Shepherd’s Green Sanctuary

Welcome Fall 2018
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Shepherd’s Green Sanctuary is a 501C3 public charity
Recognized since 1996 by the IRS
State certified

Financial and other information about our organization can be found at GUIDESTAR.org
and at GIVING MATTERS.org, a directory of state certified charities.

Contact us for information or assistance:
Ph: 931-498-5540

Accredited by:
The American Sanctuary Association
Since 2002
Dear Friends,

Fall is here! The best time of the year at the Green. Persimmons, juicy, sweet and falling with the least bit of wind. Acorns, beech-nuts and hickory nuts littering the ground, pumpkins, and the perfect weather that goes with this perfect piggy picnic.

Typically we have a cold snap the week of October 5th and chiggers, wasps and other annoying biters are over for the year. Grass has quit growing, and I have quit mowing! From there on we all just breathe a big sigh of contentment as October turns to November and November to December, usually with little bad weather.

This is the time for our winterizing. We have a lot of barns with removable Plexiglass windows that come and go with the seasons, as do rug doors for small buildings, thermostats reset for cold weather, hundreds of bales of hay to put into each of the 59 barns and houses; lots to do and perfect weather to do it.

If you are planning to visit, schedule yourself into our cozy camper in October and enjoy it at its best.

for the pigs,

Peggy
To Our Pigs’ Good Health!

It’s harvest season; there’s no better time to review what you are feeding your special pig.

If you feed pellets or a ration, remember these are raw grains and are hard to digest, especially as teeth wear down and chewing gets more complicated. Old pigs need a better daily diet that limits, or in some cases eliminates, raw grains. (No raw grains for pigs with ulcers or other digestive disorders.)

Improve any diet by adding a piece of fruit or other natural food (pumpkin, squash, sweet potato) every day. Fruit and orange vegetables are always part of a healthy diet. And don’t forget the beets! They love them. A salad every day for a pig who spends much time indoors supports vital immune and digestive functions.

Pasta, breads, cookies and crackers are “special”, not for every day.

Proteins are supplied in the pig feed but if you are venturing away from a diet of raw grain, protein sources that are most natural to pigs are eggs and fish. Besides protein they supply necessary oils. Stay away from beans. Cooked green beans are ok but any kind of canned bean or raw bean can cause huge digestive problems and pain. The wild nuts that he finds on his own are great proteins. And he gets much needed exercise and enjoyment from the nutting adventure.

Fresh From the Market

- Apples
- Pears
- Pineapple
- Grapes
- Cherries
- Mango, plum and peach (remove the pits)
- Pumpkin, squash, eggplant
- Sweet potatoes!! Every day is a good day for a baked sweet potato!

Feed one fresh fruit every day to improve immune function, uptake of nutrients and for the smile value!
Favorites of the Season

Franklin Turtle

Jo-Jo

Blinkin

BeeGee

Samantha
Miracle & Zeppo
Fall activities: Henry-K basking in the late summer sun, Pepper & Surprise digging sweet potatoes, Starla enjoying the mud hole
Against the background colors of fall, we get to enjoy watching the younger pigs race headlong to jump into a pile of leaves, roll in the warm mud, or like Dixie, “hide” in a pile of sun-warmed sand.

In this season of plenty sometimes we can’t find them at breakfast. The long walk up to the top of the ridge in the crisp, fall morning is a welcome hike and finds them happily eating persimmons and acorns.

And for some, imagining they hear the voice of the wild, “Beware! Winter’s coming!” we find them busily building elaborate huts of branches and twigs.
Sanctuary Walkabout

The Isolation Pen Welcomes Hoover

For everybody’s welfare, any new pig coming in has to start in an isolation pen. There he gets vaccinated, wormed, gets to know other pigs through the fence and becomes acquainted with the smells, noises and sights of his new life. It gives us a few weeks to determine if he has any illness or other problem. For many of them it’s the biggest space (20x200) they have ever seen. Space can be daunting at first.

Hoover arrived from Southwest TN in August, following the line of pigs in need of a home that started this year with Franklin, then Cinderella, then Harry Potter, Shortcake, Tippy and Summer Moon. Hoover is a gentle, sweet pig with a burning curiosity about his new world.

Two others, Rooty and Parker, returned after six years in an adoptive home, are in another isolation area.

To a pig, as they graduate to a herd, like Summer Moon, they will throw their tail up into the air and race pell-mell across a field just because they can!

Welcome Hoover!!
Sanctuary Walkabout

Things that help the sanctuary run smoothly all year

Our giant sandbox holds about 4 tons and lasts about 4 months. It provides an impact-free substrate, easy on arthritic joints and porous so it wicks away wetness under the bedding.

An army surplus stretcher makes Arlo a very happy camper!

Scratching Rubs

Mounted on corners for safe, easy access

Where’s my hay?

Square bales and round; each provide the winter’s bedding in different areas.
If you picked any two pigs in our sanctuary who you thought wouldn’t be friends, these two would be at the top of the list.

**Tippy**, quiet, shy, reserved, takes no risks.... and **Summer Moon**, throwing herself into every experience with a will to become the fastest, boldest pig on the farm. Watch this, Tippy!!! They came in a couple of months apart and Tippy had “graduated” from the isolation pen to the hillside woods but wasn’t making friends. Summer arrived and went into isolation for her vaccination period. Tippy shyly greeted her through the fence, and Summer was delighted to know another pig! When it was time to move Summer, I chose a small herd with a large, varied habitat, three acres of woods, fields and waters. And Tippy went with her. Where you see one, you see them both. They have a house of their own and companionship. Can’t beat that. (or maybe we can. Post script: Hoover has joined Tippy & Summer as a threesome.. All for one and one for all!)
We love happy endings, and Tobe is writing the book.
When my friend, Sandy, died in 2015, she left along with the 167 pigs, a cat and a 17-year-old Quarter Horse. Her friend, Lalita, took the cat. The vet, who Sandy said wanted Tobe, opted out. Tobe had foundered the week Sandy died. For the next couple of months Sherry tended his foot under the direction of a vet, learning skills at handling horses she never expected to need. And by way of a U-tube video learned the skill quickly and well. Tobe recovered fully in time.

Tobe went to Kentucky and was boarded at a stable where he got the best of care. Since his mother died he had lived only with the pigs. Over time he made friends with horses there and was upset when one would leave. It worried me that he needed more permanence in his life. He stayed at the boarding facility but it wasn’t a long-term answer. Over the next two years I got to know Danielle and Bob, the neighbors where we had the Kentucky sanctuary. Danielle loves horses and does rescue. It seemed we could do something better for Tobe, and we came up with a plan. I traded a some land that was adjacent to them for lifetime care for Tobe. In March he moved in. Little by little he made friends and one day was suddenly part of his own herd! It was the first time in his life he had a horse family.

As with our foster pigs, we maintain a fiduciary role to assure he will have whatever he may need.
A Sweet Memory to share: In 2002 I first met Janie, who was to become a dear friend and a source of inspiration in my life. Janie asked if she could come and volunteer. She had volunteered at other pig sanctuaries in times past and loved the pigs. As we talked we found that we were both from New England and, as children, were both figure skaters and had other common interests. I asked if she would be driving or flying in from her home in Florida. She said “neither”, she would be taking the bus; she couldn’t drive because she was blind. I was taken aback but amazed at her fearlessness in traveling to a strange place and spending time with a couple hundred pigs. I looked forward to meeting her. As we drove in from the station I filled her in on some of the idiosyncrasies of Shepherd’s Green, starting and ending with Hoku, the “boss pig”, a 280-pound piggy boy who ruled the roost and did not take to strangers. Visitors found me shooing them quickly away from the entrance and into an area where he seldom came. If they overstayed his patience he would march in and walk up to them, grunt at them in a hostile voice and if they didn’t get up to leave pretty quickly, he would pee on their feet. He didn’t exactly make friends easily.

Hoku was a pig like no other. He arrived three days before my husband died in 1996 and during the first few weeks he was in a deep depression and so was I. After his five years of being petted, babied and flown back and forth seasonally from Hawaii to New Orleans, this sad woman and a cold wet spring in Georgia was not his dream of a new life. Once we moved back to the farm in Tennessee, he and I became friends and he started visiting me in the house but continued to live outside with the other pigs. (His “roughing it” period)

Then, one Christmas Eve I had given up hope that my friend, Sharon, planning to spend the holiday, would make it in through the ice storm we had that day. Phones were out, and I could only hope she was safely holed up in a warm hotel. Three inches of ice coated everything and made steps, porches and paths treacherous. As I sat by the fire reading, I heard the front door rattling and thought it was impossible but it must be Sharon! I went to the door and there was Hoku. How he had made it up the steps to the porch, not to mention getting across the yard from his barn on solid ice in pitch dark, I will never know. But Hoku had come to stay, and he slept in the house from that night forward. And in his opinion, that 3400-sq-ft old farmhouse was just big enough for the two of us.
Into this environment Janie arrived. Hoku met us at the door, and I introduced Janie to him. She talked to him quietly but made no move to touch him. He grunted once and went on to his room to bed. It has always been an amazing thing to me that while us humans need 100 words to express something as simple as hello, prattling along like a bubbling caldron, a pig can express everything needed in one grunt. His single grunt and a swish of his tail said, “Welcome, you seem different, I won’t pee on your foot. Don’t stay too long.”

As the days passed and Janie’s voice became a regular sound in the kitchen and living room, I could see a deep affection developing with Hoku. She would talk, and he would respond as he did with me., with conversational little oofs and snorts. He would seek her company for “hanging out”. He was very much a friend to Janie by the time she left.

Janie visited once a year, to Hoku’s great pleasure. And often she would call. I noticed Hoku would come from wherever he was when I talked to her. One day I said, “Here, talk to Hoku” and put the phone to his ear. The look on that boy’s face was one of plain awe. His friend was here, hidden somehow but here!! From that time on, Hoku never missed a phone call from Janie. When he became too crippled to come to the phone, he grunted until I brought the phone to him. His life was greatly enriched by every “conversation” with Janie, someone he loved very much.
All Kinds of Pigs
All Kinds of Reasons
They come to the Green
for a life that is
More Than Survival

Thank You for Making it Possible to do so much for so many