



Sampson

Wise, Strong, Free

Its stormy and cold outside tonight. My name is Sampson I'm a big Clydesdale mix an Amish show joisting horse for almost 20 years. They ran me over and over all night with big metal sheets all over my buddy that cuts and leaves scars. Now at 17 and broken down in pain I can't do anymore. Every day it gets worse with big sticks hitting my body over and over.

I did what I was told and worked hard my entire life, toiling in the hot sun, the rain, and even during blinding snowstorms. But when age started taking its toll on me, I was sold to a horse trader, who hauled me from one auction to the next, often without food and water, to maximize his profit.

Fortunately, a nice lady in Colorado was the highest bidder at a Texas auction (the 5th I had been in), and she was able to find a rehab sanctuary in Decatur Texas.

I was weak, dehydrated, and starving when I arrived at Rush Creek Sanctuary. Momma Karen was there to greet me, and she made sure I had food, fresh water, and a soft bed in my corral for the night. She even took my halter off. I had been wearing it for ages, and it was partially embedded in my nose.

But in the morning, I was too weak to get up. Momma Karen stayed with me, prayed for and hugged me, which gave me hope. And with her encouragement, the help of Joel and Janet who found me in this condition immediacy gave me medicine. Joel went to get his tractor to save me. Although he tried and tried, I couldn't make it up a little while longer Momma Karen gave a big last push and screamed "don't give up and Then I stood up just in time for Doc's arrival late that afternoon.

The Doc examined me and confirmed that I didn't have colic, but I was severely dehydrated and had an infection that would require antibiotics. He also noted that I was suffering from arthritis (I am over 20), and that several of my wounds would need attention. I even heard him tell Momma Karen that several of my scars were likely from abuse; and I hoped she wouldn't think less of me for submitting to their wrath all those years. She has since asked me about my scars, and urged me to talk about them, but it's not appropriate to share such things too soon.

But that didn't sway Momma Karen. She kept looking into my eyes and telling me that I was beautiful, that I could retire here peacefully at the Sanctuary - that I was no longer going to be treated like a machine.

And she has kept her word.

I am much stronger, my wounds are healing, and I now roam freely on the Sanctuary with the other animals, most rescues (like me), and all glad to be able to live in the tranquility of this wonderful ranch. Momma Karen and Mr. Brooks even come out to give me watermelon (a wonderful treat) on these hot summer days.

A special shout out to the wonderful lady that won her bid for me at the auction, Momma Karen, Mr. Brooks, and all the volunteers here at the Sanctuary, for if it wasn't for all of you, I wouldn't be here. And thanks to you for caring enough to

listen to my story.

Thankfully yours ...
Sampson

***Sampson's story is proof: every soul deserves dignity
love, and a place to retire in peace.***