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It's Sum.. Sum.. SUMMERTIME!
**Director’s Corner**

Summertime! It’s the best time of the year for the pigs as they feast on lush pastures and enjoy a nice mud bath daily. As I write we are finishing up our new Health Care building so we can have all the special needs pigs settled into their new home before cold weather comes.

And what a beautiful, airy, comfortable building it is! (see the feature page in this issue).

The garden is already producing lots of fresh foods for the special needs pigs. The young pear and apple trees have had a rough spring with early wet and warm weather, fire blight and then freezing but despite the difficulty are ripening some beautiful fruits.

**Best of all it’s time for our Summer Match!**

**Every dollar you send in August is 100% matched!**

This year we hope to raise enough to reduce the debt on the new barn and provide for the growing health care costs for our seniors. With nearly half of our pigs now 16 and older, there are a lot of extra costs to keep them healthy and comfortable. So this is the time to send that extra dollar or two and we will get to spend it twice!!

Thank you for always providing for these pigs whose lives were once just survival.

For the pigs,

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Shepherd’s Green 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 or through GIVING MATTERS.org, a directory of state certified Tennessee charities.

Accredited since 2002 by The American Sanctuary Association
The new Health Care Center for our special needs and special seniors will be officially open on July 1st! (Pictured is Luther, an old deaf pig, who has been living amid the chaos and thinks it’s his personal barn)

For years we have desperately needed such a building, a place central to gardens and orchards with easy access to our road. A place where white pigs can be scrubbed all year round to keep their skin problems minimized; a place with a recovery room that is heated and air conditioned and padded on floor and walls for comfort with easy, reduced stress loading and unloading. A place where the vet can do biopsies, exams and treatments in a “clean-room” environment, when those visits do not require the special anesthesia and sterile conditions of the clinic.

The number of drawings Neal produced over the course of the planning period could wallpaper the barn!. The costs were double what was expected due to price increases and the need for licensed and insured contractors who were all very busy restoring homes and buildings destroyed in our February tornadoes. The barn construction took only 6 days and they did more than the contract specified, including donations of beautiful doors, electric switches, hardware and walls that I would have had to build myself had they not been generous in their time. (Thank you Junior Brown and your merry men!!) On the other hand, the electric work took 6 weeks, cost 3 times what it was estimated, was rejected twice by the inspector and I went through 4 electricians getting the job done. Trials and tribulations were many but were balanced by the generosity of others. Bellis Concrete, a local company owned by Fred and Cindi Bellis, long time supporters, donated the concrete work and the Builder’s Supply in Cookeville donated the concrete. The guys who did the finishing took a little extra time and did a signature in the concrete which reads: “for the pigs - 2012”. Our backhoe buddy, Bill Gorman donated many hours of backhoe time to correct a problem with the un-level building site. We love it here but there isn’t a square foot of level ground to be found.

The guys at M&M Fence were exceptionally skilled and efficient and did a beautiful job of fencing the fields adjacent as well as close in around the new barn.

It was a roller coaster ride for sure, but here we are today with everything we could wish for in a building for our special needs pigs. Enjoy the photos on the next page. And thanks to all of you who sent extra donations to help us get started on this project!!!
Framing, roofing and a whimsical pig weathervane

L & R: Treatment room has full glass observation panel, concrete floor with drain and the plumbing is our own design: rainwater is stored in a 1000 gallon potable water tank, then pumped on demand to faucets and sprayer.

Below west view of lounging shed for outdoor access in bad weather.

Above right: Completed barn directs rainwater to holding tank on one side and into an underground line to the pond on the other.

L & R finishing interior is in process.
Each stall has a window, a light and a GFI outlet for their heaters and fans.
Stalls have rock and clay base, geo-textile, then sand under the bedding.
In any week I get 5-10 calls about sick pigs. Many people have never seen a sick pig before and don’t know when a vet is needed or what to do. It is critical that the vet get involved very early in any illness or the pig’s life may be lost. Pigs do not give a lot of warning. By the time the pig won’t eat, your chances of recovery are getting slimmer by the hour. And every bit of time spent on email or phone calls to someone other than a vet usually reduces his chances even further.

My pig can’t get up!!

When a pig who was apparently well and active yesterday is today dragging his hind legs or unable to rise, there is a very serious condition at hand.

It can be a number of things and requires X-Rays to get a diagnosis. Some causes are:

- Disc herniation
- Tumor on the spine or elsewhere
- Disc degeneration / arthritis reaching a critical condition
- Accidental bruising
- Spinal infection

Only a vet can determine the cause, the likelihood of recovery and the treatment needed. Many pigs recover completely. The vet may keep him for a few days or longer to evaluate his response to treatment or he may send him home with drugs and a treatment plan.

To successfully treat your pig you may have to give shots daily, help him to rise, water him with a special watering bottle to keep him hydrated, evaluate pain and perform other care tasks several times a day. Planning how to do all this will determine how well you can participate in his recovery. (Most of the how-to’s are described fully in the care pages on our website below) If you think you cannot do what is needed, convey that to the vet and he may keep him at his facility longer to give the necessary care. Or he may refer you to someone in your area who can take care of the pig for a period of rehabilitation. We are sometimes asked by vets to provide this service to a pig in need. A vet school is another good place for long term care since they have students to give special care round the clock.

I can’t get my pig to take his pills!!

It doesn’t get any more frustrating than to manage getting your unwilling pig to the vet, spend lots of money and come home with a cure in hand, only to face a battle every time you try to give him the medicine. But one way or another, if he is going to get well, you are going to have to get that medicine into him. By the time it’s over you will have forgotten the word can’t and maybe replaced it with a few choice words your mother wouldn’t approve of, but you will get him medicated.

Some tips for oral meds:

◊ always ask for capsules if available. Capsules are easily taken apart and the contents used without the grinding.

◊ Make sure you have a way to know if he doesn’t get all the meds into him so you can repeat the dose.

◊ Buy a wide variety of special foods that will be sticky, tasty and hold meds because he will get wise to you quickly.

◊ Forget the pill in a hot dog that works so well with Fido.. Mr Pig is way too wary for that.

◊ Dough balls work well. Cut a piece of bread and cover it with butter. Grind the pill in a mortar & pestle (see the photo on this page; available from most kitchen or drug stores). Smear the grindings into the butter (vary this with peanut butter, ketchup, potted meat, blue cheese dressing, etc.) Squeeze it into a ball and offer this treat and hope he goes for it. The dough ball is one of the easiest if his only problem is he doesn’t want the meds. If his mouth is sore make smoothies with yogurt and put the meds in a small quantity offered first to be sure he is going to take it. If he fights it get a big syringe and remove the needle and use it in the corner of his mouth to get the liquefied meds in.

More tips on the website:  www.9sites.org
It’s Summertime

Yoda naps on the porch of the yard house while Frank chooses a young pecan tree as his personal spot. The garden, planted while the barn was under construction, begins to look like the promised land to the pigs.
And the living is easy

Luther and Rosie stay out of the heat under an old log in Tinker’s Grove.

Dining with Deano

Club Mud

Grazing in the young orchard.
Hi, my name is Wilbur, but that’s not my fault. Some people have no imagination. I used to eat the neighbor’s garden but they didn’t like it and I got sent away. I was only 1.5 years old at the time. For a while I stayed at the rescue home in Wisconsin with a bunch of other pigs, and then I met Tracey and Neal. I let them give me some good belly rubs so they took me with them. Unfortunately, they also grabbed 3 other pigs, Toots, Duke and Squeakers, and put us all in the same van together.

When I saw the new house I thought it was ok, except that the other pigs were still there. For a while, Toots thought she was boss. She’s older than me and has a really big mouth. Once she bit my ear really, really hard and it bled all over the place. It hurt for a long time and looks really bad. I didn’t care. I just kept pestering her. Then I grew a few more inches. Finally one day I bit her ear and just barely scratched it. She must have thought it hurt a lot because she started running away from me. Then I figured out that Toots is really just a big scaredy-cat baby and doesn’t like to be chased, so I kept chasing her. Now I’m the boss pig around here.

Duke, that little runt, is no problem. Sure he’s tried to be boss, but he’s too small. Even Toots pushes him around a little. Squeakers is a mystery. In Wisconsin, Squeakers was really mean to me so I was easy on her. Now, at the new home, they never let us near her. She must be really, really old. She walks SO SLOW. Now that I’m bigger I’m sure I can take her but I never get the chance. Mostly I just try to ignore her.

When it’s warm out we stay outside all the time. The yard is like a big salad bar with Hostas, crabapples, apples, pears, acorns and flowers. Sometimes we can get in the vegetable garden and eat tomatoes, cucumbers, watermelon and cantaloupe right off the vine. We eat everything till we’re full. Then we go back for seconds.

There’s a small pond and where the water runs off we all make big mud pits to cool off. Toots goes off to hide somewhere, and who cares. Duke gets the dirtiest. They call him Dirty Duke. We’re so dirty we have to sleep in the barn. We’ve tried to get in the house but they won’t let us in. Sometimes we get washed off with the hose. I don’t mind, since I’m boss and can’t let anything bother me. Duke doesn’t like it too much. Toots HATED the hose. There’s also a pool, and one time I did such a big spin-out and cannonball in the pool that there was hardly any water left in it. At night we get to sleep in the barn. There’s lots of straw in there. Every night I pick a different bed just to let Toots and Duke know I’m still the boss. There’s a fan in there but it still gets hot. On really hot days we get to go back in the house, but only after we are cleaned off.

When it gets cold, we go into the house. There’s a big glass room where we eat and sleep. We can poop in the litter box or go outside. Personally, I like the box. They get so happy when I use the box that I get a snack. I’m hungry a lot. In the winter, when we’re inside ALL THE TIME, I get really, really bored. We don’t go outside when it’s extra cold, even if they ask us. But sometimes we go outside anyway if the humans go out first, and if there’s cookies involved. I like to go back in as soon as I can. The house is much warmer.

In winter, a normal day here starts with the people getting up. I’m really hungry at this point and breakfast is the best part of the day. When they come down the ramp with the bowls of food I’m so excited that I go up the ramp and chase them so they don’t go back up. Then we have to wait for Squeakers to come down. She’s so slow and she stops on the ramp to scratch on the edge and rub her butt on the wall. I think she does it on purpose. Meanwhile I’m starving! Tracey walks around the table a few times but won’t put the food down until Squeakers is all the way down and it takes forever. I try to push Tracey to make her put the food down but we always wait for Squeakers. While Squeakers is walking to the Palace, then the food comes and it’s fantastic. It always has pig chow, but always has other stuff like oatmeal, barley, eggs, banana, cut up apple (if it’s not cut up I choke on it cause I eat too fast). Sometimes there are other fruits, yogurt or spinach. I’ll eat almost anything. I also get some watery juice. Duke is kind of my friend so he eats next to me. He thinks he can take some of my juice but I won’t let him until I’m done. I’m getting better at getting all of the juice so Duke gets nothing but drips. Since I’m boss, sometimes I can sneak in and get some of Duke’s food. The people don’t like that but I keep trying. Duke has learned to eat really fast. Toots is all the way across the room so I don’t bother with her.
While we’re eating, Squeakers finally makes it to the Palace and her eating place. The door closes and no one can get in there until she’s done. Then we’re done eating and Toots gets a bowl of watery juice. I’d take it if I could but the people don’t let me. I go over there anyway because I can get snacks for not getting Toot’s juice. Duke comes too so I try to push him away, but mostly I’m thinking about the extra snacks. Then all of the food and juice is done and Squeakers is STILL EATING. I don’t care because now comes the running snacks. Tracey makes us run up the ramp and all through the house trying to catch her so she can give us parts of Fig Newton cookies. This is the best part of the day, because of the snacks and running, but Duke always gets there first. Still, if I want to get any snacks I have to put up with him. Toots is usually too afraid to run the bedroom with us so she waits in the middle. I always chase her when I get the chance, just so she knows I’m still the boss. Duke usually remembers I’m boss, but I don’t ever let him forget either.

Finally Squeakers is done and we go in the Palace. Squeakers is afraid of all of us so she leaves, but now we’re locked in the palace until she gets locked up stairs.

When we’re done we can go in the basement. This is the best part of the day, since there are probably more snacks. There’s a long ramp with a rubber pad that gets us down there. There’s another litter box, which I use whenever I have to go. Sometimes I use it even if I don’t have to, just to get the snack. Down here, we have a couple of beds and carpeting. There’s pig chow and cheerios and Kix cereal that the people put into balls. We roll the balls around and the food comes out of the holes, so we eat it. All of the balls are really mine but I can’t keep track of all of them all of the time. Duke is usually with me so he gets some, but Toots sometimes gets to stay upstairs in the living room with a ball.

I think Squeakers gets grapes and almonds thrown to her while the people are eating. I wish it were me up there because grapes and almonds are the best ever.

Eventually, if the people go away during the day, we all sleep for a long time and wait for them to come home. We can sleep in the basement or in one of the two beds in the glass room. There’s a couch in the glass room too and Toots usually goes up on it so I can’t bother her. Duke goes up there sometimes, but only if Toots isn’t up there.

When they finally get home I’m really excited about getting dinner because it’s the best ever and I can’t wait. Duke can’t wait either so I let him make noise and rub his snout on the gate to make extra noise. Toots complains about being hungry too. I mostly let those two make all the noise since I’m the boss.

When the food comes down I’m first, as always. After dinner there is more running-through-the-house snacks. We don’t usually see Squeakers for dinner. She stays in bed after breakfast and doesn’t get up until breakfast. When Tracey and Neal eat, it’s my turn for grapes and almonds in the middle room. They throw them into a box that has big wrinkled pieces of paper. I have to get all of the paper out of the box in order to find the good snacks. This is my favorite time of the day.

After dinner and the after-dinner snacks, we all get to lay around in the house with Tracey and Neal for scratches and belly rubs. They check our eyes, clean our ears, and clean out the wrinkles on my nose. We get foot rubs and more belly rubs. If they stop rubbing me, I make sure they know I want more. I have to get more than the others since I’m boss, so I sometimes chase Duke and Toots away, but sometimes I just don’t care. When that’s over, we all go to bed and wait for breakfast. I can’t wait but I have to go to sleep so I try to gather all of the blankets and scraps of paper into my bed. Sometimes it’s not enough, but Neal comes down and covers me with a blanket and I fall asleep dreaming of breakfast.
Keeping the Green strong and healthy for all who live here

The Mission is clear; it’s all about pigs. For over two decades we have given our time and our hearts to save them, care for them, protect them, give them as much as we can to make their lives full. But we don’t live alone on this 34 acres, nor alone on this planet. What we do for them needs to be good for all the others who seek safety here with them.

When we moved here in 2008 there was not a single songbird anywhere. I spent my life in healthy woods and meadows and it seemed like a wasteland that first year. But after a few years of no poisons, no weed killers, no fertilizers or pesticides, the birds came home; one by one they came, the bluebirds, goldfinch, woodpeckers, tiny wrens and swallows and many others. We planted chokecherry bushes for them. When Tempest our guardian dog arrived, I introduced her to the fox so she wouldn’t drive her off. Beneficial insects were encouraged by planting flowers, fruit and nut trees and shrubs and berries.

From the start we have been adamant about preserving trees, developing native water sources, catching rainwater and growing organic food for the pigs and the wildlife that joins them. By protecting the richness of our natural environment we give the pigs a safer, healthier home in which to live. One with amazing diversity, like the toad who lives with Evita in Special Care. Every day at dinner time he is there with her. What kind of relationship can exist between a pig and a toad, I wonder? All I know is that he is a curious little fellow and never misses dinner.

And how comfortably at rest was this little tree frog I discovered when I peered down into a corn plant to see if tassels were forming. Annoyed as he was at my spying, he didn’t leave his spot. A little bird is hatching babies in my tool bin and eyes me warily when I reach for something. Snakes, turtles, birds and bees and others that need a safe haven find their way here as surrounding areas are stripped of woodlands. When Nature rules, we all benefit. And there is something that speaks of home to all who live at the Green. It just works.
A little magic in my office.

Last summer I decided that with my deteriorating vision and a right wrist which is often “uncooperative”, that I needed to take some proactive steps to adjust to this “new normal”. I opted for a big, touch screen computer so I could squint less, see more and have an alternate keyboard on screen that I could touch left handed when my right wrist was too cranky to use and I still had many pages needing to be written before the night was done. Or “miles to go before I sleep” as Robert Frost put it. I don’t have his skill with words but the need to tell our story drives me on into the night just the same.

My monitor is still awake
And gives the screen a little quake
To let me know the words are here
If only I shall persevere.
And so with stubborn wrist I write
Another tale this summer night.

Poetry not withstanding, this computer is really an amazing piece of technology and fully worth the cost (nearly a month of Social Security). Touch anything on it and it opens the program or the picture or starts the music. Incredible!! And with the delightful detail of a little starburst that radiates outward from wherever you touched the screen, it lets you know it has responded to your every wish! It’s like a trip to Disneyland sitting there on my desk. One without the crowds or the traffic.

But not long after spring settled into summer I would sometimes be awakened by a faint sound too small, too indistinct to alarm me and just go back to sleep, and in the morning I would find my computer loaded up with programs, one atop another, pictures, documents, all stacked up like pages of a book. I checked the internet connection to see if there was some kind of intruder through my port but it was turned off. It would take a while to close everything and start the day’s work but no harm appeared to be done. Night after night, the mysterious visits continued as I remained baffled and speculated on everything from aliens to ghosts trying to communicate. But no answers were found. My cat, Stranger, has no interest in computing. At 18, he is happy to sleep the night away in the chair and let aliens take the computer.

Then one night I awoke to a little “ping” sound and wondered if I could catch the intruder in the act, and slipped out to the office. As I stood in the doorway I could see my screen lighting up as a new program opened and the wee starburst, like Tinkerbelle, twinkling as it did so. I quietly moved toward the computer to see what might have been Tinkerbelle in some other reality but today was a beautiful, (and very busy!! ) Lacewing moth! She would light on an icon and apply enough pressure to set off the starburst and open the program attached.

Why? I wondered, as I closed down the programs and turned the screen OFF. Maybe there was a diode of some kind under that icon and when activated, it put off some tiny bit of heat, pleasant to a moth while being indistinguishable to us. Or perhaps the light bothered her and she was trying to turn it off! In either case, the mystery is solved and at night I now turn off the computer lest she start writing her own newsletter.
Just Another Credit Card? Not this One!! We just received a check for $680 that cost none of our donors a penny. All they do is shop with this card as they normally would with any card and we get a check for a percentage. Pick your card picture when you sign up. Just go to our website and sign up! www.9sites.org.

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Our organization will receive a $50 donation after your first purchase, plus a percentage of every purchase you make.

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And now a word about that much needed summer funding....

August is Double Your Donation month

Send $10, we get $20, send $100 and we can support a pig all year on that doubled donation!

Double Your Dollars Summer Fundraiser