

Fall 2017



P.O. Box 9056, Brewery Street Station,
New Haven, CT 06532

For more information:

(203) 946-8110

www.findafriendforlife.org

www.petfinder.com/shelters/CT74.html

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SAVES THESE DATES!

October 7, 2017- Mini-Adoption Event- North Haven Petco 11am-2pm

November 12, 2017- Adoption Event- Bishop's Orchard Rte.1 11:30am-3pm

November 18, 2017- Mini-Adoption Event- North Haven Petco 11am-2pm

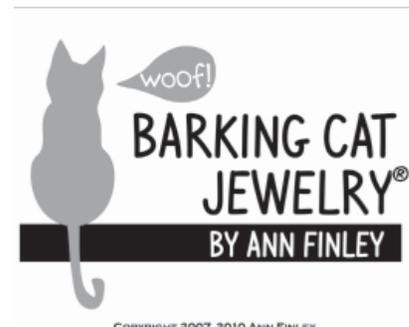
December 3, 2017- Adoption Event site and time TBD

December 9, 2017- Santa Pictures at North Haven Petco time TBD

December 16, 2017- Santa Pictures at North Haven Petco time TBD

January 7, 2018 – Adoption Event- North Haven Petco 11:30am-3pm

These dates may change so please check our website for confirmation.



AmongFRIENDS Contributors:
Patricia Grandjean, Rachael
Harvey, Jill King, Maryellyn
Maresca, Samantha Mogck,
Annalisa Paltauf, Anne
Schildroth, Elaine Spinato, Leo
Taylor, Deb Wan



If you've found a friend for life at The Robin I. Kroogman New Haven Animal Shelter, let us know. Perhaps you'll be featured in a future issue of **AmongFRIENDS**.

AMONG FRIENDS

The newsletter of The Friends of the New Haven Animal Shelter, Inc. Volume 21 | Issue 2 Fall 2017
www.findafriendforlife.org OR www.petfinder.com/shelters/CT74.html

In this issue of AmongFriends we are featuring stories by our volunteers who chose to adopt animals from our shelter. Enjoy!

One More Night

By MARYELLYN MARESCA

During my years as a volunteer with the Friends, I have enjoyed many wonderful experiences and meaningful relationships with both humans and animals. However, one particular spur-of-the-moment request ended up causing a stir in my heart I hadn't foreseen.

"Hey, Officer Johnson," I inquired of our ACO one Saturday afternoon in March 2013. "Would it be okay if I took Charlie home with me tonight, since we're bringing him to our fundraiser at R.J. Julia Booksellers in Madison tomorrow?" "Great idea!" she replied with an understanding smile on her face. "The old man could use a night out." Shortly thereafter, a little 17-year-old white poodle (who later became known as "Little Dude") departed the shelter to begin what turned out to be the final leg of his life's journey.

Charlie quickly settled into the front seat of my VW Beetle and gazed intently out of the window for the duration of the ride to Hamden. When we arrived at our destination, he jumped out of the car, trotted up the steps, and strutted through the front door of my condo as if he owned the place. He then checked out each and every corner of the house, giving Carly, my German Shorthaired Pointer, only a passing glance, as he explored his new surroundings. Appearing satisfied with the living conditions, he made a point of letting me know he was ready for dinner.

When I offered him some of the kibble that I brought from the shelter, he politely

turned away, but then hungrily devoured a bowl of rice and chicken that I gave him instead. A walk and a bath later, he contentedly fell asleep in a pile of warm blankets and soft pillows.

The next day, at R.J. Julia's, Charlie was the center of attention. Staff and visitors came up to meet him, giving him many compliments and lots of TLC. A number of people showed interest in adopting him, but once they learned of his age, the overall consensus was that "He's just too old." So, sadly, I headed back to



New Haven with the full intention of returning Charlie to his crate in the front office of the shelter. However, once I got there, I had a change of heart. I couldn't leave him behind. I asked if I could take him with me for "one more night". . . well, "one more night" ended up being four remarkable years!

"Little Dude" took to life in his new home in stride, never missing a beat. Although in dog years, he might be

considered ancient, he never showed (or told) his true age. He continued to possess all the qualities that make dogs such beloved companions. He was playful, funny, and sweet, as well as often demanding and opinionated. He very clearly made known what he liked (Nutter Butter cookies, vanilla yogurt) and what he didn't (baths, haircuts, crates/x-pens). And even though he was small in size, cute, cuddly, and quite dapper (sporting an extensive wardrobe that he wore with distinction), he conveyed in no uncertain terms that he was not to be considered or treated like a lap dog. Hugs and kisses were rarely given and begrudgingly tolerated. However, in his own unique way, L.D. always let us know we were his family, and we were loved.

Little Dude came to the shelter as a stray, having been found wandering around the streets of New Haven in January of one of the coldest, harshest winters to have ever hit Connecticut. Having shared life with him for four years, it comes as no surprise to me that he endured these conditions and survived his abandonment with dignity and grace. He was an extremely independent, self-determined, resilient little man who knew how to keep moving forward—something we all need to be able to do as we face life's many challenges. He touched our lives in ways that he could never possibly know. And although L.D. ended up being with us longer than anyone would have expected when he left the shelter on that Saturday afternoon in March, "always" came too soon.

Gentle Giant

By LEO TAYLOR

On September 21, 2001, my wife Eleanor and I visited the New Haven Animal Shelter looking for a dog. We spotted a female brindle puppy of 21 pounds. A shelter worker named Bob took her out for us. The three of us sat on the shelter patio talking, with the dog in front of us. Bob answered our questions, we answered his questions, and eventually we decided to adopt the small dog. (I don't recall how she got the name Ashley, though we were fond of Ashley's Ice Cream, which is named after a Whippet.)

We asked the shelter staff how big the dog would get and were told, "We can't answer that question because if we estimate wrong you will be upset!" Eleanor had guessed little Ashley would be 35 pounds; I said 45 pounds because she had big paws. My wife weighed 107 pounds, and in two months, Ashley was too big for her to handle! From then on when the three of us went for a walk, I was the one holding the leash. Ultimately, Ashley peaked at 90 pounds, nearly three times what we expected. When our vet said Ashley needed to lose weight, we got her down to 80 pounds, which she remained for most of her life. In a couple of years, her two shades of long fur blended together and it was hard to tell she was brindle.



We were never 100 percent sure of her breed; the one that fit best was a Flat Coat Retriever Mix. I looked up Flat Coats and the first description matched her perfectly: "If you want a guard dog, don't get one of these." Ashley would let anyone in the house. In June, 2015 we had a home invasion. Ashley was not harmed; I suspect she followed the man around wagging her tail. Although I doubt she followed him upstairs or down—Ashley never learned to do indoor stairs.

On the whole, though, this was convenient since she always lived with cats, who used the stairs to get away from her. From 2001 through 2011, Ashley lived with four cats. (One of them, Tonya, was also adopted from the New Haven Animal Shelter.) We adopted a little kitten from a neighbor when Ashley was 3. We wondered how she would react when I came in the door with a ball of fur. She was jumping with delight as if to say, "You brought me a new toy! Wow, it's an animated toy!"

We always kept a new pet in a crate for a few days until the existing pets adjusted. The three adult cats wanted nothing to do with the new kitten. Ashley, however, lay on the other side of a gate looking longingly at the new resident for two days. On the third day Eleanor released the kitten we named Stella, and she went right up to the dog who outweighed her a few dozen times. Ashley adopted her as "the puppy she never had," and they were best of friends. She replaced the mother Stella hardly knew. Ashley died at age 15½ years in February 2017.

In the "Pink"

By RACHAEL HARVEY



My name is Rachael, and I volunteer with the Friends of the New Haven Animal Shelter. A little over three years ago my best friend and shelter alumnus Smiley had to be put to rest. I was heartbroken and lonely and wasn't ready to love another dog again. I decided to just continue volunteering and do what I could to help pets find their forever homes. It just wouldn't be my home.

Fast forward a few months later and a 5-pound, 9-year-old white Chihuahua with 3 teeth has taken over my world. Here's how it happened . . .

A particularly feisty fellow volunteer named Mellyn (see the article on "Little Dude") kept insisting she had the perfect dog for me. I did my best to avoid this, but somehow she was able to place a dog named Pinky into my arms, and I found myself staring at a tiny face with a crooked mouth and patches of hair sticking up everywhere. She was absolutely beautiful! I still didn't think I was ready to adopt again but decided to have Pinky over for a slumber party.

When we got home, she checked the whole place out. She jumped on my bed and gave me a look that said, "I found my bed, where will *you* be sleeping?" Then she noticed my view of the Farmington Canal

Heritage Trail, and I found out that her favorite hobby was barking at cyclists. She's also a snuggler that loves belly rubs and sleeping in, and by the next morning, I knew we had adopted each other.

Three years later, I can't imagine life without her. Pinky has brought so much fun into my world. We get invited to so many places together. She is a social butterfly who never wears the same outfit twice. She's always escorting me to pet-friendly bars, restaurants, bookstores and other events. We take road trips to visit her pop pop, auntie and cousins almost every weekend.

I am thankful every day that Pinky came into my life and changed it for the better. I hope everyone is as lucky as I have been. I'm two for two with adopting incredible, special dogs from the New Haven Animal Shelter. My eternal thanks to the wonderful staff of the shelter and the volunteers who took such good care of Pinky before she came home.

What's in a Name?

By PAT GRANDJEAN

When it comes to naming cats, I'm somewhat eccentric. Any one of my fellow volunteers at FNHAS can confirm this: While others might be inclined to name our felines Pepper or Simba or Mittens or Leo—all perfectly fine choices, but a little routine—I prefer the road less traveled, leaning toward monikers like Springsteen or Fellini or Colbert. In a cutesier frame of mind, I once raised eyebrows by dubbing a shelter cat Butthead—not as an insult or in honor of the MTV cartoon character, but because he habitually butted his head against his cage door (not in a hurtful way). Still, one of his cage-mates then became Beavis.

This brings me to the kitten I adopted in June of 2016, Rhiannon, whose name has flummoxed pretty much everyone I know. My vet's first question, "You named her after *Rihanna*?" (God forbid.) My mother's first remark: "That's too complicated. I'm calling her Annie." (Fair enough.) But I think the reaction I most often get is, "Huh? *Who*?"

For the record, I named Rhiannon with the classic 1975 Fleetwood Mac song in mind—partly as a tip o' the hat to one of my nieces, who's a diehard Stevie Nicks fan. Mostly, however, it's Nicks' lyric that sealed the decision:

*"Rhiannon rings like a bell through the night
And wouldn't you love to love her
She rules her life like a bird in flight
And who will be her lover . . .
Would you stay if she promised you heaven?
Will you ever win?"*

My Rhiannon is every bit as graceful, self-possessed, wild and aloof as the legendary medieval Welsh witch Nicks sought to characterize. And I am totally in her thrall, an ardent human suitor who courts her approval yet can be cast away on a whim, with a darting eye or flick of her tail. Dogs love their owners openly, their hearts on their sleeves; but cats simply captivate, often inspiring—even demanding—your devotion while masking their own. I can't "own" her, or bend her to my will.

Still, our bond is real. I sense it most strongly late at night, when "Rhee" (my nickname for her), thinking I'm sound asleep, cuddles up tightly to the curve of my body, not to move until she feels me stir. She sees me off at the door when I go to work every morning, and meets me, right at the same spot, when I come home every night—and jumps into my lap at odd moments, purring for a head rub. What she gives she gives freely, without obligation. In those moments, I've been offered my own piece of heaven—and I've already won everything I need.



Two Winners

By JILL KING

I adopted Penelope Potter in March 2015. She was about 3 years old and had had multiple litters. She was bred despite having hip dysplasia. She actually sits in a peculiar way because her pelvis has spread from having the litters.

Penelope is a sweet dog but used to "freeze" when in a conflicting or different situation. I enjoy training and we work hard together. Penelope has started to compete in agility—now, she's actually working ahead or away from me as her confidence grows, and as her confidence grows, so does her speed. In agility, she is known as the "drive-by lick." As she walks by people, she sometimes just sweetly reaches out with a quick lick of her tongue to say, "Hi." Her accomplishments are many: We just passed a six-week course that certified her with Pet Partners as a Pet Therapy Dog. She also does weight pulling to keep her hip/leg muscles strong. Penelope has done nose work, competes in barn hunt and has her NOVICE title. She will be a demo dog at Pitbull Awareness Day. Not sure where we go from here, but we are having a great time!

Dixie is my 12-year-old pit bull. She was found as a puppy with a broken elbow. The New Haven Animal Shelter staff brought her to a vet office that recommended amputating her leg because the elbow was so badly damaged. The shelter said "no," and Dixie ultimately had two corrective surgeries, leaving her with a prognosis of "profoundly lame with little use of her leg".

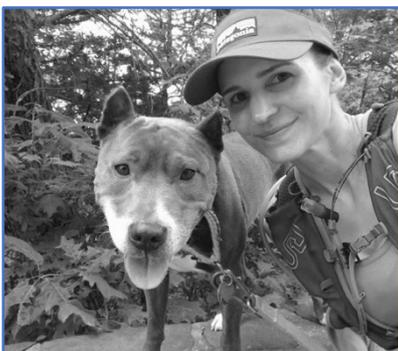
I took care of her while she recovered, and then adopted her. I thought it was too bad she was lame, because even with the cast on she was climbing all over the couches and had no fear. She clearly had the makings of a great agility dog.

Months later, she was running in the yard and I noticed she was not limping anymore. I brought her to an orthopedic surgeon who examined her and cleared her for agility training, even though he noted that her damaged leg had less range of motion than the others. Three years later, Dixie got her national agility championship title. She is now nearly deaf but competes in barn hunt and agility (for fun) and still gets ribbons. She is having quite a ride! Thank you, New Haven Animal Shelter, for two great dogs!

My Lovable Shitnugget

By ANNALISA PALTAUF

This month Chica and I celebrated our five-year 'adoptaversary.' I am just as obsessed with her as I was when I first brought her home from the shelter—she even has her own Instagram account to prove it!



I had no intentions of adopting a dog when I started volunteering at the New Haven Animal Shelter in December 2011, but changes in my life the following year made it possible to move into a dog-friendly apartment. Lucky for me, my doggie soulmate was waiting for me at the shelter during that time. Chica, a pit bull, was picked up as a stray in March 2012, and I adopted her in August of that year.

We now live together with my boyfriend, and we couldn't be happier! Chica is so loving and very entertaining. She is a wonderful, cuddly, couch potato but also a great trail-running partner. She's totally silly and makes funny faces and noises all the time. All our friends and family adore her, too, and she has done a great job being a breed ambassador.

Being a rescue-dog and pit-bull owner is about showing people what kind of dogs they really are—the most loving kind. It almost becomes a mission when I take Chica anywhere in public to change peoples' minds about the bad reputation of dogs that look like her. I am grateful that Chica is in my life, knowing she is erasing peoples' prejudices towards these breeds.

I truly have found my doggie-soulmate with Chica. She might not be the world's perfect dog, but she is the perfect dog for me.

OUR SPECIAL THANKS

A Dog's Life, LLC
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CAR DONATIONS

To donate your car, visit www.findafriendforlife.org – click 'How To Help' and scroll down to 'Donate A Car'!

LOOK AT US NOW FNHAS Alumni



Belle



Brenda



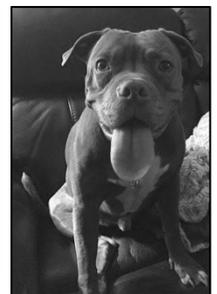
Jake



Brobee



George



Rufus



Harvey & Olive



Gemma



Max

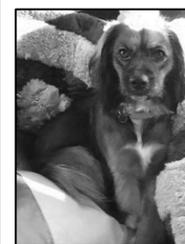


Hershey

Amazon Wish List Donors

Christopher Buckridge
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 Paul and Andrea Vercillo – in honor of Sadie the cat's birthday
 Valerie Warhall
 Nicholas Stocking
 Karen Gagnon
 Sadie Meltzer
 Kaisi Zhang

And many anonymous donors



Reggie



Jackson & Opie

We Thank You – In Memoriam

AFCO AVPORTS in memory of Lauren Jackson, “an avid animal lover.”

Toby Armour in memory of Margery B. Mills.

Patricia Axtmayer in memory of “Carla’s cat ‘Sweet One.’”

Anne Bailey in memory of Bandit.

Sharon Bornholz in memory of Sweet Potato Pie, “who had 13 months with me before he crossed the Rainbow Bridge.”

Lisa Brayall in memory of KC and Willie Brayall. “Mommy will always love you.”

The Brooten Family in memory of Pam Brooten, “love to Aunt Pam- Willow is doing great!”

Julie Cascio in memory of Scout Bradford.

Monica Cofrancesco in memory of Harley D.

Robin Corvino in memory of Desmond, “always in our hearts.”

Edward and Linda Danaher in memory of Seamus.

Joe Dowling in memory of Tex.

The Farnam Realty Group in memory of Millie Ness, “beloved companion of Jake Ness.”

Jesse Farnham in memory of Angie.

April Feathers in memory of Katie and Bobby Bloomberg.

Barbara Fren in memory of Jim Spinato.

Vanessa Galligan in memory of “the Cleary’s Cubby the Cat, a sweetie pie with a wary eye.”

Mary Garagano in memory of Bucky.

Greater New Haven Coalition for People in memory of Margery B. Mills.

Karen Hanson in memory of Bubby, “beloved companion of Laura Katzmark.”

Joan Karmuza in memory of Oliver, “beloved companion of Steven Burkman.”

Jean Koepke in memory of “all my 4-legged loves.”

Barbara Luke in memory of “all my dogs gone and my present four greyhounds.”

Alasdair and Nancy Lyon & Jay and Betty Brumberg in memory of Anna Carocci Daddio, “whose special light shined on both furry friends and non-furry friends.”

Mary Malick in memory of Junior, Ollie, Spike, and Molly.

Lyn McHugh in memory of Cassie McHugh.

Erik and Carolyn Millman in memory of Jackie Gordon.

Patricia Miner in memory of “Ben the Husky.”

Joan Peck in memory of Fred and Jackson Jagielow.

David Privier in memory of “sweet Albert, beloved cat of Mara and Charlene.”

Donna Pursley in memory of Ashley Taylor, “beloved dog of Leo Taylor.”

Marsha Rabe and Thom Brown in memory of Clementine Lester.

Edward Saccu in memory of Buddy, Christie and Lois. “I will always love you and we will all be together in Paradise someday.”

Pete, Deb, Sam, and Caitlin Smith in memory of “young Captain Ron Hughes. May you rest in peace.”

Elaine Spinato “In memory of old Max, beloved cat of Barbara and Tom Fren.”

Barbara Stanley in memory of Jim Spinato.

Stewart International Airport in memory of Lauren Jackson “who had a big heart for animals.”

Martha Sullivan in memory of “our late friend Luna, an alumna of the New Haven Animal Shelter. Her family, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Pritchard, and the Beaver Hills Neighborhood mourn her loss.”

Ruth Swanton in memory of Lola and Nina.

Suzanne Tucker in memory of Space, Lucy, Lilly, Rudolfo, and McDuff.

Marquita Vallee in memory of “my 17 cats and one dog waiting for me at the Rainbow Bridge.”

Cynthia Walker and Patrick Edwards in memory of “our pets playing at the Rainbow Bridge- love and happiness.”

Richard Walsh in memory of Rupee Huesner-Levinsohn, “a cat of New Haven who passed away August 16, 2017.”

Sara Welch in memory of “Bodie the Collie.”

Erik and Lisa Wohlert in memory of Rosie.

Betsy and Thomas Barker, Jean Haley, Sonia Jensen, Natalie Ketter, Rhoda and David Pahl and family, and Helen and Michael Shea in memory of Gloria Held Elliot.

In Honor Of

Roger and Rachel Blais in honor of Ricky, adopted from the New Haven Animal Shelter, “a good and gentle dog.”

Gabriel and Elisabeth Esposito in honor of Nicole Minervini’s birthday.

Edith Fischer in honor of “Abbey #73 adopted September 2013.”

The Garfitt Family in honor of “Princess, ‘AKA Olivia, and Sally.”

Nicole Matos in honor of “Dallas, Marley, Bonbon, Gwen, Bleu, Olive, Tootsie, Nirkus, Nilla, and Willow.”

Karen McCarthy in honor of Lolla and Belle.

The Oehrle Family in honor of “Betty and Kowalski (the cat formerly known as Prince)- our newest family members!”

Peter and Eleanor Schaffer “Our 25th Anniversary and celebration of Shana, adopted from the New Haven Animal Shelter.”

Mrs. Barbara Stanley in honor of Elaine Spinato, FNHAS volunteer.

Ruth Swanton in honor of Nan Lindstrom – “Happy 60th!”