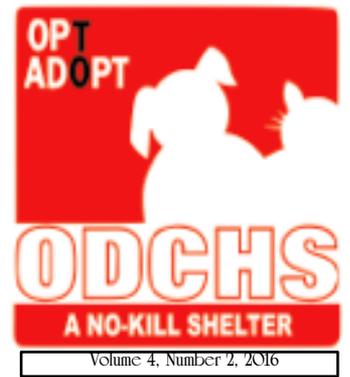


A Huge Thank You to our Volunteers!



A letter from a volunteer

Why I went

I had a cute little dog. He was shy and skittish. He loved to be at home. There were several places in the house that he liked to stay. I know he felt secure in those places. I don't think anything ever happened to him, it was just his nature to need the security of his familiar and safe places. He started acting funny. We took him to the vet. It was suggested that it would be best if he stayed overnight so that he could have a routine procedure first thing the next day, and then I could pick him up before lunch. I left him there, knowing he didn't want to stay. I looked him in the face and told him not to worry, I would be back in the morning to pick him up. I received a phone call at 7:30 a.m. that he was gone. He was taken to the exam room for his procedure and when they went back into the room he was just lying there. He had died. Just died that quickly. The first thing I thought of was that I had made a promise to a scared little dog that I was unable to keep. I felt so bad and sometimes still do. Unfortunately there was nothing that I could do to change things.

I had known of the shelter from donating some things previously. It occurred to me that most of the dogs were there because someone had made a promise to them and for whatever reason it could not be kept. I thought to myself, "I made a promise and didn't keep it". They were promised something they didn't get. Maybe that could be a match and be a second chance for something good on both sides.

Why I go back

It didn't take long to know I wanted to help care for the dogs at the shelter. It is somewhat like a Dr. Seuss cast of characters: big dogs, little dogs, black dogs, white dogs. Well, you get the picture. The one thing they all have in common is that they all need love. I love taking them out for a walk. I love talking to them. They all have their own personalities. You get to know them, bond with them and hope with all you have, that the family they were a part of will find them. There is nothing better than when that happens!

Over time, I have seen some situations and heard some things that make me shake my head at humanity, but, that is why the shelter is there. The shelter volunteers try to undo these situations. AND, IT DOES HAPPEN. The proof is in the adoptions, the follow-up stories and in the attitudes of the animals that come in scared and confused and go out to be someone's best buddy. The shelter does make a difference. I feel fortunate to be able to help care for and love these dogs and cats while they are waiting for their forever home. The shelter is not a sad place. It is full of love and life.



Remember someone with a loving gift that lasts

In memory of Roy Carlson by Jan/ Mike Nolan

In memory of Joe Walding by Susan/ David Wilcox,
Midtown Motors, Jack's Discount Drugs,
Tommie W. Logan, Southeast Alabama Medical Center,
Wallace Community College Business Office

In memory of Susan Creel by Mary C. Dominey,
Patti/ Fred Steagall

In memory of Thomas Taylor by Margaret M. Schneck

In honor of Ruth Scheipe by Lisa Rahn

In memory of Haywood Hart Dowling II
by Southern Timber Company

In honor of Telisa and Tommy Glover by Charlotte Neupauer

In memory of Foxy and Cookie by Kaye/ Michael Miller

In memory of Beth Grier "Sam" by Kathy Whelan

Please remember that donations less than \$25.00 will not be listed. If no name and address is included to send an acknowledgment none will be sent.