

Home for Life

Sanctuaries for
Abandoned Pets



Home for Life: Sanctuaries for Abandoned Pets

VIKTOR REINHARDT

Viktor Reinhardt

*I am dedicating
this book*

to the man who
—out of ignorance—
causes his own unhappiness
by inflicting suffering on other creatures.
May he come to senses and discover

happiness.

Home for Life:
Sanctuaries for Abandoned Pets
By Viktor Reinhardt

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Introduction and Acknowledgements

There are several million unwanted, homeless companion animals and many more million research-released, no longer "needed" animals in the United States. A small fraction of these disposed animals are brought to shelters, where they are cared for and made available for adoption. Since the influx of abandoned animals is steady, most shelters have no option but to kill individual animals for whom no adoptive homes can be found within a certain time frame. In this way, approximately four million unwanted pets—primarily dogs and cats—are euthanized in shelters every year.^{1,2} The number of research-released animals killed in research laboratories in the U.S. every year, rather than granted a well-deserved safe retirement, is well over 20 million.³ This figure is only a raw underestimate as no reliable counts are available for mice and rats, the two prevailing species who are explicitly excluded in the Animal Welfare Act's legal definition of the term "animal."⁴ In research laboratories, it is common practice to destroy mice, rats, guinea pigs, hamsters, rabbits, dogs, cats, monkeys and other species after they are no longer of any use for the research facility that quasi-owns them.

A few individuals have become aware of and deeply touched by the predicament of unwanted animals and devoted much of their lives to rescue at least some of them. The present book tells the stories of several such people along with stories of animals they have rescued and given a second chance for life.



I have screened 156 sanctuaries located in the U.S. that rescue and take care of unwanted companion animals—including monkeys but excluding birds, amphibians, reptiles and farm animals—and selected 38 of them as candidates to be showcased in the book. There were 21 sanctuary founders who responded to my offer and expressed interest in providing me with the necessary information and photos so that I could include a chapter on their facility. The requested material was sent to me by 12 sanctuaries, while the other 9 did not find the time to do so within five months. The 12

cooperative sanctuaries provide safe, professionally caring permanent refuges for dogs, cats, rabbits and monkeys. Since I could not find any sanctuary in the U.S. that is taking on rodents, I extended my search to Europe and selected one exemplary sanctuary for rats.

This book focuses primarily on human kindness and compassion rather than on human cruelty, callousness, indifference, and egocentric endeavors. It is common knowledge that many lay people and professional researchers treat animals in their charge like disposable objects, thereby inflicting intense pain and unnecessary suffering on creatures who completely depend on them. It is not common knowledge that there are a comparatively small number of people who genuinely and completely selflessly care for the well-being and safety of such animals. These people are setting inspiring examples of the truly humane potential that is inherent in all of us.

Most of the sanctuary founders who expressed interest in being part of the book were too busy to collect the requested material for their chapter in the book, so they asked volunteers or animal caretakers to work with me on their behalf. I am very grateful to Shelly Broadstreet, Kathy Carbaugh, Caroline Carlson, Nanette Entriiken, Rebecca Kuhlman, Janet Nace, Rochelle Noblett, Mary Therese, Courtney Vernier, and Nancy Wedlock for sending me information material and photos of the sanctuaries where they are employed. Without their efforts I could not have prepared enough chapters to warrant the publication of this book. Special thanks are due to my wife Annie and to Sharon Callahan for critically reading the draft manuscript of this book, checking the text for errors and flaws and offering me constructive and encouraging comments.

This book turned out so beautifully because Ava Rinehart designed it for me. Thank you Ava for sharing your talent and fine sense of balance and beauty when creating the design and preparing the layout of this book.

*Viktor Reinhardt
Mt. Shasta, California
October, 2011*

¹Reid, D. 2010 Survey finds Americans underestimate homeless pet numbers. Pet Peoples Place <http://www.petpeoplesplace.com/resources/news/general/survey-finds-americans-underestimate-homeless-pet.htm>

²Humane Society of the United States 2011 Pet overpopulation. http://www.humanesociety.org/issues/pet_overpopulation/

³Gauthier, C. Overview and analysis of animal use in North America. Alternatives to Laboratory Animals [ATLA]. 2004, 32(Supplement): 275-285 http://www.worldcongress.net/2002/proceedings/C1_Gauthier.pdf

⁴United States Department of Agriculture 1995 Definition of terms under the Animal Welfare Act as Amended (7 USC, 2131-2156). 9 CFR Ch. 1 (1-1-95 Edition): §1.1. http://www.access.gpo.gov/nara/cfr/waisidx_00/9cfr1_00.html

Shadowrat Rat Sanctuary

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Yarmouth, Norfolk, UK*

Shadowrat was founded by Ziggy in 2003. She had done voluntary work at the local animal shelter for some time, and it was on one of these days that a lone female rat was discovered abandoned in the parking lot. She was thin and had a large mammary tumor. Not having the necessary facilities to care for rats but knowing that Ziggy had rats of her own, the shelter asked her if she could take care of this animal.

"My four rats were all males, so taking on a female would have meant a whole new cage, and the acquisition of at least one more female as a companion for her. So

much as I wanted to take her home, I didn't think it was practical and said I'd take her on only if no other home could be found.

"At the end of my shift, and after several phone calls to other animal rescues and colleges, nobody was willing to take the rat, partly due to her medical problems. As I was leaving, someone on the staff asked me if I would still consider taking her. I agreed, and only then did I find out that





had I declined, she would have been euthanized. I named the rat Molly, and took her home.

"The first thing I did was to book her an appointment with my vet to have her tumor evaluated. She had a fairly good chance of surviving the surgery, so the vet removed the lump. Molly made a full recovery and lived with me for 18 months, well into old age for rats. She died peacefully in her sleep.

"From this point on, the shelter sent all rats to me and, in addition, referred calls about unwanted rats also to me. I had not really ever given it much thought, and although I knew rats popped up in rescue from time to time, I had no idea just how bad the situation was."

"Most rats who come to Shadowrat remain as permanent residents. Almost all of my attempts to rehome rats have been without success. People are either not interested in adopting rats or they are not prepared to provide them with optimal living conditions. I have high standards when it comes to rehoming rats; any potential owner must be able and willing to look after them in the same manner as I do, otherwise

there is no point in moving these animals on. I have been fortunate enough to rehome a few young, healthy and well-adjusted rats over the years to truly wonderful people who genuinely care for them in the best possible way. Old or sick rats, or those with behavioral disorders will always stay with me. It is not fair to uproot old rats more than is absolutely necessary; sick rats will often need ongoing veterinary care which I know I am able to provide, and rats with behavioral issues tend to require a lot of attention, by which time I am hopelessly attached and don't want to give them up! Presently, Shadowrat is the permanent home to 33 rescued rats.

"I run the sanctuary out of my garden shed, which has been modified specifically for this purpose. It is insulated and heated for the winter, and has a screen door for the summer.

"I do not receive funding from anyone, and everything is paid for out of my own pocket. This includes food, bedding, litter, toys, cages, and vet bills—which can be staggering when you consider that many rats brought to me are in poor health and usually require a trip to the vet as soon as I get them. Occasionally, I am given the old cage along with a rat when the animal is surrendered to me; this always helps quite a bit."

“Lawrence was one of three rats I received from a member of the public who had contacted me saying she could no longer look after them. She told me that they had been fighting a lot, and she was a bit embarrassed at the state of them as a result.

"When the three rats arrived in a cardboard box, it was obvious to me that these boys had a terrible mite infestation. What the owner had thought were fight wounds were scabs and sores from constant itching.

"The mites were quickly and effectively treated and within only two days, all three of the boys had noticeably improved. The scabs had already mostly gone, and their coats were getting back to being soft, clean and glossy.



"Lawrence also had sores and ulcers on his hind feet (Bumblefoot) which I began to treat immediately. Sadly, nothing that the vet or I tried as treatment—various antibiotics and antiseptic sprays—made much difference. It seemed that Lawrence's problem had simply been left for too long prior to his arrival here. After a week, he developed a bad infection in one of his hind legs. It swelled to twice its usual size, and was full of pus, which would seep from the ulcer on the underside of his foot. We tried several different courses of antibiotics, and continued with the bathing and cleaning regime. After several weeks, it seemed that the infection—while not cured—had been stopped from progressing any further up his leg. Lawrence began using the limb again, and I became hopeful that he would fully recover.

"It was a shocking surprise for me when I discovered Lawrence dead in his cage a few days later. He had apparently died in his sleep.

"Lawrence's two brothers continue to do well. They are now unrecognizable from the skinny, mite-riddled, nervous boys who had come to the sanctuary."

"Hoffman originates from a rescue center that had recently taken in close to 60 rats who had been kept in squalor at the house of a 'breeder.' Cages suitable for two rats were crammed with up to 30 animals each. The rats were so overcrowded, they had constantly fought among each other; many of them had serious bite wounds.

"I offered to take two babies and one older boy from this situation; Hoffman was the older boy. As soon as he caught the smell of other rats, he began displaying extremely territorial, aggressive behaviors. I'd never seen a domestic rat behave in such a way. He would literally throw himself around the cage, screaming and biting at the bars in his desperation to get to other rats and attack them. Rats have scent glands on their flanks with which they mark their territory. Hoffman was so incredibly territorial that these glands were constantly oozing. Rats who wish to mark their territory will occasionally scratch at these glands to secrete some of the oily scent material. Hoffman scratched at his glands so persistently that he made them bleed.

"Clearly, being crammed into a small cage with many other rats for most of his life had affected Hoffman mentally as well as physically. He now had his own cage, his own space, his own food, and didn't have to



fight to obtain it, but he couldn't quite wrap his head around this. To him, everything he now had needed to be fervently protected, in case anyone else tried to take it from him. His previous living conditions had made him into an extremely defensive rat, and these issues extended to his attitude toward people.

"Hoffman was something that is actually pretty rare with rats: he was a biter. He would allow me to pick him up, but he clearly did not enjoy it. He would grunt and

squeak the entire time I had my hands on him, constantly grumbling and protesting. It was not unusual for him to jump forward at me with his teeth bared, warning me not to mess with him anymore.

"He was, in reality, a very frightened rat who simply didn't know whom he could trust; he constantly feared that something would be taken away from him if he didn't protect it.

"When it came to meeting other rats, Hoffman was petrified and tried to hide away. He wanted nothing to do with them. His posturing and puffed-up fur and bared teeth were all defensive gestures in an effort to get others to just leave him alone. His strange behavior did upset the other rats and it often made him a target of their aggression.

"To make it possible for him to live a relatively normal life with other rats, I decided to have him castrated. This would remove the hormones that were part of the problem, but also calm him down in general.

"Following his operation, Hoffman turned out to be one of those rats who fixate on pulling the wound open. Some rats will totally ignore it, others make it their obsession, and Hoffman had to be in the latter group. The best way to stop a rat bothering the site of a castration wound is to put him or her in what is called a 'body brace,' which is a bandage wrapped fairly tightly around the rat's middle. This prevents the animal from bending back and contacting the wound.

"It took a couple of weeks after the castration before I noticed any change in his personality, but gradually, he started to turn into a far more mellow, relaxed and contented rat. He stopped all the thrashing about in his cage, became much more willing to be handled and actually



started coming out of his cage to greet me and take food from my hands, rather than glaring at me and squealing that if I dared to put my hand in, he'd chomp on it.

"Castration was not a magic bullet, and some of Hoffman's mental scars would not go away just because the hormones were no longer there; he still had a contention with other rats who were more dominant than him. He found the idea of being dominated, even when done peacefully, very distressing. Presumably, he was not a high ranking rat in the group he originally lived with and was probably bullied a fair bit to the point where he

now feared more of the same. In the end, the only solution I could think of was to put him in with some females.

"This worked fantastically. The girls were small and gentle enough not to be a threat to him, and seemed quite happy for him to be their alpha. He would never have been able to get alpha status in the boys' group, but the girls doted on his every whim and fell in love with him right away.

"A year on, Hoffman still lives happily with his girlies. He is a very different rat to the one who originally turned up. He is incredibly docile now and will let you do whatever you wish to him without protest. He has doubled his weight since he arrived, and is now actually slightly overweight, not uncommon for castrated rats. There is no aggression in him at all any more. He is a true example of a life turned around by the correct care and loving attention. To see him go from a skinny, terrified, anxious rat into a fat, happy, lucky boy with nice companions is enough to remind me exactly why I do this work."

"Rescuing rats has turned into a real passion of mine. I discovered how wonderful it is to take on a rat who had been neglected, abused or unwanted and get him or her back to full health and happiness. There is truly nothing as rewarding as knowing you've saved an animal's life.

"I have been taking on rats for eight years now, and I believe it is something I will do forever. The number of unwanted, homeless rats is staggering, and animal rescue organizations typically want nothing to do with them. If Shadowrat closed its doors tomorrow, most of these rats would have literally nowhere to go, and would be euthanized or released into the wild by owners who want to get rid of them.

"Shadowrat will never turn away a rat who is at risk, and I will continue to run the sanctuary until the day I physically cannot."



North Texas Rabbit Sanctuary

*1013 Lisa Lane
Garland, Texas 75042*

Barbara Yule is the spirit behind the North Texas Rabbit Sanctuary (NTRS).

"For my eleventh birthday my father brought home a tiny white male rabbit. I was delighted; however, as time went by I lost interest in him. He lived alone in a small wooden hutch my father had built. Dad would get vegetable scraps from the local green grocer and feed him every evening. My parents did not make me care for the animal, which is funny in retrospect because my mother was extremely strict.

"One evening, my father came in and announced 'Poor darn rabbit is dead from fly-strike.' I won't go into how horrible a death that is but even as a child I knew it was a terrible way to go. I will probably never forget that I neglected this little rabbit and have always felt a strong sense of guilt because of it.

"Many years later, my husband Jerry came home one afternoon and told me that he had seen a female rabbit confined in a fish aquarium in a pet store. He felt sorry for the animal who could hardly move around,



so he was tempted to bring her home but knew that I didn't believe in aiding and abetting the pet shop trade. At first, I was very reluctant to go but finally went to the store, and when I saw the poor rabbit in the glass tank, I had no choice but to purchase her and bring her home.

"Jerry named her Wabbit and we both fell in love with her. Wabbit ran free in the house and used a litter box. She was a delight, very funny and smart. Needless to say, we both got attached to her. But then one Christmas Eve, Wabbit died in an emergency clinic; we were unable to find out what was the reason for her death. She was only one year old.

"It was then that I started to learn as much as I could about species-appropriate care of rabbits, rabbit illnesses, medical and clinical treatment of diseases, injuries and behavioral pathologies, and finally decided to rescue rabbits who are in danger of being euthanized. Before I knew it, I had rescued 25 rabbits who, in the course of a few weeks, had been dumped at the offices of local veterinarians. It soon dawned on me that, if I was to continue with my efforts, I had better stop collecting abandoned rabbits and do something more businesslike: I created the North Texas Rabbit Sanctuary in 1993.





"We are a sanctuary rather than a shelter, a place that offers rabbits at risk permanent safety and comfort. Unlike shelters, we are primarily concerned about sick and injured rabbits and we never say no to a rabbit who needs medical attention. In this way the sanctuary has rescued and saved several hundred injured rabbits who were doomed to be euthanized in shelters. We found the best rabbit veterinarians who provide the best possible medical care for these animals.

"Most of our rabbits originate from traditional kill-shelters where they were surrendered by parents who had originally purchased them as pets for their children, who either didn't take care for them or had lost interest in them.

"Some rabbits in our sanctuary have suffered serious injuries before they were surrendered to us.

"Occasionally, rabbits are brought to us by friends who have rescued them from research labs. We have repeatedly petitioned biomedical facilities to allow us to take rabbits who are no longer needed for research, but we always got a definite 'NO' response followed by some inane excuses. It seems to me that the researchers who do experiments and tests with rabbits want to avoid the public becoming aware of the cruelty that goes on behind closed doors. It is very sad that these animals are usually killed rather than offered a safe and comfortable retirement after they have endured so much discomfort, pain and anxiety while serving the researchers.

"We are sometimes asked by the courts to take in rabbits seized in cruelty cases. With loving care, good food and exercise these animals typically bounce back from whatever horrors they have experienced. I find that most animals are this way: willing to go forward and let go of bad times."

"All our rescued rabbits are spayed/neutered, litter box trained and then placed for adoption in approved homes. Old and infirm animals and animals with ongoing medical problems stay with us where they have a home for the rest of their lives in comfort with lots of hands-on loving attention. Presently there are 51 permanent rabbit residents at the sanctuary.

"In the course of the last 12 months North Texas Rabbit Sanctuary has saved the lives of 49 animals. In all, over the past 18 years we have rescued 1,500 rabbits.

"When I first started the sanctuary it was more out of necessity rather than because of some life-long dream; I never visualized myself running a rescue at all. To have others embrace my goals for the



sanctuary has been very encouraging. I could never have done it without the board members and the many volunteers who have helped me over the years."

"One day, NTRS received a call from the owner of a horse stable. Two years ago he had given his daughter two rabbits—a female and a male—for Easter. To his dismay they started having babies. You would think that being farm people they would know about the birds, the bees, and in this case the bunnies. At first he tried to give the babies away but he was soon overwhelmed by so many births. Young females can become pregnant already at the age of only four to five months and then have new litters every 30 days. You can end up with a lot of rabbits in a very short time.

"The daughter lost interest in the animals. The owner of the stable finally realized that he had to find a solution to his bunny problem and contacted the North Texas Rabbit Sanctuary.

"We offered to help with spays and neuters, but there was no way we could take all of the rabbits. We rescued 14 animals, especially some of the babies. We all enjoyed seeing the baby bunnies grow up into beautiful animals who loved to get human attention."

"Marlow found her way into the backyard of an animal lover. She had suffered a blunt force trauma to her face. Her nose bone was broken and some of her front teeth were broken off; she also had eye injuries. It is possible she was hit by a car; we really don't know for sure, we just know she is very lucky to be alive.

"When brought to us, she was in considerable pain and unable to eat or drink. But amazingly, she bounced back with lots of loving care and being syringe-fed Critical Care™ and pain meds to help her get strong again while she healed.



"Despite the fact that she does not have front teeth, Marlow has learned to eat hay and vegetables that Marilyn cuts for her into small pieces. This beautiful girl has recovered from a terrible trauma and continues to do better every day."

"Jellybean had suffered a traumatic accident that broke his back and several ribs. The original owner was not able to care for him, so he was given to another person who already had several house rabbits. The new owner took the rabbit to a veterinarian who recommended euthanizing him. But Jellybean had a strong will to live, and his owner wanted to give him a chance.

"After some time, Jellybean started chewing on his back legs. Protecting them with bandages did not help much. He persistently chewed them off and eventually the legs turned black; they had become gangrenous. In a desperate attempt to save Jellybean, NTRS was asked to help.

"Volunteers drove from Dallas half-way to Oklahoma City to meet with the owner and take over the care of Jellybean. This little guy needed medical attention immediately.

"He was just a few days away from death when he had both legs amputated. We have had bunnies lose one leg before, but losing both legs was pretty drastic even for us. Somehow we just couldn't put him to death and decided to give him another chance at life.

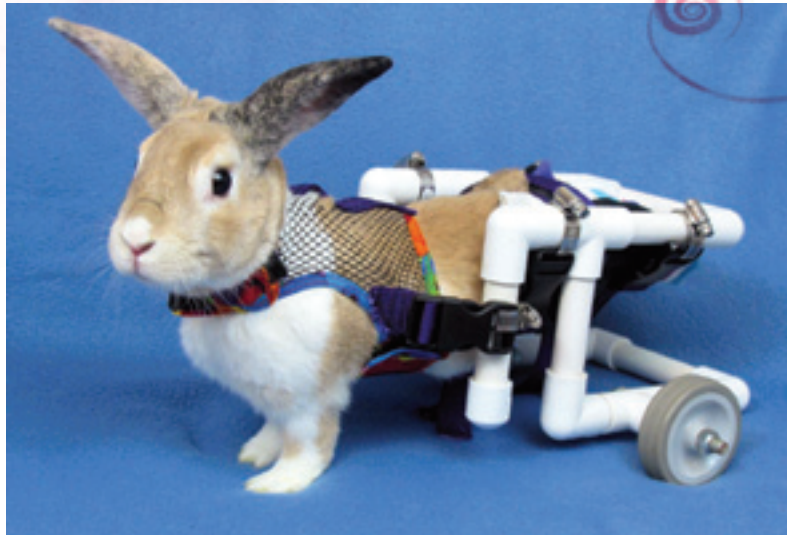
"The operation and the subsequent recovery were not easy for this animal but he never gave up. A strong affectionate bond developed between Jellybean and Marilyn, his constant caretaker. He was totally dependent on her and got so attached that he showed signs of jealousy whenever she held another rabbit while he was around.

"Jellybean's story was posted on the web; one day we got a call from a compassionate bunny lover from Pennsylvania who offered to pay for a set of wheels so that Jellybean could get around. Thanks to this person's generosity we were able to ask a company, experienced in building wheels for dogs with amputated legs, to design and build such an apparatus for a rabbit. It was a big question mark if it would work and if Jellybean would actually use such a contraption as intended.

"The big day arrived and Marilyn gently strapped the handicapped rabbit in his new hoist on wheels. To our great amazement, Jellybean just

Journey's End Animal Sanctuary

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Glenwood, Florida 32722*



took off! He quickly learned how to back up and turn around; when he gets tired he simply stretches out and rests his front paws on the floor.

"Thanks to the very special angel who sent the big check, Jellybean has become a showcase of compassion spending the rest of his life in the lovingly caring, safe environment of our sanctuary."

"Rescuing rabbits gives my life meaning and brings a smile to my face every day. The hardest part of our rescue efforts is to come to terms with the fact that we can't save all of the rabbits who urgently need help."

*J*ourney's End was founded by Florence Thuot. It was her father who, by setting an example of always rescuing injured animals and animals at risk, inspired her to have reverence for all life forms and to show compassion for them.

After various careers—including classical pianist, physical therapist, and working in a prison—she became an animal cruelty investigator, along with her husband Paul, who has since passed away. The two often came across abused and injured animals in their investigations. They didn't want to just take these poor creatures to the local shelter after their traumatic experiences; so she and Paul brought them home. The intention was to care for the animals until the trial occurred for the people who injured them, but the cases seldom went to trial, due to plea bargains or dropped charges. By the time a



case was resolved, she and Paul had bonded with the animals, so they just ended up keeping them. They created a formal sanctuary in 1974.

Presently, Journey's End provides lifetime care for 200 cats, 67 dogs, four horses, three sheep, and two potbelly pigs. Most of these animals have been abused, neglected or have special needs, are handicapped, blind or deaf.

No animal friend is caged at the sanctuary. The dogs roam the fenced grounds and the cats always have access to a screened porch and fenced exercise area.

Rather than emphasizing adoption, Journey's End provides a homelike setting where rescued animals can enjoy the remainder of their lives in a safe, comfortable and loving atmosphere.



Chachi is a tiny chihuahua who was picked up by a kind man near a highway. The dog was badly bruised and cut up but the man had no money for veterinary care. Florence agreed to take Chachi in at Journey's End where he was immediately taken to a vet who found that Chachi had a broken pelvis. Luckily, no surgery was needed to correct this. Chachi is not yet neutered; he will have the procedure after the bone fracture has completely healed.

Chachi is usually a blur of motion. He shares the living room with Penny and Louie, with whom he has bonded and is wrestling constantly. Louie seems to take it in stride, but hopefully he'll get some peace after Chachi is neutered.



Charley originates from a puppy mill. Probably due to inbreeding, he was born without retinas and is completely blind. He doesn't seem to know he's blind and goes confidently wherever he wants. He is usually the very first one to sniff treats on any visitors who arrive. He has an insatiable appetite and will steal any dog or cat food he can get into. The sanctuary has to be careful where it stores any garbage so he won't go rummaging through it in search of food.

He loves to go for car rides, but only if he can sit in the front passenger seat. Once there, he usually sleeps on his back. Florence tells a story of going to an event with three of the resident dogs in the back seat, one of them Charley. She said that Charley simply would not rest until he was in the passenger seat, so she ended up sitting between two



dogs in the back seat for the entire ride.

Charley is getting pretty old and had a stroke recently. Immediately after the stroke, he slept almost all day, but he has recovered fully and is now back to his normal nosy, noisy self; he loves to bark for no apparent reason, especially when Florence is on the phone.



Morgan is an older cat who was abandoned. She is so small that she was mistaken for a kitten at first.

When she was found, she had a bite wound on her rear end, probably from a dog. She has healed well and is spunky enough to hold her own with the other dogs and cats in the front room.

Precious is a tortoiseshell kitten. She sustained serious nerve damage to her right front leg and was brought to Journey's End by a rescue group who had found her. She was about 11 weeks old when she arrived. Her leg was irreversibly damaged and had to be amputated.

Precious lives in the Cat House, and she gets around very well on three legs. She likes to explore and is seldom in one place very long. She loves chasing feathers and other toys, and likes to be petted.





Journey's End Ranch Animal Sanctuary

*8746 North Stockton Hill Road, PMC #18
Kingman, Arizona 86409*

MiniScooter came to the sanctuary as a kitten when she was three months old. She was born with paralyzed and deformed legs. Her original owner did not want her, presumably due to the birth defect. A rescue group brought her to a vet for a diagnosis. "She looks like a Journey's End cat" was the vet's advice, so the rescue group arranged for her to come to the sanctuary.

Volunteer Janice designed and built custom wheels for MiniScooter—after trying many prototypes—so she can scoot around and play. She is sweet-natured and friendly, very playful—especially when she has her wheels on—and she likes to be held.

Florence feels that her "work with animal rescue goes beyond the personal joy it brings; it provides fulfillment stemming from a sense of personal obligation. One of the great tragedies of the world is that too few people are interested in the plight of animals, much less active in improving their lives. Their concern begins and ends with human beings. But we're not supposed to be apathetic toward animals, or cruel tyrants over them; we're meant to be benevolent caretakers, not only of animals but of all the natural world."

*J*ourney's End Ranch is home to animals large and small who were abused, neglected, unwanted, or at risk of euthanasia or slaughter. Here, they get the care and love they deserve and need to heal and live out their lives in peace and comfort.

The 37-acre sanctuary is located in Arizona's high desert. Cathy Ritlaw is a disabled veterinary technician who has been providing a safe home to 15 dogs, two cats, a mini pig, seven mustangs and two wild burros in the course of the past 15 years. She cares for these animals with her disability income.

"Oddly enough, at the age of six, after dragging home yet another New York city stray dog, I told my parents that someday I would live in Arizona and collect homeless dogs. My Mom asked, 'why Arizona?' I said I had seen it on the television and wanted to live out west. Many years later, she reminded me of this incident.





"New York, once had a blizzard and I made my Dad take me around our neighborhood with my little red wagon filled with dog food for 'the hungry dogs.' We managed to find one gentleman walking his dog in the storm and he was kind enough to allow me to give the dog a little food. This 'affliction' has been with me since birth, I think.

"When I worked for a veterinarian who did most of the local SPCA's work pro bono, I saw how many animals were being

killed because no one wanted them. I knew that I could not save all of them, but was determined to provide a safe haven and happy home for at least some of them when I would live in Arizona."



Presently there are 11 rescued dogs who are permanent residents at the sanctuary. Cathy has the time and expertise needed to help these unfortunate animals heal physically and emotionally and to live out their days in a secure, caring and loving environment.

"Being able to take care of these rescued animals gives my life meaning and brings me joy every day."

Heart & Soul Animal Sanctuary

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*T*he Heart and Soul Animal Sanctuary was founded by Natalie Owings in the 70s. "I have never been able to walk past or drive past a lost or starving dog. Such destitution, such misery and such fright these animals must experience. It is always a relief to me to have rescued a dog or puppy who is at risk.

"My time is devoted to the impoverished and ill dogs and puppies of the American Southwest. Even though I work all day, with two staff members to help clean and feed, our efforts result in so little, because there are so many more animals in need. When I watch an abused dog come into the sanctuary, frightened, starved, and with no feelings of trust, my heart goes out to this creature. We grant such an animal everything she or he needs, and more: wonderful food, medical care, friends all around, soft beds, fun in the mountains every day, and of course hugs and more hugs. The dogs are transformed within a few days. I love to look into their happy eyes, to feel their sparse coats become fluffy, to watch their tails rise up and wag."



The sanctuary is located in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico on 130 acres of donated land. Pine forest covers these mountains making the habitat for the rescued animals peaceful and beautiful in all seasons of the year. There are no cages and fences. All the animals have access to safe and comfortable shelters and they are free to spend as much time as they wish outside on meadows and in the forest.

The sanctuary is caring for 30 adult dogs who have become permanent residents.



Living Free Animal Sanctuary

54250 Keen Camp Road
Mountain Center, California 92561

"Wandering through the forest with the dogs is akin to having a long conversation with nature. Nature is always right there, all around, sometimes silent but often talkative with singing birds, yipping coyotes, the wind breezing through the trees, barking dogs, or meandering, dripping water. The dogs seem to love nature also. Nature is our daily friend and guide.

"These busy days, dogs seem to have a far easier time pausing than humans do. They pause and rest many times during their happy, playful day."



Living Free saves orphaned cats and dogs facing euthanasia at animal shelters.

Founded in 1980, the sanctuary was born from the vision of one special woman named Emily Jo Beard, who was heartsick at the increasing number of lovable cats and dogs being killed in shelters every day simply because of overcrowding. She purchased a large parcel of land in the San Jacinto Mountains of Southern California as the home for her new animal rescue sanctuary.



State-of-the-art kennels and a large cattery were erected on the site.

Living Free Animal Sanctuary began with five cats and ten dogs and one woman. Today, though she has passed away, Emily's vision is kept alive with cats and dogs saved from imminent euthanasia.

Living Free does not accept abandoned or owner-relinquished pets from the public. All animals at the sanctuary have been rescued directly from kill-shelters. Many of them are spending the rest of their lives in

safety and with loving care at the sanctuary; others stay at the sanctuary until a suitable adoptive home has been found for them. Presently there are 45 dogs and 125 cats who have become permanent residents.

The dogs live in spacious yards during the day and in warm, comfortable indoor/outdoor kennels at night. The cats enjoy large, sunny rooms with access to screened outdoor areas.

Living Free has rescued 50 dogs and 55 cats in the course of the last 12 months.



Tater, a three-year old Terrier mix, had a serious health problem when he was surrendered at a shelter. He looked miserable and very sad, so nobody wanted to adopt him. When eventually Tater was added to the euthanasia list, Living Free came just in time to bring him to the sanctuary.

The caregivers gave him lots of love and attention, but they were concerned about him. His health check and standard blood panel were normal, yet he looked very unhappy and got sick whenever he took some food.

Repeated visits to the vet and extensive tests revealed that Tater had a congenital liver dysfunction. Although there was no cure, he would survive with the assistance of a special diet and four different medications faithfully administered daily by the kennel staff. His snacks were limited to two choices, and Tater quickly indicated his distaste for carrots and love of rice cakes.

He lived a good life at the sanctuary and enjoyed the care and companionship of everyone he came into contact with. He was affectionate and liked people. He had a robotic gait; it was always funny to watch him shuffle uphill on his walks and the energetic way he trotted downhill, and hear his inevitable rice cake burps.

Tater was quite a hero because he overcame all odds against him. He lived out his life in comfort and with dignity and ended the long battle with his illness after four years, leaving behind fond memories for all who got to know him.



Gage, a year-old English Pointer, seemed to be very frightened while running through the streets, without even slowing down when people called him. Cars just missed hitting him by inches and he was oblivious to the squealing brakes around him.

A good Samaritan called the local shelter and an animal control officer was dispatched. Weak and dehydrated, the dog finally slumped over in a patch of shade on the side of the road. The officer transported the dog to the shelter where he was treated for heat exhaustion. Unfortunately, there was nobody who wanted to adopt him.

When Living Free heard about this case, a caregiver was sent to bring the dog— who would otherwise have been put to death—to the safety of the sanctuary.

The next morning, when the caregivers came into the kennel, all the dogs were happily barking their good mornings except Gage who was lying on his side not moving. The staff rushed to his side and saw that his eyes were closed but he was breathing steadily. They touched him gently so they wouldn't startle him. He opened his eyes, got up and shook himself. Obviously, he had not heard them or the other dogs; Gage was deaf. When the other dogs would wake up and go out to the yard, Gage sometimes stayed behind still sleeping. When he woke up,

he always had this funny "Hey, where did everybody go?" gaze, looked around and joined the others.

One of Living Free's devoted volunteers, Linda Williams, took on the challenge of teaching Gage sign language and standard obedience signals.



Exhibiting keen intelligence, Gage quickly learned the meaning of the signs *watch me, good dog, eat, kiss* and the commands *sit, down, stay* and *come*.

Gage is a model of self-confidence and is a very good boy, especially when he gets his belly rubbed. Human affection is all he loves.

Linda grew very attached to him and, after two years, decided to make him a part of her family which includes Gus, a rescued Labrador whom she had also adopted from the sanctuary. "Living with a deaf dog is easy, but those long-distance recalls can be quite useless when he is not looking at you."

Felicity was rescued a year and a half ago; a lovely, healthy, but shy brown tabby who was doomed to be killed because the former owner no longer wanted her and nobody expressed interest in adopting her from the shelter. Felicity, like many other initially shy cats arriving at Living Free, was brought out of her shell by a remarkable shelter-rescued cat named Bill.



Bill is a big, handsome long-haired tabby mix. To say he's "good with other cats" would be an understatement. A certified "cat magnet," Bill plays with and grooms all new cats and kittens for as long as they'll let him, with wondrous results. His mellow, warm presence brings out the best in each cat he meets. As the weather grows cool this season, Living Free's cats will seek out Bill, wrap their paws around him, and snuggle in for a nap, especially the shy ones like Felicity.

Emily Jo Beard believed that justice was meant not for human-kind alone, but also for animal-kind. She believed in freedom and reverence for all life. Dominion over the animals, to Emily, meant guardianship, not power and tyranny; and courage to stand up for the rights of animals meant not physical courage, but moral courage.

Happily Ever After Animal Sanctuary

*E5714 Bork Road
Marion, Wisconsin 54950*

I feel like I should start this story by saying, 'Once upon a time, there was a girl with a dream,' but that might sound a little crazy, even if it is true.

"While volunteering at a local animal shelter, I came in day after day to find that some of the little souls who had touched my heart and my life were forever gone, not because of anything they did wrong, but because there are too many animals in this world who have been neglected, abused, or left behind. Every day it became harder to volunteer, knowing four little paws that had touched me the day before might not be there when I came to visit. That is when I realized something must change.

"My 'brain-child' so to speak was a no-kill sanctuary modeled after Best Friends, the largest no-kill sanctuary in the U.S. However, I had to get others on board as I was just a regular girl, attending college, and starting my future as an adult. The first people I thought of were my parents, Ken and Lois Reitz. If I couldn't convince them to join in on the endeavor, I was never going to turn my vision into a reality.



"My mother loved the idea, but didn't believe it possible to make it happen. My father thought I had lost my mind! However, being the diplomatic person he usually is, he asked for proof of it being possible—little did he know that I already knew about Best Friends.

"After this discussion, the whole Reitz family—yes the dog went too—took a trip southwest to visit Best Friends and take their seminar, How to Start Your Own Sanctuary. The trip there was a complete success, we took in all the information we could absorb and brought it with us to Wisconsin.

"On the trip home, it was decided—I use that word lightly—that we would embark on the endeavor of a no-kill sanctuary in three years, after I finished getting my teaching degree at UW-Green Bay, and when my mom and dad would retire from their jobs.

"If you've ever met me, you know I don't like to sit around and do quasi-nothing, especially for three years. At that point I gathered a board of directors, which included myself [Amanda Reitz], Ken and Lois Reitz, Michelle Bork, Rick Laes, and Susan DeFilippi, DVM. I started getting paperwork ready as is required to incorporate a business and applied for non-profit status. Shortly after submission we got recognized in Wisconsin as a corporation and received our 501(c)3 status from the federal government. With all that, I was still supposed to be keeping in mind 'we weren't starting for three more years.' Little did we all know, things would move pretty fast.

"Only two short months later, we came upon our first rescue. I was heading home early from a family vacation and came upon a sweet but very stinky basset hound. It was obvious to me, this little man was dumped, but my parents wanted me to find his owner. I went from house to house around the lake but could not find my little guy's owners. He then became Walter, the basset hound—for those who have children and read, his antics reminded me of





Walter the Farting Dog, hence the name. Rescuing Walter truly was the start to Wisconsin's no-kill sanctuary, Happily Ever After.

"Several months after having Walter and getting him all fixed up—that means vaccinated, other medical care and of course neutering—we found Walter a good home. Then came Sugar, Winter, Otis, Heidi, Snowball, Smokey, Mindy, Chubby, Lucky, and the list goes on and on.

"Happily Ever After (HEA) started with fostering animals in my parent's home, but when the critters became too many, changes had to be made.

"I had always wanted to live up in Marion. This is where my grandfather and family had 40 acres of land which had a 70-year-old barn on the property. As a little girl, my dream was to remodel the barn and make it into something beautiful, but I would never have guessed we would remodel it and make it into an animal sanctuary. As a child and adult, I always found this area peaceful, warm,



and inviting; I wanted the animals in our care and the people who came visiting to feel that too, so we all moved to Marion. Yes, I know how lucky I am that my parents were completely supportive of HEA's mission and still are along for the ride!

"The old barn hadn't been used for many years. Its corner foundation was collapsing and lots of repairs needed to be done to make it structurally sound.

"We found skilled men and women who put Humpty Dumpty together again, and we now have a climate controlled barn, with many rooms and play areas to accommodate over 70 dogs and 160 cats. Depending on their social compatibility, the dogs live either in groups or alone in indoor/outdoor quarters. The cats are kept in several groups indoors."

Since its incorporation in late 2005, Happily Ever After has helped save the lives of 1,240 cats and dogs. For most of these animals appropriate adoptive homes were found, while others have turned into permanent residents of the sanctuary.

Igor was "sentenced" by a judge to live out his life at Happily Ever After.

Igor's previous owner had brought him one day to a dog park where Igor went after a small dog. The little dog got badly wounded and ended up being euthanized. The local community was very upset and insisted that Igor was a dangerous dog who should also be euthanized. Several animal welfare people got involved to save Igor who, after spending more than six months in a city shelter with no contact with people and no access to an outdoor run, was finally moved to HEA. Here at the sanctuary, Igor is safe; he has indoor/outdoor access all the time, can bask in the sun and play with toys. Unfortunately he has to be kept away from other dogs, but he loves receiving attention and the affectionate touch of the sanctuary's staff.



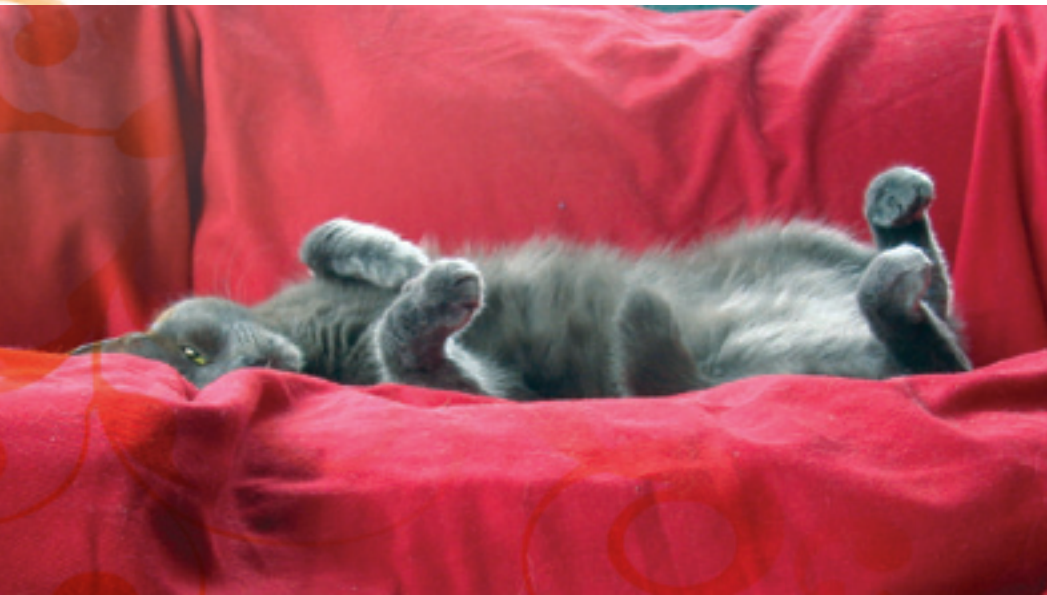
Misty was taken to a kill-shelter with her puppies. The puppies were all adopted out but their mother was left behind. When the shelter was no longer in the position to save Misty from being euthanized, Happily Ever After agreed to bring her to the sanctuary and give her a second chance.

Misty is a very sweet girl who absolutely loves people. Nothing seems to make her more happy than having staff or visitors play with her, go for a walk with her or scratch her belly while she stretches out blissfully on the couch.



Callie came to HEA in early 2006. She was rescued from an animal hoarder by an organization that couldn't cope with all the animals they pulled from the situation. They asked Happily Ever After to take Callie and 20 other cats and 3 dogs.

Callie was the least social of the entire group and even five years later still does not trust humans enough to let anyone pick her up, let



alone pet her. Even though Callie doesn't enjoy being handled that doesn't mean she doesn't know how to enjoy life! Callie loves life in one of the kitty rooms together with 20 other cats. She especially likes to lie on the high shelves when people are around, but as soon as someone leaves the room she immediately moves to the big fluffy red couch! Being an unlikely candidate for adoption, Callie may be at the sanctuary for the rest of her life.

Higgins came to Happily Ever After in 2009 when the sanctuary approached a locally known Cat Lady, offering to spay and neuter all her cats so that their already large number didn't continue to grow. The woman reluctantly agreed. Since it was winter, the animals were allowed to stay at the sanctuary while they recovered from the operation. A couple days later, the 86-year-old woman decided she would like to leave all her 30 kitties at the sanctuary as she thought it might be in their best interest.

These cats were all feral. It took two years to get half of these animals adopted. The other half, including Higgins, are still enjoying a carefree life at the sanctuary but they remain pretty feral and persistently avoid to be touched by humans.

"Every day I spend a lot of time time with our cats and dogs socializing and working through their fears and inner conflicts. Nothing in life is more rewarding than watching these animals who have been labeled as undesirable overcome their issues and either live with us or their new forever family. Most importantly, they are alive and able to live happily ever after."



Home for Life

*P.O. Box 847
Stillwater, Minnesota 55082*

*H*ome For Life is an unconventional sanctuary located on 40 picturesque acres near Star Prairie, Wisconsin. It provides a permanent home for animals who, because of age, disability, illness or temperament issues, could not be adopted through a conventional shelter or rescue organization. Once an animal comes to the sanctuary he or she will not be offered for adoption but will have truly found a safe and loving home for life.

The rescued animals are housed in indoor quarters with access to outdoor runs. Healthy animals are kept in social settings so that they can interact with one another. Animals with contagious diseases are isolated from healthy ones but are kept in comfortable and spacious accommodations to ensure quality of life for whatever time they have remaining.

Lisa LaVerdiere founded Home for Life in 1997.

"Like many kids, I loved animals and sought to bring any stray home. At the age of eight, I volunteered for the shelter in our



community. The experiences and impressions I had there are forever seared into my memory and really were the catalyst for what I do today with Home for Life. Those animals at the shelter, whom I have never forgotten, along with the lessons of empathy and kindness towards others that my mother imparted are the guiding principles on which Home for Life was founded.

"At the shelter I witnessed animals being surrendered in overwhelming numbers and shelter staff straining to find food to feed all these now homeless pets. I begged people, who I knew were kind, to come to the shelter and adopt a dog or cat who was doomed to be killed because the shelter did not have the resources to keep them permanently. I saw animals being euthanized in decompression chambers and still remember a pregnant mother cat begging for her life and a dead bunny rabbit lying in the chamber. I remember garbage barrels full of dead animals with rainwater covering the lifeless forms.

"Many people working at the shelter were kind and dedicated to help the surrendered pets as best as they could, but there were many others who should never have been allowed to work in a shelter; these individuals were abusive and drunk with their power over these vulnerable creatures. I saw things no 8-year-old should have seen. Kids are so much more sensitive and aware than we give them credit for. I could not overcome the sadness I felt and eventually gave up my volunteer work.

"What I had seen haunted me for a long time. I just couldn't forget all these poor animals and knew that the only way anything was ever going to change was that I would roll up my sleeves one day and help the animals in any way I could. As Joan Baez says: 'action is the antidote to despair.' Several years passed before I could pursue my vision.

"I was working as a young attorney and had my own condominium, my



first real place to call my own. Before even buying essentials such as dishes or towels, I was already racing to the local shelter to adopt pets. My boyfriend at the time went with me and advocated adopting kittens because I could raise them as I wanted. Remembering my experience as a kid at the local shelter, I knew that adult cats are less likely to be adopted and find a permanent home, so I opted for adult cats not for kittens. The boyfriend thought I was crazy and shortly thereafter dumped me. I was unmoved.

"Next I began volunteering at a no-kill-shelter. I sincerely believed that the new concept of no-kill sheltering for animals would provide the panacea to cure the ills I had witnessed all those years ago at the traditional kill-shelter.

"I enjoyed my time with the no-kill-shelter and learned so much. I had the opportunity to serve on the board and help with the animals by fostering and helping with adopting and fundraising, but I also saw that there were many animals who had practically no chance to get adopted. These were the old and disabled ones and those with chronic medical conditions or behavior problems. It became clear to me that if these animals could not find homes, yet were not put to death at the



shelter, another solution had to be found. In fact, I had already taken quite a number of these left-behind animals into my home.

"As a single working person, I had to have a housekeeper just to help with the care of all these creatures. I soon realized that I had embarked on an endeavor that involved more than just taking care of my personal pets. What I was doing had actually taken on a life of its own and was in need of a more professional structure, as it had outgrown what I could do on my own: I created Home for Life."

The sanctuary is a permanent home to about 95 dogs and 125 cats, one 20-year-old pony, one tortoise, ten rabbits, and ten parrots.

"August" was found by a kind person named Laura on a rainy day in August. He had apparently been abandoned. Besides being completely deaf, he is a neutered, de-clawed house cat who never could have survived on the streets without a family to take care of him.

"Laura tried to keep him herself but could not make a comfortable fit for him among her four female cats and their personalities in a two-bedroom apartment. She named him for the month he happened upon her and was determined to find a good home where his owners would never abandon August again.

"At one point she thought she had found a great place for him, after posting an advertisement in the paper. Unfortunately, some of August's more frisky habits and curiosities were not accepted by his new owner who sent a confused and overwhelmed August back to Laura. Laura did not want to give up and continued to look for a stable home where he would be loved for his individuality and zest, but she was running out of options. She was finally referred to Home for Life and that's how August came to us.

"We welcomed him in December—but kept his name August. Since coming to the sanctuary, he has finally found a place where playfulness and curiosity are encouraged and embraced. He is a loveable pure white cat with bold golden eyes. He is very smart and affectionate, accepting all those who wish to meet and cuddle him.

"When it suits him, August pretends to be a dog—he sleeps on the couches with the dogs, eats their food, and uses the dog door to access the dog run. When he feels the need to tour the rest of the sanctuary, he morphs into a typical cat.

"Most of our dogs have the decency not to try scaling the fence to get out, but to August, the fence is simply an invitation to the world beyond it. At least once or twice a day, he gleefully scales it to go exploring. He especially enjoys the perennial garden, with its many flowering plants that attract bumblebees and butterflies for him to chase.

"When August escapes, a chorus of indignant dogs, usually led by Spirit the Doberman, alerts the staff to the trouble afoot. The dogs have a special hysterical barking tone reserved for 'August has escaped' incidents.

"By the time the dogs reach a pinnacle of hysteria, August can be found rolling around on the gravel road in front of the townhouses, enjoying the sun and getting his pristine white coat full of dust. Quite possibly he does this just to drive the dogs nuts.

"At this point, a staff member retrieves the intrepid August and brings him inside. His attention can be easily redirected with some food—he works up an appetite causing such an uproar!

"August never goes far on his expeditions—he simply wants to extend his domain a bit further. Come winter, he will suspend his explorations in favor of cuddling with the dogs and dreaming of chasing bugs and butterflies.

"It has been a privilege to welcome such a smart and determined kitty, and we are honored to finally be the home where August can just be himself without risk of not being accepted and loved."

"Periwinkle, or Perry as he is affectionately known, came to Home for Life around the holidays in 2008. He is an athletic young male without tail but with a solid plush gray coat, a shade known by cat fanciers as 'blue.'

"This friendly and charming guy was adopted and returned three times as a ward of a local animal shelter. On his third try at a foster home, Perry was returned after his adopter claimed that he pooped on her carpet. Sometimes cats without tails have damaged nerves in their spine area that results in a loss of control of their bathroom activities. Such a cat, no matter how friendly, usually has trouble finding an adoptive home in a typical household.

"Home for Life worked with a friend of the adopter and the animal shelter to ensure that Perry could come to our sanctuary, where such

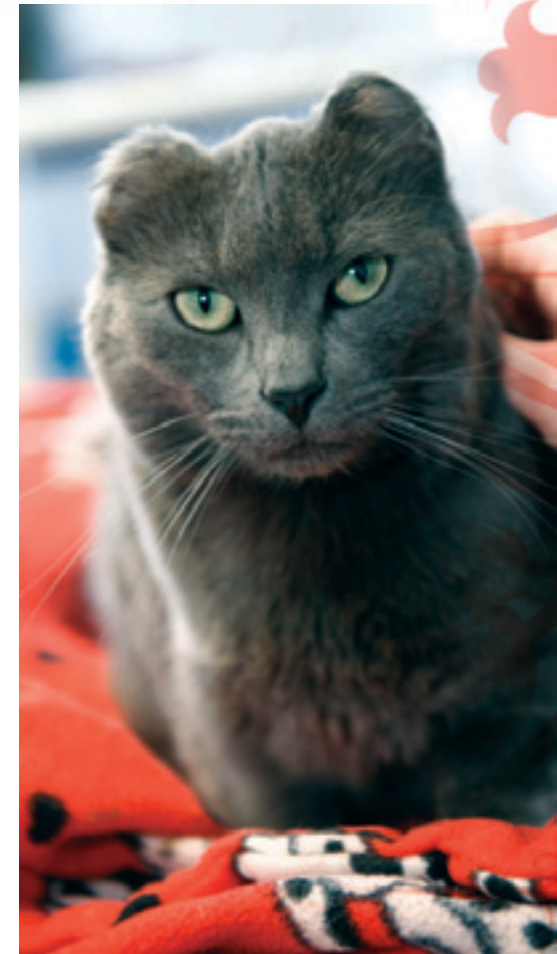
issues do not prevent a cat from finding a safe and comfortable place to live.

"He came to the shelter as a stray, but at one time he was probably a house cat who was abandoned and left to survive by his own wits.

"As an older kitten, poor Perry must have had a difficult time enduring severe winters. Although his stubby ears resemble those of a Scottish fold, and his lack of a tail would indicate a Manx, he is neither. The veterinarian at the shelter believed that Perry was a victim of frostbite who lost his ears and tail to the bitter cold.

"Since Perry arrived at our sanctuary, we check twice a day to make sure he is clean as a whistle. To our surprise, he is always immaculate and what's more, he uses his litter box without fail.

"After initially appearing wary and extremely shy, Perry has come out of his shell and is now among our most outgoing cats. He is very active and constantly on the move, keeping track of all activity in the north cattery. Perry also appreciates access to our attached cat run, which is accessible to him and his friends via a cat door and tunnel. We were surprised to find that Perry enjoys a breath of fresh air on all but the very coldest days and loves to soak up the clear winter sunshine and beautiful scenery."





Pharaoh is a magnificent orange, diabetic male cat. His caring owner lost his job, then his home, and finally his wife. With no place to live and no money, and reeling from the heartbreak of a broken marriage, the young man had to resort to moving from one friend's house to another. At one point, he even lived in a tent so he could keep his cat. Yet the man still retained at least some sense of home; through every hardship Pharaoh was his loyal friend and companion. However, under such unsettled conditions, Pharaoh was not receiving the kind of consistent medical attention needed to manage his diabetes. The man saw that his financial prospects were bleak, and he knew that Pharaoh needed more care than he could provide. He sought a chance for Pharaoh at area shelters, but none would take an older cat with unregulated diabetes.

"If ever a cat needed Home for Life, it was Pharaoh! In desperate cases like his, the support of our donors makes it possible for us to step in and open our sanctuary doors.

"When Pharaoh arrived he was skinny, ragged, and in need of grooming and medical attention. Our staff brought his diabetes under control with twice daily shots of insulin. Soon, Pharaoh began to gain weight and fill out his large frame.

"Pharaoh misses his owner, but he has made new friends among his feline companions, and our staff gives him plenty of affection while attending to his daily needs. He loves to be gently scratched behind his ears.

"He enjoys the freedom of going outside in the cat run during beautiful summer weather. He also likes to lounge inside on the soft couches and futons in our sunny catteries. Most importantly, Pharaoh is relieved to have a place to call his own and a home for life. His owner has the peace of mind that comes from knowing that his beloved cat has landed on his feet."

Chester loves lounging on soft cushions.

"With his jowls, husky build, and gruff demeanor, he looks exactly as you'd expect a cat with his name. An older, stocky, brown, tabby-and-white neutered tomcat, Chester must have lived on his own for many years. Wary and reserved—some would say feral—he was fed by a kind senior citizen who worried about him each winter.

"When the time came for the woman to give up her small apartment and move into an assisted living facility, Chester's guardian angel could not leave him behind. Borrowing a live trap from animal control, she managed to trap Chester and then paid for his boarding at a local veterinary clinic. She did this for the homeless cat despite her slim finances; she lived on social security and could barely support herself.

"She finally contacted Home for Life for help; it was winter and her cat friend had been boarded for about eight weeks. To make things even more problematic, Chester tested positive for FIV. No shelter was willing to take a FIV positive tomcat with a 'feral' attitude, but the woman did not want to turn him loose again, let alone have him put to sleep.

"Another startling discovery made while Chester was under veterinary care was that he had, at some point in his life, been shot.



The bullet had gone through his left foreleg and lodged in his right elbow. This injury explained why the woman always observed Chester with his right front leg held up in the air. The damage was permanent and though Chester could still walk, he did sit with his paw held up and also walked with a limp.

"Impressed with the woman's kindness and dedication to Chester, we offered to take care of him at Home for Life where he could live in our FIV+ cattery. Cats who test positive for this virus can live for many years in good health.

"By the time Chester arrived here, he had become more trusting due to his benefactor's kindness. During his boarding, the woman visited him often and brought him treats and toys. Eventually, she was able to pet his head through the cage bars. Once Chester settled in at our sanctuary, the woman asked her brother to drive her to the sanctuary so she could see for herself that Chester has, indeed, found a loving permanent home. She does not have the money to sponsor Chester, but writes often to see how he is doing.

"Although initially shy, Chester has blossomed and become very friendly with the other cats and with our staff. Accustomed to his freedom, he relishes his access to the outdoor cat run. With his hard-scrabble life behind him, he has grown into his rugged good looks and shows off his sleek and handsome coat."

"*Cedric* came to Home for Life as a stray cat. He had been seriously burned with an acid, and he was also battling skin cancer. We took him to a number of vet clinics, but when doctors saw him they anticipated that the only reasonable treatment would consist of pain control. The other option was euthanasia. With Cedric's incredible will to live, we could not give up on him.



"With money from our Emergency Medical Fund, Cedric underwent surgery to remove the eye that had suffered the worst trauma. Skin grafts were used to cover the wounds around the eye and nose; the cancerous material was also removed from these areas. He had to stay at the vet clinic for about three weeks. Throughout all of this time he remained heroic in his battle. Three specialists put forth extraordinary effort and succeeded in restoring Cedric's comfort and quality of life.

"This brave cat emerged from a difficult past and intensive surgery to a new start. He had many friends among the other feline residents. The many friendships he developed were a big part of his happiness while with us. He was a handsome guy even with one eye and, like all cats, he liked to primp and preen and get lots of attention. A gentle touch was always rewarded with a loud purr.

"When the cancer returned, we took him for radiation treatment and, although the tumor initially responded, after three weeks it returned even more painfully and aggressively and invaded the sinus cavity, which began to hemorrhage.

"Unable to let this brave cat suffer any more, he was put to sleep very gently in the arms of Katie, one of our staff. The vet gave Cedric a sedative first, so the last thing Cedric knew was that he was falling asleep in Katie's arms, safe and loved to the very end."

"*Ashley* is a bright, alert, young mixed-breed dog with a fuzzy coat and button-black eyes. Her sweet disposition and natural intelligence do not betray the suffering she has endured in her short life.

"Ashley was born a stray in rural Florida. She had suffered a life-threatening injury that fractured her legs and back, paralyzing the lower half of her body. A kind person rushed her to the local animal shelter which sought immediate veterinary care for her, but even surgery could not repair the damage. Ashley was left disabled and incontinent.

"In spite of all that Ashley endured, she was still a good-natured, lovable dog. The shelter found a home for her, but it quickly became clear that Ashley needed care that a foster custodian could not provide. Her leg muscles, ligaments and tendons had frozen into place, making it difficult for her to rest or move comfortably, and causing painful pressure ulcers to develop.

"An Internet search led the shelter to Home for Life. It was last summer when Ashley made the long trip by plane to our sanctuary to begin her new life. We promptly fitted her for a cart, which she took to in no time!

"To protect Ashley from further pressure sores, she wears wrappings on her feet and upper legs. Our dedicated animal care specialists clean and change her wraps twice a day. At night, she rests on a special orthopedic dog bed. We also laid rubber mats over the dog run to provide a softer surface for her outdoor excursions.

"With systems in place to support her condition, Ashley could begin to socialize. She quickly made friends with people and animals alike. She is especially close to her roommates Moppet and Forrest.

"Soon, Ashley will begin obedience lessons with the goal of becoming a certified therapy dog. With her intelligence, strength in adversity, and kind heart, we know she'll succeed!"

Anaak is a small, elderly Chow Chow from a reservation in northern Minnesota. For years Anook lived with a painful condition known as entropion—the upper and lower eyelids of both eyes had rolled inward towards the eyeball so that the hair on his eyelids rubbed and irritated his eyes.

"After years of enduring the painful condition, Anook was almost totally blind. In spite of this constant misery, Anook remained affectionate and loyal. But one day his owners simply picked up and moved, abandoning the faithful dog. Anook was left to fend for himself. True to his steadfast and courageous nature, he remained at his old home, outside on the porch, waiting for his owners who never came back. It was early fall. After several days, neighbors realized that Anook was not being looked after. They began to leave water and food daily for him. If not for their kindness during this time, Anook would surely have starved to death, as he was unable to find food on his own.



"As the days turned to weeks, the neighbors realized Anook's family wasn't coming back and they would have to find him a home. He could never survive the harsh winter that was fast approaching. They took him to the local shelter. Although his prospects for adoption were slim to none, at least he would not die of exposure, dehydration or starvation.

"At the shelter, the staff assessed Anook's condition. His thick fur was covered with burrs and was matted to the skin. His eyes were painful and oozing. He was obviously a senior dog. More than likely, adopters would reject Anook outright, simply because of his age and health issues. He needed expensive medical treatment just to reach the point where he could live comfortably.

"Despite his long hardship and neglect, Anook had a friendly nature and took everything in stride. His ability to hope for better days ahead touched the shelter staff and made them want to do whatever they could for him. They realized that Anook would never be adopted but could not bear to put him down without first trying to find an alternative. Their small shelter was full to the brim and they did not have the resources



to keep the dog. Through contacts in the animal rescue community, the shelter called Home for Life for help.

"When we heard about all that Anook had been through, we knew we had to help him. Late last fall, several volunteers put together a transport team and made a round trip of several hundred miles to bring him to the sanctuary.

"When Anook arrived, he was a true canine train wreck! Not only was he suffering from the double entropia, but he also tested positive for Lyme's disease and heartworm. He had to undergo several weeks of intensive treatment for both diseases before we could even attempt to do surgery on his eyes. Without clearing up the heartworm, anesthesia would stress his heart too much.

"Anook's matted coat was also clipped, and he received several medicated baths to clear up a long-standing skin infection that had developed under the tangled, dirty fur.

"Finally, after completing two rounds of heartworm treatments, he underwent surgery in late December of 2006 to correct the entropia that had tormented him for so many years.

"Anook is now free of pain and forever safe at Home for Life. He has plenty of food, a warm townhouse, and many dog and people friends, whose love and affection he will enjoy for the rest of his life."

"Lucky is a black mixed-breed terrier cross. He got his name as a result of the very traumatic route his fate took to land him at our sanctuary.

"His former owner abandoned Lucky by simply dropping him over the fence into the dog yard of the local shelter. Without realizing that a strange dog was in the yard, the kennel workers let the big dogs out in the morning. As the dogs approached, Lucky held his ground and barked at them. A large and aggressive



female shepherd took exception to this intruder and attacked Lucky, seizing him by the neck. It was a miracle he was not killed, but the attack resulted in a severe wound that opened up his entire throat.

"Lucky wore no collar or other identification. Aside from his immediate and very serious injury, he was very thin, and his coat was unkempt and smelled of urine. The shelter rushed Lucky to the vet, who repaired the injury. However, due to the severity and location of the wound, it was questionable if the poor dog would survive. Thus, the shelter brought him to Home for Life, where he could get round-the-clock treatment and aftercare that would be required for him to pull through.

"Pets seem to know when they are unwanted and unloved. The smarter they are, the more aware they are of rejection and the more it seems to affect them. Lucky was terribly depressed during his recovery, and sat dejectedly under the futon in his dog apartment, with his head resting on his paws and his sad eyes peering out. The lack of care, the callous abandonment, and finally the traumatic mauling seemed to have shattered the little dog's confidence.

"The wound took a long time to heal. Once it did and the stitches were removed, Lucky was groomed a lot and a colorful collar and tag were given to him. This simple but affectionate attention seemed to turn him around. Someone cared enough to clean him up and make him look wonderful!

"As he slowly started to emerge from his shell, the sanctuary's animal care specialists noticed that Lucky was very smart and loved to play with his toys. They suggested him as a candidate for the Renaissance Program which pairs at risk dogs and at risk kids from the local school for training and rehabilitation.

"Lucky has now participated in this program for almost a year with three different kids—including one who was a stroke victim. Lucky is thriving. His confidence is soaring as the kids teach him more obedience skills and tricks each week, and he is rewarded with attention, affection and treats for his accomplishments.

"Like several others of our rescued dogs, Lucky has also become an ambassador of compassion for home-bound seniors of the local community. To hold such a little dog and feel his unconditional acceptance and vibrant affection is an uplifting experience for any

human, especially for an elderly person who is living alone.

"It is hard to imagine how anyone could throw this special and loving soul out like yesterday's trash. Although his name is Lucky, we at Home for Life are the lucky ones for having this sweet and wonderful dog as a permanent resident."



Missy is a dainty black-and-tan Chow Chow cross who came to our sanctuary from Florida. She was abandoned as a young adult at a wildlife refuge, where she spent at least four years. She had an injured rear leg at the time and could put no weight on it. The refuge fed and watered her, but left her chained to a dog house and did nothing for her leg. As the years passed, and Missy was left neglected, the leg atrophied and her foot curled under.

"In late 2005, when the facility decided to close, Missy was scheduled for euthanasia. The staff assumed that, with her shy personality and withered leg, nobody would be interested in giving Missy a second chance.

"Thankfully for Missy's sake, a Florida rescue group volunteered to assume control of her. The group had no resources to help her with surgery or rehabilitation, but there was a strong consensus that it would be too cruel to put her down after she had endured four painful years chained to a doghouse. The group found Home for Life on the Internet and inquired for possible help. One of the sanctuary's donors paid to have Missy transported all the way to her new forever home. She arrived early in the spring of 2006 to begin a new life.

"First, Missy was groomed. Her black fur, once cleaned, became soft and fuzzy and she soon resembled a cuddly bear. Missy is a very feminine dog and was given a beautiful new collar with pink jeweled flowers as a symbol of how she was now cherished after all she had been through.

"Next, Missy's leg was treated at the University of Minnesota Veterinary Teaching Hospital. Although her leg may be permanently damaged, the efforts of the orthopedic specialists have at least eliminated the pain and enabled her to resume normal dog activities like walking and playing!

"After so many years without a kind word or touch, enduring neglect and so much pain, Missy is still wary and timid but has always been gentle and obedient. The vets at the University even remarked that she was easy to handle despite her obvious pain and shyness.

"Some of the aloofness is a trait of the noble Chow Chow, and some is a vestige of Missy's sad, lonely and hard years. Missy will never be alone again and will always be loved and cherished at the sanctuary for the sweet and brave soul she is."

"Home for Life has been and continues to be an incredible journey for me. I am an introvert and would never have met the wonderful people who are working with me nor had the experiences I have had, without HFL forcing me to extend myself to help the animals. This work has totally changed my value system in that I am no longer materialistic or, at least, as much as I was brought up to be. Home for Life has given me a lot but has demanded a lot too: courage, resilience, determination, faith, creativity and patience. The animals have always inspired me and given me the courage to continue."



The Cat House on the Kings

*7120 S. Kings River Road
Parlier, California 93648*

*L*yneia Lattanzio founded The Cat House on the Kings in 1992 when her father asked for her help to replace his two Manx cats who had died of old age. In her quest to locate Manx kittens, Lynea visited a local animal shelter, and carried home a box of 15 abandoned kittens—none of them a Manx! By the end of the year, she had rescued and placed 96 homeless cats. Lynea had found her calling, and the rest, as they say, is history.



In 1993, Lynea worked as a surgical veterinary technician with a local veterinarian. This experience increased her medical knowledge, and helped pay for the veterinary expenses of her growing feline population, which now numbered 150. Lynea sold her 1973 Mercedes 450 SL, her pride and joy, and her two-karat diamond wedding ring. There would no longer be a need for these with the life she had chosen.

A very generous donor, Doreen Wallet, left much of her estate to The Cat House on the Kings. This money was used to purchase the neighboring six acres and install cat-proof fencing around the entire 12-acre perimeter. The animals are not confined to cages but are free to roam both outside and inside.

More than 700 cats and kittens and several dogs enjoy life at The Cat House. The sanctuary's goal is to find suitable adopters for these animals, but most of them have become permanent residents who will spend the rest of their lives at the sanctuary.





"Tippers is a magnificent wannabe Maine Coon cat. He was rescued from the local kill-shelter about six years ago when he was still a kitten.

"Like all kittens who come to our sanctuary, Tippers received the medical care necessary to bring him back to full health. He also received his kitten

vaccines, flea treatment, was de-wormed, and then neutered. Life for Tippers became what it was and still is for the majority of Cat House residents: eat and sleep where you want, then play if you feel like it or chase an occasional bird, avoid the pesky peacocks and if you are lucky, gain some human attention.

"Receiving human attention was like winning the lottery for Tippers. His first reaction to being touched was to gently stretch up the human's leg, using just the hint of claw on the jeans to gain maximum attention. His goal was to get much, much more than just a single scratch or rub. He wanted it all! The full deal HAD to include being picked up and carried. This way he could wrap his front



paws around the human's neck, rub his now drooling muzzle all over the human's chin, then proceed to kiss and lick the drool off. His hope was to make this routine last for as long as possible, preferably all day!

"Poor Tippers, no matter how hard he tried, his charm and winning personality never got him the results he was looking for: to be adopted. Time after time, human after human, Tippers ended each attempt in despair. Cat House volunteers and employees would try their best and provide loving attention to this sweet-natured boy, but it just wasn't the same. It took seven long years for the magic to finally happen.

"Jim and Marilu Carvalho came to visit The Cat House in California all the way from their home in Texas. They had watched the youtube video of The Cat House on the Internet. Both Jim and Marilu are ardent cat lovers and the sanctuary's story resonated so deeply that they just had to see the place, no matter how far they had to go.

"The Carvalhos spent several nights camped out in the Senior House while exploring the sanctuary during the day. Everywhere they went, cats of all ages, sizes and shapes vied for their attention. They always seem to know when to turn on the charm for visitors and potential adopters. This time was certainly no exception. Dozens of felines went the extra mile to put themselves in front of Jim and Marilu, hoping to be noticed for more than just their cuteness.

"At the end of their stay, the Carvalhos left empty handed, but not empty hearted. It took more than a few weeks, but finally the two of them just knew they had left a family member behind at The Cat House. Of all the dozens of adorable, adoptable cats they had played with and petted, Tippers had captured Jim's heart. Jim missed the hugs and kisses, the big drops of drool landing on his shirt. He missed Tippers' sweet and gentle approach, seeking his attention. Tippers finally found his ever-loving home."



Hope is a very special case.

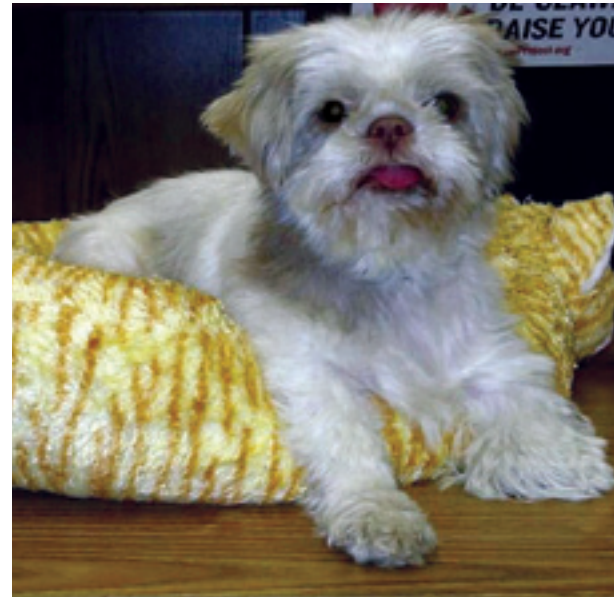
"Many times, Lynea has given a thumb's up to a rescue that other people would have rejected for numerous legitimate reasons. Why she says 'yes,' nobody really knows. One such incident happened two months ago when Carrie, an employee of The Cat House came upon a particularly miserable dog from the local pound. Bedraggled, deathly sick with pneumonia, club-footed, nearly toothless, and old to boot, this small, white-and-buff purebred Shi-Tzu could barely see through her infected eyes. Reluctantly, as she sat in front of the dog cages, Carrie called Lynea to see how she should proceed. She provided all the grim details as to the dog's condition, telling Lynea that she was a bit hesitant to bring the animal to the sanctuary. Again, for reasons known only to Lynea, Carrie's concerns were dismissed. Lynea told her to bring the dog, that she would see what could be done to give the little critter another chance for life.

"At the sanctuary, the pathetic senior citizen was given a shot of antibiotics and taken to Lynea's personal quarters for the night.

"Several days later, Linda, another Cat House employee, came to Lynea's quarters to help with the menagerie of medically fragile animals. When Linda saw the small white ball of curled-up fur on the floor, she had to ask Lynea what it was, a cat or dog. Lynea told her it was a dog and that she should take the animal home for a few days and continue the medical treatment program. So Linda packed up a big baggie of medicines as well as a variety of holistic treatments that might aid in the old girl's recovery.

"When Linda got home, she shared the story with her friend, Kathy, who would be helping with the day-to-day care. Kathy, a junior high school teacher, and Cat House supporter, wasn't particularly fond of small-breed dogs, but had a big heart for disabled ones.

"The next day, Kathy put the sick dog into her car for the trip to school, expecting the little kid to simply sleep her day away on the makeshift dog bed. After all, the dog did have pneumonia and was still recovering from her spay surgery that Lynea had insisted upon. Who would blame her if all she would do was sleep? Quite unexpectedly though, the dog had other plans.



"Students began to arrive on campus and pretty soon, Kathy's 32 seventh graders started to fill the classroom. The commotion energized and excited the old dog whose little tail was beating a constant rhythm on the blankets. Then, up she got and ran to the kids as they noticed her on the floor. It was love at first sight, the dog with the students and the students with the dog. The students sat

cross-legged on the floor so that the little dog could crawl into each lap. One of the girls asked if the dog had a name yet. Several names had been bandied about, but nothing had yet struck a chord, so when one of the students said 'What about Hope?' it was a done deal.

"Over the course of the next two weeks, Hope underwent the most amazing of transformations. Lynea's medications worked their magic while the love-fest between Hope and the students did the rest, as every day that Kathy went to school, so too did Hope. Several of the students became Hope's daytime caretakers, ensuring that she was taken outside for appropriate potty breaks and exercise.

"Before the month was over, Hope's physical condition went from pathetic and bedraggled to glorious and spectacular. Everywhere she went on campus she brought smiles and hellos. In particular, she found the laps of students who desperately needed something soft to hold, as they struggled with deep personal wounds known only by trusted friends. Hope brought comfort, affection and giggles to junior high students mired in the quicksand of adolescence.

"Obviously Hope's health was no longer in question, but would her presence on a school campus still be allowed? Could the difference she was making in the lives of the students outweigh the unwritten rule about animals in classrooms? Every day, Kathy went to school with Hope, half expecting to hear the words 'leave the dog home,' but they weren't voiced.



"Kathy finally adopted Hope who now lives with her together with several adopted cats and dogs. After spending the night on Kathy's bed, Hope eagerly awaits the sound of car keys each morning, knowing that it is the signal for her to leave for work whether Kathy's headed to school or for Cat House adoptions during the weekends.

"The queen of dogs camps out on a variety of dog beds scattered throughout Kathy's workstations, usually on desktops as she doesn't want to be too far from where the action is. Hope, a disabled ex-breeding senior canine, has a purpose-filled life that could be the envy of many other dogs, all because Lynea said 'yes.'"

"Kitten 1790 joined The Cat House on the Kings in May 2009; she was the only black animal of a litter pulled from the local kill-shelter. She had her alteration surgery done, received all necessary age-appropriate shots and was treated for fleas and any internal parasites. She handled all that with a delightful, carefree attitude. Her information was entered into the computer that registered her as kitten 1790 ready for adoption. She would get a real name once an appropriate forever home was found for her.

"As she languished in the adoption room, she watched kitten after kitten leave with their new families. Beautiful, but timid kittens found homes. Kittens who didn't like to sit on laps or play with people found homes. Kitten 1790, who loved to curl up on laps and play, did not.

Time after time she would walk up to prospective new parents only to be turned aside because they were not looking for a black cat.

"Finally, after eight long months, The Cat House received an online adoption application for kitten 1790 by Kelley McCoy.

"When Kelley first met the kitten in the adoption room, she fell instantly in love with the little cat who became the very first animal companion in her life. She had already chosen a name, and kitten 1790 became Ella in honor of Ella Fitzgerald, Kelley's favorite artist.

"Kelley sent several messages and photos to The Cat House sharing her delight in choosing Ella as her pet.

"Only one of 12 black cats rescued by the sanctuary find forever homes; the others are left behind but are allowed to spend the rest of their lives at the safe, loving and caring environment of the Cat House.

"When will people finally realize that the color of a feline's fur does not determine the personality nor the adoptability of the animal?"



Passion for Cats Sanctuary

*601 Kellevs Lane
Etna, CA 96027-9504*

*J*udith Owen started the Passion for Cats Sanctuary in 1990. Judith is a retired veterinarian with a big heart for cats, both domestic and wild.

"I have, throughout my life, taken in animals who were no longer wanted, animals from kill-shelters/pounds whose time was up, and those from biomedical labs who had survived experiments. I strongly believe that all creatures exist for their own sake. Killing surrendered, homeless companion animals for whatever reason is, in my opinion disgraceful.

"When I found out that my own neighborhood abounded with dumped cats and stray cats, I started trapping these animals whenever possible. Each cat receives veterinary treatment if needed, is vaccinated, dewormed, neutered and kept in my house long enough to check her/his temperament. A few cats are truly feral; I release those on my property and provide them with continual shelter, food and water. The majority of the trapped cats remain in my home where they have access to a large fenced-in area in the back yard. I do not try to adopt these animals out but allow them to make the sanctuary their safe and caring permanent home. I am pleased to be their devoted caregiver and permanently on-call veterinarian. When I have to be away, either my brother or my partner tend to the animals' needs."

Presently, there are about 110 permanent residents at the sanctuary. They live in three separate groups, based on health and medical needs.

64 Home for Life

"Bella was befriended by a renter who gave her food and water on a regular basis. One day, the renter moved and left the cat to look after herself. Bella is severely affected by cerebellar hypoplasia; she can barely walk, yet she had a litter to raise. None of the kittens survived. A kind person learned about Bella's situation, started feeding her again and finally contacted Passion for Cats where Bella found a safe place to spend the rest of her life. She came with a severe Herpes virus corneal infection that, after intensive treatment, healed without complications. Bella loves to run all over in her pinball fashion and is one of the sweetest cats of the sanctuary."

"Sweetie Clare was living happily with her elderly owner when he died. The man's family took her food, bowls and toys, and simply booted her out of the home. Clare hid out under the trailer, escaping dogs and people until a neighbor took pity on her and contacted Passion for Cats. Arrangements were made for her to be trapped and brought to the sanctuary.

"She was so traumatized that she attacked anybody—other cats, dogs and people alike—who approached her; and she had a yowl that





Caboodle Ranch

*P.O. Box 299
Ponte Vedra Beach, FL 32004*

wouldn't quit. It has taken almost two years for her to settle in and start to socialize. She now talks instead of yowls, and seeks attention although she does not yet want to be held. Sweetie Clare will always be accepted on the sanctuary at her own terms, just as all the other rescued cats."

"*Lila* and her brother were picked up and taken to the pound after they were left behind by their owners and spent a week alone and unattended in an apartment. Within a week they were both adopted, only to be abandoned again after a few months. Animal control picked up the two and brought them back to the pound. This time, it was a month before *Lila's* brother was adopted. *Lila* was blind in one eye and she was not as outgoing as her brother, so she was left behind. She was scheduled for euthanasia the following week. I rescued her just in time.

"*Lila* adjusted quickly to her new permanent home. She has a big voice for a little kitty and loves to be petted. There is no good reason to kill any of these precious beings. They all deserve a safe and stable home where they are cherished and properly cared for."



*C*aboodle Ranch was unintentionally founded by Craig Grant in 2003. The following is a true story that started with one man and one cat—who never really got along well with each other.

"I was renting a two bedroom condo by the beach with my son. It had all the comforts and conveniences of home. Nice furniture, a short walk to the beach and close to work. Then my son moved out on his own for the first time. He left his cat, Pepper, with me because he couldn't take her with him. I didn't like cats but I agreed to keep her. I wasn't used to being alone and I guess Pepper wasn't either. We slowly began to get along. A couple months went by and I found out Pepper was pregnant.

"Oh great, now what? Several weeks later Pepper had five kittens. I wanted to give them away because I didn't want my beautiful home destroyed, but my son told me they had to stay with their mother for eight weeks. Over that time I learned that every cat had her own unique personality and it wasn't long before the kittens were swinging from





my curtains. I didn't care. Something had changed—I didn't want to give them up.

"But with six cats, complaints started from the condo owner and the neighbors. I knew I had to look for other places to go. They weren't safe in the neighborhood. I found an air rifle bullet lodged in the side of one of my cats and another was

bitten by a Pit bull that I know was set loose on purpose. Something had to be done.

"I wasn't sure what to do at first, so I built a shed in my son's yard and lived in it for a while. Then I found an advertisement in the paper from a realtor offering five-acre parcels on a tree farm. I drove out to see it and I loved it. Over the next few months I bought five parcels which means 25 acres.

"I cleared a small area and bought an office trailer as a shelter for my cats. I put in a pet door and padded shelves for them. We moved out there in November of 2003, the day after Thanksgiving. By that time I had 11 cats.

"Taking in abandoned and stray cats from the neighborhood and areas that I work as a contractor, I had 22 cats by the spring of 2004. At that time I decided to relocate the shed from my son's yard to the new



property. It was my intention to use the shed as my living quarters, but many of the cats wanted to sleep next to me—so I also moved into the office trailer where we all had more room.

"I no longer have any of my old furniture; material items aren't important to me any more. My cats have made me happier than I've ever been. They truly are the best friends I've ever had.

"Cats should be able to roam free, and at Caboodle Ranch, that's what they do. We are in the middle of 100 acres of wildlife. The cats follow me through the nature trails that I put in and maintain, they climb in tree forts that I've built and hide in underground dens I've dug for them," and they can find shelter in kennels, straw huts or in little houses that volunteers have built for them.

"Apart from financial resources and personnel



there isn't a real limit to the number of cats Caboodle Ranch can accommodate. So far, no cat has ever been turned away from the sanctuary; presently it is a safe, permanent home for 450 cats who have been kicked around by heartless people. We have taken in 120 cats during the last 12 months."

"There are many sad stories between all the cats I've taken in. Some almost starved to death, some of them were badly injured. I've seen many unwanted cats locked in cages for months in animal shelters and have taken in some of those too to save them from being euthanized."

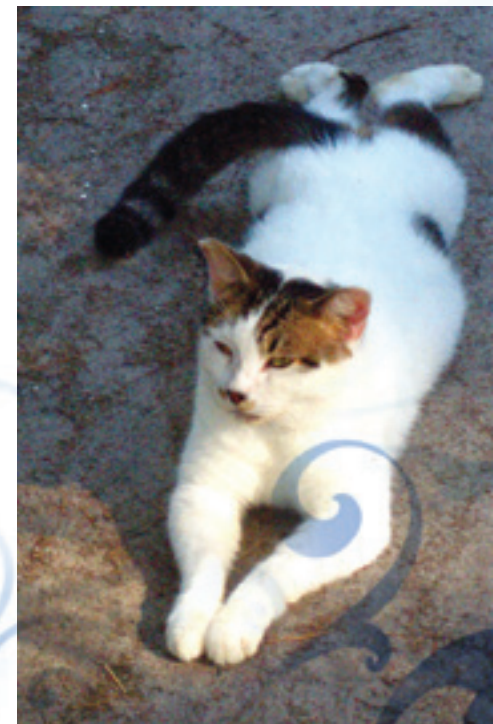
Van Gough was rescued from being put to sleep because of cancer in both ears. He has fully recuperated and now enjoys a carefree life and affectionate attention at the ranch.

Timmy is from North Carolina. He and several others in his group, came to the ranch three years ago after being abandoned by their owner. Timmy was once very shy and aloof, but now is considered a "Top Cat" and "Greeter" at the ranch. He is very sociable and friendly and loves visitors.

Lady was saved at the very last minute when Craig learned that she was to be put to sleep, while he was at Animal Control. There was nothing wrong with her, only that her 'time was up' to be adopted. She came home with Craig that day and quickly made friends with the other resident cats.



"The cats at Caboodle are permanent residents. Once they are at the ranch, they become part of the cat family here and have everything they will ever need to live a happy and healthy life. The sanctuary is their forever home; none of them is given up for adoption. The reason they are at the sanctuary is because there were not enough homes to begin with. We prefer that people adopt from the SPCA, local Humane Societies and Animal Control. Those are the cats who are in desperate need to be saved from death row."



OPR Coastal Primate Sanctuary

*717 Harmony Drive
Longview, Washington 98632*

The Oregon Primate Rescue (OPR) was founded by Polly Schultz in 1998. The sanctuary provides lifetime care in a species-appropriate, safe and caring environment to unwanted, orphaned or crippled monkeys who originate from private owners and government agencies, and to those retiring from a life of research. Presently there are 18 rescued monkeys living at OPR: 14 macaques, two spider monkeys, one capuchin monkey and one marmoset.

The sanctuary is located in Washington on a beautiful 28-acre piece of land surrounded by evergreens. All indoor living quarters of the monkeys are connected to covered outdoor enclosures. When the weather is nice, the animals have rotational access via a tunnel to a large, open playground area.



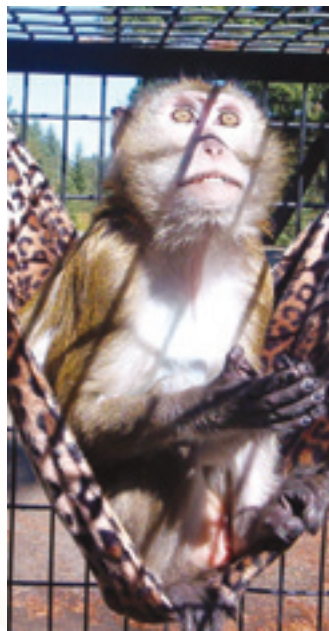
"When I began my mission to establish a sanctuary for monkeys, I assumed it would be similar to managing a wildlife center, something I had many years of experience with. It seemed to me that the main differences would be that monkeys are not indigenous to the USA and being able to release them into the wild, once rehabilitated, would not be an option. I also assumed that my own physical and emotional involvement in a primate sanctuary would be comparable to my previous involvement in the wildlife center. I was wrong! My last vacation was in 1998. That's when OPR officially opened its doors to monkeys who, in many cases, had suffered terribly at the hands of humans."





"Kermie, a Java macaque (cynomolgus), was rescued when he was 17 years old. He had lived without companionship in a barren, unhealthy environment for 12 years. Kermie would rock neurotically under a blanket for hours at a time, and clutch himself tightly for comfort where none else existed. He had gone far inside of himself to escape his unbearable existence; he was depressed and without hope. On arrival, it was questionable whether he could ever recover to a level that would afford him any quality of life.

"Watching this creature in deep emotional pain, and understanding how great his suffering had been for so many years, I just ached for him to experience again some sort of enjoyment from life during his final years.



"I remember in the beginning, weeping when we wheeled Kermie's quarantine cage outside so he could enjoy the sunshine and fresh air. I wept because a ray of sunshine was beaming through his cage and I just couldn't believe how incredibly in awe he was with an experience that should have been his birth right. He played with the sun ray, trying to grasp it, feeling the warm sun on his fur with his hands and then looking to the sky for the source of this miracle. He smelled the fresh air, and he smiled. Kermie's healing had begun. I promised Kermie that day—and I promised myself—that I would do everything possible to find a way to change people's disregard for animals.

"With intense therapy Kermie did recover to a point where I could successfully pair him with another Java macaque. Remnants of his emotional scars remained but he is now able to enjoy species-typical interactions with his new friend and companion, Tyler, in a safe, clean and healthy environment."

"Annie, another Java macaque, arrived when she was only four months old. Her mother had died during the birth process, so Annie had been mechanically fed until we received her. She suffered from a variety of mental, psychological and eating disorders such as hair-pulling, self-biting, appetite for sand and dirt, and excessive drinking. She also had multiple food allergies. Poor Annie was even allergic to bananas. Her diet was limited and not as colorful as that of the other resident monkeys, but I put a lot of effort into making her food items 'fun.' For special treats in the summer she enjoyed popsicles filled with grapes, shredded carrots and chunks of apple. In the winter she relished 'baked apple à la meal worm,' one of my special creations and one of Annie's favorites.

"I tried to pair Annie with other monkeys, but Annie hated monkeys. All of them, and with a passion! As her daily caretaker, grooming partner, chef, teacher and friend, I quickly became her most prized possession.

"With the realization that Annie would probably never be able to live with other monkeys, I began searching for companionship alternatives. We tried several unusual pairings including kittens, a puppy, even a ferret. Annie rejected all of them, but she was very attached to me.

"As her personal possession I was not expected to change my physical appearance. My first haircut during my life with Annie was rather drastic in that a few inches of hair were cut. For several days

after my visit to the hair salon, Annie would protest against this change of my familiar appearance by screaming threats every time I passed her enclosure. After more than a week, she would continue with major displays of fear grimacing alternating with open-mouth threats and unpleasant vocalizations. It was decided then that any future changes to my physical appearance would need to be gradual, if at all.

"In time my hair grew longer and Annie had all but forgotten the ordeal. But then one day I located a few strands of gray here and there in my hair. I had the audacity to buy and use a bottle of L'Oreal hair color. The reaction to this 'offense' was even worse than that to the haircut and nearly sent this small-statured simian over the edge. She stomped on her toys and tore up her favorite blanket between death threats directed toward me—or my hair. Following two weeks of relentless protest, I went

to a hairdresser to have my original color restored. I told the hairdresser my husband hated the color I applied, as it would have been embarrassing to tell her the truth. I mean, how do you tell someone a monkey hates your hair color? And, even more embarrassing, that you are willing to change it for the critter.

"For the next few years Annie was my constant companion, my sidekick and my buddy. Much of her time was spent on my shoulder. When I poured my first cup of coffee in the morning, Annie was right there watching as I added creamer, her face—

inches from the carton—looking closely as the white liquid cascaded down into the steaming brown liquid. Each time I would stop pouring, Annie would quickly reach up with her tiny hand and push the carton, adding just a bit more. She seemed to enjoy taking part in this routine. Then, as I took my first sip she would reach up with her small fingers and try to pry my mouth open as if she wanted to see exactly where the coffee was going. She did the same thing when I ate and she had an insatiable desire to watch me chew. This seemed to fascinate her a great deal. I would curb my chewing process to slow motion just to entertain her. As I methodically chewed my food, she

would start chewing, an over-exaggerated chewing also in slow motion and right along with me. It was hysterical and hard for me to continue eating as I had trouble controlling my laughter.

"This almost obsessive interest in my mouth continued throughout her life. She would sit on the bathroom counter each morning and watch so closely as I brushed my teeth that she would always end up with toothpaste on her fur. As I brushed, she would sit inches from my mouth staring attentively while slightly opening her little mouth with her lips retracted and showing her pearly whites, as if imitating my facial expressions and somehow partaking in this human ritual. She even took special interest in the toothpaste going down the drain when I turned on the water in the sink. I would always let it run for awhile because she would stick her face close to the drain and watch until every last bit of toothpaste had completely disappeared. It did not take long before Annie could predict the exact moment I would be turning on the water, and would beat me to it. This soon became 'her job' and most definitely NOT mine. If I even tried to interfere she would scold me verbally or deliver a quick slap. It was always so hilarious!

"Annie watched my every move in the bathroom mirror every day for many years. When I stood with my face close to the mirror to apply mascara, or checking my teeth, she would put her face near the mirror watching me attentively until I was finished. Often she would 'help me' examine my teeth and then use the mirror to examine her own. She would use the index finger of each hand to retract her lips, one pulling the top lip up and the other pulling the bottom lip down, so she could see all of her teeth.

"One day as I sat watching TV with Annie perched on my shoulder, she reached down and pulled out a strand of my hair. When I turned my



head, I saw with amazement how she used the hair. I sat there for the longest time just watching her run the strand of hair between her teeth, and then pulling small particles of food from the strand, and moving on to other teeth. She was actually flossing her teeth! I had never heard of this behavior in a monkey. I continued to provide Annie with this 'resource' on occasion but found that she would also use regular dental floss for the same purpose, except that she would split the floss into a single strand to better fit between her teeth.

"One day a neighbor's boy brought his pet guinea pig to the sanctuary. He knew we took care of monkeys and thought we could do the same for his now unwanted pet. I agreed to take care of the animal. To my great surprise, Annie showed an intense, gentle curiosity toward this little creature. With a few trial introductions it became apparent that she had no intention of harming the guinea pig who in turn didn't seem to mind the incessant grooming. We called Annie's new companion 'Annie's Piggy.' Obviously no imagination involved in choosing the name, but it worked.

"One morning I awoke to find a great swelling under Annie's chin. It seemed to wrap around her jaw line like a beard and was fluid to the touch, like a semi-filled water balloon. By the time we got her to the vet clinic, the swelling had enlarged considerably and Annie was having difficulty breathing. She nearly died before she was treated for a severe allergy of unknown origin. At the time we had no idea what was causing the allergic reaction, so our vet had us remove everything in her diet and environment that was new within the past three weeks.

"Annie recovered within a short time and we began the tedious re-introduction of the previously removed items, one at a time, in an attempt to find the source of the allergy. Everything successfully added back with no adverse reaction, with the exception of her guinea pig. How heartbreaking that was! Annie was deathly allergic to her.



"Fortunately, she didn't seem to grieve long for her pet as she still had me to groom and hang out with. As long as I was available for her 24/7 she thrived. Ugghhh, that was not an easy task, and certainly not as good for her as companionship from another monkey would be, but there just didn't appear to be any other option for Annie.

"My last memory of Annie is watching her frolic up and down the thirty-foot tunnel connecting the indoor monkey areas to the outdoor enclosures on a warm summer day. This was such a great experience for Annie because much of the time she couldn't go outdoors due to multiple severe allergies, including various pollens during certain times of the year. I watched her run, bounce and play for hours. She enjoyed the outdoors so much. When it was getting close to feeding time, I went to bring her back inside. Just as I was opening the door, a yellow jacket flew past Annie and she grabbed it with her tiny hand and popped it into her mouth. She was so quick I couldn't even yell for her to stop. Before I could get her inside, she was having trouble breathing, and within 10 minutes, while I was still on the phone with our vet, Annie died in my arms. I can't explain the physical and emotional pain I experienced with the loss of her. There just aren't any words."





"Mandy and Keiki are two Java macaques who, due to species-inappropriate rearing conditions, have never learned what a monkey actually is. Whenever I tried introducing them to another macaque, they showed intense fear or aggression.

"OPR sometimes rescues rabbits from a kill-shelter. Two of these bucks were paired at a young age, but as they matured they started fighting, so we had to separate them. Rather than keeping them in single cages I got the idea of testing their suitability as cage companions for the two single-housed monkeys, Mandy and Keiki.



"Gordo, our rabbit with the laid-back personality was paired with our timid little Mandy. Bob our very energetic, playful rabbit with a lot of self confidence was paired with Keiki who, we thought, would enjoy a more active, less reserved rabbit.

"The results were AMAZING! The pairing was successful in

both cases, and beyond that. I was quite sure the monkeys would enjoy companionship from the rabbits, but I didn't realize that the rabbits would also develop affectionate bonds with the monkeys.

"When we shift the monkeys from one enclosure to another, they always run through the guillotine doors quickly as they know a treat is waiting. But as soon as the monkeys disappear, the rabbits start to search for them, standing on their hind legs, looking around until they see the monkeys on the other side. They then quickly hop through the guillotine doors and join their companions.

"At feeding time, we always put extra carrots, broccoli and other produce in the monkeys' food bowls. The bowls are placed on the outside of the enclosures so the monkeys have to reach through to get their food—the rabbits obviously can't do this. I have repeatedly observed both monkeys hand-feeding their rabbit companions: The rabbits run to their monkeys as soon as the food bowls are delivered, as they have learned that they will get their produce from the monkeys—they always do!

"The successful monkey/rabbit pairings didn't stop here."

"Juan, a 17-year veteran of research who was retired at OPR in 2010 enjoys companionship from Maynard, a large male rabbit, until he can be paired with another macaque. Ivan isn't as interactive with Maynard as the other monkeys are with their rabbits, but when Maynard was removed temporarily, Ivan became disturbed, searched and called for his rabbit relentlessly until the rabbit was returned to his enclosure. Ivan seems to simply enjoy watching Maynard hop around his enclosure."



"Pearly Su came to the sanctuary when she was two years old. She is also a Java macaque and was surrendered by a biomedical research laboratory that no longer had any use for her.

"Pearly has an extremely sweet, quiet disposition and is profoundly intelligent. She has proved to be an absolute perfect companion for Ernie who has a seizure disorder. Pearly Su alerts our caretakers when Ernie has a seizure episode, and holds onto him during the seizures. Pearly Su prevents Ernie from falling if he happens to be high up on a ledge at the time of seizure. Watching the way she takes deliberate actions to keep him from falling until he regains consciousness is amazing and touching."



"Spending every waking moment of the rest of my life caring for emotionally damaged monkeys, and being committed to making a difference for these animals can be physically demanding, emotionally draining, stressful and frustrating. But I continue to do this because I can, and because it matters. It really does."

D.E.L.T.A. Rescue

*P.O. Box 9
Glendale, California 91209*

D.E.L.T.A. Rescue is the only no-kill, care-for-life organization in America rescuing dogs and cats who are abandoned in the wilderness.

Founded by Leo Grillo in 1979, D.E.L.T.A. Rescue is located in the high desert area of Los Angeles County. It is a 115-acre mountaintop ranch surrounded by rolling hills.

Leo is an actor and a passionate conservationist and animal advocate.

"Animals are people to me, and as such, we will not condone the disposing of pets any more than the disposing of children." D.E.L.T.A. Rescue absolutely refuses to accept animals from people who want to give them up for whatever convenient reasons and it also does not adopt out any rescued animals to the public. "I'd rather not be a hero, adopting out our animals and quasi-stealing homes away from animals in the pound—wonderful animals who will be killed only because they can't find new homes."





In 1977, Leo Grillo moved to Los Angeles to launch his film career. Then in March of 1979, he began to have strange dreams about a dog who was about to change his life. On a trip to Bakersfield, to visit his best friend's family, Leo was driving through the Angeles National Forest when off to the right, slowly plodding his way along a ridge, was a black Doberman ... the very same dog from his dreams! Leo quickly pulled to the side of the road and rescued the very tired and thin dog. As Leo headed for Bakersfield, he could not help but wonder how someone could have abandoned this sensitive, loving dog in the forest far away from food or water. Leo named the dog from his dreams Delta, which means change in Greek, and Delta truly changed Leo's life. The rescue of Delta was just the beginning of many more wilderness rescues to come.

One such rescue began when Leo and Delta were on a hike in the Angeles National Forest, and they came across 35 other dogs who had been abandoned and were starving. Leo vowed to save the dogs and was appalled to learn that no humane organization or government agency would help without killing the dogs. Leo took it upon himself to spend the next year feeding the dogs daily, and medicating them when they were sick. He kept his vow and rescued all 35 of them and kept them on his ranch.

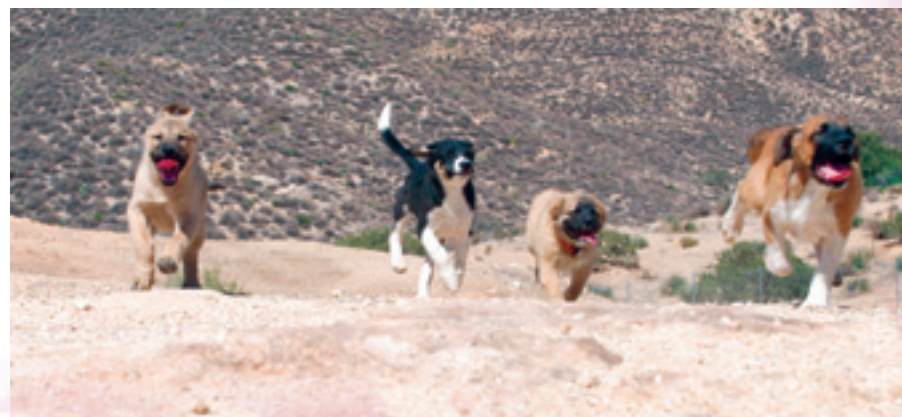
Through the rescue of Delta and the 35 other dogs, Leo formed Dedication and Everlasting Love to Animals (D.E.L.T.A.) Rescue, a non-profit wilderness animal rescue organization. Grillo has saved the lives of many thousands of dogs and cats, and is presently providing safe, permanent housing and professional, compassionate care for over 1,500 rescued animals.

Leo Grillo shares one of his first rescue trips:

"As we pulled into a truck stop to have lunch, we saw three cats bolt from the shrubs and across the parking lot, their bushy tails high in the air. When I set up the first trap, I heard another cat meowing in the bushes a few feet away. Apparently, she was dumped here in the cold, living with some feral cats who showed her how to find scraps around the dumpster.

"I tried to talk her out of the bushes, but she stayed hidden. Then I got an idea: all animals love my (then 9-year-old) daughter, and they trust her more than me! So I told her to come out of the van and talk to this kitty in the bushes while I set up the rest of the traps.

"As I worked around the fringe of the parking lot, I could hear the two of them having a conversation. Then I heard, 'Okay, Dad, I have her. Now, what should I do?' I ran over to the bushes and there's my daughter with this wild cat in her arms! My eyes widened and I slowly went over to them. 'Don't move,' I said, as I reached out to grab Barstow—named after the town where I found her—just as she started squirming to get away.... from me!





"As I held her on the way to the van, I noticed that she had several toes missing from a fresh wound on her foot; she was probably run over by a truck.

"At our sanctuary's hospital, hours later, our vet patched up Barstow's foot and examined the three other cats we had rescued.

"A few days later, I got a call from our vet, telling me that Barstow had collapsed in a pool of blood. She was carrying a litter of dead kittens; he had to give her two transfusions and perform emergency surgery. It was touch-and-go, but finally she came back to life and recovered fully."

Barstow is now enjoying the safety and permanent loving care of the sanctuary along with approximately 500 other cats who had the good fortune of being plucked from death in the wilderness.



"Anna rarely stops moving; full of energy, she adores everyone around her and is always up for an adventure. The only clue that her life has not always been so easy is her missing leg. Anna has quickly become an inspiration to her caretakers at D.E.L.T.A. Rescue.

"Though the winsome brown dog can't actually tell anyone what she's been through in her life, D.E.L.T.A. Rescue veterinarians have pieced together enough of her history to understand just how remarkable she

is. Anna was living on trash that was dumped in the desert, like she was. When rescuers found her, she was dragging a badly injured leg. She must have been someone's pet for a while, because she's too friendly and trusting to have been born in the desert.

She also has been a mother. We don't know whether she had her puppies in the desert after being abandoned, or already in the home of her former owner who, nonetheless, took her for a drive and tossed her away."

The wounds on Anna's leg indicate she probably was caught in an illegal coyote leghold trap before eventually chewing off her own foot to escape. Her ordeal must have been horrifying, yet the day after her surgery at D.E.L.T.A., Anna enthusiastically pulled her veterinary nurse into the facility's grassy yard for some play time. "She hasn't let anything get her down. This special dog makes me work even harder to ensure our work here at D.E.L.T.A. Rescue continues, no matter what curve balls the economy is throwing us."

For the rest of her life, Anna will remain at the sanctuary where staff dedicate their time to providing her with life-long loving care and attention. Once a cast-off, Anna now gives her caretakers the energy and stamina to keep going when things are getting tough.





"Little Heartman was a tiny brown puppy with big brown, wet eyes like a harbor seal pup, but he couldn't move his rear legs. He could only squirm around and look up at me, begging to somehow live a long and healthy life, and not understanding why he was dealt such a blow at such an early age: to be injured, probably stepped on as an infant, and then discarded on top of it all.

"As I held him and he looked up at me, his eyes pierced my soul, and I heard his angelic voice in my heart, and the whisper of

two words—the two words that stop us in our tracks and make us move mountains if we have to. Heartman pleaded, simply, 'Help me.'

"This little innocent puppy, unable to ever run, and jump, and play, asked me for help. And no matter how he got into this pair of hands, every cell in my body ached to give Heartman the best life we could give him.

"For weeks and months, Heartman was held and fed, cleaned up and his legs exercised. Physical therapy and alternative medicine—we tried everything to help him. But as he grew and grew, nothing changed. And as he grew in size, he also grew on everyone who met him.

"To see this puppy, full of love and life, fighting to overcome his hardship, was inspirational to everyone. Heartman showed everyone what true courage is.

"Here he is today: grown enough to fit into his wheel cart and strong enough to outrun everyone who tries to keep up with him. We need a leash to hold him back now!"



"Herc had a horrible life, and then was tossed out into the desert. Judging from his condition, he was there for a long time. His broken leg and hip are old injuries. Herc has been carrying this painful leg around for so long that our veterinarians were amazed that he was still alive.

"There is little trash to eat in the desert, less if you can't cover much ground. So after years of struggling, Herc's tragic life was coming to an end; he wanted to leave this cruel world. Slowly and painfully, he made his way to an abandoned shack. Weakened from starvation, broken bones and parasites, Herc just curled up and waited for death to claim him. He would have been just another anonymous dog, thrown away into the desert like so many others out there, found dead if we hadn't discovered him in time.

"Herc let us pick him up and take him to our field hospital. He was covered in mange, he was cold, and he could barely stand. From his old wounds we could tell that he was chopped in the shoulder with either a shovel or an axe when he was younger. And it's hard to tell if his leg and hip were broken by a car, or if he was further battered until his bones snapped.





"What little food he could eat upon his arrival was more than he probably ever had. We nursed him as best as we could and then, miraculously, this broken body responded. It took several weeks of intensive care and good food to truly save him from death.

"Meanwhile, Herc has healed and regained his strength and there is good reason to believe that he will spend many good years with us."

"If you asked me today, why I've given over 30 years of my life to this mission of rescuing abandoned animals from the wilderness—where they would perish for certain—I would tell you: for this dog, for Herc."

Conclusions

The 13 sanctuaries presented in this book are showcases of compassion. They are rescuing companion animals from unnecessary euthanasia, inhumane living conditions and callous abandonment and offer them a safe, compassionately and professionally caring environment. Most of these sanctuaries do not make their rescues available for adoption but offer them a true, permanent home where they can spend the remainder of their lives in peace. This arrangement spares the rescued animal the adjustment to the whims of a new owner who may abandon her or him again; in addition, it gives another animal at a kill-shelter a chance of being adopted rather than being euthanized.

Almost all animals at sanctuaries originate from the general public. Only a relatively small number of them—primarily chimpanzees—come from research laboratories that no longer have any use for them.

Why are animals who have unwillingly served the biomedical research industry not granted a well-deserved retirement at safe sanctuaries? Does a dog or a rat have a weaker drive to live when she or he originates from a research lab versus a private home? Very unlikely! The 13 sanctuaries of this book are willing to accept research-released

rodents, monkeys, rabbits, cats and dogs so that they can or could retire in a safe and caring place rather than be killed for convenience reasons in laboratories.



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