

Clarenville Area SPCA Paw Prints

Fall, 2006

Clarenville Area SPCA
Gladys Groves Copeland Animal Shelter
125 Huntley Drive Clarenville, NL A5A 4L1 (709) 466-3489
<http://www.envision.ca/webs/clarenvilleareaspca/>



Dear Santa:

All of us animals put our furry heads together and wrote up this list of things we'd sure love for you to bring, not only for us, but for all the nice people who look after us. We know there's an awful lot of us here, and everybody works extra hard to take really good care of us. Some of these things would be nice for us furry guys, but we also thought about things that would help these g-r-r-r-reat people make our stuff extra nice, clean, and comfy. It sure would make us all very much happier, and we'd be very grateful for anything you brought us!

Supplies/Services for the Animals

- canned dog or cat food
- dog or cat toys (it gets a little boring in here sometimes)
- cat or dog treats (for when we've been extra good!)
- rawhide "chewies" for the doggies

Shelter Supplies

- bleach
- laundry or dish detergent

- unscented Bounce or other dryer sheets (the kitties really hate that static cling!)
- hand lotion/cream (these poor humans get really chapped hands cuz they scrub everything so good in here!)
- toilet paper (nope, they haven't learned to ask to "go out" yet!)
- paper towels

Office Supplies

- postage stamps
- copier paper (white & coloured helps "grab some attention")
- Post-It notes
- any type of tape (yep, they're always sticking something together around here!)

Thank you Santa! We love you! And honest, we've been really, really, really good!

Sincerely,
All the Animals at the SPCA Shelter



Photo Contest Winner



Congratulations to the Heffernan family of Paradise who won our Photo Contest held in the spring. Shown here is their family pet Percy. Thank you to those who submitted photos for the contest.

Christmas Ticket Sweep

Tickets have been distributed for our Christmas Ticket Sweep with a prize of \$1000 cash.

If you have outstanding tickets and or money, please send them back to the shelter ASAP. This will allow us a small window of opportunity to get unsold tickets out to people who are able

Christmas Bake and Craft Sale

to sell them. Thanks for your help!!!!!!

Our annual Christmas Bake and Craft Sale is coming up on Thursday, November 30th at the Random Square Mall. There will be baked goods, craft items and specialized items for your cat and dog. If you would like to donate baked goods, small craft items, or make a monetary donation, please drop by the shelter on Wednesday, November 29th or to the mall on Thursday morning. Your support is greatly

Christmas Charity Angels

appreciated.

The Clarendville Save-Easy store is again donating the proceeds from the sale of Charity Angels. SPCA volunteers will be at the store from Tuesday, November 28th to Sunday, December 3rd to the Clarendville Area SPCA. Why not stop by and pick one up??

HOW COULD YOU? A Dog's Story

When I was a puppy, I entertained you with my antics and made you laugh. You called me your child, and despite a number of chewed shoes and a couple of destroyed throw pillows, I became your best friend. Whenever I was "bad," you'd shake your finger at me and ask "How could you?" - but then you'd relent, and roll me over for a belly rub. I remember those nights of nuzzling you in bed and listening to your confidences and secret dreams, and I believed that life could not be any more perfect. We went for long walks and runs in the park, car rides, stops for ice cream (I only got the cone because "ice cream is bad for dogs," you said), and I took long naps in the sun waiting for you to come home at the end of the day.

Gradually, you began spending more time at work and searching for a human mate. I waited for you patiently, comforted you through heartbreaks and disappointments, never chided you about bad decisions, and romped with glee at your homecomings, and when you fell in love.

She, now your wife, is not a "dog person" - still I welcomed her into our home, tried to show her affection, and obeyed her. I was happy because you were happy. Then the human babies came along and I shared your excitement. I was fascinated by their pinkness, how they smelled, and I wanted to mother them, too. Only she and you worried that I might hurt them, and I spent most of my time banished to another room, or to a dog crate. Oh, how I wanted to love them, but I became a "prisoner of love."

As they began to grow, I became their friend. They clung to my fur and pulled themselves up on wobbly legs, poked fingers in my eyes, investigated my ears, and gave me kisses on my nose. I loved everything about them and their touch, because your touch was now so infrequent, and I would have defended them with my life if need be.

I would sneak into their beds and listen to their worries and secret dreams, and together we waited for the sound of your car in the driveway. There had been a time, when others asked you if you had a dog, that you produced a photo of me from your wallet and told them stories about me. These past few years, you just answered "yes" and changed the subject. I had gone from being "your dog" to "just a dog" and you resented every expenditure on my behalf. Now, you have a new career opportunity in another city, and you and they will be moving to an apartment that does not allow pets. You've made the right decision for your "family," but there was a time when I was your only family.

I was excited about the car ride until we arrived at the animal shelter. It smelled of dogs and cats, of fear, of hopelessness. You filled out the paperwork and said "I know you will find a good home for her." They shrugged and gave you a pained look. They understand the realities facing a middle-aged dog, even one with "papers." You had to pry your son's fingers loose from my collar as he screamed "No, Daddy! Please don't let them take my dog!" And I worried for him, and what lessons you had just taught him about friendship and loyalty, about love and responsibility, and about respect for all life. You gave me a goodbye pat on the head, avoided my eyes, and politely refused to take my collar and leash with you. You had a deadline to meet and now I have one, too.

After you left, the two nice ladies said you probably knew about your upcoming move months ago and made no attempt to find me another good home. They shook their heads and asked "How could you?"

They are as attentive to us here in the shelter as their busy schedules allow. They feed us, of course, but I lost my appetite days ago. At first, whenever anyone passed my pen, I rushed to the front, hoping it was you - that you had changed your mind - that this was all a bad dream...or I hoped it would at least be someone who cared, anyone who might save me. When I realized I could not compete with the frolicking for attention of happy puppies, oblivious to their own fate, I retreated to a far corner and waited. I heard her footsteps as she came for me at the end of the day, and I padded along the aisle after her to a separate room. A blissfully quiet room. She placed me on the table and rubbed my ears, and told me not to worry. My heart pounded in anticipation of what was to come, but there was also a sense of relief. The prisoner of love had run out of days. As is my nature, I was more concerned about her. The burden which she bears weighs heavily on her, and I know that, the same way I knew your every mood.

She gently placed a tourniquet around my foreleg as a tear ran down her cheek. I licked her hand in the same way I used to comfort you so many years ago. She expertly slid the hypodermic needle into my vein. As I felt the sting and the cool liquid coursing through my body, I lay down sleepily, looked into her kind eyes and murmured "How could you?"

Perhaps because she understood my dog speak, she said "I'm so sorry." She hugged me, and hurriedly explained it was her job to make sure I went to a better place, where I wouldn't be ignored or abused or abandoned, or have to fend for myself - a place of love and light so very different from this earthly place. And with my last bit of energy, I tried to convey to her with a thump of my tail that my "How could you?" was not directed at her. It was you, My Beloved Master, I was thinking of. I will think of you and wait for you forever. May everyone in your life continue to show you so much loyalty.

Author unknown

Thank-you for supporting our fundraising activities

We would like to thank everyone who supported us in our fundraising activities over the past year. Without the proceeds of these events, we would not be able to help the animals to the extent that we do. We are counting on your support in the months and years to come as we continue to strive to help the various cats and dogs who are in our care.

We are in the process of updating our database of supporters. Please take a few moments to complete the enclosed form. The completed form can be mailed to the shelter, faxed to Barbara at 466-3793 or you can email the information to barbara_reid@hotmail.com. Thank you.

Back by Popular Demand : Personalized Ornaments for your Pet!!!

Why not hang a hand-made, wooden Christmas ornament, personalized with your dog or cat's name, on your Christmas tree this year? The dog ornaments are in the shape of a bone while the cat ornaments are in the shape of a fish. Contact the shelter for more information or to place an order. This great gift for yourself, a family member or friend is only \$4. Order soon to avoid disappointment.



Clarenville Area SPCA
125 Huntley Drive
Clarenville, NL
A5A 4L1