon their arrival and walk into my second barn where we the smell hit me. Omg like rotting flesh; well that's what it was. The horses tails were cut short but the wound was just rotting. So I dealt with that mess and started going down the line of horses and found Hope.

Frank says to me that he and Howard put her on the trailer last as they were pretty sure she would be dead by the time she got home. I don't know how she survived. Her eye was pleading for help. She ate for two days before trouble started. I guess she started to feel like it was safe and wanted to lie down, problem was she wasn't strong enough to get up. If you pulled on her head to help her she gave up, one had to pull on her tail she would then brace and stand up. However this was happening 6 - 8 times a day. Dr. Halle would keep coming and his response was to keep trying he truly didn't know if she would make it. She did.

Hope stood about 14 hands and was about 6 or 7 years old. We guess Canadian cross, we know the ugliest little thing ever. OMG. Dr. Halle would give her selenium and shook his head and only hope. I eventually put her in my indoor with two blankets in case we weren't able to get her up we would be able to drive in with tractor to help her. She was my teaching companion. I taught and she stood next to me keeping me warm. Almost one year later, Hope was the horse pulling bride and groom to and from their wedding. Imagine that from death's doorstep to the beginning of a new life.

All my rescues are placed in homes where they must come back to me; if, for whatever reason the adopters cannot keep them. She has now gone to live with Chantal Hortop and I know this little lady hit the jackpot.



Before and after

