

# Alley Animals

## Editor's Note

As I observe people raising their voices in celebration of this season, I offer up the same prayer I do all year every year, though perhaps more fervently and with a bit more yearning, for the innocent among us and the least fortunate to suffer less. But in order for this simple prayer to be realized, the world would need to experience a thorough transformation in the human spirit. My simple prayer, too grand to be answered. We humans are connected to the deliverance of innocent creatures from their suffering, for it is our action (as well as inaction) toward them that so often determines an increase or diminishment of their pain. In this season of salvation and deliverance, my prayer is for those who have committed no wrong-doing, the animals, to be included. May they find relief.

If what we do in the streets and alleys of the inner city night after night means lessening the hardship of some, then at least we've begun to scratch the surface of change. A small difference in the scheme of things, but a difference nonetheless. Faces of those we've taken from the squalor appear in my mind, reminding me that we must march on: others are waiting to be delivered from the deadly hardship they bear every minute on the streets. If we do not return to them no one will. No one.

Examples of "ordinary" yet truly magnificent animals appear in my mind, animals who would have endured prolonged and terrible suffering had we not been there to find them. Bag Lady we called her, only a pup when she came to us one night; someone had tied rope around her neck and then abandoned her. As her young body grew, the flesh around the rope split and rotted. It's a wonder she could swallow, or even breathe. Months of wound treatment and proper care yielded a rambunctious young dog, the picture of health in her gorgeous white fur. The family who adopted her gave Bag Lady the kind of home we wish for all of them to receive; the puppy who would have died on her own and in unspeakable pain on the streets, found out what it was to be loved and belong. From a Bag Lady to a Lady, she lived as part of a family until, years later as a senior citizen, she made her final journey to the Rainbow Bridge.

When we took Sunshine from the pavement next to a dilapidated garage, she could barely stand. Her hind leg, hideously swollen, had to be amputated due to gangrene,

but only after treatment to reduce her fever of 106°. The vet expressed surprise that Sunny was even alive, and amazement that this kitty bounced back with remarkable resilience. The couple who adopted Sunny as part of their family sent us a copy of a portrait taken a few months later by a professional portrait photographer, and the cat with plush fur sitting comfortably in a tiny white wicker chair looked as happy as she could be. The irrepressible sparkle in her eyes told me with certainty that she was adored. Like Bag Lady, Sunny would have suffered a horrible death had we not been there to scoop her up so that she could leave her homeless life behind and never look back.

Other examples flood my thoughts, some with stellar happy endings, some with the recognition that the best we could offer was an end to the pain. So many instances over the years, I could go on and on. But none of our trips through the streets and alleys, not a one, would have been possible without you beside us. Suddenly the light bulb in my head illuminates what should have been so clear to me all along: my simple prayer *is being answered*, not on a grand scale but in the nuts and bolts of the real world, the inner city neighborhoods we travel night after night. Each donation you send provides a piece of the answer to my plea for innocent creatures to find relief. Not every one of them, of course, but we return to the streets and do what we can through our efforts to chip away at the mountains of suffering.

During this season when people reach inside themselves to find a measure of goodwill towards others, so elusive to the grasp much of the year, I find it fitting to recognize and express the indebtedness we at Alley Animals feel toward you, our loyal supporters. All year 'round you remember the homeless and hurting who walk the cold rough pavement, surrounded by danger, looking for a scrap of food or a drop to drink. You embody the *Spirit* of this season by refusing to allow "the least of these" to go unnoticed. You share the compassion that lives in your heart with those who can offer you nothing in return. You are the merciful whose goodness quietly echoes through the streets and alleys each night, in an embrace of innocent creatures who will suffer less because you have made room for them; in the spirit of this season, you give us cause to rejoice: you have not forgotten them.

# Alley Animals

## Déjà vu *by Alice Arnold*

A long, long time ago, downtown on the west and east sides of the city, but mostly the west side, there were high-rise projects we would go into once a week to take animals who had been tossed out. Mostly cats and a lot of them, but dogs too, and sometimes rabbits. Animals were everywhere in the high-rise projects, and the kids mistreated them like you wouldn't believe. One day city officials said they were planning to bring down the high-rises in a controlled demolition.

We all knew this was going to be bad, we would never be able to get all the animals out in time. About a year later, when the people no longer lived there, we were going in over and over again to work as fast as we could with the animals still there. We knew we couldn't get every one out, and when the towers came down, they came down on the animals still hiding in cubby holes or in basements, even on the rooftops. I remember I could not watch the news for weeks, because they kept showing the buildings coming down again and again.

I know this is what happens to make way for the new, but it's hard to deal with when you see the faces of the animals in your mind. There are many houses that have been brought down over the years, and it's just as hard to take every time.

Last summer I knew it was going to happen again, this time several blocks of abandoned houses would be demolished. A full block of unoccupied buildings makes it easier to work, less people on the streets and that's safer for the animals and for us. We might see a police car here and there, and that's always good.

The day came as I knew it would, I saw holes drilled into the sidewalks where fencing poles would go. I asked a police officer one night if the whole block of houses were going to come down, and she confirmed it. We've been working in this area a long time and we know the animals who take refuge in the abandoned buildings. Animals we've never been able to get near. At least one nursing mother cat was hiding her kittens somewhere in one of the buildings. I started moving the feeding place, little by little, to a safer spot where the houses were not going to come down. At first the animals didn't "get" the change in my routine, but I didn't have a choice, I had to do what I could to move them out of harm's way. A few weeks later the tall chain link fence was in place.

I knew a few cats were still in the closed off area, so I looked and looked until I found a gap in the fencing and I did my best to get them used to leaving the enclosure for food, and hopefully not go back. Eventually, I think they caught on. One night the police officer who first told me about what was going on stopped me and said

she saw some kittens across the street. She pointed to *my new feeding spot!* I was thrilled because this meant the nursing mother moved her babies out of the houses about to be destroyed. At least that gives me a little more time to work on them, and they're at the top of my list of many, many animals I hope one day to take off the streets.



*One block at a time, the buildings are coming down.*



*Once a refuge for animals looking for a place to hide, now only rubble.*

*(continued on Page 3)*

## Did You Know....

Cats can get pregnant while they are still nursing a litter, and they can come into season at 5 months of age. These are facts, but not well-known. Spaying or neutering *as soon as possible* will help prevent more and more unwanted infants facing, at the very least, a lifetime of uncertainty.

# Alley Animals

**Déjà vu** (Continued from Page 2)



*Fortunately, these kittens escaped the destruction of what they once knew as their "home."*

## Wish List

Cat Food (dry & canned)	Bleach
Dog Food (dry & canned)	Paper Towels
Large plastic trash bags	Unscented laundry soap

We gratefully appreciate donations in response to our Wish List.

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

**Alley Animals 410-823-0899**

**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.

## Did You Know You Can Donate Through Our Website

Just go to [alleyanimals.org](http://alleyanimals.org) and click on our "Make A Donation" button to donate via Paypal. It's safe, secure and easy, and you don't need a Paypal account to donate.

# Alley Animals

## Memorials

### In Loving Memory Of:

The precious dog who died in the crate. *Sandy Miller  
Bobbie LaSov*

Izzy, Genie, & Spike, my special cat friends.  
*Julie Frey, Rose & Violet*

Mary Kral, who passed 6-30-2007. *Anna Caples*

Brindle Boy. *Bobbie LaSov*

Trevor & Gretta, two dogs dearly loved.  
*Bobbie LaSov*

Our White Knight, Andre. He touched the lives of many, just like you do. Andre's beautiful Light lives on in the hearts of all who knew and loved him.  
*Vanessa Taylor*

Our Sweet Samma, she gave her life that another stray could be saved.  
*Amy & Mom*

Toby, beloved dog who lived a very long and extremely happy life with Jane, Jack, Chris, & John Turnbull.  
*Kathy Novak*

Olivia, Gremlin, & Rascal Carlton.  
*Margaret Detwiler*

Eileen Rose Philips, who passed away in October, 2011.  
*Amy, Lloyd, & Julie Myers*

Eileen Rose Philips, who is survived by her beloved daughter, GERALYN P. MCCORMICK. *Linda L. Walsh*

Eileen R. Philips, who passed away Oct. 3rd. She was a lover of animals and had a furry roommate or more all of her life. She was a very generous angel when it came to two-footers and four-footers alike. We will miss her always, and even more, the world is a sadder place.  
*The Gradwell Family*

Fawn, a rescued Greyhound who was gentle and adored by our Dusty. She was attacked in the dog park and did not survive her injuries.  
*Dusty Miner & Family*

My father. *Deniz Corcoran*

A sweet dog named Clover. Sadly, she passed October 26, 2011.  
*With Love, Judi, Oscar, & Scott*

Denise Hamer, my beloved wife, who loved the work of Alley Animals.  
*G.M. Hamer*

Buddy, a stray cat. We called him the "Owl Cat" because the fur on his face was in a circle and the same color as an owl. He was hit by a car and I found out weeks later that our neighbor, Ray, had been feeding him for years.  
*John & Maggie Miner*

Our dear Little Pal who shadowed us 24/7 when we were around. He got cancer, and about 1½ months later he went blind (from glaucoma). All the vets were amazed that Little Pal was able to last for 14 months, but he was 100% devoted to us.  
*Karen & Wright Wolf*

My little cat entertainer, Ebony. *Nina Lowe*

All our pets: Candy, P.J., Little Boy, Little Girl, Spatz, Gracie, Sweetie, Tanner, Ginger, Ivory, & Ebony.  
*The Donlins*

My loving 15 year old rescue, Callie, a girl who would play fetch (!!) and loved broccoli, cheese, eggs, papaya, and tofu! I'll miss you Callie.  
*Dr. Jan Sinnott*

Doris Lowner. *Joan Goeringer*

Squirt, Sammy, & Pandora. *Patricia Zook*

My husband, Richard (Dick), who passed away on November 1st, from congestive heart failure. It was a shock to all of us, but we had a wonderful life together for 57 years.  
*Jane Evans*

Richard (Dick) Evans, beloved husband of Jane Evans.  
*Kathy Harvey  
Debbie & Lauretta Baseman  
Thomas A. Marsden  
Phyllis & Don Rouse  
Jorja Klosko  
Ellen Gutow  
Patti Patterson  
Nimitz Library Staff  
Louis R. Rainone  
Jack & Dottie Mullin  
JoAnn Grube  
Elizabeth & Lewis Bias  
Sarah & Jeff Graf & Family*

My special aunt, Joyce Ayers, who loved all of her many animals very much and leaves me with many good memories. You will be missed by us all.  
*Sue E. Jones*

Layla, Mario, Natasha, & Aviva. *Sarah Kaplan*

Taz, 19 year old kitty and beloved companion of Carole Downes & Annie Postich.  
*Debby Smith*

# Alley Animals

## In Loving Memory Of: *(continued)*

**Rosemary**, my first cat, who died in February 2011 at approximately 19 years old. I visited D.C. Animal Control in January 1995 intending to adopt a small dog I had read about, but he had been spoken for. On my way out, I stopped in the cat room where I met Rosemary and the rest, as they say, "is history." Over our 16 years—and more cats—together, I realized she would have been content to be an only cat, but Rosemary tolerated the later arrivals with grace and dignity. Although there have been many animals that have shared my home over the years, Rosemary was the first, and as such, is the one who truly changed my life. She has a special place.

*DonnaRae Castillo*

**Cricket, Matty, & Munchkin**, three sweet white mice euthanized in March, April and September 2011 because of serious medical problems. But despite their health difficulties, they were always ready for playtime and kisses from their adoptive "mom" (me). I have fostered animals for several years and have found that white mice, especially boys, are usually the last to be adopted. They are often neglected simply because they are white. How sad that these little ones suffer prejudice because of the color of their fur.

*DonnaRae Castillo*

**Nefertiti, Lefty, & Yuri**, three cats at the shelter where I volunteer, who did not find a home. Rest in peace.

*DonnaRae Castillo*

**Richard Davis.**

*Karen Lucas*

**Felix**, 1997—July 13, 2011. My beloved, handsome, sweet, loving red tabby boy. I miss you in your place in bed with me and your cheerful hello when I walk through the door. That precious final day I spent hugging him until his last breath. Gone but never forgotten and always loved. I miss you, Felix!

*Love Mom, Ana A Garcia*

**Jerry Smith & Jenna**, both dearly loved by Rachel Morris

*Eileen & John Miner*

All my furry children, I miss you everyday: **Softie, Gweedo, Chunkie, Thomas-Doobie, & Peanut.**

*Carolyn Orandle*

"The girl," **Beulah**, a chocolate Standard Poodle (1997—2007) who was so very dear...

*Betty Thomas*

**Honey & Tanya** beloved beautiful babies of Anne Bass, Nancy, & Jackie.

*Theresa Chonoski*

## In Honor Of:

And in loving celebration of **Lori Ann Smyth & Melinda Davis.**  
*Melinda & Joe Mele*

My brother **Rog**. Just a few weeks after being at Death's Door and being told he'd never work again. Rog is about to start back to work. He says he hasn't felt this good in 5 years! A lot of prayers have been answered. I sure am blessed with the greatest brother and sister in the world. God has been very good to me all of my life.

*Sandy Graham*

For all the precious animals who wait for you, their guardian angels, every night. God bless!

*Doris Richard*

**Peter S. Tinsley**, in celebration of his birthday, and for his dog, **Sadie.**  
*Mrs. Raymond Geddes*

**Einar Ryasor** and her beloved daughter, Ingrid.

*Alley Animals, Inc.*

**Dreamer & Jeanne Blake**, my amazing sister.

*Bobbie LaSov*

My friend, **Mary Worrel.**

*Barbara A. Willson*

Our new little rescued kitty, found wandering the streets of Newark, Delaware. Now is our precious "**Soda Pop.**"

*Allene Rittenhouse*

My wonderful husband and friend who loves animals, **Dan Hoffman**; also my dog **Foxy** and my nine cats.

*Carolyn Hoffman*

**Alice Arnold, staff, & volunteers:** your dedication and bravery are an inspiration.

*Einar Raysor*

My dear friend, **Dawn Griest**, who cares so much about all animals. Happy Birthday!

*Judith Eble, Sona, & Rory*

**Carole Downes & Annie Postich**, two compassionate animal lovers.

*Debby Smith*

**Alice, Miss Lemon**, and all animals.

*Laura Ost*

My niece, Mary, who created an *extra special* Thanksgiving Day, filled with memories I will forever hold dear to my heart.

*Lilly*

The world's best **Dad**, a gracious and generous man, always there for his daughter.

*Lilly*

## Companions Forever *by Alice Arnold*

It was close to the end of the night, around 5:30 a.m., and I was turning into one of the last alleys when I saw one of my street dogs. I hadn't come across her in almost a month, but this wasn't too unusual; sometimes I'd see her every trip through the area for a few weeks, then not at all for another few weeks. I always had food ready just in case, but I never knew if she'd be there. One thing I did know for sure, if I saw her, I would see her companion. Every single time, they were together. I called them Perl & Chester.

They wouldn't let me anywhere near them, although they knew I was bringing food; all I had to do was open the car door, and off they'd go. So I'd put their food down and back out of the alley. This particular night I was glad to see Perl, it felt like a long time since I fed her and Chester. I started my usual routine, I opened the car door and spoke to them the way I always did: "How are ya? Good to see ya," I would quietly call to them as they ran down the alley to get away from me. But tonight something was different, something was definitely wrong. Perl didn't get up and charge away from me with Chester in tow.

Perl was lying on a pile of mattresses stacked on an empty lot behind some abandoned houses. With the food I prepared for them, I walked toward the dogs, but only Chester started to run off. He stopped and came back—he wouldn't leave Perl behind, no matter what, and Perl wasn't moving from the mattress. I approached her slowly as Chester watched from a safe distance. I got close enough to Perl to reach toward her and touch her head: then she struggled to stand up. I knew she was afraid of me, but I also knew she needed my help. As she got to her feet, I saw blood all over her hind quarters. She was wobbly and weak, unable to run away, in fact she was so weak she dropped back down to the mattress. I offered her food, but she wasn't interested in eating. Neither dog wanted food. I had to get them out of there, but Perl and Chester were too much for me to handle on my own. I needed help.

I used the cell phone I carry for emergencies to call our good friend, John, who has been a godsend in situations like this in the past. Apparently I had forgotten to charge the phone, because I had no power. Then I remembered police officers sit in their cars not far from where I was; there's a vacant lot where they go after their shift and finish doing their paperwork. I rushed to the location and, thank goodness, an officer was there. He knew who I was and what I do, so when I asked if I could use his cell phone to call for help with two dogs,

he agreed without hesitating. I called John but couldn't reach him, so I called another good friend, Teresa, who comes through for us whenever we ask for her assistance.

Teresa answered my call and said she'd pick up John before heading to the location of the dogs. I knew I didn't have to worry about Chester running away from the area even though it would take some time for Teresa and John to get there. Perl and Chester were devoted to each other. Together always.

I gave Teresa directions and told her we'd need a trap for Chester, who could still move around, though not as well as he used to, but Perl could be wrapped in a blanket and carried. It wouldn't be easy to get him but we couldn't leave Chester behind; he and Perl lived and breathed together. They had been on the streets for years, and if I saw one, I knew the other was close by.

Teresa and John found the alley and the pile of mattresses where Perl still lay, bleeding. John gently surrounded her in a thick blanket, lifted her off the mattress, and carried her to the van where Teresa was waiting with another blanket to make a soft cushion for Perl. She didn't struggle but just lay her head down and closed her eyes. Teresa and John now had to set the tender trap for Chester. Ordinarily, with all the activity and commotion in the alley, Chester would have been miles away by now, but his beloved companion was in the van with John and Teresa, and he wasn't going anywhere



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# Alley Animals

## Companions Forever

(continued from page 6)

without his Perl. John put the trap out near the mattresses and then he and Teresa backed off and waited for what seemed like forever. Finally, Chester went into the trap; it was as if he knew this was the only way he could stay with his companion. Teresa and John lifted the trap into the van and set it next to Perl so that the dogs could see each other.

On the ride out of downtown, Teresa and John smelled a pungent, foul odor coming from the dogs. Chester was bleeding, too, though not as much as Perl. A snap test confirmed both were positive for parvo, a deadly contagious disease, and we had to make the sad decision to send them on. Their life here was dangerous and so hard for them, but they always had each other. Even as they left this planet, they went together—companions forever. Wherever they are now, I know they are side-by-side, free of the hard times they knew everyday on the streets of the city, free and together.



*Perl and Chester, together forever.*

## Up For Adoption



### Corky

A Chihuahua mix weighing approximately 8 lbs., Corky was taken in by someone who gave him away to someone else, who gave him away to yet another person, none of whom wanted the responsibility of his care. The cycle of bouncing from person to person has finally come to an end. We want to be sure his next stop is the home he's been searching for, with a person or family as ready and willing to care for him as he is ready and willing to love them.

Corky is sweet, housebroken, and he gets along with other animals. He also likes to sleep under the covers!

*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.

Please fill in below if name and address are incorrect on mailing label.

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Please make checks payable to Alley Animals, Inc. Contributions are tax deductible under Section 501 (c) (3) of IRC.  
P.O. Box 27487 Towson, MD 21285-7487

Our web site: <http://www.alleyanimals.org>

Our email address: [info@alleyanimals.org](mailto:info@alleyanimals.org)

# Alley Animals

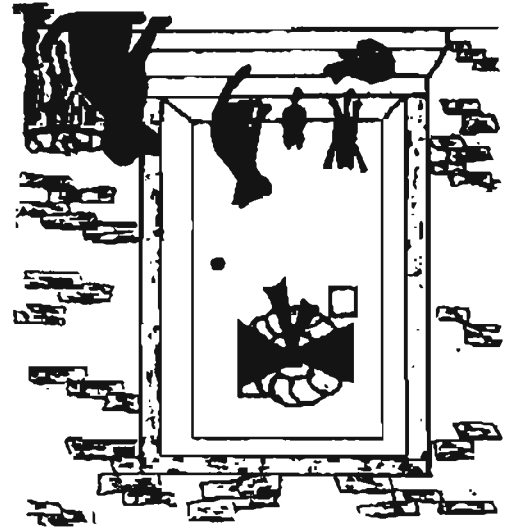
## Spring Raffle Winners

1st Prize      **Sarah Dwyer**, Hagerstown, MD  
2nd Prize      **Wanda Cywinski**, Fallston, MD  
3rd Prize      **MaryAnn Hance**, Bethany Beach, DE  
4th Prize      **Doris Toney**, Glen Burnie, MD  
5th Prize      **Rebecca Hayes**, Falls Church, VA

Our humble thanks to the winners who donated their prizes to Alley Animals.

Your faithful participation in our raffle fundraisers warms our hearts and lets us know you stand with us in our work on the streets. It would be impossible to convey our thankfulness to you for making each raffle a success, but we are so very thankful.

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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

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