

In Memory of: Buddy, Tom, Huck, Talia, Hooch, Captain, Sinbad, Sadie, Odie, Luke, Ebony, Zailey, Oliver, Shelly, Daisy, Zoey, Lance, Beck (Some of those who lost their lives because there was no one to work with their behavioral issues or provide their medical treatment, or there were too many of their kind already)

In Honor of: Andy, Summer and Tori (three who were scheduled for euthanasia due to medical issues but were rescued just in time)

Sadie's Story:

The story I will tell begins in April 2014 although there was a time of suffering before that. We don't like to think about those years but thinking about the past few months is hard as well. In that fateful month, animal control officers seized Sinbad and me, along with several others, in a cruelty/neglect case. One of our sisters had a shattered pelvis. One of our brothers was so terrified that no one could touch him. The rest of us were in various states of terror, many of us with medical issues. When we arrived at the shelter, I had huge patches of raw skin. One employee there rubbed ointment on those patches and over the next few months they healed up, and I had a shiny coat of hair all over my body, probably for the first time ever.

After a couple of months in the shelter, confined in indoor/outdoor kennels, I began to wonder if this place was just as bad as the last. Sure, we had plenty to eat but what is plenty to eat when there is no opportunity to run and be free for a few minutes each day? Things looked up for us when a couple of people appeared and started taking us out to run for a short period of time every day. I did not know it at the time, but the case against our former owner was held up, and the volunteers who were giving us attention each day were trying to prevent us from getting "cage rage" while the court case was being resolved. This is when we were given our names. Sadie (me), Sinbad, my kennelmate Trudy, Tom and Huck, Caramel and Duchess, and Rufus. My sister with the shattered pelvis was called Lucy but my brother whom no one could touch was never given a name.

One day the news arrived that our former owner could not be located for prosecution and that the shelter had been given official custody of us and could decide our fate. My poor physically broken sister they called Lucy and my emotionally damaged brother, the one with no name, were euthanized. I was nervous for the rest of us because, except for Rufus and Trudy, we had all tested positive for heart worms. Sometimes there is not enough money in the medical fund to treat heart worm positive dogs. It was decided that we would go on the adoption floor, but only two heart worm positive at a time so that there would not be too many hounds on the floor. Because Rufus and Trudy were heart worm negative, they were given their spay/neuter surgeries first and placed up for adoption. I missed my roommate Trudy terribly after she left. As fate would have it, Duchess and Caramel were chosen as the first positive dogs to go on the floor.

Duchess and Caramel were spayed and found foster homes where they could be treated. Sinbad, Tom and Huck, and I waited patiently to have our spay/neuter surgeries and follow them. Week after week went by, but we were not chosen to go. Then one day, the intake side became very crowded. Those that worked at the shelter had to make the difficult decision to euthanize due to space issues. I saw Tom and Huck go into this little room, but I never saw them come out.

All this time, Sinbad and I were allowed out of our cages for a few minutes each day. Sinbad was always really happy when his time in the play yard came around. He would kick up his heels with happiness as he headed out to play. I have to admit that I am shyer than Sinbad, but I still enjoyed going out and seeing Trudy and Rufus during my play time. I always dragged my feet when play time was over because I did not want to go back into that lonely kennel all by myself.

Here is what happened my last day on this earth: Animal control trucks came and they were full of dogs that the officers had picked up. Some were probably strays and some were probably lucky dogs whose owners were looking for them. Every kennel at the shelter was full. The choice was to either clear out kennels or put down the animals in the truck. It was said that there were too many hounds on the floor already. Sinbad was removed from his kennel first. He went into the little room and never came back. Then they came for me.

And here is the rest of the story:

Just a few days after Sinbad and Sadie were destroyed, Trudy was adopted. Trudy's new owners, who knew nothing about what had transpired, renamed Trudy. They named her "Sadie."

Rufus was taken into a foster home. Hobbes, an unrelated hound, was adopted. A few days later, another, unrelated hound, Jasper, was taken into foster. Caramel was adopted and left her foster home. Within a period of three weeks after Sinbad and Sadie were put down because there were "too many hounds at the shelter," there were no hounds left on the adoption floor. Thus was born the Sinbad-Sadie Second Chance Rescue. We can never bring Sinbad and Sadie back, but we can work to prevent this from happening to other wonderful dogs.