

The Pig Berry Press

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Special points of interest:

- Help from John and Cid
- The Potbelly Pig Problem
- More Help from Jackie
- Saving Four New Ones
- About That Cow
- Exploiting the Elderly

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IN THE NICK OF TIME

It's interesting to note how some folks, up to their eyeballs in alligators themselves, will still find time to think about others.

Around the end of May, Butch told me his truck was **for sure** on its last leg...that very soon he would be without transportation and wondered what we were going to do. I guess 200,000+ miles is about all you can expect from an '85 Ford 150.

It was only last year we put four new clutches in it and the only one that worked for any length of time at all was the one Michael Garrett and Lynn's brother, Gene, put in it shortly before Gene got an untimely reprieve from the wickedness of this world.

Quite frankly, I didn't know *what* we would do. We still

needed a new roof, my own van was still acting up, and our house A/C was on the final fritz as well.

I went and got a second job at a Western themed Resort near here in their petting zoo. It was full time with benefits which I couldn't seem to get with Walmart. I kept the part time job in the Pharmacy at Walmart anyway. I was working 7 days a week.

One day out of the blue, Cid called and asked if we could use a one ton van. She said it wasn't pretty or new and gas mileage wasn't the best, but it ran pretty good and if we could use it, they would

bring it. What a blessing. She had been up several



A Very Welcome Gift From John and Cid Harris

weeks prior and saw first hand we couldn't even haul a week of feed in his truck.

Butch patched the hole in the roof and fixed the window. He says it needs rear tires, muffler and exhaust, but runs pretty good. What he has found he *really* likes is that his tools are better protected and out of sudden rain showers.

Potbelly Pig "Problem" Nothing New

The multitude of homeless pigs is nothing new. I recently saw an article published **10/17/97**, regarding a research project on homeless potbelly pigs.

In a study based on a survey of 802 humane organizations in seven states, doctoral students at Ohio

State found that there were 4,380 people trying to dump pigs during an 18 month period. They also found that 485 slaughter houses had 4,087 requests to slaughter potbellies during *the same* 18 months.

Doing the math, 15.45 potbelly pigs were discarded

each and every day during the study period. The states involved in the study were FL, CA, TX, NJ, NY, PA, and OH. The problem is much worse now.

And even still, some people will (try to) argue that continued breeding *can be* ethical and morally sound.

We Should Know Never to Say Never

Obviously turning away from rescue along comes Lulu who is followed within days by Oinkie. Oinkie has one day to be gone and in the final analysis nobody much cares *where* she goes.

There I was, minding my own business, leaving for the feed store to donate my weekly \$275 to recycling. I don't recognize the truck in the driveway and I don't know the people getting out of it as it begins to rain.

"We do rescue but we don't have a fenced yard and we live near a busy highway and this pig has been running loose for days and my mother said you would take



We Call Her Lulu

her and protect her. We know she belongs to the son of some lady in the neighborhood but she doesn't care much about her and the son is going through a nasty divorce and can't keep her."

Then within days comes a bit of nothing called Oinkie. They got her at a flea market in Tallahassee last year for their daughter. They moved from there and built her a nice house in the fenced backyard, so the story goes. When the in-



Oink, Oink, Oinkie!

surance people came out to do the inspection for their homeowners insurance and saw the pig they told them they were cancelled until the pig no longer lived on the property.

About to be transported to a farmer, Oinkie now lives here instead. We have since learned that getting rid of Oinkie likely had a whole lot less to do with getting and keeping home owners insurance than it had to do with her heat cycles from hell. I am happy to report that thanks again to John and Cid Harris, and their vet, she is now spayed, recovered, and happy.

Air Conditioning, Luxury or Necessity?

It just might have been the final straw. In the space of a couple of months, Butch's regular work cash flow was screwed thanks to trying to help that older woman, and his truck took a crap. I got a second job and was working seven days a week trying to make up the difference in cash flow. My van was and still is acting up. I spent close to \$1000 on it before Christmas for brakes and a tune up and it backfires and the brake lights

are on. The house air conditioner died again after having spent \$168 on it less than two months ago. The guy told me at the time I better be saving my money for a new unit because it was absolutely on it's last leg.

Neither vehicle has A/C, I am very susceptible to heat exhaus-

tion, and this house gets and stays above 96 degrees inside without A/C. I personally can't take it, especially since my second job is outside in the sun and heat all day. I may not be able to take that either for too long.

You can count on one thing in this life: "If it isn't one thing, it's going to be something else."

Well, we have A/C. A brand new central unit. Thank God. Thank Jackie. Thank God for Jackie. Again.

Remember Little Isis?

When you decide to rescue and raise a calf, intending to live with him until he dies of *natural causes*, it is vitally important not to teach him any bad habits as a child. Like the head butting thing. Like sitting in your lap. Like playing with *you* like he would play with one of his own kind. Why? Because when he



grows, and when he looks like this, he is unintentionally dangerous when he thinks he's a lap dog.

Animals are quite intelligent but I believe they have no understanding of relative size. They understand



Here I Come!!

territory, hierarchy, love and friendship, but little or big, it seems they have no conception of size.

Imagine for a moment, Isis lumbering across the yard to greet you, happy as a lark to see you, with no idea at all how big he is, or even worse still, how small you are.

The Unsustainable Model

As you all know by now, Jackie has been so much *more* than help to us.

I say this in no way negating the importance, generosity, and help of some others who also care enough to contribute to the well being of all the animals that find their way to this particular place. Those folks know who they are and we **sure** know who they are. We are eternally grateful for each of their contributions and unwavering support of our effort and our mission whether it is a one time donation, an occasional donation, or a recurring donation.



Where would she be now ?

It's not so much about the particular dollar amount of a contribution that makes it important. It's about the affirmation that people support our mission for the animals and perhaps most importantly, have faith and trust our commitment and ability to provide first and foremost, with every dollar sent to us, for the animals' comfort, safety and security.

For Jackie, it seems to have become also about the conditions which we personally endure day in and day out to do the actual work of caring for the many animals in need. She and her husband, Jason, talk about

what Jason likes to call *the unsustainable model*. That is any kind of situation which demands *so much personal* sacrifice and takes *so much* out of the people in maintaining it that eventually, inevitably, they will *burn out*. They are astounded by the extent of what we have given up for ourselves to offer a very good life to the animals here. He says that there IS a limit to what mere mortals can endure for the long term and whether we know it or not, we passed it long ago. Well, we know it, but the fact is, we're stuck with it. There isn't any going back or other choice anymore.

They are making a very big personal commitment to (help us) make sure we don't join the ranks of, or become, just another unsustainable model.

Helping Human Animals

It turned out being a big disruption in our lives, income flow, and maybe a wasted effort on behalf of getting the lady back home to live her life.

One of the women at the vet's office, with a history of *courting* wealthy, elderly clients for personal gain, knew that this lady could be manipulated and that because she worked for a vet, the lady would trust her. She told her Butch wasn't a contractor, wasn't qualified to do the work, was-

n't getting the work done fast enough, and that she didn't really need the things we suggested (like a functional stove, a washer and dryer, hand rails, ramps, etc.). She convinced the lady that she should dismiss Butch once the two 40 yard dumpster loads of debris, garbage, and animal bodies were hauled out of the house, the floors and walls were visible, and it was clean enough

for her to pass the remodel to friends or sell the house. Nobody besides Butch, **and only as a personal favor**, would have set foot in that house as it was *for any amount of money* and she knew it. It was the

"NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED."

most disgusting thing we ever saw. The State deemed it unfit for human habitation. Imagine a place in such disarray that

continued

there could be six twin beds obscured from sight under mountains of debris and garbage and loaded with bugs. It was very distressing for us and we pretty much ignored our own situation and best interests to help this woman.



One of the Peacocks that lives wild in the trees at her house.

The *other* woman's agenda is control of the allocation of the lady's assets upon

her death. She ideally wants the property sold, and the proceeds donated to her and her *newly formed* animal non profit. She has only one cat but knows the lady is all about animals and has no family or close friends. The property, eight lakefront acres, may be worth as much as \$600,000. It is beautiful and there are about three

dozen peacocks who live there wild and raise their young. The woman's sister and her long time companion's ashes are in the front yard under a tree. She said she wanted nothing more than to return home to live.

Without interference, we would have moved her back into her home over the Memorial Day weekend. As it is, she is still in the assisted living facility as far as we know. So sad for her.

DARLYNN'S DARLINS INC.

Piggy Heights
2842 Rosalie Lake Road
Lake Wales, FL 33898

Phone: 863-696-3424
Fax: 863-696-3738
Email: darlynn@darlynnsdarlins.org



THERE'S A NEW DAY DAWNING

We're on the web!
www.darlynnsdarlins.org

We have received our letter from the IRS dated July 16, 2006, continuing our tax exempt status as a publicly supported 501(c)3 organization.

Beginning with tax year 2006, we will begin filing IRS form 990 even if we do not meet the \$25,000 donation level which requires filing. Our CPA thinks that if we are going to attempt to grow our donation base, which we simply must find some way to do, it might behoove us to file even if our income doesn't reach the \$25,000 level which makes filing mandatory.

We hope those of you who read and enjoy our newsletters and follow the growth and activities of our organization will some day choose to become regular contributing sponsors for one of the animals or just financial supporters of the work we do for all the animals.

As you might imagine, it is exceedingly difficult to do all that we do for so many with just a handful of folks that are willing to support it regularly with a bit of their own hard earned money. Apple is thrilled to have someone who apologizes for being only able to support his tail. There is certainly no call to apologize for *actually doing* what you can to help.

As I stated in the newsletter last quarter, we are making every effort to fend off the people wanting to rid themselves of their responsibilities. It is hard. The animal is the one who suffers for the shortcomings of the human. We cannot and will not run interference for all the irresponsible people who happen to have animals who have become inconvenient. By the same token, I cannot, I will not, stand idly by and watch a being become road pizza chasing his person down the road when I am coincidentally there, at that specific moment, and able to do something about it.

We Don't Always Do The Choosing

Resolute as we may be, sometimes, we flat don't GET a choice.

Like the other day when I came home from the not Walmart job, exhausted, tired, hot and cranky. Decided to feed Isis and the outside dogs before going in and letting the other dogs out.

I heard a rustling in the bushes near the front pen. As I made my way to find out what it could be, I see this little feral boar running the fence line. Freaking out, because we have intact females, I call Butch to see how long it will be before he can come home and help me corral this pig. I wonder where the heck he came from. We keep the gate chained when we go to work. Butch is over an hour away, having his own lousy day with the trim on a huge house that's supposed to be completed



before he leaves. Tells me to find some help. Yea. Right. Not a good conversation.

I find two pieces of hog panel, some T-bar, the sledge hammer and manage to confine him in a corner using two other pens for two of the sides. He is wild, 3-4 months old, very skinny, intact, and he has some kind of neurological or physical damage in the back. He doesn't stand square and the joint on one back leg is swollen. Same as Grace's leg was and still is to some degree.

Neutering is on the immediate list. Grabbed him up and gave him a shot of Ivermectin and pulled off four large ticks. Gave him some Cheetos, and named him Rocket J. Pig. He could use a sponsor.



As if that wasn't enough, on my way to work one day I see this dog, this truck driving wildly around another truck in front of me, SR 60 less than 100 yards away, and the dog running after the truck. He stops to check out a gate, maybe thinking it was where he lived. He decided no. In the meanwhile I had pulled up blocking his path to the highway where he absolutely and certainly would have become road pizza. I jumped out of the van and called to him, "Come right here, baby." I opened the van door and he hopped right up. We put up signs, Found Dog and two phone numbers. No calls. I knew when I intervened it was a dump. He's very skinny but clean, friendly, young, good with the other dogs, and doesn't care about the cats or pigs. No attitudes. He could use a sponsor (or home) as well.