



Please Help Me

## GOOD SAMARITAN DONKEY SANCTUARY INC

~ Turning Donkey Suffering into Donkey Serenades ~

# “SANCTUARY SERENADE SELECTION”

~ Newsbayer ~ © ~ Collection From Past Serenades ~ N°1, 2001 ~

- FIRST Donkey Sanctuary in Australia
- Registered Charity CFN 15766 ABN 41 673 727 564
- Non Profit Charitable Organisation
- Specialising in all aspects of donkey welfare
- Providing professional & intensive care, refuge & protection for rescued, orphaned, abandoned, neglected, mistreated & unwanted donkeys
- Rehabilitation, education & TLC ensures all Sanctuary donkeys live happy, secure, carefree lives at the Sanctuary farm and in approved Foster homes
- Caring for Rescued Donkeys Since 1972
- GSDS Established Dec 1990
- Member of WSPA – World Society for the Protection of Animals
- We are most grateful to the animal loving public who fund this Donkey Sanctuary

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### **Poor Man's Horse—Not Likely!**

The donkey is not a degenerate horse; he is neither a stranger nor an intruder, nor a cross. His blood is pure and although his nobility is less illustrious, it is just as worthy and as good as that of the horse. Why is there then so much contempt for this animal that is so good, so patient, so sober and so useful, do men despise, even in animals, those who serve them too well and at little cost. (Anon).

### **Dr Patrick McCarthy, Hornsby, NSW**

(Dr.MED. VET.,PHD. Senior Lecturer Dept. Veterinary Anatomy, [specialising in equines] now retired, previously University of Sydney) wrote, "I plan to work with police horses to get into final written form my magnum opus on all the palpable and visible features in the live horse. This I compiled in 1996 and 1998-99 in Dublin, Ireland and should be definitive by the time I have it all in exact grammatical English". Dr. Pat goes on to say, "Marie and I have a 3 year old grand daughter so I have widened my interest from horses and donkeys to Barbie Dolls"!

**From England** (Taken from the Donkey Breed Society Newsletter for Worcestershire, taken from the Carriage Driving Magazine). "Doris watches with fascination her hero George Bowman's demonstration at the Warwickshire College. He secured his horse to the side of the school and cracked his whip, training his horse to be used to the sound and overcoming it's fear of the whip. Doris returned home, full of enthusiasm fired by her hero's demonstration. Harnessing Sparky, her jack donkey, to the side of their caravan, she cracked her whip with all the panache of Annie Oakley. Sparky strained in the collar, took out the side of the caravan and was last seen cavorting up the A303 with pieces of the caravan in hot pursuit!"

**Hungarian Cheesecake:** We received a phone call saying friends were coming to stay overnight. I had been flat out with many donkey cases this particular week and had to fit in many more and there was no way I could make time to do any grocery shopping. I took a couple of chickens out of the freezer and thought I would also make a cheese cake between jobs. I asked Alex to buy a packet of 'cream cheese' when he was out. To save any confusion (he's Hungarian you know!) I took the lid off the packet of cream cheese I had in the fridge and gave it to him asking him to please take it into the shop so he would be sure to get 'exactly' what I needed. Alex still managed to come home with 2 packets of COON cheese and 2 jars of cream! So much for the cheesecake!

### **Nervous Nuns:**

The convent's phone rang and Sister Ella- Mary answered. The caller informed her that their donkeys were out on the road. Sister Mary began to panic and became rather flustered, she thanked the kind person and hung up racing out to find Sister Helen. By the time all the Sisters were rounded up and in the car ready to attend to this terrible crisis, Sister Helen asked Sr. Mary which direction do we go.

Sister Ella-Mary again became upset as she realised in her panic she didn't find out where the donkeys were, nor could she remember who rang! They set off hoping they were heading in the right direction. God must have been guiding them, because not far away, they saw in the distance a group of donkeys' with a kind hearted man in his car trying to herd them back home.

Sr Helen put a headstall on Donna and hopped on (habit and all) and proceeded to group them together and herd the donkeys' towards home. Sr Helen was so proud of them as they seemed to know exactly what she wanted, and like a professional stockman on a well-trained horse she herded them safely back home. Of course we all know that it was where they had intended to go anyway, they had been on their venture and were more than likely on their way back home.

As for the man in the car, well, he was totally impressed with Sr Helen's expertise in donkey handling. One guess who took all the bows and pointed out how intelligent donkeys are?

(Photo shows Sr Helen and her 4 jennies).



## **Army ASS Lessons — GSDS TRAINS THE ARMY**

In 1992 a platoon of soldiers from Royal Military College, Duntroon, was given a mission to re-enact WW2 army manoeuvres in the NT. Their mission was to capture a mob of wild Simpson Desert feral donkeys, using minimum equipment and handle them sufficiently to enable artillery and supplies to be packed across the desert.

On their arrival, Jo-Anne welcomed the platoon led by Captain Paddy Hallinan. The soldiers pitched enormous tents and made camp at the Sanctuary farm. The soldiers knew nothing about donkeys or horses, so we had to start from scratch. Jo-Anne introduced the platoon to a herd of quiet donkeys instructing and demonstrating basic handling techniques etc inviting the soldiers in hands-on practical work. After a day or so with the kindergarten (well mannered and educated) donkeys, it was time to progress to a herd of 15 difficult, unhandled and undisciplined donkeys. This will sort the men from the boys! They experienced many typical difficult donkey situations, which they would expect in the desert manoeuvres. The soldiers learnt well and quickly and after a few days they all had the confidence (not necessarily experience) to go forth and catch wild donkeys! We were pleased to report the whole Class of 1992 all graduated with flying (through the air) colours!

**A One in a Zillion Coincidence!** We often wondered what happened to the Soldiers. A few years later we were showing our donkeys at the NSW Donkey Society's Championship show in Bathurst casually talking to the then president of the Donkey Society John Hopwood. John is into fitness and does a fair bit of trekking with his donkeys. He was telling us that he was out in the Simpson Desert walking along with his donkeys, when he came across a platoon of soldiers who were looking for donkeys! When they saw John they asked him where he got his donkeys, John said he bred them and he wasn't about to part with them!

We told John that we had trained that platoon! John couldn't believe it and was trying to remember the Captain's name and we said, "his name is Captain Paddy Halligan". John's face said it all—he was ASStonished! How many platoons would be out there looking for donkeys—Only ours of course. And how many Donkey Society President's would be out there walking his donkeys—There was only one of those also—And in all those millions of barren acres, they ran into each other! How is that for a coincidence?

**Skeleton in the Closet:** Way back when I was studying the anatomy of the horse and donkey, I was pleased to have been given a donkey skeleton (donkey died from snake bite). I was able to study and measure each bone individually; this made it possible for me to confidently draw a donkey skeleton without any guesswork involved.

On this particular day I was cataloguing the bones and had them spread out on a table when Deirdre (a physiotherapist) arrived in need of help with her sick horse. Not long after this my daughter Sandy arrived home from school and headed for the kitchen. Sandy carefully pushed the bones aside while she made a sandwich. She wandered out to see what I was doing, and as cool as a cucumber said, "whose skeleton is that on the table Mum?" Deirdre was taken back but we all laughed when I explained to Deirdre that it was the skeleton of a donkey not a human. Since then I keep my skeleton in the cupboard!

## **Large Animal Blues**

There is a great need for and there are many LARGE/HUGE animal organisations out there caring for SMALL animals. Many can afford to run vehicles, a large staff and pay wages etc. They are also lucky enough to have so many volunteers they can even roster them! (If only!) It's much easier for them to get this help as most only require a small area of land or premises. They are also stationed in and around high-density communities where they are 'in the face' of the public, getting much media coverage and word of mouth advertising. It's also where there are many animal loving people who in some cases are unable to own animals due to their living circumstances. It is these people who are happy and willing to help or volunteer their services to these organisations. This is a wonderful thing; we envy them and wish them all the best, as they too do an excellent job in their area of expertise.

The harsh reality is that we are a small organisation tucked away out of sight in the country caring for large animals. We need lots of land which is a huge drain on our limited finances and the energy of those doing the hard yakka, animal and farm maintenance etc. In fact, everything we do is on a massive scale. We purchase hay by the semi-truck load and unloading 1000 bales of hay is again extremely difficult and hard work for girls and retired men and women.

To get donkeys from one place to another, we need a horse float and a heavy-duty 4WD vehicle to pull it. Usually these donkeys are not trained and it can be very difficult persuading them to go into this small, closed-in wobbly box on wheels! We cannot simply pick them up, put them in a carry cage and place them in a car. We need to outwit and reason with these large, strong unwilling donkeys, which is dangerous and strenuous work.

We are certainly not complaining, it's just something the public is not aware of. If we didn't have to worry about money, it would make our lives much easier, however we do need to worry about this subject and that is why we work so hard to make the open days successful and profitable, and even then the income we can only make dents in our vet and/or feed bills.

**Smart Donkeys:** We have heard on many occasions people refer to donkeys as stupid. I (Jo-Anne) was recently watching a man having very little success with catching a quiet and educated donkey when I heard the words 'stupid donkey'. I said, "Why would you say the donkey is stupid?" and went about explaining the situation as I saw it. "The donkey didn't want to be caught, but you wanted to catch the donkey and in the end the donkey got away and achieved exactly what he wanted which was to avoid you, in other words the donkey won the mind game and in the process outsmarted you, did he not? Why then would you say the DONKEY is stupid?" I received no comment, not another word was said about it. (It's always the human who is at fault - never the animal).

### ***This Statement says it all!***

At a donkey auction in Cyprus a buyer was inspecting a donkey being offered for sale.

He asked the owner,

**"Is this donkey smart?"**

The owner replied,

**"It wouldn't be a donkey if it wasn't smart!"**

