



### **A Word From Our President**

The CCHS Spring newsletter has arrived!

We hope this letter finds everyone doing well and ready for a hot summer! CCHS has had 132 Adoptions from Jan-March 2012! This issue you can read all about adopter's happy "tales," how a CCHS Dalmatian found her way to the Fairview Fire Department, a Puppy Mill Rescue operation, my being denied to adopt a Goldfish and more. Our upcoming events include Bark of a Cure on April 29th and Decadent Dog Dining Benefit at Watter's Creek in Allen on May 24th. You can visit our website [www.CollinCountyHumaneSociety.org](http://www.CollinCountyHumaneSociety.org) to see details about our upcoming events as well. Don't forget to visit our new Blog ([CLICK HERE](#)) to get updates on our plans to purchase land in Wylie for the CCHS Adoption facility complete with a vet

Sincerely,  
Molly Peterson  
Pres/Director CCHS

### **Lead Story**

CCHS President Denied Adoption.....We were as shocked as you are when we read the headline. How could this be? This is a must read story. [Read details](#)

### **Adoption Events**

PetsMart in Allen  
When: (Adoption Events: 1st and 3rd Saturday of the month.)  
11:00 am – 4:00 pm  
Where: 170 E Stacy Rd (Allen, TX)

PetsMart in Wylie  
When: (Adoption Events: 2nd and 4th Saturdays of the month)  
11:00 am – 4:00 pm  
Where: 3340 FM 544 Ste 800, Wylie, TX 75098

### **Decadent Dog Dining Benefit**

When: May 24th from 7pm-10pm  
Where: Watters Creek (Bethany and 75 in Allen, TX)  
The event will be a "progressive dining" event where the shops and food vendors at Watters Creek will supply samples for consumers to taste at selected locations. An adoption area with CCHS dogs and a check in tent will be set up in the common area where guests will purchase wrist bands with three drink tickets as a band plays in the background. Upon checking in for the event, guests will be given a brochure that will list the restaurants and shops who are participating in the event. The guests are then free to travel around to each participating restaurant/shop where they will have food/dessert samples (including food, alcoholic and non alcoholic drinks).

### **Who We Are**

*Collin County Humane Society (CCHS) is a non-profit 501c3 organization established in March of 2008.*

We are dedicated to helping dogs who are unwanted, abandon, or lost. We focus on finding these loyal souls proper care and loving homes.

CCHS does not have a shelter. All of our dogs live in foster homes with volunteers until they are adopted. We provide all necessary veterinary care for our dogs, including vaccinations, spay/neuter, heartworm treatment if needed, and preventative and any other special care they require.

Please consider CCHS when you are ready to add a furry friend to your family.

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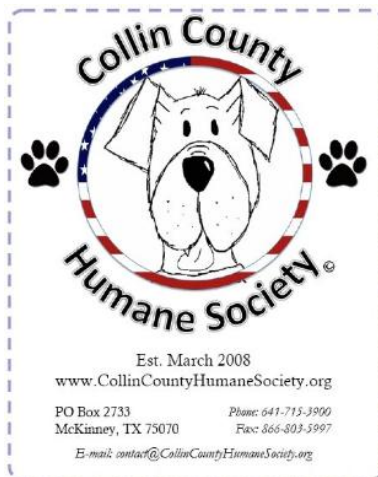


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### **Collin County Humane Society Spring 2012 Newsletter**

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**Our Tail**

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**Spike**

**Super Nova**

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**Happy Tails**

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### **A Special Thanks to our Members**

Krystle Poppell  
James King  
Sue Lopez  
Katherine Deaver  
Bobby McPeak  
Jill Schlip  
Catherine Thorpe  
William Seitz  
Sandra Webb  
Celeta Bettison  
Kathryn Long

[Archive](#)





## CCHS President Denied Adoption of Gold Fish!

By Molly Peterson, President CCHS

At the end of January the Peterson family decided that we wanted to add a fish to our family. The whole week leading up to Sunday we talked to our 2 year old (Kenzie) about adopting and what would be needed to care for the fish. On Sunday we headed off to the Pet Store... Daddy (aka Eric), Kenzie, our 6 month old baby and I <<enter PetsMart and que Chaos>> My husband received an urgent call and needed to step out of the store... leaving me with a baby, 2 year old and a store full of items not meant for kids (this is NOT something I recommend to anyone). Kenzie kept running off to chase/pet the dogs while I had to corral her back to the aquarium area (this should have been our first sign that this was a bad idea). She finally picked out two goldfish at which point the "Fish Tyrant" began helping us pick out stuff for the fish... and this is where the "fun" began.



"Here is the food you need but Goldfish don't have stomachs so you need to dilute the flakes in water before putting them in the tank and you can cut up some cucumber or lettuce to put under the rocks in the tank so the fish can absorb them"

<<Kenzie ran off and tackled a Great Dane at the doorway.>>

<<Thankful she didn't lose an arm. Now back to the fish lady.>>

"What? I can't just put the flakes in the tank and do I need a tank?"

"You can do that but the fish cannot digest it so it is not what is BEST. Goldfish really need to live in a filtered bowl!"

"We had fish all the time growing up and always had them in a bowl, we fed them flakes and they did just fine."

<<Starting to think about it I can never remember having a fish very long. In fact I remember actually petting my fish.>>

"Gold fish live for about 30 years so you can treat them the way you had but they will only live 3-5 years."

<<Who has a fish more than 3-5 years? Oh no, where is Kenzie. Where is my husband?!>>

"Gotcha, ok, so is 2.5 gal the tank we selected sufficient?"

"No, they need 10 gallons per fish and you need to get a rock cleaner to suck/clean the rocks out every few weeks"

"What? So we need a 20 gallon tank for two fish and a machine to clean it?"

<<Eric is still on the phone. We have shoved the baby in a corner at this point and he is thankfully fast asleep. I have no idea where Kenzie is at this point.>>

"Yes, they will grow to need that size."

<<I'm thinking...don't goldfish grow to the size of the bowl they are kept in or is that a rumor? No way I'm asking the Fish Tyrant this question.>>

"Ok, but for now can I get a smaller tank and then are we talking weeks or years before needing a bigger tank"

"5 gallons per fish is okay now and then you will need to get the 10 gal per fish tank in 2 years."

"I'm so confused, when did adopting a goldfish get so complicated? We had fish growing up, they lived in a bowl, we fed them fish flakes... all was fine."

"Again, you can do that but you are not giving the fish the best quality of life. You will need to clean the bowl weekly and the space is not adequate"

<<All I'm picturing are those people whom I think are idiots at our event that want to adopt a dog and shove them in a tiny crate or leave them in the yard. They always say, I had a dog growing up and he was outside. He did just fine, we gave him food and water. He was a happy dog and there are so many in need... why is this so difficult? Aren't there an over abundance of dogs in need of homes? >>

<<At least I'm keeping the fish inside!>>

"Look if you are telling me I'm not a suitable home for the fish, I can take it. I'm not trying to endanger any fish or anything."

"It's really up to you, I'm just telling you how to take the best care of the gold fish but what you do at home is your decision. I can easily put the fish back so don't feel obligated"

"Okay, so a family like mine that doesn't have time to take care of the delicate goldfish... what fish would you suggest?"

"The Beta fish would be best. They are a hearty fish and can take pretty much anything."

<<We gaze over at this little fish in a cup and I ask her if our 2.5 gallon tank is adequate."

"Yes, that will be fine."

"So do they need any plants, decorations, do I still need a pebble cleaner or are they better off in a plain tank?"

"It really is what ever you want. Decorate how you like and for the beta you can just strain the rocks, no special instruments needed."

"Okay Kenzie, pick a new fish."

"I want the red one!"

"Done."

<<Eric enters at this time.>>

"Hey, you're done already? Need any help?"

One and a half hours later we leave with a beta fish that Kenzie promptly named "Red."

I left that day with an unexpected eye opening experience. I was denied to adopt a Gold Fish. I was that adopter who clearly had not done any research about what I was getting into. I had not reviewed the different types of fish to help my family decide which one would

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My name is Willow. I am looking for a new home



My name is Spencer. I am so cute!

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be the best fit for us or even what they needed. Just because I had a fish (or several fish) when I was a child, that "experience" did not make me qualified to adopt a fish today. In going through this adoption I can easily see how people can get upset with us for our rigorous screening process as they see and hear about an over abundance of dogs in need. I now have a better understanding/patience for adopters who don't mean to sound ignorant but in all actuality they just need someone to help educate/guide them to understand that dogs adopted through our program are expected to have a higher level of care. In seeing how confusing and stressful things were on me because of my lack of knowledge, I learned to have MUCH more compassion for other families that apply to adopt from CCHS in similar situations who are not bad people, they just need a little help/guidance.

<<Fast Forward to March 2012>>

We recently took in a very shy owner surrendered pregnant Yorkie and my daughter gets up every morning and runs to the dog's crate. She tells her "Morning Mama! Its time to eat!" While she waits for me to open her crate. She heads off to fill her water and food bowls all by herself then puts them back in the crates very neatly and carefully then tells the Yorkie, "Go on Mama, time to eat. Its okay you'll feel better. We won't hurt you." Then she covers up her crate and gets ready for school. In the rush of the morning routine we get everyone loaded in the car and I always pass by the fish tank on my way out the door and laugh to myself as I throw some food to Red, my daughters now infamous fish that she wants nothing to do with. I can only laugh at the irony of it all when I think about all our goal in getting Red for Mackenzie to "take care of."

Who would have thought that in getting a fish, I learned to better understand what is like to be on the other end of an application to adopt. While things might be common knowledge to me in regards to the care for dogs, to the average person there is a big learning curve that I have now gained a whole new respect for. In a twist of irony this whole plan to get Kenzie a fish turned into a learning experience for me as she was perfectly content caring for our four legged friends all along. Kenzie didn't need a fish to teach her how to care for another living being, I needed a fish to teach me how it feels to be on the other side of the glass.

Carl Jung - "Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves."







## June Evolves Into Spring

By Stacy Hague

On December 8, 2011, I received a text from a friend that volunteers at a local shelter. There was a basset mix that needed our help. I asked for a picture and could clearly tell that she needed us. By the look of her picture she was a mix but that didn't matter to me.



Her stray hold was up on the 12th and the shelter couldn't hold her much longer after that. I made plans to drive to the shelter to pick her up the morning on the 12th when I got off work. When I pulled into the parking lot I saw a hound through the fence. How adorable, but what a mess that thing is, I thought! As I stood waiting in the lobby for the shelter volunteer to come up, this hound was standing at the door staring at me. I apologized to her saying that I was there for a basset mix. I felt bad for her as she looked like she could use our help as well. I only had room for one more foster at the time. I completed the paperwork then the volunteer opened the door and let this coonhound into the lobby. As she slipped a leash on her I asked who that was. She said it was my basset mix! Seriously, this is MY basset mix? This girl had legs that went on forever! The volunteer had this shocked look on her face! I told her it was okay that I would take her anyway since she was desperately in need of medical care.



I called the vet and told them I was bringing in a girl that was in pretty bad shape. She had hair loss all over and was very skinny. I couldn't make out what exactly was wrong with her. Mange, maybe? It was clear that this girl had had a rough life. We guessed she was around 8 years old. The vet examined her and did a skin scrape for mange. Negative! Whew! She was diagnosed with a horrible skin and ear infection.

We were sent home with a few different meds and medicated shampoo. It wasn't until that evening that I was able to give her first bath. She had no clue what I was doing and wanted no part of it! I managed to get her through it and she settled down for the night. Now, what were we going to call this "little" girl? The debate went around the family and it was finally decided that June would fit her perfectly! Now she was our "little" Junebug!

Everything was going great for a few days then she started coughing. Okay, no big deal. It's not uncommon for shelter dogs to get kennel cough after they leave the shelter. I started medicating her for her cough. Within 48 hours she took a nose dive, so she was rushed back to the vet. Pneumonia had set in and she would have to stay in the hospital for a few days. She had been running a fever, dehydrated and needed nebulizer treatments. Finally after 3 days in the hospital she was allowed to come home, with even more medications. She needed nebulizer treatments twice a day as well as medication for her cough and two antibiotics. At this point she is on so many medications that I started a chart so I can keep track of what has been given and at what time. One week into this she was not showing any improvements so back to the vet we go. Blood work was okay but showed that she had a low blood cell count. Guess what? Another medication! But a couple of others had been changed. By now my medication chart started to resemble that of some sort of weird science experiment. Week two, still no change! All June wanted to do was lay on the couch and sleep. We were all getting worried about her because although we have dealt with pneumonia before they are normally getting better by this point. Back to the vet we go! Blood work revealed her red blood cell count was still low. What was causing her to be anemic? We were all baffled including the vet! I was told to just continue doing what I was doing. What? No new medications? Whew! I didn't have to mess with my chart!

Week three came with no change. How can June continue this way much longer? She was so lethargic that she didn't even want to eat! Towards the end of the week when I came home from work June was standing at the door with the others to greet me! I almost cried! This is the first time in three weeks that she got up off the couch on her own! I was relieved! Maybe she was finally turning the corner! A few days later my son and I were sitting in the office doing some computer work when we hear this strange noise coming from the backyard! We both looked at each other wondering what the heck that was! Then it happened again! June? Could June be howling? Did she actually have a voice? We about fell over each other trying to get to the back window to see! Yes! It was June and she had the most beautiful howl ever! It took her four weeks to use it but what a beautiful sound it was! We just knew it was only up from here on out with her. She had finally beaten a severe case of pneumonia!

It was obvious that she had never lived in a home before. We came to the conclusion that she must have been somebody's old hunting dog that they dumped. She was doing goofy things like standing on the coffee table. We could only assume she thought it was a big rock! She was still on medications for her skin issues. Steroids were added to the mix so when her appetite increased tenfold we thought nothing of it. We just blamed it on the steroids. Hey at least she was finally eating! Then one morning after I came home from work and fed her she started acting really funny. She went and hid in the bushes. "June! What are you doing? Come here!" She wouldn't budge! She had a weird look on her face so I put a leash on her and made her come inside. Then I noticed it. Her belly had begun to



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swell! She was going to the corner trying to throw up and doing a lot of pacing. Then it hit me! She was bloating! This is very dangerous and can lead to death if not taken care of immediately! I loaded her up in the car and quickly rushed to the vet! I was not going to let bloat take her after all she had been through! I was scared and very worried when all of a sudden she started throwing up! Normally I would have not been happy about this happening in my car but I knew she was self-correcting the bloat! Once at the vet they did an x-ray which did reveal that she bloated but when she threw up it took care of it. Surgery would not be needed! Whew! She still was not in good shape and would not have survived the surgery. Now not only had she survived pneumonia but bloat as well!

More and more she was coming out of her shell and showing us her true personality. Her goofiness continued! I was starting to get concerned about her appetite as it seemed she was never satisfied. She was always hungry! She could be sound asleep but if the refrigerator door opened she was up in a nano second and in the kitchen! When she started to get a well-rounded belly I really started to get concerned. Could she be pregnant? After all she was in heat when I picked her up from the shelter. Oh no! I quickly got out my calendar and started counting days! Ut oh. It was close, very close. There was just no way would she be able to take care of a litter of puppies! Off to the vet we go, again. By this time everyone at the vet's office knew June. They took one look at her that day and said, "Oh June!" We were all holding our breath as the technician loaded her up on the table and took that first picture. We all looked at the x-ray to see that there were no puppies! Whew.

Over the next few weeks June was weaned off her medications. Her red blood cell count was back to normal, her coughing was completely gone and she was finally cleared to be spayed. Her appointment was set exactly three months to the day from when I picked her up that cold day back in December. I dropped her off bright and early. Kissed her goodbye and told her I would be back that afternoon to take her home. When I called the vet to check on her at 3:30pm they said she was doing good and that I can come pick her up. I was thrilled that she did okay with the surgery! However, when I arrived at the vet I was informed that June was not doing well. "What? What do you mean she is not doing well? Where is she? I want to see her!" I was taken back to where June laid. They said that her body temperature had dropped to 90 degrees and they were having a hard time getting it to come back up. I sat down by her and cried. I told her that she could not leave me now and that she must fight! I was starting to panic that my sweet June may not recover from a simple spay. Blood work was ordered. It was a tense 15 minutes waiting on the results. Finally it was in, everything normal. Still June was not warming up. She was so out of it that she couldn't even lift her head. I sat with her for almost an hour before the office closed and I had to leave, without June. All night long I worried. She had survived pneumonia and bloat, surely a simple spay wouldn't take her from us! 8:00 the next morning couldn't come fast enough! I'm sure I was the first phone call of the day! "How is June?" I asked. They said she was standing up to greet them in her kennel when they walked through the door! Huge relief! So now she has survived pneumonia, bloat and complications from her spay! What a true fighter she is!

A few days after her spay I noticed something odd. It looked as if she was getting milk! Really, June? Milk? I checked and yep, sure enough she had milk! Oh wait! Something else is going on! She was in heat as well! How can she be producing milk and be in heat when she was just spayed? Sigh. Off to the vet we go. This time we tested her thyroid level. It was dangerously low! We started her on medication right away and I was told to bring her back in 4 weeks for a recheck. By week two I noticed that her coat was looking a lot better! Her hair was starting to grow and it actually looked shiny! After 3 months her tail finally had hair on it! What an amazing difference an inexpensive medication and a few weeks can make! Her personality really started to shine! She was no longer the lethargic dog that liked to lie on the couch. She was actually getting up and learning to play with her foster brothers and sisters! After four weeks on thyroid medication she was back at the vets for a recheck. Normal! Really? Did I just hear the vet describe June as normal? Wow! I've waited so long to hear those words! Now that she is all cleared up and healthy she is not 8 years old but closer to 4. Her rough life had aged her beyond her years.

Our sweet June was going to be okay! She had her first visit to the dog park this month and had the best time running and playing. We couldn't help but laugh at her because out of all the dogs there she picked the two bassets out and played with them! All her foster siblings are bassets so she must have felt right at home! She continues to make us laugh with her goofiness. Recently she was checking out the smell that was coming from the bar. It was the scentzy candle burning but it smelled so good that when her foster parents weren't looking she pulled it down on top of her! She thought she was going to get a treat! We now call her our scratch and sniff hound as we continue to work to get the wax off her.

Here it is Spring time and June has evolved into her own. She is a true fighter and survivor! All she needs now is her forever home!





## Love Those Eyes

By Lynn Hale

We adopted Candi in June 2011. There was something about her beautiful eyes and friendly disposition that attracted me to her. I will admit, in terms of her relationship with our other dog Abbi, it was dicey. Abbi is so passive that Candi thought she ran the house. Our veterinarian recommended a trainer named Breyers Lane.



The first session with Breyers, we instantly saw a change in Candi, just from a few pointers from him on how to walk her so she knew you were in control, not her. We put her in a two week program where she learned the six basic commands. It has been two months since her program and we now see what a smart and beautiful dog she is. We continue to meet with Breyers every other week or so to continue to re-enforce her training.

Now when someone comes to our front door she no longer jumps on them, instead we have her sitting calmly waiting for us to release her from a

stay position. She also loves to lick Abbi's face, seems like her way of saying 'I like you sister!' I know it takes longer than 2 months to train a dog, but it is sure nice to know what, how and when to do what she needs to be a great dog. She is not only smart but a very loving and fun companion.



My name is  
Dexter. I need  
a good home



Adopt Me  
My name is  
Wigley



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## Our "Tail" of finding Our Way to Collin County Humane Society

By Mary and Richard Price

In March 2011, our Lab had gone to the Rainbow Bridge after 11 years of loyal companionship. Migo started off as our neighbor's pup. He adopted us at the age of two when their circumstances changed. Our hearts were heavy after saying goodbye to our "White Knight". Many discussions followed pondering if there was to be another dog in our future. We have had pets for the last 24 years and thought maybe since we are now empty nesters we may enjoy picking up and going on trips etc. without the responsibility of a pet.

In the months that followed we found ourselves visiting animal shelters, breed specific Meet & Greets and altering our evening walks to include passing by dog parks. Who were we kidding? found the right dog, if it was meant to be. Our thoughts were: male or female didn't matter, and a large breed probably around the age of 5 would work best for our situation. We had noticed an article in a local magazine about a pet that was up for adoption with the Collin County Humane Society. We took a look at their website and learned about the organization and filled out an application.



A day or so later, we were informed we were approved to adopt from CCHS and were asked what dog were we interested meeting. There were two dogs that caught our interest. Flower, a beautiful 2 year old Dalmatian with notation she was sweet but needed to work on manners and Sam an 8 year old senior Lab being treated for heartworms and a bad ear infection. CCHS had rescued both from a kill shelter. Neither one fell into our well thought out 5 year-old preferred category. An e-mail came back saying the Dalmatian was already adopted and a couple was coming in from out of state to pick her up that weekend, but Sam was still available.

We were invited by Sam's foster mom to come to her home and meet him. We rang her door bell....no bark. Karen answered and we chatted a little and noticed a lump of fur all snuggled up sleeping on her sofa. We said with a chuckle "Is that him?" to which she replied "yes". It had only been two weeks since his heartworm treatment and he wasn't feeling at his best coupled with our timing to visit him at his nap time. Needless to say, he really didn't try to impress us. Karen convinced Sam to get off the sofa and visit with us. This handsome fella had such sweetness in his eyes. After petting him he laid down on our feet went to sleep again. We stirred him up again and he went to the door and turned around and looked at us. We were hooked, signed the papers and with Sam on board that early December afternoon we headed to the pet store to buy him a bed and food.

The boys stayed in the car while I went to shop for doggie necessities. As I passed thru the threshold of the store what do I see but cages of dogs and the CCHS set up for a Meet and Greet. I said hello and told the ladies I just adopted one of their dogs a couple of minutes ago! They asked who and I proudly said "Sam". Instantly the one gal said to me: "You are the lady who inquired about the Dalmatian, Flower". She went on to say, she was Flower's foster mom Stacy, what a coincidence. Stacy said Flower's new people arrived in town.

Sam settled into his new home nicely. A couple of days later I got an e-mail from Stacy, Flower's foster mom thanking me for adopting Sam and letting us know the couple who wanted Flower had changed their minds. She was back on the market. I really appreciated Stacy letting us know, considering the plans we had for Flower if she had become ours. But we had our Sam and he was still in his 30 day lay low from heartworm treatment period. We kept in touch with Stacy and she brought Flower over to meet Sam. At that visit Stacy shared that both Sam and Flower were picked up at the same time from the shelter and brought into the CCHS Foster Program. Really....they were actually bailed out from the same shelter the same day and road off to into the sunset in the same car, and now here they were in our family room meeting again. What a coincidence! Given that Sam was still recuperating we were not in the position to bring another dog into our home and really never even gave consideration to adopting two dogs.....well, until we met Flower. Two weeks went by and Sam seemed to be feeling better and showing us more of his personality. He felt very much at home and taught us his daily routine but he still acted like something was missing. We thought perhaps it was the company of the little dog Sam was given up with, the dog that slept on his back in the shelter. This dog had already been saved by another rescue group and Sam was left behind in the shelter with his heartworms, ear infection and broken heart. We contacted Stacy at CCHS and Flower was still waiting for her forever home. Indeed, we had room for one more in our home and hearts. We did it: we brought Flower home in January! Both dogs have important jobs to do around these parts. Sammy is the teddy bear love bug of the household and champion counter surfer. Flower continues to work on her manners for her new role in life. Yes, Flower's adopted dad is a fire chief and she is on the department too! She has had a name change to fit her new role as fire department



My name is Tiger.  
I would love to  
come live with  
you.



My Name is Darvish  
and I am available  
for adoption





mascot. She is now known as: "Cinder". She is so proud and prancing when visiting the station. Cinder will be seen in parades and fire department events. Our story has many coincidences but a very happy ending. We are so thankful that Flower wasn't available at first because we would have missed out on an outstanding senior man, Sammy. We were very happy to learn this week that Sam is heartworm free! We are grateful to have them both!

We can't thank CCHS enough for their dedication to saving the lives of pets in need.





## Freedom Though The Eyes of a Puppymill Dog

BY Stephen Plyler

In rescue, the phone calls and emails come fast and furious. How do you make a decision on who to save? What innocent soul gets the freedom ride to safety? It is a difficult task to wade through each request and make a life or death judgment. It is the part of rescue we all dread, the urgent message, and the panicked phone calls. Two days after Christmas one of those calls came out to all rescues. A puppy mill was closing down in Boerne Texas and 30 Bassets would be released to rescues. FREEDOM for thirty lives spent as breeding slaves. These dogs lived their entire lives in breeding cages with hardly any contact with the humans who profited off of them. Many of these dogs never have felt the touch of grass on their feet and have never seen a vet. When you hear the word puppy mill you just don't hesitate. What a glorious opportunity to save these abused souls. So many times when puppy mills close the dogs are sold to other breeders. This is a chance, possibly these dogs only chance to be a part of a family. This is the call that you don't refuse.



### The Preparation:

When you embark on a mission like this you never know what to expect. What visuals will haunt you? What sadness will you experience? And finally what joy will you see in a FREEDOM ride like no other? So we began our quest early one December morning before the sun rose. The three of us loaded in a large cargo van with as many dog kennels as we could carry. The six hour drive flew by as we shared rescue triumphs and failures. It is kind of like the calm before the storm. It was a peaceful time, reflecting on the impending rescue yet to unfold. And then in what seemed like a blink of an eye we are arrived in Boerne, Texas.

The Puppy mill would not allow us to see their property. So a local rescuer was allowed to pick up all the dogs and transport them to a local vet's office where we now sat. You could feel the abnormality of the situation. News crews circled looking for a rescuer to talk to. And then we wait. With all eyes focused on the road wondering if every trailer or van might contain our babies.

### The Arrival:

It was approximately one o'clock when the caravan arrived. The majority of them were in crates on a flat bed trailer. We all rushed to help unload them and set them free. It was as if we couldn't think of them spending one more second not being free. And then it happened, the thing I will always remember: Their EYES. There is an old proverb that says your eyes are a mirror to your soul. So what do you see in the soul of a puppy mill dog? Do you see anger for years of neglect? Do you see fear for what humans have done to them? Do you see sadness for a life spent without human contact? Do you see exhaustion for a life spent producing? I saw none of that but what I saw astonished me: FORGIVENESS & LOVE. These babies just wanted us to love them.

### Touching the earth:

Everyday we take for granted the feeling of the earth under our feet, the grass between our toes, and freedom to move without a cage. But a puppy mill dog takes nothing for granted. They have never experienced the very simplest of things. So as we unloading them we took them for what was their first of many walks in the grass. One after another the elation of feeling freedom and just feeling the earth beneath them came over them. To come I imagine it is kin to what a prison feels when finally being free with one big distinction, the prisoner did something wrong. What did this baby do to any one to deserve a life without joy? I will never forget the faces and the reaction to freedom. Some ran, some rolled and some howled. What a joyous moment.

### "Carmel"

It can be a little overwhelming. The memories come fast and furious when I think about that day. But, one dog will always stay in my mind and has a corner of my heart: "Carmel" You hear people say that someone doesn't let their disability hold the back. Well, that was never truer than with "Carmel". Blind in both eyes Carmel saw more deeply than any dog with perfect sight. She saw with her soul. She welcomed



My name is  
Westin and I  
am a cute  
Basset Hound



My name is  
Lexi and I  
cute enough  
to take home



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the new world with reckless abandonment, running out of her kennel embracing everyone and everything. She had no fear, no hesitation she wanted to meet and love on everyone. I was left feeling slight in presence...like I was lucky to witness a soul that was capable of that kind of forgiveness and love. It was hard not to be sad at what we (humans) had done to her. I wondered how any one could look at her face and treat her like a product. I paused for a second to wallow in the sadness before she taught me another lesson. She licked me right in the face as if to say "I'm here now... LOVE ME". So I did and will always.

#### **The check up:**

Next up was the check out and check up. It was the work after the elation. It was a tedious and confusing task as every rescue picked the dogs they were taking. Several of our dogs needed to be vetted because they would be going to Iowa. So we waited and waited. Human patience got short after the day got long. And once again we showed why we should just listen to the dogs. They sat there patiently waiting, as if saying, "We've waited our entire life for this and you are upset about a couple of hours".

#### **Perfect world:**

In a perfect world we rescuers wish we would never receive that urgent call or email again. In that world, people will treat all animals with respect and not as product. Unfortunately, we know this world we live in is as flawed as each one of us in it. As the puppy mill dogs look forward to a life filled with happiness, hope and a home. I will keep true to lessons learned on that December day, because in that moment, I re-affirmed why I rescue. Because, I long for the day that I'm as good a person as these dogs we rescue. So with that I have a hope for the future: That one day I will see in the eyes of humans the soul of a puppy mill dog. Until that day I will keep answering those calls.



Sissy is still looking for a new home.



The Staff and Volunteers of the Collin County Humane Society are grateful to our sponsors for their repeated support.



## Spike

By Tressa Broadhead

Three personal dogs, two cats and two fosters...my house was full by most standards. Fresh from the holidays, over worked and with too much on my plate to begin with, the last thing I needed was another foster in the house.

A fellow rescuer sent me a photo of a small black terrier that was reported to have been hit by car and had a broken leg. The owners (so they called themselves) weren't going to take the dog to the vet, and had agreed to relinquish the dog to anyone who wanted him. A Good Samaritan who didn't really even work in rescue was trying to get the pup out of their hands and to someone who would help him. She hadn't even met the dog herself. If the story doesn't pull at your heartstrings just a little bit...someone needs to check you for a pulse. I looked at the picture of 'Spike' three or four times in an hour. Now, I see pictures of dogs in need ALL DAY LONG and sadly, I'm never at a loss for pics of needy animals.



But there was something in that grainy iphone picture that I just couldn't stop looking at. I told myself excuses all morning long. Excuses like, "he's adorable...surely someone will step up", or "I'm full, one more and I will need to find a pet friendly hotel after my family kicks me out". After a few hours and no takers, I sent my best, "OK, I'm the last resort" email, put my head down on the desk and hoped for my own personal rescue from myself. We all know where this is going.

Spike arrived that evening via his Good Samaritan...the whole scraggly, wide eyed, nine pounds was carried in under her arm into my kitchen. She let him down so I could take a peek at his leg, and he bound forward towards my husky in a full play pounce (wait...did he even touch the ground at all?), and I knew this boy wasn't going to be the docile 'broken' dog I thought I signed up for, in fact, he wasn't even dog age at all...he was maybe a four month old puppy. Sigh...

Spike was off to Dr. T. Bowe at North Colony Animal Clinic (NCAC) the next morning, and we found out he had a broken paw. All the bones of his paw were broken across in an almost straight line. No one could be for sure, but it's reported that this most likely happens when someone steps on a dogs paw. I knew instantly that had to be it. His former 'owners' had to know exactly what happened to him. Grrrrr.

Spike had spent the last 12 hours practically underneath some mammal in my home. If he wasn't under my feet, he was under that of my husky. He somehow has to be touching you, and let's just say that Personal Space isn't a concept that Spike is familiar with.

Feeling a bit overwhelmed already, I honestly have to say I was a bit relieved when Spike had to spend the night at NCAC. I figured I would get a groggy puppy fresh from his night after surgery and neuter ready to nap the afternoon away. I took him out of his crate and into the back yard for some much needed bathroom time, and he broke out into a full sprint towards my husky again, full cast and all. Spike quickly learned how to use that broken paw to his favor and didn't seem to let it, or anything else for that matter, get him down. In fact, Spike's glass isn't just always half full...he's busy making sure yours is too. Grin.....

Fosters come into my life and I teach them a few new tricks (and hopefully where to potty from here on out) but what most people on the 'outside' of rescue don't know is we learn a great deal from them. Some teach me about resilience and perseverance. Some teach me about forgiveness. Some teach me what I should hide in my house if I intend to keep it in one piece. Spike has taught me that regardless of your past, each moment is new and I should seize it. Spike never let his broken paw keep him from anything he wanted to do. Spike had a pretty rough start to his short life; however, the moment he stepped onto my kitchen floor, he has never looked back. Spike doesn't understand the concept of victim. Spike doesn't just know how to survive; he knows how to really LIVE. Don't we wish we all could remember that 24/7?

As I sit typing, Spike has his paw on my arm, head on my elbow and glances up to me every so often as if to say 'you ready to play yet lady?' You too could have your own daily reminder of how to live. Go to [www.collincountyhumane.org](http://www.collincountyhumane.org) and complete an app for this little survivor today. Learn how to live a little. Love a rescue dog.



I am Tritan, a Beagle/Terrier mix



My name is Rumer. I would love to come home with you







## Super Nova's Story

The Definition of a Supernova: A star that Explodes and Becomes  
Extremely Luminous in the Process

By Ashley Pickering

When we first saw Nova's picture in an urgent email sent from Collin County Animal Services, we had no idea what we were going to name her. Her breed was almost unidentifiable due to the extreme case of demodectic mange she was suffering from. Her little eyelids were so swollen she could barely see, her skin was raw and bloody from the tips of her paws to her tail. She was bad off – that much was obvious. We were moved by her picture and her description and decided that YES we would take this sweet looking puppy and help her heal. When I say "we", I mean my family because I don't do this fostering stuff alone. When a dog is brought into a foster's home, the whole family becomes involved, including the furry family members.

After picking her up from the shelter, I brought her to our vet, who was also surprised at the nastiness of her skin condition. Not only was her skin a mess, but she was suffering from an upper respiratory infection. I immediately took her picture and posted it on our Facebook page asking for name suggestions. One of our Facebook fans, Sharon Aldridge Sleighter, suggested the name Nova and we knew instantly that was the precious baby's name.



I brought my newly named foster home for a bath and introductions. Everyone one, human and furry, loved her instantly. There was no adjustment period, she came in the house and owned everyone's heart. There was just a sweetness and light that came from her soul. She really stole our personal dog, Chewbacca's, heart. He was facing an upcoming hip surgery (his second) and was quite frankly, very grouchy, but not with Super Duper Nova. She could do whatever she wanted with him – which was mainly snuggling. If he was on the couch sleeping, she had to be on the couch sleeping. If he was outside, she had to be outside. When he underwent his surgery and had to be crated 24 hours a day, she would lay outside his crate staring at him until we opened it for her to go in. Once in with him, she would simple snuggle down with her Chewy and rest.

We put her on our adoptable dogs page but we really didn't think anyone would be that interested in her because she was still a little sad looking with her lack of hair. In our eyes, she was beautiful, but we didn't know if anyone else would be able to see that or would be committed to her and help her continue to heal. Boy, were we happily mistaken when we received an application from Marsha Bux.

Marsha had adopted from our organization previously and was a supporter of ours – so we knew she and her husband would make a wonderful home for our sweet Super Duper Nova. We invited them over to meet Nova, but Marsha told us she had no doubt – Nova was the dog for them! Marsha was like a little girl waiting for Christmas morning to come – if only all dog owners could be like this family and this woman!! As soon as Marsha and her husband Steve came into our house – Nova was theirs. She ran up to them, all wiggly butt and licking tongue! She sat on Marsha's lap and it was **home**.

Marsha and Steve Bux adopted Nova that day and brought her not only into their home, but into their hearts. Marsha keeps up with us and tells us all about Nova and how great she is doing, which always makes us happy and wistful. Sometimes certain foster doggies get into your heart and refuse to let go – Nova was very much like that for us. She had such a rough start but, with a lot of love and tenderness, her true beauty shone through and she truly became our...or, their, Super Nova. Dog bless you Nova – enjoy your wonderful life, we'll always remember you with much love!!



Adopt Me  
My name is  
Percy



Rosie and I  
need a forever  
home





Nova before meeting Mommy Marsha



Nova enjoying some hugs from Mommy Marsha ☐



## Tammy's Tips What is Separation Anxiety?

By Tammy Mills  
<http://allabout-dogs.com/>

As a trainer, I get a lot of calls from concerned clients who believe that their puppy has separation anxiety. Many believe that since their pet is tearing up toys, chewing on furniture, barking, urinating, and whining and very excited when they come home, that this is the case. Even though if left untreated mild cases of separation anxiety can develop, usually it's just that the puppy is bored and looking for something to do. It's imperative that dogs get the exercise, both mental and physical that they need each day. Puppies should have exercise in the morning and in the evening and left with a yummy Kong, water and a nice bed and place to potty (depending on age) while you are away.

Dogs are pack animals and love to be with their humans. Unfortunately, it is not possible to be with your pet 24 hours a day and they need to learn this early for both their benefit and yours. It is a good idea to place your puppy in a nice comfy crate or area with a warm bed, water, toys, and a stuffed Kong or Nylabone periodically during the day for short periods of time. Maybe have some soft music playing. As the puppy realizes that you always come back and that they get yummy "stuff" while you are gone, then being alone is not such a bad thing. Also, puppy should be given lots of praise and attention at his bed area so that it becomes a good place to be and he feels safe there. You can also go outside several times a day for 5 minutes and then come back inside. Increase the time slowly until your going outside is no big deal to him. Also, when your puppy is excited and jumping all over you, it's a good idea to ignore them until they are calm and then pet them and love on them so that they learn that calm behavior gets attention.

True full-blown separation anxiety can be very stressful on everyone and can take quite a while to treat. These are cases where they dog is literally hurting themselves, trying to go through windows, drooling excessively all over the floor, clawing at the door until their paws bleed, excessively tearing up furniture when you are gone, loss of appetite, diarrhea etc. It is very sad to see and takes time to heal. Dogs who have been in shelters or were bought in pet stores or who have had something traumatic happen are sometimes more likely to develop separation anxiety. Sometimes it's just a case of a big change in the home, maybe someone going back to work or changing their hours. Maybe someone has deceased. It is treatable with patience and love, but it is a process. Being impatient with your dog won't help. Basically they are scared to be away from you. Your dog will need to slowly become accustomed to being home alone. Sometimes medication is also recommended during the process. If you feel that your dog is displaying behaviors that are more serious than boredom and not enough exercise, contact a trainer/behaviorist and also discuss with your veterinarian. The sooner you start working on helping your dog overcome this issue, the better for everyone.

For more tips and articles: <http://allabout-dogs.com>

CCHS President Denied Adoption

June Evolves

Love Those Eyes

Our Tail

Freedom Through the Eyes of a Puppy-Mill Dog

Spike

Super Nova

What is Separation Anxiety

My Journey To Rescue

Happy Tails



Mss Phoebe



James and Percy



Residents Lucian and Melvin  
with pets Jake (Golden Lab) and  
Astro (Black and Tan Shepherd)

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## My Journey To Rescue and CCHS by Stacy Hague, CCHS Advisory Board Member

I am often asked how I started in rescue and why. I am going to admit something that not too many people know; I used to be a breeder. Yes I was one of those. Not something I am proud of but I was young and dumb and didn't know any better. I started with a sweet girl named Ellie. I thought it would be "fun" to have a litter of puppies. Ellie was bred and had 11 puppies. I had such joy raising those puppies that I bred her again that next year. How much fun is it to have tiny little puppies around? It was something I loved! Soon I had another female named Disney. Then Jammer, my male, joined my pack. I learned a lot from my little pack but I soon realized that it wasn't right. I needed to stop what I was doing and concentrate on the adult babies. Not too long after this my life took a turn in a different direction and for the safety of my dogs I had to re-home two of them so the kids and I could start our life over. After much consideration I decided it would be easier to re-home my females. Both girls went to live with a wonderful family and Jammer was able to move with the kids and me.

I remarried and 10 years later we finally bought a house. We decided we wanted to add another four legged baby to our family. We welcome Tequila home on February 27, 2005, a cute little basset hound puppy. From that moment on I adored the breed and wanted to do all I could to help. I learned from one of my sisters who had been in rescue for a long time, about fostering. At the time I couldn't foster because my male was 14 years old and not neutered (yeah yeah...I know!). After he passed away we adopted a 4 year old basset whom we named Jack Daniels then jumped head first into fostering. I vowed that I would put as much effort (if not more) into saving homeless dogs as I did many years ago being a breeder. I needed to give back to the canine world. I owed it to them.



My first foster was Queen Elizabeth. I will never forget her beauty. She has a massive skin infection, was overweight but so beautiful. She was adopted out fairly quickly. I thought this is great! One down! We can do this! I had numerous ones after "Lizzy"; I fostered my first bonded pair. Roscoe and Lizzie (yes, another one). These two were very difficult. They had a lot of health issues and both were heartworm positive. In the end they were just too sick to overcome the neglect they suffered from their previous owner. Both passed away within weeks of each other. I swore I was done. I couldn't handle the heartache. Then came Mona, the girl without any eyes. How could I say no?! Over the next couple of years I fostered what was needed but my heart was in it for the special ones. The bonded pairs; the special needs; the seniors and then the puppies started coming in! Three litters right in a row. After all those puppies I was ready for a nice and easy senior hound. Low and behold one popped up within a month but my current rescue group already had too many seniors so they said no, I couldn't pull her. That is when I put out the plea on Facebook that if a group would step up I would foster her. Within a couple of hours I heard from one of the volunteers with CCHS saying that I could foster her under them. Awesome! So, my journey with CCHS began!

I remember when I had my first foster with CCHS, Annie. CCHS was contacted about another senior female that the owner was needing to surrender. After Annie was adopted we contacted the owner to see if she was still in need. Lucy became my second foster with CCHS (and ultimately Annie's new fur-sister!). It didn't take long to realize what an amazing team CCHS had. After a year of fostering I was asked if I would like to join the Advisory Board. Really? Someone actually wants my input? I was honored and of course accepted! My time on the board has been a fun and learning experience! I love meeting new people and being part of this amazing group of volunteers!

I find it so much more rewarding to pull the mamas from the shelters then find them loving homes than I did breeding. I am still able to get the puppy love without adding to the overpopulation of unwanted animals. It's a win-win situation.

I still love fostering and currently have (wait for it)... a litter of 9 puppies, along with a senior puppy mill survivor and my adorable coonhound June! I am so honored to be a part of this team and look forward to the future and watching CCHS grow!



Adopt me  
My Name is  
Pearl.



Adopt me  
Abigail.



## Happy Tails



GypsySoul (aka Piper) from Windi Fuller



Davy in his happy forever home with Michelle Powell & Richard E. Bell



GINGER ADOPTED BY CLARKE FAMILY



Merry Christmas girls.... us wearing our Christmas bows (Meredith Morgan)



Ryan lounging on Shelby (Carley Arredondo Butts) "Shelby is about to turn 3 and can't imagine our life without her."



Lucky and his new mom Lucy Needham



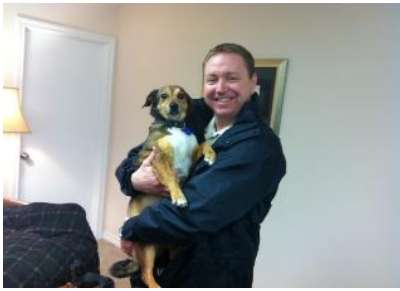
Emma (Kristi, Barclay and Elizabeth Pittman)



Callie - "She has brought so much joy to us over the last 7 months. She is such a great dog. We love her so much" (Jill Hollowell)



Here is Happy Tails for Isabel now known as Kona! (Chris & Keleigh Milliorn)



This little one has been at commerce for 2 years, outside: (he was adopted in 5 weeks with us/CCHS). Cody is his name and the adopter is Brody Burns



My first adoption – her name was Panda but now is Lila (Megan Parks)



Adopted by The Kendall Family



Francesco's name to Twix (Ankesh Srivastava)



Franky's new home, adopted by the Rodriguez family.



Adopted by the O'Connell Family



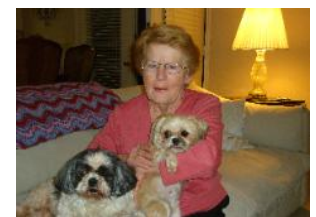
Churchill with foster mom Silvana Smith saying her good-byes as he moved into his forever home!



Churchill, adopted by Stacy Faulkner



Adopted by Martha Goralski



Ruth, Cricket and Lexie



ROCCO ADOPTED BY PERRY FAMILY... CAN U SAY JACKPOT?



At first Skipper (aka Slip/Slippy) was a little skittish of the waves coming in but soon got past that. (Marilyn Bechtol)



Magnum, adopted by the Randall family