

Our Miracle Horse

It started out as an ordinary day. I went down to the barn. The three horses were grazing on the lush green pasture. Then Dutch lay down. Normal, I thought! He began to roll, got up, but went down again, rolled, up. Something was wrong. Colic. I grabbed the halter, raced out and began walking my big Belgian. Had to keep Dutch moving. I rang my husband on the cell. "Call the vet. Hurry. Emergency. It's Dutch."

The vet came but only after Dutch had rolled again. It was all I could do to get him up and moving. She inserted her gloved arm, cleaned the intestines as far as she could reach, then she attempted to remove anything down the throat with a pump. Nothing! "Get him to the hospital. Quickly," she advised.

My husband hitched the horse trailer to the truck. We removed the center section so Dutch could turn freely if needed. Up the ramp, into the trailer he went and off we drove, lights flashing. I was terrified we wouldn't make it on time.

When we arrived at the Equine Hospital, the vets were out front ready to help as we unlocked the trailer. Dutch had turned around and was facing the rear. He descended the ramp and was walked into a stall. Down he went. One doctor advised, "I don't think he will make it." His tongue was hanging out. Was his heart stopping? Another doctor continued to work on Dutch, shaving his side and inserting a catheter injecting something. Dutch responded. He rose. Immediately I took hold of his halter and led him to the surgery space. It is not a room. Dutch would be lifted in a sling for the operation.

Ready to sit and wait, we were told to go home. "It may take hours. Try to relax. We will call you."

Once home, we checked the other horses, kept busy. Five hours later, they called.

"It was successful. He is a miracle horse. His colon was twisted 360 degrees. But he made it."

And it all started as an ordinary day.