

Alley Animals

Editor's Note

The stories in this issue come wrapped in a mixture of good and bad, the just and unjust. I hope they will underline the need for good people to make the presence of goodness felt, especially where evil threatens an ugly reign over the weak. Particularly at this time of year, I may be tempted to present only those stories with a satisfying happy ending. In an effort to brighten the holiday season, I would be misleading you about our work. We all want to experience the stories where a downtrodden soul leaves behind the horrid misery of the streets and sets off on a glorious journey in a new life. Every homeless animal in the alleys deserves this. *Every one.* Some you will read about in these pages were blessed with such a victory, some not. Sadly, for each innocent creature's happy ending, there is a greater number who never make it out of the streets and who know a kind of pain that should never be visited on the innocent.

As we navigate the streets each night, the sting of a hard reality is all too evident, but we must not give up. We maintain a balance between knowing we can't make things right or bring peace on earth, not even to the streets and alleys of one city, yet believing what we do surely has purpose and meaning. A tenuous balance, but a necessary one. Witnessing the worst of this life forced onto creatures deserving kindness rather than heaps of hardship takes a toll, but also reinforces our determination.

We travel the alleys to reach the hidden, the forgotten, those who know what it is to be hungry and hurting as a way of life. We work to assuage their suffering, though too many remain outside our scope. Far too many walk the alleys in fear while their misfortunes swell as does the aching we feel for those we do not see, who never cross our path. If this newsletter carries a holiday message, it is the urgent need to persevere in the fight for good. Every act of kindness, no matter how small, adds to the fragile barrier against the throng of wickedness inching closer with every new act of cruelty.

The old alley car may not be as bright and shiny as Santa's sleigh, but we hope even from the North Pole, old Saint Nick can see it twinkling in the streets of one inner city on Christmas Eve and all the other eves throughout the year. Through your donations you will be seated beside us in spirit, in the tattered old sleigh you help return to its mission night after night in the land of the forgotten and hurting. Your support enables us to persevere and, because you're with us, we can be-

gin to crack the wall of darkness and bring the light of compassion to those whose hardships press with a pain we cannot fathom. We will persevere for their sake, the hidden and hurting, for to bless them is to enter the darkness willingly and refuse to surrender.

A Promise Given

By Alice Arnold with Lillian G. Leslie

I was driving down to my next alley, and on the opposite side of the street huddled under a car I saw what looked like a black and white cat, so I made a fast U-turn and got out with some food. Just then a boy and his mother sitting in a car started yelling at me: "Do you help animals?" I answered that I do, and both of them started talking to me at the same time, saying that the cat I was about to feed was just attacked by a dog. They were very upset. The mother told me some boys were out with a Pit Bull who saw the cat just sitting quietly on the steps of an abandoned house. The dog chased him and bit him and shook him by the neck. The mother got out of the car and shouted at the boys, at the dog, at anyone who might hear her and come help. But no one came, and the boys paid no attention to her, they just kept going. The Pit Bull lost interest in the cat lying stunned on the sidewalk. After the boys and dog moved on, the cat managed to drag himself underneath the nearest parked car for protection.

The mother and son watched as I got down on the ground and stretched as far as I could under the car. The kitty was in a great deal of pain, and I tried to be as gentle as I could (which is not easy on your stomach on the ground under a car) when I pulled him out. I cradled him in my jacket, and carried him to my car.

The lady said she knew the boys who did this. I asked her *please, please* call the police and tell them what happened because this will not stop until the boys know they can't get away with it anymore. I really didn't think I could get her to call the police because I've seen this situation a lot of times over the years. People wave me down when I'm in their area and tell me they saw an animal (or animals) badly abused and tormented. They tell me what happened in detail and then want *me* to let the police know about it. I try to explain the police need someone who actually witnessed the crime to report it, particularly when the criminals can be identified. But I can usually tell the police won't be called.

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A Promise Given *(continued from Page 1)*

Some years ago a very nice elderly lady waited up for me one night and called out to me as I passed her house. I knew who she was and that she was a friend to the animals, so I stopped to find out why she was waiting for me. She lived in a part of town where neighborhood thugs did horrible things to animals all the time, and she wanted me to know a few hours earlier she saw them kill a kitten in the alley. She told me this because she wanted me to get the police to approach the boys and make sure they didn't do it again. As I had done many times in the past, I explained to her the police wouldn't be able to do anything unless I actually saw what happened and who did it. I could see this goodhearted lady was discouraged by what I said.

She was a kind person who could barely afford to feed herself, but she always put out something for the hungry ones in the alley behind her house. She told me the kids would come back to hurt her if she told on them—she was elderly and alone, and afraid of what they might do to her, I couldn't blame her for that. She thought if I got involved, the boys would leave her alone. As much as I might want to, I couldn't get involved because I didn't see what happened, the lady wouldn't get involved because she was afraid—understandably, and the vicious bullies would continue killing the innocent. Fear of retaliation has kept a lot of cruelty to animals from being reported, and I don't have an answer to this very real problem.

In the car, I put the injured cat on a towel in my lap and drove to a place where I could pull over and get a look at him. I saw the teeth marks on his chest and he was bleeding. As I ran my hand over his small body I realized he was extremely thin. I tried to comfort him by talking to him and petting his head, but he was still frightened and shaking. After a long while he started to purr, but the injuries were too much. Suddenly he gasped for breath, his chest heaved several times and then he was gone.

It just isn't enough that the little cat died in a warm car or that he was comforted by a person who cared about his pain. Maybe he didn't die on a cold dirty pavement under a car as many others have, but I couldn't get the needless violence of it out of my head. Starving thin, sitting in front of an abandoned building, on his own in the streets until being mortally injured by a dog trained to attack, and the boys who encouraged the incident to happen. This is the story of so many animals, way too many animals, unwanted and alone in the streets. I wish we could find everyone of them before they're attacked by people or other animals, or hit by cars, or die from all the other terrible things that happen to them. The only

thing we can do to make any kind of difference is to stay in the streets and alleys and do our best to stop as much of the suffering as possible. That's our promise this holiday season and the rest of the seasons to come. It may not be the promise of a perfect future, but our dedication is what we have to give the animals and we give it completely.

Two Orphans In Search Of A Home *(After the Holidays)*



Both long-haired kittens, they are as cuddly and rambunctious as any happy youngsters ought to be. One black and one grey, they are approximately 2 months old at the time of this newsletter's printing (second week of December). Because we don't do "holiday adoptions", these kittens won't be available until January, giving anyone considering adoption of one or both of them plenty of time to determine whether a lifetime commitment can be made with confidence.

We believe they're both little boys, but they're still too young, and their fur much too thick and fluffy to assess gender with certainty at this time. We should know for sure in January!

Did You Know You Can Donate Through Our Website

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

A Mother's Courage *By Lillian G. Leslie*

Yelping and terrified squeals piercing the night air immediately caught Alice's attention as she made her way through the alleys. She drove toward the sound, without knowing what to expect other than something very bad. As an experienced alley worker, Alice knows she can't simply barge into a situation without some idea of what's involved and the nature of the danger not only for the animals, but also for herself. She arrived at the entrance to the alley still reverberating with shouts and yelps loud enough to wake the dead and slowly drove by, straining to see as much as she could under the dim street light. There she saw silhouettes, two of kids (who appeared to be young, probably pre-teens) and one of a dog. She saw one kid raise a stick and land it on the dog's face; as the dog cringed under the blow, the other kid leaned over, grabbed a small object, and threw it in the air. Both kids shouted and laughed. And Alice knew—these kids were torturing a puppy in front of its mother, rendered defenseless by being hit with a stick.

Alice didn't have time to search for police officers who may be patrolling the area, this situation had to be stopped now. She thought fast and backed up several car lengths, out of sight of the alley's entrance. After many years' hard use, one feature this ancient alley car retains is a burglar alarm; its sound is not of a horn honking repeatedly but is instead similar to that of a police car's siren. Alice set off the alarm, put on her high beams, and charged into the alley hoping the kids were young and inexperienced enough to think the police had arrived. The strategy worked; these wicked young animal abusers fled the scene, as cowards always do. Alice let the alarm continue to sound long enough to be certain the kids were gone before tending to the dog and puppies.

After what she'd just been through, the mother dog might understandably believe any person deserved her wrath, even a person there to help her. So Alice got out of the car and stood quietly for a minute or two. The dog seemed to know danger had passed and ignored Alice as she limped over to the puppy lying on the ground. It was as if she were praying over her dead child, silently mourning as she put her face close to that of the small lifeless body. A rustling startled Alice. No, the kids hadn't returned, the sound was from a movement in the leaves; two remaining puppies, alive and apparently unharmed, nestled together but restless for their mother who heard the rustling too, and gingerly limped back to the youngsters she'd valiantly protected.

Alice slowly opened the back of the car and used all available towels to fashion as soft a bed as she could for the family to rest on in their journey out of the streets of

torture. Somehow she *would* get them into the car, there would be no leaving anyone behind. If the mother dog would allow her puppies to be handled, they could be carried easily, but the mother herself was hurt (fortunately not severely injured) and Alice couldn't take the chance of trying to lift her for fear of pressing on a wound that might cause the dog to bite out of reflex.

The mother dog watched Alice collect a towel from the car and cautiously approach the fidgeting puppies. As if knowing what this meant, mom took a few steps away from her pups, lay down in the leaves and busied herself licking the blood off her fur. Alice gently wrapped the puppies in the towel and carried them to the car. This cooperation was unexpected and surprising from a dog who fought with all her might against two vicious humans, now giving another human permission to take her babies. She sensed the difference between evil and good, harm and help. When the puppies were situated on the bed of towels in the car, Alice turned toward the mother, now standing, looking at the car as if to offer a bittersweet goodbye to the beloved young she placed in another's care.

But Alice was not leaving her. Quietly she spoke to the dog, "Okay, Mom, your turn," she patted the back of the car and said, "Come on, girl, you're coming too," hoping the dog would get in without having to be handled. Mom responded to the overtures, desperately wanting to stay with her puppies yet willing to relinquish them if it meant delivering them from the lurking evil that could pounce again at any moment. After three unsuccessful attempts to jump in the car, the battered dog finally struggled over the bumper with a yelp, pulling herself up and onto the towels where her little ones waited. For the very first time, she curled around them in safety.

She embodied a mother's bravery, standing in harm's way to beg her assailants "Take me, spare my young," she did her best to sacrifice herself. With each terrified squeal from her puppy, how her heart must have broken into pieces but she didn't give in, she stood fast against those who represented the dark depths of human nature. Even a mother's courage could not fend off the overpowering force of cowards brutalizing animals who could not defend themselves. There would be no sacrificial trade at the hands of two kids refusing to show any mercy. At least Alice was in the area and put an end to the massacre. Too often in this world, the good and the innocent pay a dear price for cowardly acts of those with power.

Tame and trusting, this mother dog probably once "belonged" to someone who dumped her out and left her

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A Mother's Courage *(Continued from Page 3)*

as if she were trash. Because she still trusted people, she was prone to vicious mistreatment by the wicked among us, as is every friendly animal suffering the misfortune of being left to the streets.

Alice picked me up and we drove out to deliver the beleaguered canine family to a wonderful lady who has taken a few abused dogs from us in the past. Upon leaving animals in her care, this kind lady's last words to us always are: "Remember, I'll take the next one, too." Her name is Kathy, and she is true to her words. Even though it was very early that morning, we gave her a call to ask if she'd be able to help, to which she responded: "I'll be waiting for you." It was nearly dawn by the time we arrived. Kathy already arranged for a home visit from a veterinarian she knew in her area; if the mother dog had sustained any broken bones or injuries needing stitches or other high level medical care, she would be transported to the animal hospital nearby. Otherwise, the vet would administer necessary shots, dress wounds, and complete a thorough examination of each animal. Fortunately, the puppies exhibited no signs of injury and the mother's physical wounds appeared to be mainly cuts and bruises, though no one could measure the pain in her heart.

Kathy was a godsend to us and to this family exposed to the craggy edges of human evil; now they would feel the soft folds of kindness and we hoped the mother dog's spirit would heal along with her body, in the caring hands of a person experienced with the ins and outs of repairing broken spirits.

Kathy generously agreed to handle the adoption process. Through her regular updates we learned both puppies were placed, though separately; of course the ideal scenario would have the entire family adopted into the same home, but this is not an ideal world, and we are pleased with an outcome where each animal will be loved.

In her most recent update, Kathy reported that the mother dog was scheduled for spaying and a "fantastic" couple wants to adopt her. Their older dog passed away several months ago and they're lonely for canine companionship. While the husband works during the day, the lady is at home and will devote her time to mending this deserving creature's broken heart by catering to her every need, doting on her every whim. Both of them eagerly anticipate the addition of their new family member whose memory of one horrid night in the alleys will be soothed by the goodness of two decent people, ready to chase away the sadness and bring back a sparkle in her eyes. Then they'll know she's finally whole and free: the painful remnants of life and death in the streets, gone for good.

Reversing An Age-Old Practice

By Lillian G. Leslie

When I was a little girl, I had a friend named Barbara who lived down the street. Around the holidays one year Barb asked me to come to her house; she seemed very excited. When I got there, she led me into the den and showed me the object of her delight, a little duckling with gold and brown markings. We took turns holding him and letting him walk around on our legs; I'm sure we giggled incessantly.

That night I slept over at Barb's. I don't know where the duckling stayed during the night, not with us in Barb's room, probably in the basement by himself. The next morning we hurried downstairs to play with the tiny duckling who walked around on our legs when we weren't holding him. I doubt we spent as much time with this little life as we did playing outside with a ball. The next time I visited Barb the duckling was gone but so was his purpose: a child's temporary toy.

After I became involved in animal work I learned a lot about the perils borne by animals in a world populated by many unthinking humans. I learned that live animals ought never be given as holiday gifts, birthday gifts, anniversary gifts, nor any other kind of gift. Adopting an animal is a serious undertaking—or certainly should be—requiring thoughtful planning and lengthy consideration because the well-being of a living creature hangs in the balance. That holiday season long ago I was an unwitting participant in the age-old practice of using baby animals as toys; I was very young and didn't know better, but the memory leaves a permanent stain. Put aside on a shelf by the child who outgrows them, the teddy bear and doll will feel no loneliness or fear, but that little duckling surely did.

How many times I've wished I could reach back through the years and release the tiny vulnerable creature and his siblings, too (for they probably suffered the same fate as the one I played with); I would release them back to their mother and watch them swim the length of a protected pond where they could contentedly quack to each other in a life meant for ducks and ducklings. Such is my impossible dream, but if the past cannot be reversed, the present and future can.

You don't need reminding that a live animal should never be used as a toy, prone to mistreatment by unsupervised children, and "gotten rid of" when the novelty wears off. You may, however, know a neighbor, friend, or relative of the verge of purchasing an animal as a holiday present. Please step in. Politely guide the person toward a stuffed animal or a train set, maybe a toy truck or doll instead. After all, none of these needs to be caged or fed, and the only cleaning required is for the toy to be put back where it belongs. I hope you'll consider it a priceless opportunity to take a step in the right direction of reversing an age-old practice, a sorry human practice that won't reach its rightful status until it is banished to the past.

Alley Animals

Memorials

In Loving Memory Of:

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

Alice Harmon, who loved animals. *Alan Harmon*

Loretta Floyd, who passed 6-30-12. *Douglas Floyd*

My son, Steven Needle, on his birthday November 20th. *Helen Needle*

Our chocolate Standard Poodle, Beulah. *Betty & Lou Thomas*

Rex and Josie, Ernie, Spunky: shelter dogs never forgotten. *Marge Roberts*

Mrs. Esther (Penny) Cole. *Dana Karangelen*

Brindle Boy, Perl, and Chester. *Marline Galvin*

Denise Hamer, my beloved wife. *George M. Hamer, III*

My beloved husband, Bill Todd, passed 8-23-06. *Ann Todd*

My beautiful tuxedo cat who was run over by a car and had to be euthanized because his back and legs were crushed. He was 11 years old. *Ann Todd*

My mother, whose love for animals is her greatest legacy to her children. *Jacqueline West*

Cheddar, precious and beloved kitty. Furry son of Barbara and Bob Cozzolino. *Mike & Sherri Pennock*

Our kitty, Cheddar, who was our best friend for 20 years and traveled all over the U.S. with us while we were in the Coast Guard. We miss him dreadfully but will forever be grateful for the joy he gave to us. *Captain & Mrs. Robert Cozzolino*

Chas, Buddy, Caesar, & Sally. *Gail & Tom Koch*

Callie, Kitty, Cutie, Nellie, & Brandy. *Elaine Ritchey*

Barney, beloved feline companion of Mrs. E.D. Weidman. *Kate Dolan*

It was a year on November 1st since I lost my beloved husband Dick. He is probably watching over you and all the animals in the streets and alleys. *Jane Evans*

Norma Norman, my mother, who supported your work, and would want me to do that for her.

Linda Babette Powder

Rose Smith, my beloved mom who passed away April 26, 2006, two weeks after her 94th birthday. She was the most beautiful Rose on earth and now the most beautiful Rose in heaven. I know all my precious pets in heaven are not alone because my mom is with them.

Elaine Ritchey

My precious Midnight, I will never stop loving and missing you. Also Morris, Katie, Little Fox, Honey Bun and many others. You all are loved and missed.

Carolyn Hoffman

To Reggie, the sweetest cat who ever lived, who had to have ice in his water on the dining room table. And in honor of Lucy Regina, who wandered into a friend's barn two days after Reggie left us and looks just like him and now is Queen of our house. *Catherine Prince*

My elderly cat, Noel Lorraine, who died Sunday, October 7th, from cancer. She arrived on my front porch fully grown on the day of my Mom's funeral (12-16-99) which happened to be my deceased Dad's birthday. Noel had large eyes like my Mom and me, and was the consummate "supervisor." She scrutinized everything everyone did. Her diabetes did not deter her...she was a good eater. She was with me constantly, even when she needed to be carried up and down stairs. My husband made her coffin and I cut roses for it; now she is buried with our other "babies." Even though I cry a lot, I can feel her spirit is with me just as the rest of my babies are. *Deborah Heinecker*

Harris, my business partner's beloved pygmy goat, who died from a stroke the first week of October. He was 12 years old. *Deborah Heinecker*

Ladybug, a sweetheart of a cat, much cherished and loved by her owner, Sharon Jenkins. *Deborah Seate*

Jacki, my beautiful black greyhound who will be forever in our hearts. (1998- 2012). *Liz Johnson*

Princess, beloved companion of Bill Busier. *John & Maggie Miner*

My dear friend, Alice, whom I lost to cancer in early September. She had been doing well, so her passing was a shock to me. *Alice Staskiel*

Trevor, cherished dog and friend of Roberta & Stan LaSov. *Jeanne Blake*

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Alley Animals

In Memory Of *(continued from Page 5)*

Mozart, the last of my babies, who died on his birthday, 27 September, 2012, after a two-year battle against many illnesses. He was 13.

Mozart was a magnificent 20+ pound Maine Coon, the only one of my cats who wasn't a "rescue." Instead, he was my rescue when all the other sweet souls that had brought love into my life went out of it. His name suited him as, from the time he was a kitten, he meowed arias to me every day, hitting octaves of unbelievable duration. He always wanted to be the alpha cat, but tiny Pasha told him otherwise, and Mozart complied. However, he blossomed when eventually he became, in his view, the sole and rightful heir. His was the sweetest and most patient nature, as he endured the medical support that prolonged and gave quality to his life despite his many ailments. He knew he was loved, and he was the last creature in the world that I knew loved me. I miss his sweet face, his deep rumbling purr, and his long heavy body in my now empty arms.

Diane Hankey

My beloved son, **Jesse Elkins**. *Toni Elkins Fowler*

Doris E. Lowner. *Joan Goeringer*

My 18 year old (diabetic) cat, **Pusser**, who passed away November 17, 2012. We love you and miss you.

David & Laurie Mullaney

Mary Stark, who took it upon herself to show kindness and give a helping hand to cats in a strip of alleys in Baltimore City. She and her husband faithfully visited this area and did all they could for the animals there. We will always refer to these alleys (which are along our route) as "Mary's Alleys," in tribute to her.

Alley Animals

My beloved cat **Jasmine** who died on June 12 at age 19. I miss you and love you, Jasmine *Sandra Warfield*

Sam, Rudy, and Tuttle, my three cats. I adopted Sam and Rudy from Alley Animals 16 years ago; Tuttle was a feral cat whom I took in to see if she would get along with Sam & Rudy. She was with me 11 yrs. On Feb. 17, 2011 I lost my home to fire, not only my home, but my 3 beloved cats perished also. The devastation of the loss was overwhelming. These are painful memories and I still cry when I think of them. So, Alley Animals has a very special place in my heart! May God continue to bless you in the work you do. *J.K. Jefferson*

Madelon Decker—our mom—for her great love of family and each animal that crossed her path. We still miss you mom. *Your Family*

Maggie May, my beautiful Saint Bernard. Six years after her passing, I still miss her. *Carolyn London*

Gizmo, our beloved Yorkie. He was tied in the backyard and 2 dogs came and attacked him. We rushed him to the hospital: 89 stitches, 2 broken ribs, punctured lung. Gizmo made it through the night but blood started filling his lungs and he didn't survive. He was 7½ years old, a Yorkie but a big Yorkie, he weighed about 18 lbs. Gizmo and Sparky, my monkey, played together and were best buddies. I had both their names on Sparky's wall in his room. We are devastated once again.

Tammy & Eddie

Starry, the Midnight Star, a homeless tortoiseshell kitty my Dad adopted through his veterinarian in 2006. When she arrived, Starry had a deep wound underneath her arm needing attention for months before it healed. She didn't like taking antibiotics or having liquid medicine applied to the wound but she put up with it, I think, because she knew it was making her feel better. My niece Mary and my Dad adored Starry, and Starry adored her human family. She expertly trained all of us the way beloved kitties do, and we learned how to keep the Midnight Star contented. Frequently Starry lay across Mary's shoes to keep her from leaving the house. Such a lovable character. We don't know how old Starry was when she entered our lives, but we do know she shared 6½ years and left each of us with a piece of her purring spirit. Oh what a marvelous gift was the Starry, my niece's "love bunny". *Lilly*

In Honor Of:

Our friend, **Mary K. Worrel**.

Ronald & Barbara Willson

Our Aunt **Bonnie Bozynski** and her fantastic furballs: **Spenser, Patches, and Maestro**. *The Yuzvenko's*

For every precious furry creature out there who depends on you "angels of the night." God bless! *Doris Richard*

Peter S. Tinsley—in celebration of his birthday—and his dog **Sadie**. *Shirley Geddes*

Daniel, my wonderful husband, who suffered an horrific experience this September. *Carolyn Hoffman*

My mother, **Sandra Fellerman**. Happy Hanukkah! *Rosanne Horowitz*

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Alley Animals

In Honor Of: (Continued from Page 6)

Roxy and Charlie, my feline family members. My newest adoption, Roxy (a "meezer" or Siamese), maintains her position as Top Cat even though Charlie lived here first! Roxy loves to play with her favorite toy, the roundabout ball that never comes out; Charlie, my laid-back boy, just sprawls on the floor and watches her. They seem to live in parallel universes. At night, Roxy has her favorite condo for sleeping, and Charlie has his Comfy chair; never the twain shall meet. I dearly love them both for their individuality and in the way each has come to accept the other and to love their "mommy."

Carol Marks

Our newest rescue, **Abbey**, short for "abandoned." Dear Abbey because we love her!

Debbie & Tanner

My cat, **Dewey**. He came into my life three years ago and has been a joy (and a challenge) ever since.

Sylvia Benton

For **Katie**, aka "Sidekick."

L.M. Goldsmith

Our dear friend, **Dawn Griest**, on her birthday.

With love from Judith, Sona, & Rory

The world's best **Dad**, who looked so handsome on Thanksgiving Day in his blue bow tie and pale grey vest adorned with a sparkly watch chain. He treated us to his charming company and the warm smiles I so look forward to enjoying every time I visit. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons during football season, I love to think I can almost hear him, across so many miles, loudly cheering on the Ravens.

Your Favorite Daughter

My niece, **Mary**, whose gracious and generous gifts from the heart I will never be able to re-pay.

Your Thankful Aunt

Donations Through Paypal In Memory and In Honor Of

We're happy to offer you the convenience of donating through Paypal, but we must make you aware of the need to send us a separate email in the event your donation is in Memory or In Honor of a loved one. Hopefully this additional procedure will only require a minute or two of your time, and it is *necessary*; we have no way to include a "comment section" for on-line donations.

What you need to do is email us at: info@alleyanimals.org, notifying us 1) your Paypal donation is In Memory or In Honor Of, and to whom you're paying tribute, 2) any words of remembrance or honorable mention to be printed in our newsletter, and 3) the name and address of the person or family, if any, you want notified of your tribute.

We hope you'll find the process easy and quickly accomplished. Please bear with us in this: your memorials and honors are *very important* to us.

Wish List

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

We gratefully appreciate donations in response to our Wish List.

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

Please Consider remembering Alley Animals in your Will. Animals on the streets will go on suffering, and if you have been blessed in this life we hope you will consider sharing your blessings with the least fortunate among us.

Alley Animals 410-823-0899

*We Cannot Save The World But
We can Save Them From the World*

I want to help. Enclosed is my donation of: \$ _____ . Check here if you wish an acknowledgment.

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Alley Animals

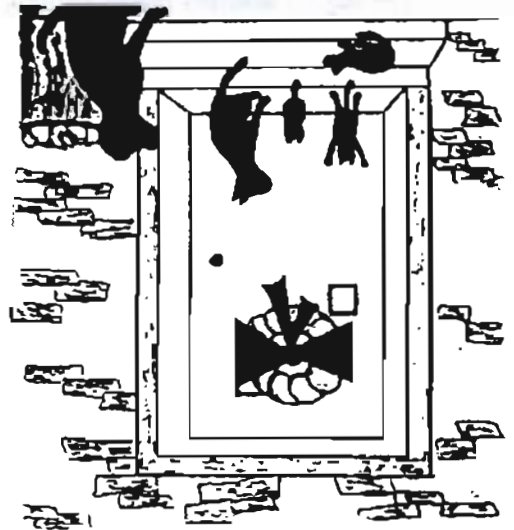
Fall Raffle Winners

1st Prize **Bill & Doris Overstreet, Annapolis, MD**
2nd Prize **Laurie Mullaney, Mountain View, MO**
3rd Prize **Tami Morningstar, Fallston, MD**
4th Prize **Ida Anthony, Ellicott City, MD**
5th Prize **Ray Gagne, Parkville, MD**

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

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

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