

Farm Life... Couldn't save the newborn lamb

Situation:

Our daughter's one ewe (female sheep) for her blue ribbon 4-H project was pretty successful and we decided to purchase a whole flock of sheep. We intended to use the profits from raising and selling the sheep for Melanie's college fund. This was our first experience with raising more than one animal.

Things get pretty intense during lambing because some older ewes need help birthing. The job can fall on the farm wife because their hands are smaller. Lambs are born wet and sometimes blue from the cold winter temperatures.

I was unprepared and startled when I delivered my first blue lamb. I tucked it cold and slippery under my coat and ran to the house. Being a nurse, in desperation I gave the lamb mouth to mouth resuscitation. But it didn't help. That's when I began to work myself up.

Symptoms:

I felt so depressed. I felt like a failure. I blamed myself and cried. It felt like somebody had knocked the wind out of me. I almost felt paralyzed. I don't really know if I couldn't move or I just didn't want to, because I didn't know what to do next.

Solution:

I spotted my angry temper at fate and fearful temper at myself for not being able to save the newborn. I remembered that people, places and things don't work us up, we work ourselves up. It's average to have expectations and feel disappointments.

I endorsed for being self-led and not symptom-led, plus being group minded towards my daughter and the lamb. The insecure thought that I had lost a lamb was replaced with the secure thought that I had received a valuable lesson.

During my anxious call to the veterinarian, I learned that some blue lambs can sometimes be revived by placing them in a bathtub of hot water in the house. Once they're dried, warm, and fluffy, they do very well with their mothers in the barn.

I excused instead of accusing my husband, daughter and myself for not calling the vet to prepare ourselves before lambing started. I endorsed for my effort not the outcome.

In the past:

Before I verbally expressed anger and made everything that happened throughout the day an emergency. I never realized that not taking care of my stress reactions was making me feel so exhausted day after day after day.



I would have piled this “ mistake” on top of all the other ones I experienced in my life. For more than 30 years I've blamed myself for not being a good person. I thought I was worthless. Slowly but surely I'm changing that.

I now accept birth and death as normal every day events when raising animals.

