

Beautiful Baby Running free with Dandy



Yes, by the title of our May update, we have lost another precious one. Jasmine, our little white cotton ball, moved in on January 9, 2005 and left to meet her previously lost pasture buddies on April 12, 2007. Jasmine has left a lasting impression on all those who met her. From her cottony soft coat to the way she would bat her big dark eyes and the little quivery lower lip when she was sad or scared of something, everyone was drawn to Jazzy.

Jazzy had been in the barn after her heart attack in January. The vet advised us to keep her on stall rest for a while. Our pastures were so rough from the mud, then cold and then all of the mud again. We had decided she was better off in the barn for a while with her bad leg. She really didn't like being in the barn and loved her afternoon walks around the place. We opened the windows in the barn on nicer days, left the radio on, and had a fluorescent lite on at all times. Cookie goes to the barn also over the winter months since she does not get around very well.

Since she really didn't like the barn, we were planning to put Jazzy in the arena while we were gone on the trip. We were hoping the ground would dry out and Bruce could take the skidloader and level everything out in the pastures when we got back. I emptied the arena all out, tore down the round pen, got the water ready for her, hay down, gate across the door so she would have the choice of looking outside if she wanted. But when I got her up there, she was almost unable to walk but insisted on trying to trot around. Almost like she really didn't care about herself any more - just kept trying to trot.

It appeared as though she must have stumbled and fell and tore all the ligaments loose on her knee maybe while getting back up. Her left front knee has been arthritic ever since we got her but had been getting worse all along. Now it was really bad. Very swollen and bowed to the point it looked like it could just buckle.

We knew all along that there would come a time she would tell us that she had had enough. Her leg was now so bowed and seemed so painful. Jazzy was late twenties. We talked about it between the three of us, Derek was there with us. It just seemed like she was telling us that was enough. We made the decision to call the Doctor to help her to the Rainbow Bridge and end all the suffering. I kissed her and held her the whole time. Not really sure but I think the Doctor left around 8 or so.

We were scheduled to leave the next morning. We almost decided to skip the vacation since neither of us really felt like going after losing Jazzy.

At the airport you have to take your shoes off to go thru the security stuff. I was talking to Bruce as we were in line telling him I was not sure I could get my shoe back on afterwards since it had taken quite a bit to get it on in the first place. (During all the commotion with Jasmine the nite before, she had accidentally stepped on me trying to trot around.) There was man in line behind us kind of watching. Bruce told him the horse had stepped on my foot the nite before and it was pretty sore.

Later on as we were at the gate waiting to board, a man said "hey how's that foot?" It was the man Bruce had spoken to earlier. I told him not very good! He was asking about what kind of horses we had and how many, etc. I had some Misfit Acres brochures in my bag and handed him one. He was really interested in it. He asked about the horse that stepped on me and we told him we had to put her down - course I am such a softy, you can imagine the tears welling up. Anyway, just as we were to get on the plane, this man handed Bruce some papers. He said he travels for business all the time and gets these free drink vouchers from the airlines and he wanted us to have these. Just as we were all three stepping away to get on the plane, he handed Bruce a rolled up check and said "Take care of the farm". Bruce gave him our most sincere thank you but did not get a chance to look at the check until we were seated. It was for \$300.

On the flight we had some drinks. A little later the flight attendant came back and handed Bruce a \$20 bill. She said the black man in first class had paid for the drinks that we had already bought and that she was to give Bruce back any money he had spent on drinks. If there was anything further that we wanted, she was to come to him for payment and not take our money.

They were not allowing anyone into first class that did not have a seat so we did not get a chance to personally thank him. I should have thought quicker and at least passed him a note of thanks. We thought we would catch up with him at the luggage pick up are though. The flight attendant told Bruce that the man used to be a professional football player.

We were hoping to catch him at the baggage pick up but he must not have had any luggage to pick up. We didn't see him again.

We prefer to think of it as Jasmine's having a "hoof" in this chance meeting with the kind man. Jasmine was a caretaker of others in her life with us.

And she still is - only from the Rainbow Bridge.

Bruce & Jody

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Saving one horse may not make a difference in the whole world, but it will make a world of a difference to that one horse ~Author Unknown