

# Jack and Dianne

## Part One: The Rescue

*By Diana Kelsey*

On a cold, rainy evening in January, DeKalb Co. Animal Control picked up two donkeys. One donkey had been lying down in the mud for several days, according to a neighbor. They were both very skinny, a body score of 2. Dianne was so weak that DCAC had to lift her into the trailer. Jack was rolled over onto a tarp and carried to the trailer.

The holding area at DCAC is small with only a shed for shelter. The weather was horrible as Jennifer Cochran, D.M.V. administered IV fluids to Jack. The next morning, Jack had moved a little bit off of the tarp but was still lying down. Dianne seemed stable and was eating feed and hay.

That was when GERL received a call asking for help from DCAC. The vet wanted Jack and Dianne out of the weather, and they had no facility to do that.

Patty Livingston and I loaded up and made the trip over to DeKalb County. We had no idea what we were going to encounter, but we were ready for anything. We have done many rescues and nothing shocks us anymore, as sad as that may seem. When I laid my eyes on Jack, covered with debris and shivering, my heart was wrenched. If he hadn't been shivering I would have thought he was dead.

So, our task began as we slowly walked Dianne to the trailer. She was so weak that we had to join arms and lift her up onto the trailer. She was so cooperative and sweet. Next came Jack – we stood there with five other people from DCAC, trying to decide the best way to load him as the trailer was quite a ways from him. So, as I was taking pictures to document the case, four LARGE men and Patty take hold of the tarp and begin to slowly drag it to the trailer. Once there, the four men lifted their end of the tarp and I heard Patty yelling “Hey, wait a minute! I can't lift this end by myself!” As I stepped back and looked, there were all the men on one end and little Patty on the other! We were all laughing, probably to keep from crying.



Jack



Jack

Paperwork was signed, and off we went with our new charges. We had wrapped Jack in the tarp to try to keep the wind off of him, but we worried about him as we were going around I-285. I pulled off the road once we got on I-20 so that we could check on the babies. Jack was so cold to the touch! Patty got two blankets out of her truck and wrapped him up. She looked up at me and said, "You drive, I am going to stay back here with him." I agreed with her, put the flashers on and down the road we went (much slower than the speed limit, I might add!) I prayed for the next hour and a half that Patty was OK back there, and that Jack would survive.

Originally, we were taking the donkeys to the home of Ruth Wilson, GERL Adoption Coordinator. She has a wonderful barn and wanted to ensure that these guys got a chance at life. Dr. Daniel Pike of Piedmont Equine Associates in Madison was on standby at Ruth's barn, waiting for us to arrive so that we could begin immediate treatment on Jack. When I called Ruth to let her know that we were getting close to her exit, I expressed my concern about Jack's grave condition. She conferred with Dr. Pike, and he suggested that we go straight to the clinic. I had just pulled over to check on Patty and the donkeys, and we knew that Jack needed help ASAP. We re-routed and met Dr. Pike and Ruth at the clinic.

As soon as we arrived, Ruth opened the trailer door, saw poor Jack, and began to cry. She is not usually involved in the pick-up part of our cases, as she says she does better with the "happily ever after" part. She got another blanket out of her truck, spread it over Jack, and lay down with him to try to share some body heat. Dr. Pike got into the trailer to do an initial assessment and take vital signs.

Several clinic staff members assisted in unloading Jack onto a set of large cushions, which they then scooted along and placed Jack in a stall. Much easier than carrying him on a tarp! Warm IV fluids were started and blood was taken to determine what the next step would be. Jack seemed more alert and was eating feed out of Ruth's hand. At that point, we were all cautiously optimistic that everything would be all right.

As all of this was going on, Dianne was still standing quietly on the trailer, accepting feed by hand along with love pats. Dr. Pike gave her a quick assessment and deemed that she was strong enough to go to Ruth's farm. So we bid Jack good night and hit the road again. Fifteen minutes later, Dianne was led off the trailer and into a stall with a deep bed of pine shavings. She was blanketed and given fresh water and a little feed; no hay yet,

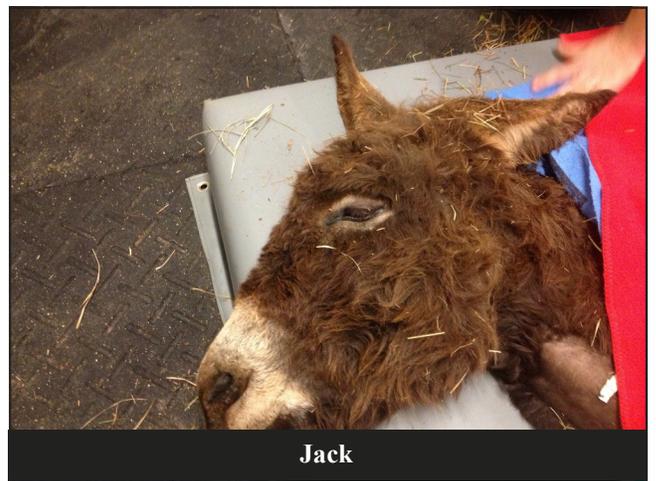
as per doctor's orders. Ruth left on a "night light" for her, and Patty and I went home, exhausted.



Jack



Jack



Jack

# Jack and Dianne - Part Two: The Road To Recovery

By Ruth Wilson

The next morning we each got the call we had anticipated and dreaded. Jack had lived through the night, but Dr. Pike had discovered that there was some sort of serious neurological issue. When lying on his right side, Jack could raise his head, semi-sit up, and eat a bit of feed. But when turned onto his left side, he was unable to move at all -- not even his ears. More than likely, he had either suffered an illness or injury that caused paralysis. Whether his condition might have been treatable had the owner not neglected him is unknown. But it was decided that Jack had no quality of life and no chance of recovery, so the decision was made, most reluctantly, to put him down. At least he spent the last night of his life in a warm stall, on a soft bed, with a blanket over him and some feed in his tummy. At least he knew, at the end, that someone cared.



Jack

When I heard the news, I went into Dianne's stall and cried into her soft fur. She was covered in pine shavings from her night in her warm bed, and she continuously nuzzled my hands and pockets for more food, more food, more food! Her ears were covered in scabs from a bad case of rain rot, but her thick luxurious coat hid all but the most prominent bones. In the light of day, and dry, Dianne didn't look like such a hopeless case! So we embarked on a slow, uneventful course of rehab -- several small meals a day, turnout in a small private paddock, unlimited access to her stall, and one daily serving of rich timothy-alfalfa hay.

she is a far better watchdog than the six canines here at the farm. While they will often doze through a car coming up the driveway, Dianne does no such thing. When a car turns in, she rushes to the fence and begins to bray! There is no sweeter sound in the world! Her personality just shines.

I am a lousy foster parent; I want to keep every animal that I come in contact with! My husband Tommy and I are quite attached to Dianne. But she already has an approved adopter waiting eagerly for her. The vet has given the go-ahead, saying that she is well enough to travel. The DeKalb County Animal Control Officers have given permission for her to go to a new home, with the understanding that the adoption won't be finalized



Dianne

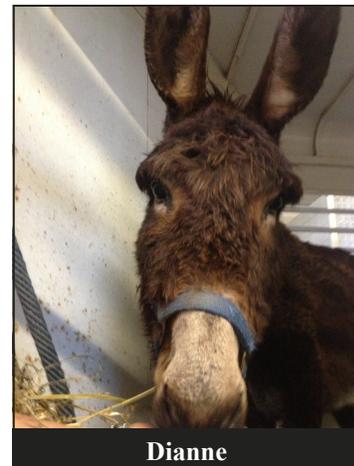
until the court case has slogged through the legal system. (DeKalb is one of the few counties that aggressively prosecutes animal abuse and neglect cases, and actually seeks financial restitution from offenders. GERL encourages more law enforcement agencies to follow DeKalb's lead. So many offenders are merely given a slap on the wrist, and in a few months they have acquired a whole new set of animals to neglect.) She may leave our farm, but she will never leave my heart. I know that both she AND Jack will be in a better place than that cold, muddy back yard.

"A little ditty..... 'bout Jack and Dianne....."



Jack

In the past few weeks, Dianne has made a remarkable recovery! Her ears are nice and soft now, and her belly is getting quite round! Her hipbones still protrude a bit, but she is gaining weight right on schedule. She loves people of all ages and treats of all kinds! Those big ears are the best at picking up even the faintest rustle of a peppermint wrapper! She has been an angel for both the vet and the farrier, and



Dianne