

Alley Animals

Editor's Note

Holiday lights and decorations bring good cheer and usher in the holiday spirit for people, but what does it mean to the street animals? Yes, decorations are a human endeavor meant for human delight, but the true spirit of giving symbolized in colored lights and decorations defies limitation and extends to the lowliest among us. As this time of year approaches, I always wonder if a new spirit will enter just one self-enveloped person, shattering selfish boundaries so that he or she will suddenly embrace the forgotten beings excluded without a second thought for so many years. Each holiday season I wonder if such a transformation will occur; though I never see it, I hold out hope for it.

We humans tend to see only ourselves in the spirit and meaning of the holidays, forgetting that millions of innocent souls hidden around us shiver in the night and deserve relief from their pain. If I could, I would ask the mighty, in their homes so warm, "Do you see what I see?" By the thousands they live in misery and die alone. And I would shout to the people everywhere, "Do you know what I know?" Millions of worthy souls without hope wait for your compassion to awaken.

When I begin to dwell on the wretchedness this world presses onto the backs of animals, I bat away the gloomy thoughts and find the better path in remembering how blessed we are to have you. Your donations, your words of praise for our work, your encompassing compassion all raise a holiday spirit in us, if not the traditional one of wrapping paper and presents. Because of you, another night's quiet will be broken by the alley car's engine, and the weary and forgotten will be touched by your mercy. Welcoming "the least of these" into your vision of peace on earth sends us back to the world of the streets bearing your blessing and, in this, you offer them what other refuse, and you bring them goodness and light.

Please Consider remembering Alley Animals in your Will. Animals on the streets will go on suffering, and if you have been blessed in this life we hope you will consider sharing your blessings with the least fortunate among us.

Alley Notes *by Alice Arnold*

When I come in from the streets, the first thing I do after I take off my shoes and sit down, I go over my notes from the night so I won't forget the next time what I need to do, animals I need to watch out for, and ones who may be injured or ill. Today, sitting here going over everything, all I am seeing in my notes is kittens here, kittens there, new kittens I didn't know about, feral nursing mothers I've never seen before. On every page my last note is, "take extra food".

We work hard in the streets but these poor moms are hungry and thirsty and so thin. They're the ones who work and work to keep their young safe, but even they can't keep their kittens from getting sick in the cold wet weather or keep them safe from all the dangers of life on the streets.

I blame people for all the kittens and moms who will never find a safe, warm place to sleep and nurse their babies. People get these animals and throw them out if they show signs of being pregnant. Then the animals pay for human carelessness, they're forced to give birth with no shelter from the cold, wind or rain, and no food or water. We see the hopelessness in their faces.

Last night it seemed like I saw hopelessness in every alley. As I left food and water, I told each new litter of kittens or skinny moms, we'll be back and we will do our best to help you. *We will not forget you.* We will return and do what no one else will: we'll help.



A Dog With No Name *by Alice Arnold*

In one of the alleys there was a dog who was in his yard all the time. That can be a good thing when you know he or she is being let out for exercise or to do what he needs to do, but in this case the dog was put out and never let back in. Day and night, snow and rain, cold and hot, the little dog was there and nothing could be done for him because a dog house was in the yard, and bowls for food and water even though they were empty.

When we drove through his alley we would feed him, and one night we ran into the lady living next door to the dog. She told us she also feeds him and gives him water, but only late at night because she was afraid of the man who "owns" the dog. She also said Animal Control had been there once or twice, but the dog house and food and water bowls in the yard kept them from being able to do anything. No law says you have to give love.

For a long time we fed the dog on every trip through his alley, and one night the lady next door was waiting for us. She said she tried to feed the dog that morning but the "owner" came out of his house and told her to quit giving food to his dog and to mind her own business. He also told her to stop reporting to Animal Control that he never feeds the dog or gives him water. Then he told her to "Go to Hell." Well, let's say maybe someone should go there, but not the kind lady who did what she could to make up for the man's neglect of an innocent animal.

Throughout the many years I've been doing this work, I've seen this situation over and over, and I *knew* that one night we or the lady next door would find this poor dog dead in the yard. Too many times this has taken place—we've seen it happen.

In this case I don't know what took place, but on one of our trips through the alley the lady next door rushed out to meet us and told us that somehow the gate to the dog's yard must have come open, and the dog is gone. As she was talking to us, we smiled at each other; we knew we wouldn't have to worry anymore—the dog was safe.

Wish List

Cat Food (dry & canned)	Bleach
Dog Food (dry & canned)	Paper Towels
Large plastic trash bags	Laptop

We gratefully appreciate donations in response to our Wish List.

If you have items to donate call Dick at 410-823-3319

—Editor's postscript commentary

As sure as the day is long, every winter people call us pleading for guidance in what to do about neglected dogs in their neighborhoods. Dogs suffer neglect all year round, of course, but the onset of cold and inclement weather heightens the compassionate person's sense of duty and the need to act. In winter we're more keenly aware of our own comfort in contrast to the neglected dog, alone and freezing in his yard, sometimes with negligible shelter or on the end of a chain.

The law provides little in the way of allowable action on behalf of the chained or yard bound dog, while the "owner" enjoys the law's permission to leave a dog outside 24 hours a day, in rain, sleet, snow, or ice, in temperatures so cold frostbite is not probable but certain, as long as some flimsy excuse for a doghouse sits in the yard.

In the alleys, chained and yard bound dogs are an inevitable sight, raising the perpetually unanswerable question of why a person would have a dog, only to treat the animal like an inanimate object without feelings of loneliness and painful suffering. (Sadly, we do know why female Pit Bulls are kept as breeding machines, given the barest minimum to maintain the cycle of producing puppies as a source of revenue in the fighting ring.) As soon as we are aware of *another* neglected dog, we set aside a generous helping of food for him on every trip through his alley, perhaps the only meal he eats apart from what a caring resident in the area may secretly toss over the fence once in a while.

As in Alice's story, the "owners" of these woefully neglected creatures tend to be nasty, belligerent people who threaten anyone attempting to offer the dog sustenance or comfort. The yard bound and chained dogs we see prey on our minds; we carry their suffering with us long after we leave their alleys. Unfortunately, our continued efforts to convince their "owners" to relinquish custody of the dog to us bear little fruit. The best we can do is monitor the situation and intervene only if the dog's condition deteriorates to the legal definition of cruelty. The sad truth is that these innocent beings usually die from exposure before we can take lawful action.

I can't explain why, but I can attest from experience that human beings have the capacity for horrifying insensitivity toward animals who long to be loved. I'm sure I'll never understand how anyone can enjoy the comfort of a warm home, lounge in an easy chair and watch television, while a few feet away in the cold languishes a dear soul who watches through the silence of the frozen night and waits in vain for the door to open, a door to the house as the door to the selfish heart forever slammed shut.



This little darling lived for nearly a year in a cement-paved yard along one of our alley routes. After much coaxing, cajoling and polite begging, we finally convinced her "owner" to let us take her. For quite some time after her placement in foster care, this little dog behaved as if she expected scolding for everything from lapping a drink of water to jumping for joy on the green grass. She is one of our happy endings for neglected dogs and, although we positively delight in her release from the prison of neglect, we also grieve for the many, many dogs who will never experience life beyond the gate or off the chain until the endless misery and pain of their existence on this planet lose their grip, and the innocent spirit finally finds its peace.

Alley Animals 410-823-0899

Alice's Progress Update

by Lillian G. Leslie

It seems a lifetime ago, in fact only three months, when Alice Arnold and I decided it was fitting and proper to share with you her current challenge of facing two separate types of breast cancer, stage 4. Since then, we've traveled back and forth to the hospital for Alice's chemotherapy infusions, and once for a CT scan which confirmed the cancers (as of the middle of October) had not spread any further. Unrealistically, I hoped for a scan result indicating the miraculous disappearance of both cancers, but I've gradually learned to be grateful for small triumphs. Absence of spreading means the cancers are slowly responding to treatment, a small triumph worthy of thanksgiving.

Chemotherapy is an arduous process, bringing undesirable side effects alongside the desired outcome of containing the arch enemy. For as long as I've known Alice, she has embodied a strong spirit with a defiant determination to conquer obstacles and difficulties, most particularly in her work with animals who need help, but in other areas of life as well. She continues to let absolutely nothing stand in her way when an animal's welfare hangs in the balance, but the mounting side effects of chemotherapy began taking a strenuous toll on her after the 4th infusion.

Alice pushes with all her might against the debilitating fatigue acting as a great weight holding her down, and her mouth and throat feel raw and sandpaper. Those are two prominent side effects and there are others, but the most problematic symptoms are the inability to taste, and painful ultra-sensitivity in her fingertips.

Without being able to taste, Alice finds eating and drinking unpleasant tasks, accomplished out of necessity and devoid of enjoyment. The true taste of food and liquid disappears, leaving in its place a repugnant aftertaste forcing Alice to devise creative means of taking in nourishment. Swallowing raisins as if they were tablets and mashing a banana before putting it in her mouth eliminates the need for chewing while shortening contact with her taste buds. Alice commands herself to eat and drink as much as she can stand to, in order to nourish her body in time of crisis as well as to pass dead cancer cells killed off by the chemotherapy.

The side effect of neuropathy renders Alice's fingertips and nails sensitive in the extreme. The tiniest bump to a finger (that most of us wouldn't even register as a sensory experience) sends Alice through the roof and has begun interfering with her work in the streets and alleys. She says she'll put up with side effects impinging on every corner of her life *except* her work. Here she

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Alice's Progress Update *(continued from page 3)*

draws a non-negotiable line: Alice lives for her work and will not accept hinderance.

Because chemotherapy drastically lowers a person's resistance and ability to heal, Alice's oncologist expressed concern over the advancing neuropathy. Bruised fingertips and the potential for split fingernails mean the possible shift in dosage or selection of drugs in Alice's upcoming infusion. This will reduce the risk (even a minor infection or wound can evolve into an emergency situation in chemotherapy patients) and deliver a welcome relief from the daily shooting pain in her fingers Alice finds harder and harder to withstand.

I've always respected people who face cancer and summon the will to charge into battle against this loathsome enemy. But after these many months of watching two separate cancers doing their best to bring down my closest friend, and watching her push back under tremendous strain, my respect for cancer patients is transformed into a deep admiration. Before, when learned of cancer attacking any good and decent person (no matter a total stranger), I felt a genuine sympathy as well as a high hope for recovery. Now it's personal. The news that cancer has taken yet another person's life impacts me as the loss of a comrade, and when someone be-

comes a cancer survivor, I rejoice as if I were somehow a part of the victory.

For now her oncologist's plan is for Alice to continue chemotherapy with adjustments according to the intensity of dangerous side effects. Any substantial change in the course of her treatment (surgery, for example) lies somewhere down the road and rests on a high level of improvement yet to be attained. Meanwhile, Alice returns to the streets and alleys night after night, unbudgingly refusing to allow cancer the advantage of controlling her mind, her actions and, most importantly, her work.

In The Future

Alice prefers that future newsletters be entirely devoted to the animals and our work. She believes enough attention has been paid to her personal situation and she would rather any further discussion of it be reserved for the event of a major change in her status or condition. In the next issue we will return to directing your attention strictly toward the animals and *their* stories; while she deeply appreciates the unexpected blanket of support so many of you offered as well as requests to be kept informed of her progress, Alice wants the newsletter to belong to the animals.

From Alice, From the Heart

I want to thank everyone for your kindness. You have no idea how much your cards and letters mean to me. It's a fact that people who love animals are good people, but I wasn't prepared for such overwhelming encouragement and support.

Your concern touched me and made me realize even more that without you, I couldn't do what I do.

Thank you for all your caring words and thoughts,

Alice

Alley Animals

Memorials In Loving Memory Of:

Conan. *James R. Burnett*

Virginia Knowles, my aunt, and her love for cats and all animals. *Barbara Wallick*

Rudy LaSov. *Jeanne Blake*

Cheyenne. *Simon B. Arnstein*

Frances, Richard, and Ronnie. *Lorraine Sawicki*

Doris Lowner. *Joan Goeringer*

The precious dog who died in the crate. *Bob & Sandy Miller*

My parents, John and Veronica Marko. *Theresa Chonoski*

Rose M. Elgin, faithful supporter of our work and a kind soul this world will miss. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

Miss Millie, beloved dog of Pat Hora. Miss Millie went over the rainbow bridge in September and she will be missed by many! *Tammy Misener*

Katie, a gregarious member of the neighborhood for many years and much loved pet of Judith Eble and Joe. Young Max, another neighborhood pet, much grieved for by Judith. *Deborah Seate*

Old Candy, and Little Tink. Both are gone now, but will never be forgotten. *Sandy Graham*

Our wonderful friend, Arthur. You will be missed. *Patricia & Tim Morgen*

Bosox and Sasha, my cats. I miss you everyday. *Sylvia G. Benton*

Sandy, loving companion of the Trotz family and friend of everyone she met. *Lori Wilhide*

Our wonderful Buttons. *Joy Shillman*

Clayton Busier. *John & Maggie Miner*

Edwin L. Mitchell. *John & Eileen Miner*

My Pandora; not a day goes by that I don't think of her. *Dale A. Uhlman*

David Murray. *Kristen Mattis*

Cindy Berger & her Dad, Russ Berger. *Millie Berger*

Samantha, George, and my sweet Katy...now all together again. *Melissa Falen*

My Gerbils—Teddy, Daisy, Dash, Raker, Tyler, Bumbi, Inky, Cinders and Budweiser. But most important my Heart Animals—Christmas Kitty, and Secret, the best dog ever. *Sandra Crea*

Witches Brew I and Witches Brew II. *Sandy Covahey*

Tiggy (cat), loved for 17 years by Mrs. Joyce Gayo. *Sharon Miller*

My beloved dog, Bunny. I grieve for her every day. *Lorraine Hill*

With deepest sympathy in loving memory of Lucky Dog, beloved companion of John & Maggie Miner. *Mary & Sunshine Riegert*

Our baby Lucky Dog, whom we lost November 6th. We miss her so very much, she went everywhere with us. *Maggie Miner*

My much-loved cats and dog who have gone on; hope to see them again and feel their love. *Ann V. Bernhardt*

Deblin's Sweet Street (Sasha), who died of a brain tumor. She lived life with great enthusiasm and we miss her very much. *Barbara Patton*

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Alley Animals

Memorials

(continued from Page 6)

Syl McLaughlin, my neighbor who loved animals.
Hank & Edna Kloczewski

Teena, my most precious friend and companion. I am elderly, and her death left me ill for more than 2 years. She will never be forgotten.

Also, **Ben, Demi, Daddy Gray, and Angel**, my loving pets over the years. There spirits are ever with me.
Hattie Turner

Lisa Busier. *John & Maggie Miner*

Madelon Decker - with our love always - we miss you. And **Felicity**, our 17 year old Siamese who just passed.
The Decker Family

Doris V. Spindler. *Carole Uhlig*

Thomas (cat) and three special dogs, **Wolfe, Sheena and Shadow.**
Helen Needle

In Honor Of:

The **Rice** cats. *Jerry G. Rice*

Helen Wright, in celebration of her birthday, and wishes for a quick recovery.
Molly, Samantha, and Joan

For **Nancy Hanson**, LCSW, caregiver to many cats and many old people. Congratulations on your work so well done. Enjoy Retirement!
K. Berry

Trevor LaSov. *Jeanne Blake*

Tabby, my beautiful baby boy Persian, who had his 6th birthday on September 17th.
Marilyn Sellers

Alice Arnold.
*Al & Sandy Pendleton
Barbara L. Ziegler*

My current Cocker Spaniel, **Trevor**. He is a 10 year old sweet boy who has had a terrible life. We got him from a local Rescue group in May. No one wanted him for over a year until we came along. I think Rudy sent him to us as we got him 5 months to the day that Rudy died. And he looks like Rudy, too.

We believe Trevor was snatched from someone and used as bait in dog fighting. He has many issues to deal with so we are working with 2 trainers, a Reike specialist, and an animal communicator. Trevor has been in his forever home for 4 months and has come a long way. He's a very gentle boy who has learned to go up stairs; going down is very hard for him because he has some brain damage and depth perception problems.

We love trevor and know he won't be with us as long as our other boys, but he will be fed, pampered, and loved beyond measure for as long as God wills. Thank you, Rudy, for giving us a gift that you knew would make us happy again.
Bobbie LaSov

My cat, **Becky**, 16 years old. I found her sitting on my porch one cold day and decided to take her inside. I sat on the floor for an hour with her in my lap, keeping her warm. She fell asleep while I was holding her. I decided to keep her even though my other cat hated it. She loves being brushed constantly and has been no trouble at all. She knows I love her and she has me trained well.

Gerry Fincham

Alice, because you plan to continue your great work.
Aileen Dannenberg

My brother, **Randy**. A cat came to his house last winter and Randy fed him and put a box and blanket outside. My brother "upgraded" by making a new box this year, and the cat loves it. Randy named the cat, Tom. I'm so proud to have a brother who cares.
Tammy Dickson

Courageous, fearless **Alice**, who places the animals' needs above her own, and for all of you angels of mercy. God bless you all!

Doris Richard

Alley Animals

Alice Arnold's bravery and devotion to Alley Animals.
Einar Raysor

Alice Arnold and all the animals she has helped.
Dianne White

Alice Arnold, from another Breast Cancer Survivor.
Cecilia M. Strakna

Our friend, Barb Mack. *Betty & David Chasin*

All the wonderful staff and volunteers at Alley Animals. God Bless you.
Sandy Graham

Our treasured "children": Foxy, Midnight, Sunshine, Katie, Sugar, Honey Bun, Garfield, Stormy, Blue, Cutie, Joseph, and Golddust.
Carolyn & Daniel Hoffman

A good friend, Millie Berger, in celebration of her 80th birthday.
*Catherine Ulrich
Janice E. White*

Ghandi, my 18-1/2 year old cat who was rescued from the streets of D.C. at one week old.
Laura Ost

My friend, Judy: Happy Holidays to you and your 2 new loves, Sona and Rory.
Dawn Griest

My Dad, who taught me the way of gentle kindness, and my niece, Mary, whose tireless efforts show me the true meaning of a labor of love.
Lilly



These two street veterans will never again carry the weight of the world on their backs that thousands of others we see every night in the alleys endure; each homeless animal an innocent soul, worthy of our blessing.

*We Cannot Save The World But
We Can Save Them From the World*

I want to help. Enclosed is my donation of: \$ _____ . Check here if you wish an acknowledgment.

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Please make checks payable to Alley Animals, Inc.
P.O. Box 27487 Towson, MD 21285-7487

Contributions are tax deductible under Section 501 (c) (3) of IRC.
Our web site: <http://www.alleyanimals.org>
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Alley Animals

Alley Animals, Inc. 2009 Fall Raffle Winners



1st Prize	Sandy Dyson , Rockville, MD
2nd Prize	Doris Toney , Glen Burnie, MD
3rd Prize	Inez Beckhardt , Finksburg, MD
4th Prize	Mary Jinno , Parkville, MD
5th Prize	Lynn Melchiorre , Rockville, MD



With great pleasure I report that *every one* of our raffle winners donated their prize back to Alley Animals, and with our biggest thanks to each winner we give the gold star of appreciation.

A successful raffle fundraiser is essential for the continuation of our work, and your heartwarming response to this year's autumn event made clear the fact that all of you recognize this. You joined our fundraiser not for your own gain, but because you remember animals struggling against the odds on the streets; you refuse to forget or ignore the creatures whose faces you will never see, a shining tribute to your special excellence of character and spirit, and we humbly thank you.

The single tickets we sent in our autumn raffle saved us money (and trees, too!), and we plan to continue using them. We apologize for springing them on you without warning, but we decided to switch from the double tickets you're accustomed to receiving too late to announce the change ahead of time. Because we draw ticket winners according to *name + telephone number* rather than the factory number printed on the ticket, we finally realized we can discontinue the double tickets without forfeiting anything other than unnecessary expense.