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 GIVING MATTERS.org, a directory of state certified charities.

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The American Sanctuary Association
2002-2017
Dear Friends,

It’s the end of February as I begin this. The flowers are filling the pastures and along the creek with their bright blossoms. The shrubs are putting out leaves and the pear trees are erupting into their extravagant white blossoms in a week.

After the cold winter we had, it is especially welcome. The pigs so enjoy the warm sun and the smell of green grass. Our spring picture is a single daffodil plant holding its own against the flooding of the lower pasture this month. I understand all too well how that battle feels.

It is time to renew our resources and get ready for the summer. Fencing and gates are being replaced, damaged pastures dragged and reseeded and the herds sorted and moved to their summer pastures. Wintering here means tighter grouping for comfort and oversite. Summer gives them wide open gates for the long months of digging, grazing, seeking nuts and berries.

Wherever you are this spring, I hope it’s warm and beautiful!!

For the pigs,

Peggy
When the Answer is

*There is no Hope*

Maybe we need to ask a different question

In the nearly 30 years of rescuing pigs, the losses have never gotten any easier. When I was told Rosiebelle was not going to survive her critical kidney failure, no matter how much they could do at the hospital, it was devastating. Then, just days later her best friend, Rooty Ann, became ill and was rushed to the hospital where they discovered a cancer in her liver. These two had been inseparable for as long as they had been here. Now I was told there was no hope for either of them. When Rooty was coming out of anesthesia I was there visiting Rosiebelle and I knew, little as it was, that there was hope, not of recovery but of a few hours of great comfort for her.

“When Rooty is awake, please put her in the stall with Rosiebelle,” I requested the barn staff. And she and Rosie spent the night together, side by side, belly to belly, as they had done for so many years. In the morning when I arrived, Rosie had passed away. Rooty passed a few days later. I hope they may have believed they would stay together forever. The sadness of loss is heavy, but until the last breath, there is always some kind of hope for those we love.
Hope, when all else is missing.

Hot Dog, left, a rescued Pekinese in my friend Jackie’s care, was given a gloomy prognosis of never being able to control his hindquarters and the recommendation, a logical and humane one, was to put him to sleep. Jackie wasn’t ready to give up on all hope. She started the search for ways he could live and be happy and healthy. She wasn’t looking for a miracle where he would walk, just the hope of a good lifestyle for him. And she found it. A special waterproof, padded bag that permits him the freedom to move himself around without abrading his skin or otherwise hurting himself. He stays dry and comfortable, active, capable and full of LIFE!

Roger, Blossom, Perry, Einswine, Evita and others over the years, have lost hindquarter control. It is a common ailment of these pigs who live long lives, carrying a lot of weight. For some of them it’s just another stage of their life and they do fine, living on through their years as a special care pig. For others, being so dependent is intolerable to them and we have to let them go. It’s not what we hope for their senior years, but they can have rich lives. For Roger, I am hoping for a long, breezy spring and lots of pears this summer. Being unable to forage for pears, they will be delivered. Taste as sweet.

Blossom enjoys the open patio doors of her special care building, sharing the same sun and breezes as her herd.

Roger, 15, has all the comforts of home in his high-tunnel house, an easy to heat and cool area. He has the company of other pigs when they drop by to chat (or steal his cookies). Kelly, the cat, spends his days with him.
After the snow and the ice, after the rains that flood the low fields..
Suddenly, It’s Spring!
When we moved here in 2004, this farm had been used roughly by pesticides and herbicides. We had no songbirds, no bees, and few of nature’s nocturnal visiting wildlife. I started early to plant chokecherries for the birds and figs and fruit trees for the pigs. In five years it was like living in the TIKI house at Disneyland... birds singing, bees buzzing and lots of native creatures visiting.

In front of the hospital and Special Care buildings I set Paw Paw trees, a local tree which produces a large edible fruit. Something fresh and right there for them to enjoy. Last year, for the first time since planting, we actually had fruit. The pigs hated it and I didn’t care for them either! Oh well...

As summer progressed, we started having problems with green bottle flies. Never a problem here before, these flies lay eggs in any kind of wound they find, hatching into maggots. A truly horrid experience for pig or caregiver, requiring daily deep cleaning and the application of a nasty toxic substance called SWAT. Not what we want here, neither the fly nor the SWAT. On into the fall we were cornering pigs all over the property to apply SWAT. Pigs fight, cut themselves on a tree thorn, all kinds of minor injuries which 99% of the time heal themselves. Without flies. Without SWAT.

Tracey spent hours on the internet trying to find some way to get rid of the bottle flies. We bought hundreds of dollars of products that said they did, and didn’t. Then one day she called me and said she just read an article that said PawPaw trees’ fruit emit a scent like carrion, unnoticed by humans but inviting to the fly.

This week I got out the chain saw and cut both PawPaw trees down and hauled them to the dump. Hopefully the flies will no longer find us their favorite deli.
When we brought the pigs from Planet Pig to KY in 2015, we were so busy trying to get everyone settled, fences repaired, help found and a myriad of other things that we didn’t notice something. Woven into the tapestry of nearly 200 pigs was a large group of nearly identical pigs. Black pigs with white markings are very common so we called them the Candy Stripers. Once we determined that these pigs were nearly rubber stamps of one another, we realized we had a true genetic subset. As winter progressed we saw huge differences in their care needs. They required more than twice as much food, did little to survive on their own, relied totally on humans for everything. And once the health issues began to emerge, we knew we had a herd of some kind of domestic breed. Potbellies have immune systems that are incredible. Not these pigs. After spending days researching pig breeds near the old sanctuary, we found out exactly what we had, Berkshires. These beautiful pigs may have been crossed with mini pigs. They definitely do not have the robust health of potbellies. Their dispositions are sweet and they are wonderful to have around. Now that we have them on a vetting and feeding schedule that works for them, they are doing well and we love to see them moving like a school of colorful fish through a sea of grass.
A New Tragedy

For thirty years, pot belly pigs have been tortured and died in every possible cruelty known to humans. Studies have shown that most, not a few, but most, of these pigs end up dumped. The few sanctuaries that exist are full and too often overcrowded. We have seen the horrors perpetrated on the original Vietnamese potbellied pig, the Royal white with his fatal skin disorders, the Teacup pig, kept small by starvation for its entire life. (These little ones are often dumped because they cry all the time from the pains of hunger).

Pictured at right are Fate at 5 years old, 35 pounds and Poncho, at 3 years, under 20 pounds. Right beside the skeletal face of Poncho is a normal pig face of the same age (Samantha).

What kind of awful people can do this?

The same kind who will breed an unusually colored pig that they know will end up being killed. And so it is today as we find breeders with the latest way to sell the helpless babies at 3 or 4 days old. These are called Chipmunk Pigs and they are so cute that people never stop to think about what they really are, and will be. These little brown striped babies are bred from wild hogs, usually half breed mixes of potbelly and wild boar, bred repeatedly back to the same cross. (The photo also shows what is marketed as a Julianna, a black and white spotted version of the same wild pig families.)

They can grow to be very large, often over 300 pounds and can be very aggressive if kept confined. Cute babies, never knowing their families, soon becoming unwanted youngsters as they grow up. There is no place for these pigs to go.

Use your voice, your FB and any other way to spread the word that Chipmunk pigs are not mini pigs.

When people don’t buy “fad pets” the breeding stops.
Our Homecoming Trust

The perfect place to add funds to assure that pigs in need always have a chance at a good life despite changes in the economy or the whims of fate.

Cash, stock transfers, will bequests, and memorials are traditional ways to add to a Trust. You can also sign up for a monthly donation or an annual one. Our goal in 2018 is 10 new people committing a monthly or annual donation to the Trust. We have matching funds to make each new donation a double gift. As of this newsletter we already have 2 new Trust donors this year.

Right, Hoss.

He and his 163 companions had the Trust to keep their rescue going while estate settlements ground along at a snail’s pace. If there is a fund for security, everyone sleeps better and sudden demands don’t make nightmares.

Outreach Begins at Home. Ours and yours!

Because many of you select OUTREACH on our donations card, we put money into that fund every week. It buys health and comfort for needy pigs wherever we find them. One of our guiding principles, since the beginning, was that we would take every call. We may not be able to take every pig, but we can do something.

Two weeks ago we had 5 pigs on the list needing help. Now Cinderealla is here to wait for spay before going to foster, Alvin was placed through our network of pig homes, Quincy has been promised a foster home while “parents” relocate, a family of 11 pigs has food and Julius, a sick pig, has been vetted and brought here for dieting and recovery and spay, later.

Our Helping Hoof paid for transports, half of vetting, vaccine and wormer, crates for future use and all recovery care. We hope by doing what we can, others will pitch in and do what they can too. All the pieces make a whole. A happy healthy pig.
All kinds of Pigs
All kinds of reasons
They find a home here
where they live a full life.

More Than Survival.

Please complete our enclosed survey card.
It will help us send you the kind of newsletters you enjoy. And help you help pigs by being well informed. With knowledge and love, we can do just about ANYTHING!

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