



2019-February-Molly Joy

Molly with a student during a summer Clinic

Molly is a Mule. Her mother was a horse and her father was a donkey. Her smooth slow trot makes it easy for beginners to learn to sit the trot.

Molly was rescued from a kill pen on Good Friday morning 2014. Our Horse Rescue Team theme for the year was "Called." Jesus doesn't throw a lariat around our neck and drag us into a relationship with Him. He calls us. We have the choice to accept or reject Him. It doesn't matter where you are from, your size, background, or what you have done. We are all in the same boat when it comes to sin. "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." (Rom. 3:23) "But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. 5:8)

"Lord, we ask for your guidance. Please have the right horse come to us. Give us wisdom..." were some of the prayers on Good Friday morning 2014.

Two mules stood a short distance away from Vickie. Rescue Team members were lined up along the tall wooden fence. They watched as Vickie held out her hand and said, "Come, if you want to be rescued today." The gray mule slowly walked up to Vickie. A halter was slipped over her big ears and she was led into a vacant area where everyone could get a better look. She seemed sweet and liked all the attention. Once back in with the other loose pen horses, she was content to stand by the wooden fence where our team members continued to give her attention.

A lady standing nearby heard us talking about rescuing this gray mule. "I know the man who brought those two mules," she said, "The gray one's name is Molly. You don't want her. She is really jumpy." A few moments later a man who overheard the conversation said, "I know these mules too and I don't know why their owner put them in the loose pen. I would trust the gray one with my grandchildren. She is just slow. The brown one rides really nice once you get him saddled. He's really cinchy!"

A crowd was gathering in the aisle and the auction soon began. The auctioneer and his assistants took their usual places. "Ok, let's get started," he said. The gate was opened and a horse came through. In a matter of one minute or less each horse was sold and then herded into another pen, depending on which meat buyer purchased them. The lucky ones were put in the "other" pen.

Molly was next. As she passed through the gate, the brown mule pushed his way through too. The auctioneer said "Choice," which meant the highest bidder could pick which one they wanted. The bidding began. Vickie raised her hand to bid for True Vine. The price continued to go higher. It was too high. Vickie wanted to continue bidding, but felt the Lord impressing on her heart to stop bidding. "Sold," the auctioneer said to a man in the crowd, "Which one do you want?" "The brown one," came

the buyer's answer. The bidding began for Molly. No one wanted her, except our team and the meat buyers. We bought her for much less than the brown mule sold for.

Later we learned that at the exact time the mules were being sold, Tanya, one of our members who could not to come to the auction, was compelled to drop to her knees and pray for us.

When team members began working with then 10-year-old Molly, we found out that she was afraid of sudden noises and scary objects like tarps, big balls, and other things, but she was trained to ride. We began desensitizing her, along with other ground work activities. She began to trust us more and her confidence soared. She became more and more steady.

In 2015 Molly became part of our lesson and clinic program. She stands quiet at the hitching rail and loves to be groomed. She no longer sees monsters in the woods and stands quietly if we drive by with a tractor.

2018 update:

Molly is impacting lives as we minister to people with a variety of needs. Each year True Vine Equestrian Center gives scholarships to a group of ladies from the Wings of God ministry. These women have been incarcerated and many have struggled with addictions.

Vickie prayed about which horses to pick for the ladies from Wings of God. Four had signed up to participate in horseback riding. She felt the Lord impressing on her heart to let them choose from four bay mares and Molly (a bay horse is brown with a black main, tail and socks).

The following morning Vickie tied each mare to the hitching rail along with Molly. The ladies arrived with a variety of emotions: nervous, unsure, and excited. Vickie went over safety around horses and asked each about their prior experience.

Helmets, boots, and safety, then each horse's story. The four bay mares looked very similar, but each had a completely different story, just like we each have a different story. Molly was the last in line. "Molly is very different than the other horses," Vickie shared. "She is a different color. The other horses are brown, Molly is gray. The others have short ears. Molly has very long ears. Molly is a Mule. Her body is even shaped somewhat different than the four bay mares." Vickie asked the ladies what they thought about Mules. "Stubborn" someone said. "Lazy" said another. Vickie shared Molly's story of how she was in a kill pen with no hope unless someone paid the price to rescue her. "When I stood in the middle of the pen and said 'Come, if you want to be rescued.' Molly came."

"People stereotype mules, thinking they are always stubborn and lazy. Molly is very sweet, and loves attention, and she is not stubborn," Vickie continued. Molly stood still, enjoying the smothering of attention from the women. "Maybe people have assumed things about you that are not true and put a label on you. Perhaps you feel different and just don't feel like you fit in. Jesus loves you, died for you, and no matter what your background, He is calling you. "

Now it was time for each to choose the horse or mule they would be with over the next 5 weeks.

Choices were made for various reasons. "I think I'll pick Maggie, that was my grandma's name." Lady and Tickle were also chosen. Barb, the last to choose, looked at Emmie and back to Molly. Molly pushed her soft nose toward Barb's cheek. "I'll pick Molly," she decided.

Later that week Vickie was at a meeting and shared this story with Karina, the director of Wings of God. "I think Barb feels misunderstood, has been labeled unfairly in her life, and she doesn't really feel like she is part of the group," Vickie told Karina. Karina looked at Vickie, "She is our newest resident and has only been at the house for a week."

(Some names have been changed to protect privacy)

How about you? Have you ever felt misunderstood and different? "But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Corinthians 15:57

Please consider sponsoring Molly the Mule with a monthly donation of \$100.00.