

Alley Animals

Editor's Note

The heavy snow last December, made exponentially worse in February by two successive storms pounding four feet of accumulation on us, transformed winter from a harsh and pain-filled season into one of a deadly nightmare. For animals without shelter, food or water, the distress of fighting every minute was magnified beyond our human ability to comprehend. And then came summer.

The humid, nearly rainless summer beating down its extreme and record-breaking heat made the smallest exertion increase the already profound need for water. But homeless animals had to exert themselves in search of (non-existent) puddles to relieve their dehydration. They looked for relief though none could be found, only a worsening thirst. The tailwind of a devastating winter pulled the weight of a devastating summer onto the backs of animals in the streets.

As autumn rounds the corner bringing more moderate temperatures (though very little rain in this area), I cringe when I stop to realize winter is peeking at us over the next hill, waiting for time to drag us into its clutches. Through it all, whether bone cold wind and temperatures low enough to numb our feet, or the thick, suffocating swelter of summer, we load the alley car and return to the streets. Because suffering animals are there, so are we.

From time to time, kindhearted people write to us saying they wish they could do what we do or go to the streets with us, but they just can't. Other supporters have said they don't know *how* we do what we do, see what we see, they wouldn't be able to stand it. My response to both expressions of compassion is the same: we couldn't do what we do without you. We carry your care and concern with us to the streets through your financial support that folds you into the heart of our work. You create the very possibility of our returning to the streets, thus partnering you with us on a deep and necessary level. You don't physically journey through long nights in the alleys, but you're there with us.

Alley Animals is a small, relatively unknown organization and we're feeling the sharp sting of a poor economy. Rising costs gouge our falling donations, and we're keeping our fingers crossed that you'll look into your heart of hearts and reaffirm that what we do is worthy of your strong support we so desperately need.

The alley-goers return to dangerous neighborhoods each night as the faces of the innocent propel us forward. You may not be able to see in your mind specific individuals, but you can imagine the innocence, the fear, and the effect of being kicked around by life day after long day manifesting in the anxious eyes of those whose pain most of the world ignores. Please help us return to their world and show them they're not forgotten.

Help Us Help Them Tickets \$1.00 Each — Drawing Date is 11/22/2010

Please join our Fall Raffle; we depend on the success of this fundraising effort to ensure that our work in the streets continues.

Remember to include your **name** and **phone number** on returned tickets so that we can notify winners on the evening of the drawing.

Your Name _____
Your Phone # _____

1st Prize \$300.00 – Donated by Midstate Savings & Loan Association

2nd Prize \$200.00

3rd Prize \$150.00

4th Prize \$125.00

5th Prize \$100.00

**Call 410-823-3319 for additional tickets.
Leave name, address and number of tickets desired.**

Update: For Those Of You Thoughtfully Requesting News of Alice's Progress

At the beginning of her journey into treatment a year ago, we shared with you Alice Arnold's diagnosis of having two distinct breast cancers. By the time you receive this newsletter, Alice will near her 21st cycle of chemotherapy. Over the past year she has submitted to a myriad of tests and scans, some more unpleasant than others, as well as visiting the hospital every three weeks for infusion of the drugs needed to keep the cancers from spreading.

Prior to treatment, Alice's doctor cautioned her that not everyone with breast cancer responds to chemotherapy. Fortunately, the drugs her doctor chose to administer stopped Alice's cancers from growing, and the alarmingly large tumor of the more aggressive cancer shrunk enough that Alice didn't need a medical expert to confirm its reduction. The less aggressive (but more pervasive) cancer has proven the more difficult to control. The good news is—so far as the doctor can tell from periodic scans and tests—the cancers have remained within Alice's breast tissue and chest wall, but have not invaded new locations in her body.

As a patient in stage 4, Alice will never be cancer-free. What we hope is that the chemotherapy she currently receives will continue to stave off the disease's progression, though for how long is impossible to pre-

dict. Her chemotherapy drugs were adjusted last December due to the emergence of a dangerous and acutely painful neuropathy that caused bleeding (and potential for infection) in Alice's fingers. Her current chemotherapy combination brings her daily discomfort and fatigue, but does not entirely debilitate her as the original treatment did.

Alice maintains her work schedule while soldiering through side effects. She insists that her own discomfort doesn't even register on the scale of pain and suffering endured by animals she sees on the streets. She doesn't complain or feel sorry for herself, she just works as hard as she can because we have no way of knowing if or when chemotherapy will no longer keep the cancers in check.

Warm thanks to those of you who remember Alice in your thoughts and prayers, and for letting us know you haven't forgotten her challenge. Your words of encouragement tell her that although you've never met her personally, you care about her as you would a friend, just as your support of our work tells us you care about innocent beings suffering on the streets without having to witness firsthand what enormous hardships they endure. Your compassion for Alice and for the animals reassures her that she is not alone in her personal struggle *or* in the work to which she is dedicated, heart and soul. Your faithful support of Alley Animals enables a person in stage 4 cancer to carry out the purpose of her life, to overcome her own discomfort and return to the streets because she knows you're beside her, and the animals are waiting.

*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.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

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>
Our email address: info@alleyanimals.org

Did You Know You Can Donate Through Our Website??

Just go to 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.

Brindle Boy, Addendum

by Lillian G. Leslie

Upon receiving the summer issue of our newsletter, a (now former) supporter sent us a scathing letter, telling us we were to blame for losing the noble dog we called Brindle Boy to the deadly dangers of the streets. The lady who wrote the letter told us how she's withdrawing any future support of our organization because we "allowed" Brindle Boy to die in the streets. If one person thought our course of action toward him was woefully inadequate or worse, others probably did, too. Thus I consider it my responsibility to better explain exactly why our efforts on his behalf fell short, leaving us heavy with sadness.

We couldn't just "grab" Brindle Boy, that would have been impossible. And, any method of capture would require the presence of an unfamiliar object in our hands, such as a collar or leash, as well as unfamiliar activity such as trying to approach him which would scare him off immediately. To win him over, we had no choice but to exercise patient restraint, no matter how badly we wanted to take him from the streets. Gaining his trust meant allowing him to dictate the terms of his advance, it was the only way. Based on experience, we knew any alternative, coercive method of "grabbing" him (as the lady who wrote to us said we should have employed) would certainly fail.

In the story I mentioned that Brindle Boy was cautious and wary. After weeks and weeks of our putting out food for him as he waited at a great distance until we left before venturing from the shrubs to eat, Brindle Boy did in fact inch closer to the feeding spot. Slowly he became accustomed to our routine, but he needed to know precisely what to expect from us, only then did he soften his vigilant guard.

We humans can be slow learners. It took us three or four instances of observing our boy appearing suddenly startled, followed by his hurriedly trotting half-way up the alley before we finally recognized we were the cause of his startle. Inadvertently we frightened him, once by using a long metal spoon instead of the usual wooden one to dish out his food, another time we carried his food from the car in a larger, differently colored bag. Still another time we got out of the car using an unfamiliar receptacle to set out his water. While Brindle Boy wasn't phased by changes in our appearance such as the addition of jackets or hats as cold weather rolled in, alarm bells sounded in his mind at any alteration in the things we held in our hands. He probably experienced a painful lesson regarding objects humans hold in their hands, a lesson he would not forget, and one he had to teach us to respect.

We also learned that the slightest olive branch gesture of extending an open hand in his direction as if to say to him, "Come, let me stroke your weary head and offer you comfort," would send him fleeing. We hoped to bring him closer but did just the opposite; the look on his dear scarred face changed from one of anticipating a meal to one of unmistakable fear before he disappeared into the shadows. To him, holding out a hand signified aggression, not an offer of comfort as we intended it, and we never tried it again.

The single instance when Brindle Boy shook free from his wariness in order to protect Dee from a stranger in the alley was the only evidence revealing he accepted us as his friends. At that moment, Dee's safety in the face of potential danger was more important to him than remaining cautious; later we rejoiced over his unexpected display of bravery springing from the bond we had begun to forge, not knowing this would be the last time we ever saw him.

The responsibility of the work we do weighs heavily on us. We *never* take it lightly. We don't always succeed in accomplishing the outcome we strive toward, but we don't stop trying either, though our hearts break again and again. The horrid suffering inflicted on animals in the streets takes the lives of many a downtrodden soul, despite our efforts. Theirs is a world lacking every conceivable comfort yet abundant in pain, so we will go back to the alleys, believing that even imperfect efforts are better than turning our backs on those who have no one if they don't have us.

To those of you who sent in memorials for Brindle Boy, may we extend our biggest thanks. It means so much to us that you cared about him as surely as we did, and you grieved along with us the loss of one who occupies a permanent place in our heart.

Wish List

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

Memorials In Loving Memory Of:

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

On 10 December 2004, my beloved cat, **Pasha**, died. He was 12½ years old and had health problems all his life. He always seemed to enjoy life, even though he was frequently ill. I sometimes think Pasha lived on love. We were devoted to each other. For 12½ years I forgot what loneliness was. As the Welsh say, he was "the Blood of my Heart."
Diane Hankey

Our beautiful 16 year old calico cat, **Miss Kitty**, whom we lost this summer.
*Marvin Feuerberg
Sylvia Rosenfield*

Tommy Lee, beloved cat of Bonnie Bozylinski.
Frances Studnicki

My wonderful little **Sierra**, who died August 30, 2010, seven years to the month after becoming a part of my family.
Ernest Redeman, Jr.

Brindle Boy.
*James R. Burnett
Lynn Shuppel
Marline Galvin*

Brindle Boy, at least in the end he knew there are some caring people.
Judy Frey

Cleocatra, Isis, and Tiffany. Gone but not forgotten and always loved.
Ana A. Garcia

Destiny ("Des"), followed shortly thereafter by **Pop Wayne Crenshaw**, her lap buddy and by her last remaining offspring, **Miss Mocha**. We miss them all dearly.
Ann Lawson

Paulie, a very sweet kitten who died much too soon.
Diann Creager

Margie Klein, who loved all the animals.
The Cozzolino Family

Bea & Damian's faithful boy, **Jax**.
Leah Bark

Tipper, much-loved companion of Paul Keller for 18 years.
Rosemary Brennan

All the deer killed this year during hunting season.
Enid Feinberg & Lierra Lenhard

Ginny Dupont, a friend to all animals.
C.P. Liss

Judy Green's beloved cat, **Pooh-Roo**, who took his beautiful orange stripes to heaven and is sorely missed by Tigger, Kabuki, William, and Judy.

Catherine Prince

Una, a small stray kitten adopted by Karin & Peter Andreasian 18 years ago into a loving home and showered with love and care throughout her life.
Joan Scroggs

My aunt, **Virginia Knowles**, who cared deeply about animals.
Barbara K. Wallick

Jerry, beloved little black kitty of Nancy and Bruce Kittinger. She was so sweet and always cuddled with house guests too!
Sherri Pennock

All the wonderful dogs we have "parented" through the years who have given us so much love and joy.
Rita Hockett

Lora Kincade.
Shelly McCullin & Robert Kincade

Hannah.
Sharon Miller

Jessie Batch.
John & Shirley Rice

Bucky, who was dearly-loved by Dot & George Merianos.
Betty & Lou Thomas

The **Brindle Boy**, who I pray is in heaven with my dog, **Jessie** at age 14 years.
Marie Zielke

Our precious **Hershey** (chocolate lab), who passed away at 17 years old coming back from Ocean City, Maryland. We miss her, and Harley (our yellow lab) also misses her..
Lee & Joyce Barnstein

Colin, my wonderful son, an animal rescuer himself. I miss you every moment of every day.
Anita & Paul Kalfelz

My beloved shepherd, **Jake**, who left me this summer for the Rainbow Bridge. He was the star of my beauty salon for 11 years. He was loved by all my clients and friends. My grief will go on for many weeks as people come in for their appointments and ask where he is. He brought life and joy to everyone, including those in nursing homes where hands would reach out from wheelchairs just to touch his fur. His was the bond that is closest to God on this earth: unconditional love, and my heart is grief-stricken.
Michele Hampton

The **Brindle Boy**, may he be in a safe place.
Kathy Novak

All the abused animals.
Barbara Partenope

The dear **Brindle Boy**.
Dianne White

Alley Animals

In Memory Of: (continued)

Our dear friend, **Joe Bonner**, who passed away on August 23rd. He was much loved by all my dogs, past & present. We will never forget his kindness.

Gretchen, Kaethe, Sona, Rory and Judith Eble

Our two Yorkies, **Baby** and **Fonzie**, who died recently. Baby was found, sick and abused, but stayed with us for six years. We adopted Fonzie when his owners moved and could not take him to their new apartment. We enjoyed having him with us for eleven years. Both had health problems but we kept and loved them until the vet said no more could be done. We really miss them.

Mildred & Daniel Costin

Caesar, our beloved "Little C". *Gail & Tom Koch*

Gracie Studnicki, beloved pet. *Frances Studnicki*

My parents, **Chuck & Pauline Graham**, who taught us through their actions all their lives to love and respect all forms of life no matter how beautiful or ugly, smart or dumb, big or little. All are God's creatures and should be loved. They were both wonderful loving parents, and I still love and miss them after all these years.

Sandy Graham

My husband, **Bill Todd**, our dogs **Opal & Shotzie**, and our cats **Zeltbahen, Daisy, Little Kitty, Oilslick, and Ozone**, who are playing together on the rainbow bridge.

Ann L. Todd

Layla & Mario. *Sarah Kaplan*

My dear calico cat, **Jelly Bean**, who passed away in July. *Sandra Warfield*

In Honor Of:

Hootie. *Suzanne Mieso*

Albere Steinwedel, in celebration of his 15th birthday. He is a wonderful dog! *Beverly & George Kukoly*

Donna and Leroy Shapiro. *Lola & Bob Jones*

Two-Breakfast Rudy. *James Cox and Cornelia Vanderlain*

The upcoming bar mitzvah of our grandson, **Adam Luntz**. *Sheila & Carl Bernstein*

My cat, **Emily Anne**. *Mary Lou Ames*

Amy, a discarded "Easter bunny" who was rescued by Linda & Dale Brown. Amy was brought back from the brink of death after many weeks of dehydration and massive parasite infestation, and now she's blessed with a home and human companions who embrace her as their friend. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

My two sweet rescue dogs, **Sona & Rory**. I'm so very lucky to have them. *Judith Eble*

Alice and **Lillian** for the incredible work they do day after day. *Enid Feinberg & Lierra Lenhard*

Doris Richard's birthday, August 10th. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

All animals, but especially the homeless and abused who are in my prayers every day. Also, **Alice** and **Lillian**, for their commitment to the alley animals.

Sandy Graham

A very happy birthday for my friend, **Judith Eble**. *Sona, Rory & Dawn Griest*

Prince Tai and **Pike**, who bring the depths of feline comfort to each other and to their human companion, Einar. *Alley Animals, Inc.*

Lillian Leslie, for dedicating her writing talent to the welfare of suffering animals. *Einar Raysor*

Gene Fahey, my Dad, my friend and my hero. *Bobbie LaSov*

My dog **Betsy**, and **Squirrelie**, a little squirrel born in the summer, who has befriended Betsy and me with her surprising antics. *Sandy Graham*

Mary, a special niece and special person who refuses to ignore animals in need who are drawn to her compassionate heart.

And, my Dad a man of strong spirit and great kindness. *Lilly*

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 Animals 410-823-0899

Facebook

In an effort to join the burgeoning technological age, we're now on Facebook. It's a beginning, and we don't know what will come of it, but we're hoping to reach more people who might be interested in our work and in financially supporting what we do. The page is currently in its developing stage, and as we find out whether or not it generates any interest, we'll refine and expand the content presented. Please visit Alley Animals Inc. on Facebook and click "like". Hopefully this will boost our funding and take us out of the dire straits we presently face.

Special Thanks To:



Alley Animals' good friend for launching us onto Facebook.

