



November is Adopt A Senior Pet Month

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and your local humane society celebrate November as Adopt-a-Senior-Pet Month. The upcoming holiday season may be an excellent time to put some balance in your life and adopt a senior pet. Many senior pets seem to understand they have been given another chance at a happy life and are grateful for the opportunity to love someone and be loved in return.

At animal shelters and rescue groups across the nation, there are an abundance of healthy senior pets looking for a special home. Although shaping the life of a youngster sounds appealing, giving a second chance to an older companion can be equally rewarding. They like to share quiet moments, are already trained and don't chew and scratch. "Older pets have plenty to offer adopters - not the least of which is love," comments Jacque Schultz, ASPCA Companion Animal Programs Advisor. "Instead of passing by them in the shelter, stop for a cuddle and you may find the most wonderful companion possible!"

What You See is What You Get:

With adopted older dogs or cats you will usually know about any behavior challenges or health considerations before you adopt. In other words, there are no surprises.

Previous Training:

Adult animals often already know how to live harmoniously with humans. In general, adult dogs and cats require far less supervision. They may already be litter box or housetrained.

Physical Demands are Low:

Senior animals are not as demanding as a younger animal. They may be more content to sleep and curl up at your feet and nap. The nice thing about older animals is that they will prefer quiet walks to running will usually not pull you around on the leash.

Matching Lifestyles:

An adult animal's relatively calm demeanor makes them the perfect match for an older person in a full-time working household.



SATURDAY, NOV 5TH, 2005
AMERICAN LEGION CLUBHOUSE
8 A.M. UNTIL ??????

This is the Humane Society's largest fundraiser. Any help from the public is greatly appreciated. Donations of sale items may be taken to the American Legion Clubhouse anytime between 6 & 9 on Friday, Nov. 4th. Donations can also be dropped off at the shelter at 1410 Versailles Road.

Tax deduction receipts are available.

Please call 839-4623 (humane society president) or
839-6410 (animal shelter) for more information.

Please note: We do not currently have any space for temporary storage of donated goods. We understand that with the holidays coming up, everyone is trying to make room for guests and holiday decorations, but if you could please hold on to items you would like to donate for just a few more days, we could REALLY use them! Thank you on behalf of the doggies and kitties that the rummage sale benefits!

THE DANGED DOG

She was just a danged dog. I was running in one of those great Carolina thunderstorms ten years ago. I had just retired from the Marines and was a little lost myself. This dog, skin and bones wet, bedraggled, shivering was in this open field near the road. As I ran along, she trotted up toward me, tail wagging. I stopped and called to her and she approached to just out of reach. No collar, it was a country road, probably abandoned, hungry and frightened, but the tail still wagged. I turned and started to walk back toward the house, and when I looked back, she was there, just out of reach. I started to trot and she stayed right with me and closed to just at my heels. Danged dog.

We didn't have dog food so we fed her bread and milk. For the first three days, she lived under the workbench in the garage, refusing to come out. We weren't going to keep a dog, we were just too busy in our lives, two new careers, a lot of travel, etc. We put up posters, took her to a vet, bought dog food; we didn't get her a bowl, she wouldn't be with us that long. Once the owners claimed her, they would appreciate what we had done for their danged dog.

Then I found myself hoping she was abandoned, secret prayers asking for a way to fit her in to our lives. They were answered, those prayers. Through career changes, nearly getting a divorce, the teenage years of a daughter with all the willfulness of her father, through nearly losing that child on a hard corner on a country road late one night, through all of the things life throws at you, there was that danged dog.

You could sit bitter and frustrated, angry or sad, and she would plop down beside you and just lean in to you, or roll onto her side, raise a paw and silently demand a belly rub. All of it would fall away for those few moments. She grew from a very skinny thirty-five pounds to be a full ninety at the end. She was fit even as she got older and four days ago could still charge off the back porch and chase the squirrel off the bird feeder. If the neighborhood children were playing in the cul-de-sac and an unknown car pulled in she would raise holy hell, UPS vans were the most hated. Children who didn't know Cyndy's or my name knew hers. Tall as or taller than many of the children around, they still wanted to pet her or hang from her neck, and patiently she allowed them. Everyone wanted to handle that danged dog.

If you put a cup of coffee down, she would stick her nose right into it. We only fed her from her bowl and made her sit for her biscuits, but she would camp out on the kitchen floor when we prepared a meal hoping for an accident of some sort. On occasion, her patience was rewarded. Food never lasted three or four minutes in her bowl and if you had forgot to feed her she would remind you with a single sharp bark. She would always be afraid of thunder, coming to my or Cyndy's side whenever it came. We took her to get her haircut about twice a year. When we went to pick her up the first time the woman who groomed her told us it was the first time she had cried cutting an animals hair. She said, "As I was beginning to cut her hair, she leaned into me with such a heavy and patient sigh that I just cried and cried." She had that effect on you sometimes. Who could imagine that you could find grace in a danged dog?

She had survived a bout of Cushing's disease nearly two years ago, but we knew it would it would come back. It always does. A month ago, we confirmed the now familiar symptoms with the vet. Four days ago, she quit eating and drinking, as she threw up every time she tried. After the second day, we took her to the vet again. They gave us some medicine for some intestinal swelling that was causing her discomfort, and something to help with the nausea, and we planned to take her back today to be put to sleep. However, yesterday she was able to get up, and when I went to the biscuit drawer she came over to get one. She didn't eat it. She did walk over and drink from her water bowl though, something she hadn't done for three or four days. We had been giving her ice cubes to help her up to that point. I walked her outside to the back yard. She rolled for a moment in the grass as she did every day and I knew that this was the best day she was going to have. She walked the fence line, most of the way, on her daily patrol, but cut across where the yard slopes in toward the porch. She knew the slope in the corner coming up to the porch would be too tough for her.

I have seen family members die, and there always seemed to be a rally day the day before they passed. Yesterday was her rally day; it was the best day she would have. At 1:15, I connected the leash to her collar and walked her out through the side gate, in to the field next to the house. She loved her walks, still pulling on the leash hurrying me along even on last Sunday's walk. This time she walked beside me and instead of a mile we just walked a few meters in the grass and weeds and then over to the car. I gave her favorite treat. A bone filled with peanut butter. At about 1:45 we sat on the floor of the examination room, I cradled her head whispering those stupid things we say to our animals, when the vet gave her the shot. Just as gently as she had lived this life with us, she went to sleep, in between breaths she left us.

I know, I know, she was just a danged dog.

SPOTLIGHT ON:

#93 Fred-Sponsored Domestic Short Hair - buff

Ricky and Lucy, and Ethel and Fred came to the shelter after a close call with a car! Two of the gray kitties were crossing the road and because they were the same color as the street, they were almost run over. The people picked them up, along with the other two, and brought them to us. Now they all need new homes. We offer discounts for multiple adoptions, so if you would like to adopt two, that would be wonderful! Thank you to an anonymous donor, who sponsored a portion of Fred's adoption fee. Now he can go home at a reduced rate!



#232 Taylor-Sponsored Beagle Mix



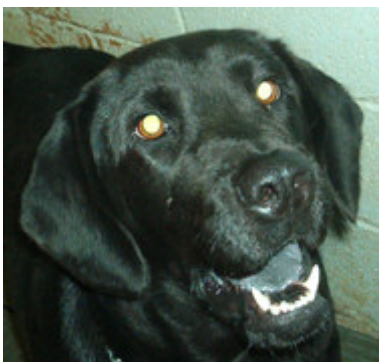
"My name is Taylor and I came to the shelter when my owner turned me in, along with three of my other siblings. She said she was allergic to dogs. We're all really sweet and we're looking for new homes. I'm praying each night that someone will come out and adopt each and every one of us. We don't have to go together though. As long as each of us finds someone who will care for us and love us forever, that's all that matters!" Thank you to an anonymous donor, who sponsored a portion of Taylor's adoption fee. Now she can go home at a reduced rate!

#114 Romeo Tabby - Grey

"Helloooo. What's your name? Mine is Romeo. That's not my real name though. That's just what the people working here at the shelter are calling me. I figure if I don't have a home of my own, I at least deserve a name. My brother and I came to the shelter on October 21st, after being picked up on Court Street. We'll be up for adoption on October 28th if our owner doesn't come out to get us."



#219 Morgan-Sponsored Black Labrador Retriever, Chow Chow Mix



"Hi. I'm Morgan. I know, I'm a little chubby. But that just means I have more love to go around! I'm a real sweet girl who loves people, and people love me too! I came here on September 29th, from down on Harrodsburg Road. I'm only about three years old and I'm looking forward to getting out of here and getting a home of my own." Thank you to an anonymous donor, who sponsored a portion of Morgan's adoption fee. Now she can go home at a reduced rate!

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Lawrenceburg, KY 40342

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web: www.andersonky.petfinder.com

Top Ten Reasons to Adopt an Older Dog

- 1. Housetrained:** Older dogs are usually housetrained. You won't have to go through the difficult stage of teaching a puppy house manners and mopping/cleaning up after accidents.
- 2. Won't chew inappropriate items:** Older dogs are not teething puppies, and won't chew your shoes and furniture while growing up.
- 3. Focus to learn:** Older dogs can focus well because they've mellowed. Therefore, they learn quickly.
- 4. Know what "no" means:** Older dogs have learned what "no" means. If they hadn't learned it, they wouldn't have gotten to be "older" dogs.
- 5. Settle in with the "pack":** Older dogs settle in easily, because they've learned what it takes to get along with others and become part of a pack.
- 6. Good at giving love:** Older dogs are good at giving love, once they get into their new, loving home. They are grateful for the second chance they've been given.
- 7. WYSIWYG:** What You See Is What You Get: Unlike puppies, older dogs have grown into their shape and personality. Puppies can grow up to be quite different from what they seemed at first.
- 8. Instant companions:** Older dogs are instant companions -- ready for hiking, car trips, and other things you like to do.
- 9. Time for yourself:** Older dogs leave you time for yourself, because they don't make the kinds of demands on your time and attention that puppies and young dogs do.
- 10. A good night's sleep:** Older dogs let you get a good night's sleep because they're accustomed to human schedules and don't generally need nighttime feedings, comforting, or bathroom breaks.