

ANIMAL HAVEN OF ASHEVILLE DECEMBER 2023



Every year is a combination of laughter, tears, hope, dreams, successes, and failures. This past year was overshadowed with grief and sadness for us at Animal Haven of Asheville as we lost one of our co-founders, Barbara Bellows, in March. I never really thought about having to put that on paper as I always imagined Barb being here at the sanctuary, tending to the animals, and living her dream.

I had never met an individual as dedicated, as fearless, as strong, as courageous, as Barb when it came to the plight of animals. One of her quotes "Large or small, we love them all" is so indicative of her compassion for all animals. I loved the stories she would share with me about growing up and her escapades. One of my favorites is: Most days I would walk to school (middle school) because it was not cool to take the school bus. There were many occasions when I would entice our family dog to follow me. Once at school, I would have her sit/stay outside my classroom window. When class started up, I would excuse myself to go to the principal's office and explain with a pitiful voice and big brown eyes that my dog had followed me to school and I needed to take her home before anything happens to her. I was given permission (on more than one occasion I might add) so off I went, missing a class or two to my delight, to take my favorite friend back home.

We all know that Barb's spirit is here at the sanctuary and there are many times when I ask her "How does this fence line look - straight or not? Or "Do you think this is a good move for these goats in this pasture? And as I write many of these articles, I wonder if Barb is nodding her head in approval because she was the one who loved writing stories for the newsletter.

Barb put her heart and soul into Animal Haven of Asheville for 23 years. Even if she was too ill to go outside and help with chores, she would watch through a window. All of us, including you, are the ones who keep Barb's dream alive with your endless work, devotion, support, and more. We (I am including Barb) cannot thank you enough for all the lives you have saved, the suffering you have ended, and the love you have brought to the sanctuary!

We wish you a joyous and peaceful holiday.

*Stay Kind,
Trina Hudson*





A Christmas Rescue

On December 17, a year ago, Barb was on the phone with a gentleman from Florida who had a summer home on Crest Mountain here in Asheville. The gentleman, Lewis, informed Barb that the security cameras at his Asheville home were showing either a goat or a sheep hanging around his house for at least a week. Lewis was calling to see if Animal Haven could help this poor soul out and bring him to safety. Barb always loved a challenge especially when it involved an animal so there was no hesitation in telling Lewis "Yes, we can help". Lewis immediately emailed a picture of the animal (a goat) and also his caretakers' phone number in Asheville for any needed assistance.

Barb and I went to the residence on Crest Mountain that afternoon to assess the situation with feed, water, and leashes. Upon our arrival, we saw not one goat but two on the driveway of Lewis's house. We parked our car at a distance and walked slowly towards the goats, talking to them and shaking the bucket with feed. They watched, a bit curious but took off as we got closer.

Just a sidebar here but pretty integral to the story. The only flat land on Crest Mountain was where the house(s) were built and the cars parked. There were no yards to speak of because it all went steeply downhill into the woods or adjacent property.

Barb and I decided that our best chance of catching the goats was to erect a pen at the corner of Lewis's house where they were most comfortable. The next day we put up a 10 x 10 pen, placed a bale of hay in the pen for bedding and food as well as apples, feed, and water. We waited and waited and waited. Days came and went as did the two goats. Every day we went up to Crest Mountain and many times we went with reinforcements – our dedicated volunteers! WE all would go up and down the steep slopes trying to encircle the goats and contain them. But the goats were too quick and agile. We noticed how bonded the goats were to each other. Wherever the larger goat went, the smaller one would follow. We also noticed that the larger goat had open wounds on the back of his neck. About a week had passed and though we saw evidence of the goats lying in the hay, eating the feed, we were not able to contain them.

We met up with some neighbors who also lived on Crest Mountain and enlisted their assistance. We exchanged phone numbers in the event if the goats went in the pen and were contained, they would call us.

Well, then the temperatures dropped, really dropped for days. Minus 20 degree wind-chill at night, teens during the day and oh so windy!! I remember so vividly Barb telling me "All I want for Christmas is to rescue these two goats". Every day and night she would say this. It was her way of "putting it out there in the universe" so "it" would happen. Christmas came two days late for Barb but on December 27th, we received a call from one of the neighbors that the larger goat was contained in the pen. Barb and I were ecstatic, called our volunteers with the great news, and called our veterinarian to let him know we had one of the goats and would be bringing him/her in that afternoon. Unfortunately, Barb was unable to go because of a doctor's appointment but we reassured her that we would come back with a goat.

The plan, once we got there, was for me to go in the pen with the larger goat, put a leash on him, stay with him, open the gate of the pen back up, and hope the smaller goat would come in the pen since they were so bonded. It worked and the smiles, the laughter, the high fives were everywhere! It was truly a miracle that had just happened. We loaded BOTH goats up in a van and brought them first to the sanctuary so Barb could see them. I had not told Barb that we were able to get both goats so when we slid open the van door and she saw two of them, the look on her face was priceless. Barb's wish came true. She named the larger goat "Nicholas" and the smaller one "Mistletoe". They are still and always will be here at the sanctuary living Barb's dream!

OUR WISHLIST

[Gift Cards](#) [Forever Stamps](#) [Mazuri Active Potbelly Pig Food](#) [Timothy Hay Pellets](#)
[Black Oil Sunflower Seeds](#) [Chicken Scratch](#) [Kobalt 80V Max Lithim Battery](#) [Kobalt 80VBattery Charger](#)

Make Way for Luna!

This cute little girl was brought to Animal Haven this past July in need of a home. The person she was living with was ill and no longer capable of caring for her. The volunteers at the Thrift Shop kept wondering when we were going to get a “shop” cat and then Luna appeared. She is about two years old and quite the talker! Not just how much she talks but how loudly. After some adjustment, Luna settled in to the routine at the shop.. She was not a lap cat at first and had a voracious appetite. In the last weeks of July, the shop was closing its doors for a week. Our longtime volunteer, Cynthia, decided to take her home so Luna would not be lonely. After that, Cynthia would take her home on the days the shop was closed.

Just this past week, it became official.—Cynthia adopted Luna or vice versa! Luna now loves to get in Cynthia’s lap, is very friendly, quite athletic and curious, still talks a lot and loudly. She also loves to help Cynthia with her jigsaw puzzles. One of Luna’s favorite things to do is to sit at a window to watch the birds and squirrels. Cynthia taught Luna how to walk on a leash so she can go outside to see and hear the birds and other wildlife but remain safe. This is one of the best things for any cat as the dangers that lurk outside are numerous.

Congratulations Cynthia and Luna. We are happy for the both of you !



Luna helps with a crossword puzzle. She has also learned to walk on a leash so as to safely enjoy the out-of-doors.



“Bob”

I had gone out of town one weekend leaving Barb here with all the animals. The volunteers were on standby if needed. Barb loved this “alone” time at the sanctuary – closed to the public – just her and her menagerie. When I arrived back here Sunday afternoon, I noticed that Barb was limping and had a pretty nasty scrape on her forearm. The next day her injuries were a bit worse so she went to Urgent Care down the street. They gave her antibiotics for the infection on her arm and took X-rays of her knee. The X-rays showed that Barb had torn her ligaments and she was immediately sent to Emerge Ortho.

One of the doctors from Emerge Ortho walked into the room where Barb was waiting, introduced himself, and asked her how the injuries happened. Barb explained that she worked at a farm sanctuary and the evening before last, she noticed that “Bob” was stuck at one of the farm gates. She immediately went to help him, by unhooking the chain that was keeping the 12 foot farm gate closed. So Bob, instead of pulling away from the gate to be free, pushed the gate forward, knocking Barb down on the gravel road. He kept pushing the gate which in turn kept pushing Barb across the gravel for about 10 – 15 feet.

The doctor informed Barb that she would have to wear a brace from her shin to middle thigh for weeks so her leg could heal. Well, you know Barb just rolled her eyes and in her mind was thinking “Yeah, right!” Just before Barb left the room to check out, the doctor said “I have to ask you this question. Is Bob your husband?” Barb could not stop laughing and told him “No, Bob is a goat!”

Now, having just read this story, unless you are a volunteer here at the sanctuary, you may ask the same question. For those of us who volunteer here, we all know who “Bob” is and forget that not all do. Thus, a legitimate question from the doctor who was doing his due diligence for Barb’s safety. After the laughter subsided, the doctor asked Barb “Is Bob still with you at the sanctuary?” Of course he is and a favorite for many of us.



The following articles were written by Barbara Bellows who found fun on many days.

Funny Things This Week (from September 2020)

This past Sunday afternoon I had the opportunity to sit down outside, enjoy the weather, and do nothing for 30 minutes. I was immediately joined by “Juno”, the goat who was born here at the farm 6 years ago. His mother, “Ariel”, was rescued by Animal Control in Yancey County after she was discovered in poor condition locked in a stall with a donkey. The donkey found a home. Ariel surprised us one June morning with the arrival of Juno. Trina saw him first from a distance and at first glance thought it was a cat. He was the size of a cat, snow white with beautiful black markings. Ariel was an excellent mother and Juno flourished. Sadly, a year after Juno was born, Ariel was diagnosed with cancer and we lost her. Juno now acts more like a “goat dog”, following me everywhere on the farm and is quite demanding of my attention sometimes to the point of being quite rude.

So Juno and I are hanging out together when Scarlet, the newest potbelly piglet comes over to us, flops on her side, and goes to sleep. Mark, another goat that looks like he has a buffalo head, wanders up. Soon, goats Duff and Dusty join our little group. After some petting and words of encouragement from me, all the goats wandered off except Duff. Scarlet the piglet is still sound asleep on her side when Duff starts sniffing her back. He sniffs all the way down her back until he gets to the end of her tail. Duff grabs the tip of her tail in his mouth and pulls her tail straight up in the air pulling her rear end up with it! Scarlet starts squealing, Duff lets go and off he runs to join the other goats. I turned to Scarlet and asked her if she was ok and she had already flopped back down and gone to sleep. It was pretty funny. It reminded me of the boys in school who would pull on us gal’s ponytails from behind!



Juno, Duff, and Scarlet

Funny Friday (from August 2021)

This past Friday a family of five entered the sanctuary to visit our animals. It was their first time visiting the farm. The family ranged in age from middle aged to elderly. They slowly made their way through our entrance gate to the chicken and turkey area.

They stopped at the gate to “gander “at the “city girls”, the “Rhodies”, and “Turner”, our very handsome male turkey. While Turner was showing off his plumage and how he can pivot on a dime to this family of admirers, “Midnight”, “Flokie”, “Igor”, all new goats to our farm, plus “Lizzie”, our latest goose rescue descended on this family. Midnight promptly head butted one of the women in the thigh. The woman screamed and jumped a foot in the air! But she then stood her ground and remained with the family group. Midnight, realizing the woman was not all that afraid of her moved closer to the other family members and stood there quietly.

Lizzie, the goose, has made it clear that she was now in charge of everything and everybody that entered our sanctuary gate. She supervises chores and she watches the entrance gate like a German Shepherd on guard duty! Lizzie has now joined the visiting family and is standing beside the oldest family member, a white haired gentleman with a big belly in overalls. Lizzie has decided she is going to “guard” him from “Flokie”, Igor”, and “Midnight”. As soon as Flokie walks nonchalantly past the gentleman followed by Igor and Midnight, Lizzie bites all 3 of them, one at a time as they walk by!

The family was obviously enjoying the antics of our new rescues, even though they were not on their best behavior that day! Seems the new animals are all jockeying for who will hold the highest position on the farm. I put my money on Lizzie! The woman left a monetary donation in the donation box and thanked me for the opportunity to see the animals.

(Please see the photographs of the protagonists on the next page)

From l. to r.: Mark, Dusty, Igor

2nd row: Lizzie, The “Rhodies”, and Turner

Top down: Midnight, Marge and Middie, Bronwyn and Bailely



Funny Friday Continues to Funny Friday Night (from August 2021)

This past Friday night around 9 pm, “Marge “ and “Middie” , recent sister lamb rescues, along with “Igor”, “Flokie”, and “Midnight”, recent goat rescues, pushed open their pasture gate. All 5 were galloping around our front yard. Midnight was especially determined to also come up on the back deck. At the time, “Bronwyn” and “Bailey”, our Irish Wolfhounds were on the back deck. The loose goats and lambs had them all riled up!

At the same time I realized the goats were on the loose, several police cars, an ambulance, and fire truck blasted by our house. They all pulled up to the front of our good neighbor Joe’s house. I was worried about Joe and his family and was anxious to call over to his house to find out if they were ok. But first, I had to corral the frolicking lambs and goats up the steep hill to their pasture. This turned out to be harder than I expected. I had my flashlight in one hand and was manually trying to push goat butts up the hill with my other hand. I kept dropping the flashlight until it just quit working. Now I’m in the pitch dark. Finally, I think I have pushed and prodded all five back through their gate. It was so dark and all the escapees are black so I wasn’t positive. In the meantime, Joe’s property next door is still lit up with emergency vehicle lights. I needed to go in the house and get another flashlight to make sure I had indeed wrangled the five back in. Problem was I had nothing to tie their gate shut with to prevent them from getting out again. So, I took off my t shirt and tied their gate shut with it. You do what you have to do! Besides it was pitch black out, who would see me half naked? I walked towards the backdoor of the house to get another flashlight. As I rounded the corner of our deck to enter the house, I was totally “lit” up by a newly installed motion detector light. I was now on display half naked!

Between my grunts and groans pushing the goats and lambs back through their gate and now half naked, I was half expecting the rescue personnel at Joe’s house to now respond to our house! Turns out Joe and his family were ok. The police and fire department were responding to a man found lying in the road in front of Joe’s house. No rescue personnel showed up to check out what the heck was going on next door at Animal Haven. All was good in the morning. All escapees were still where they belonged. And I now know that the newly installed motion detector light is working just fine!!





WISHING YOU THE BEST OF HOLIDAYS!



Animal Haven of Asheville is a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation.

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ANIMAL HAVEN OF ASHEVILLE
P. O. BOX 9697
ASHEVILLE, NC 28815