

## LILY BUNNY

When I brought home Lily, I had already been working at the shelter for 3 years and



managed to not bring home every animal, haha! But then Lily came in, left in our overnight cages at 4 months old. I had had bunnies in the past and at the time I had a male rabbit named Peanut (who was a rabbit that we had at Wilson College that needed a home several years before) and really did not plan to bring another rabbit into the picture. However something about her kept her on my mind, we had her posted up for adoption for several days until May 29, 2016 I decided she was meant to be part of my family. It was the best decision I've ever made. She is so sweet and her antics keep me laughing on rough days. In October of 2016, Peanut passed away at 7 years old. Lily was a great comfort through that. Lily has only been in my life for a year now but I'm glad I made that decision to bring her home! (She even enjoys chasing our Beagle around! Haha!)

## MAYA HOUND

My family adopted Maya, a one year old hound. We've had her for just over a week. Maya is such a sweetheart, and I'm sure that after we get through a few more bumps during her first few weeks, she'll be perfect for our family. She's a tall, long, thin beauty,



but she seems to think that she's a lap dog. She curls up next to us and rubs against us.

Her tail also never seems to stop wagging. She's very intelligent, as well. In the past week I've been able to teach her to roll over! I am excited to see all of the things we can teach her. She's such a good girl, and I'm grateful that the shelter let us adopt her. Thank you!



## ABBY AND JACKIE

We've adopted 3 dogs from CVAS, all of them absolutely wonderful.

We first saw Mattie, a flat-coated retriever, circling an intersection on Wilson Ave. Clearly, she had been dumped from a car. She wouldn't let us approach her, and when we came back the next day she was gone. Fast forward to the December Christmas Open House at the old shelter in 2000, and there she was! When I approached her cage, she stepped into her water bowl and spilled it over her blankets. I got to meet her the next day, when she jumped up and took the hoop earring out of my ear. She was my dog from that moment on. We loved her so much, and mourned when we lost her in May of 2012.

Jackie, a Finnish Spitz/lab mix, came to us in 2011 when we needed a companion for Mattie. The staff had told us the kennel was overcrowded and wondered if we would consider fostering. My husband picked Jackie out without even interacting with her. She has turned out to be the funniest, quirkiest dog we've ever had. She never met a toy she didn't love. When Mattie died, she decided she was an Alpha dog and began a career of hating other dogs. But she was clearly lonely.



Enter Abby in September, 2012. A 6 year old Golden Retriever, she had been left in the outdoor kennel by her family. We worked with a trainer to get Jackie to accept her. Turns out Jackie was a “wannabe Alpha” and Abby was the real deal. They’re inseparable, and so much fun. I can’t imagine life without our dogs, and they will always come from CVAS. I’ll never understand why such beautiful, loving dogs were ever unwanted, but we’ve made sure that the lives they lead with us are filled with love, tummy rubs, and treats.



Nancy and Bill

## PRINCESS AND BUDDY

Princess came to us in 2014 the week between Christmas and New Year. We were looking for a companion for our 7 lb. rescued Chihuahua named Buddy, who was lonely when we had to work and had some separation anxiety (he had to be crated if we left him for more than 30 minutes). After speaking to and applying to rescues, have home checks and interviews, and visits to foster homes, we found that he had no use for dogs his size. We were on the verge of giving up when we decided to make a trip to CVAS (spur of the moment), more just to stop in, we didn't really expect miracles on our first visit. My husband and I walked through the kennels, spent time with each of the dogs, visited with some that were in the outdoor runs for exercise and were on our way out when one of the volunteers was returning this beautiful brindle to her kennel. I asked about her, was informed that she was afraid of men and needed a female only home but she asked if we would like to go into the visitation room anyway. We did, it was the best decision we made!

In the visitation room she was shy around my husband at first, he sat on the floor on the other side of the room from me quietly and spoke in soft tones while she and I played fetch with the toys. While playing with her, I started included my husband in the game after a few minutes, she was still shy but cautiously interested. After another 10 minutes, she was in his lap, and gave him a puppy kiss. I looked up in time to see several of the volunteers staring through the window pointing. The next thing I knew, I had an application for adoption in my hands (haha I was still sitting on the floor)! Now they snuggle together on the sofa, sleep together and play together, he's 7 pounds of terror!

We explained that we were looking for a friend/playmate for our 7 pounder and that the adoption would hinge on them clicking.

When we left and went to the front desk to turn in papers, speak to the staff, we learned of her history, how she was brought in with another little dog (promising because of our little man's size) and how long she had been at the shelter with no adopters. I brought Buddy in for a 'meet and greet' between the two, typical doggie behavior, they met, sniffed, rubbed noses and just said "meh, ok, you're ok."

Fast forward a year and a half later, as I type this, she's on her way to stay with grandpa and grandma for a week where she will keep an eye on grandpa who has alzheimer's disease, she will watch him and play when he wants to play, rest when he wants to rest and follow him anywhere he goes. We have watched her with him in the yard at their home (they live on 30 acres of land and half is wooded) she keeps between him and the treeline so he doesn't get lost, she doesn't let him go too far from the house and never out of her sight. We ask them to puppy sit when we are unable to take the dogs with us, but really, she makes those times more comfortable for my husband who feels better about being too far from his dad.

This girl loves just about everyone, cuddles and snuggles, she's even made friends with some people who have actually said "No, that's ok, I'm afraid of dogs" when we invite them to pet her. I tell people she's a disgrace to the popular viewpoint of her breed when her tail constantly wags, she smiles at you, gives kisses and greets police officers with hugs.

Oh, did I mention she's a 55 lb. Pitbull?

## SIDNEY JADE



OH!! I have one more story for you. Probably the most important. My sweet Sidney Jade. The story starts in June of 1999. I wanted a horse my whole life and my dream had finally come true, when in June of 1999, my Patric unexpectedly and suddenly passed away. I was already in a very rough spot in life and losing him sent me into a deep depression. I decided I wanted a dog, something smaller that I could take with me lots of places and would keep me company. We went to look, I thought something like a Westie would be nice. My "smaller dog" choices weren't very many, but it didn't matter because as I walked into the kennel in August 1999, the very first cage on the right in the back, shaking and scared was a small/medium black and white Border Collie dog. I immediately fell in love! My mom agreed to let us "foster" her (haha, like there was ANY chance we wouldn't fail that one!). We named her Sidney and she was the best dog ever. My mother quickly fell in love with her too, but she was my girl. She was by my side every where, all the time. She was my friend and my protector. She was there for me during so many important times in my life...all those things a newly graduated, 18 year old goes through; new jobs, new cars, breakups, new boyfriends and so much more. After seeing the shelter, seeing what amazing animals they have that need love and care while waiting for their forever families, I decided I wanted to help. In May of 2000, just 8 months after we made Sidney's adoption official, I started working at CVAS. We lost Sidney in 2008 and there has never been anyone like her. She is deeply loved and sadly missed every single day.

## My Three Cumberland Valley Animal Shelter Alums



\*\*\*Suzy (shelter name: Sweetie) -- a sheltie mix

My first dog from the Cumberland Valley Animal Shelter (CVAS) was Suzy. After having lost my dog of 16 years, I thought I would not get another dog. But then I saw the weekly CVAS column in

the Public Opinion where a photo of a current shelter dog appears. I thought, "I'll just go look." Ha! There was Suzy, and I became a dog parent again.

When she came to me she had long, flat fur, but after a short time she turned into a major fluff ball. Some people thought she was overweight, but she wasn't. Her fur made her look twice the size she was. She was a very cuddly dog who loved people of all ages. She was the only dog I've ever had who liked going to the vet because she'd get attention from people! She would do anything for food so it was easy to teach her commands, and she took her training seriously. Suzy's only problem was her bossiness -- often in a nasty, snarly manner (but only noise, no biting) -- with other dogs, but an obedience class and an individual session with a trainer taught me how to control that.

Since I wanted a companion for Suzy, I volunteered to walk dogs at the shelter so I could keep an eye out for one. The first few I picked out didn't suit Suzy (luckily CVAS wants people to take their dog(s) to the shelter to meet the new dog). The shelter dogs I chose were either afraid of Suzy's bossiness or were bossy right back or she and the potential companion ignored each other. Finally, the shelter staff (Robin and Jen V.) suggested Kate (shelter name was Nannie), a dog who had been at the shelter for several months and happily shared a kennel with other dogs.



\*\*\*Kate (shelter name: Nannie -- a border collie/lab mix)

I had noticed Kate, but she was only 8 months old and I was hoping for an adult dog. Well, as fate would have it, Suzy and Kate hit it off. Here's how it went: They met in one of the outside pens, Suzy bossed Kate, Kate ran under a bench, Suzy proudly pranced away, and then ... Kate ran from under the bench toward Suzy and said, "That was fun!!! Let's do it again!!!" And they did, several times, and that's how I ended up with a teenage dog.

Kate, is my real success story. She had been a tied-out dog who didn't respond to her name, wasn't housebroken, had been abused, and didn't want to go in our house when she first arrived. She was a wild child! But she was smart. And Suzy was a big help teaching her how to be a house dog. Kate was housebroken within a day, and she quickly became a couch and

pillow lover. But her big problem was her destructive tendencies. She chewed ... and often ate ... anything within reach of her mouth. (The silver lining was that I quickly became a much neater person -- nothing on the chairs, coffee table or floor.) The staff at the shelter, especially, Carol H., were always helpful early on when I needed advice for dealing with Kate's behavior. Our vet told me Kate would settle down when she was 2 1/2 years old ... and she did!!!

Kate never turned into a cuddly dog, but if something frightened her or she got hurt she had the dearest way of sitting beside me and putting her head against me. But not gently. In Kate's way of doing everything roughly, she'd sit beside me and slam her head against me and hold it there for a few seconds, letting me briefly put my arm around her. I sometimes called Kate "Tina Turner" because at the beginning of Tina's version of "Proud Mary" she says, "You see we never ever do nothing nice and easy. We always do it nice and rough." That was Kate! She was a sweet dog who didn't know her own strength. She would quickly grab a treat by putting her mouth over all your fingers, but if I said, "Gentle" in a gentle voice before giving her the treat, she would take it very slowly and gently, but she had to be reminded every time since being gentle wasn't natural for Kate. But the one thing she did gently was to use her muzzle to move my hand if while petting her I inadvertently moved my hand to her rear end, because she did not like her hind quarters to be touched.

Although Kate's early years were a challenge, she turned into a wonderful companion for Suzy and me! Kate adored Suzy and would do anything if Suzy was doing it. Both dogs loved to walk, hike, ride in the truck, camp, and take road trips.

Suzy was the first one I lost, to kidney failure at about 15. Then 10 months later, I lost Kate to cancer at 14. After about 6 months, I started looking for another dog and found Bell at CVAS.

\*\*\*Bell (shelter name: Bell) -- a long-haired chihuahua mix



Bell was a year-old when I adopted her. She loves people and dogs. To hear her, you might not think she likes dogs because she can sound pretty nasty when she sees or hears a dog. But when she gets nose-to-nose with most dogs -- large and small -- she stops barking and wants to play, or at least hang out together. I've decided all the barking is her way of saying, "Get over here and play with me! Right now!!!"

We've worked with a trainer to help her be less reactive, and we're making progress. Bell's other problem when I adopted her was that she was not housebroken. She would have an "accident" in the house about every two weeks. I followed the recommendation to NOT reprimand her for the accidents when I didn't see them happening, and instead only say "No" when I saw

her in the act. After several months, I saw her squat on the carpet, I yelled "NO!", she jumped up as I said in a happy voice, "Let's go out!", we ran outside, and she finished her squat outside. She understood and has not had an accident since.

Like my other rescue dogs, Bell is a wonderful companion. She likes to hike, walk, ride, travel, and even kayak with me (of course wearing her own tiny life vest). She loves her toys, loves to run in our fenced back yard, and is excellent at playing fetch. Being that Bell is only six pounds, my friends thought she wouldn't be able to keep up with me when walking or hiking. They were wrong. I have trouble keeping up with her! Those tiny legs are like lightening!

## STANLEY'S STORY



My name is Stanley and I found my family in March 2005. When I left the shelter my human parents took me to a home where both a brown and black lab lived. I was so excited to have some playmates. This was going to be the best home ever! However those two dogs were not so playful. They just wanted to rest and take naps when I wanted to play. I heard my humans say they were a lot "older" than me and that was why they were not as active. I managed to fit in with my new family despite my being so much younger than those two dogs. Sadly, after a couple of years both of them

left me and by February 2008 I was the only fur kid in the home. I felt like the king of the palace, but I was a bit lonely.

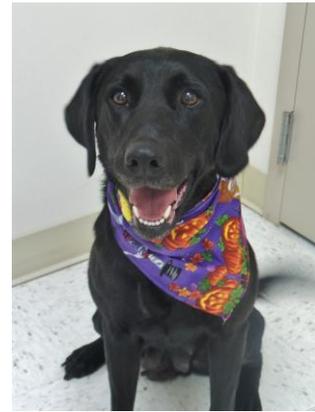
In May 2008 my humans took me to the shelter to visit a little black dog named Betsy. She seemed like a friendly dog. Were they going to take her home to live with me? Yes, they did and we had fun together. I liked how every now and then we would "escape" from our yard and run free. But I don't think our humans liked it very much. Betsy was very good at escaping. She even got out after my humans put in a new chain link fence. I think she squeezed out from under it somehow. Betsy was with my family until November 2013. My humans talked about her "heart condition" and said how she should not get overexcited. One day when she saw another dog, she got too excited, passed out and was gone. I really missed her and so did my humans.



In December 2013 my humans once again took me to the shelter to meet another little black dog named Butchie. He was very lively and friendly. He liked my humans a lot so I wondered if he was going to come home with us like Betsy did. A few days later he joined our family, but they called him Gonzo. All he wants to do is play with a big red toy. My humans take him outside, they throw the toy, he catches it, he brings it back and they keep doing this over and over. That's way too much activity for me. I prefer to sit in the yard or on the deck and watch. Sometimes Gonzo tries to play with me but I am older now and don't feel like playing. He'll chase me around the house and I have to hide behind a chair or jump up on the sofa to

get away from him. Every now and then I chase Gonzo, but it is so exhausting. I am so much happier just resting and taking naps. Hmm, isn't that what the brown and black labs did when I came to live with them in 2005? Now I understand why.

I am adding more to my story since my humans got another dog to join our family. In 2015 my human mom found out about a young black lab who was rescued from a hoarder. Her name was Tate Tot and she had puppies after she was brought to the shelter. I never got to meet the puppies, I'm sure they would have been way too active for me. Gonzo & I went to meet her in the summer of 2015 and we got along just fine. My humans brought her home to live with us in September and they changed her name to Tillie.



Now let me tell you...she and Gonzo are very active together. Now I get to sit and watch both of them play in the yard. When Gonzo plays with his big red toy, Tillie plays with her black ball. My humans throw the toys and they both run fast to bring them back. Again, I am happy just watching all the activity.

Since I wrote the first part of this story I have become less active. I seldom go up & down stairs because my joints ache. I need to walk on rugs because I can slip easily on bare floors. My humans are taking very good care of me, making sure that I am comfortable in the house. They walk me outside because I have trouble using the doggie door. I have been with them for 12 years and I hope that I can be around for a while longer. Gonzo, Tillie and I are living wonderful lives with our humans. We love them so much!

(Human family note: Stanley said goodbye to us July 10, 2017. We miss him and love him forever.)



## CLEO AND BUSTER



Back in late June or early July 2002 we went to CVAS with some donations and to give them an update on Holli who we had adopted in February of that year.

While there we decided to look at the cats while we were there with no intent on adopting another at that time. Little did we know what lay ahead, We came to a cage with 2 kittens in it approximately 10 weeks old. One was a calico female and one was a gray and black tabby male with a white chest and belly.

The calico was at the front of the cage with front paws reaching out through the bars trying desperately to get our attention. Meanwhile her brother was nestled in the back corner of the cage playing shy and hard to get.

As Barb was petting the calico and saying how cute she was but we didn't want to adopt her and split them up...I noticed a sign in the room saying it was adopt one get one free. The rest, as they say, is history.

They are now 15 years old (as of last April. We use our anniversary as their birthday based on their age at adoption).

We named them Cleo and Buster and they have been a wonderful addition to our family.

They are slowing down now in their senior years much like us I suppose, but they still make us smile and yes frustrated too at times...but those times are infrequent.

They both will regularly (usually at night when we have gone upstairs for the night) pick up a toy in their mouth and make that somewhat eerie meow or yowl as they carry it to us.

## PARKER JAMES

I always wanted a Boxer. I waited 30 years to get a Boxer dog and when I did, I spoiled him rotten. I loved my Jackson as much as I love my Ducky (and that's a whole heck of a lot!!) But, as fate would have it, At just over 3 years old and just 4 months after he walked down the aisle in my wedding, my Jackson died suddenly of congestive heart failure. I was absolutely inconsolable. My sweet baby was gone. I decided on my day off that week, to go to CVAS and help them move to their new location, take my mind off my loss. At the shelter, I met a sweet little dog named Emily. I helped move Emily to the new CVAS location. I later came to find out Emily had been pregnant (much to everyone's surprise!!) The day after the move, January 27, 2013, Emily gave birth to 6 puppies! In my state of sadness and loss, I saw these puppies...and one looked like a little tiny brown Boxer. I followed this boy through his puppyhood at the shelter and in April of 2013, Luke and I decided to adopt Parker James.

Parker is definitely NOT a Boxer (we actually had DNA testing done), he is 40 pounds of sweet, silly, and INCREDIBLY smart. He is a Canine Good Citizen. He has done agility. He has been to parks and fairs and therapy events and even schools. P James as he is known to his friends helped our incredibly broken hearts to start to heal. He helped our Katie dog to get over the loss of her brother, Jackson and he brought love and joy and laughter back into our home. At the vets office one day, Parker was standing beside me and put his paws gently on my legs and one of the girls says, "Parker has black hair over his shoulders, I've heard markings like those are called angel wings".When we were lost and sad, CVAS gave us a missing piece to our family and helped us to move on from the hurt and loss we were feeling. Parker has been an angel to us in our time of grief and continues to bring laughter and joy to our lives every day.



## HAMILTON



In 2010, we adopted a 1-year-old Shepherd-Lab mix from the Cumberland Valley Animal Shelter, and we named him Hamilton. The day that we brought him home, as I prepared his tie-out in the back yard, he (literally) sat on my wife's feet as if to say, "I'm yours now; you're not going anywhere." Since that day, Hamilton has been a part of our family.

It hasn't always been easy; we struggled with his separation anxiety and worked hard to make him feel less stressed. A few suggested that we return him to the shelter, but that was never an option for us; he was part of our family, and we were going to make things better. And we did.

Over the last 7 years, we have become attached to him just as he as become attached to us. He greets us every morning with enthusiastic thumps of his tail on the floor. He spends his days watching chipmunks in our backyard, chewing on his bone, and of course, napping. He insists on taking a walk every evening (and I do mean



every evening; not rain, sleet, nor snow can deter Hamilton). His separation anxiety is manageable now, though he is pretty thrilled to see us when we return home after a short trip. He makes us smile every day, and we're so glad we found him. We're pretty



sure he's glad he found us, too.

# GUNNER

This is our sweet Pitbull Gunner (originally called Thor). My husband & I went to visit the

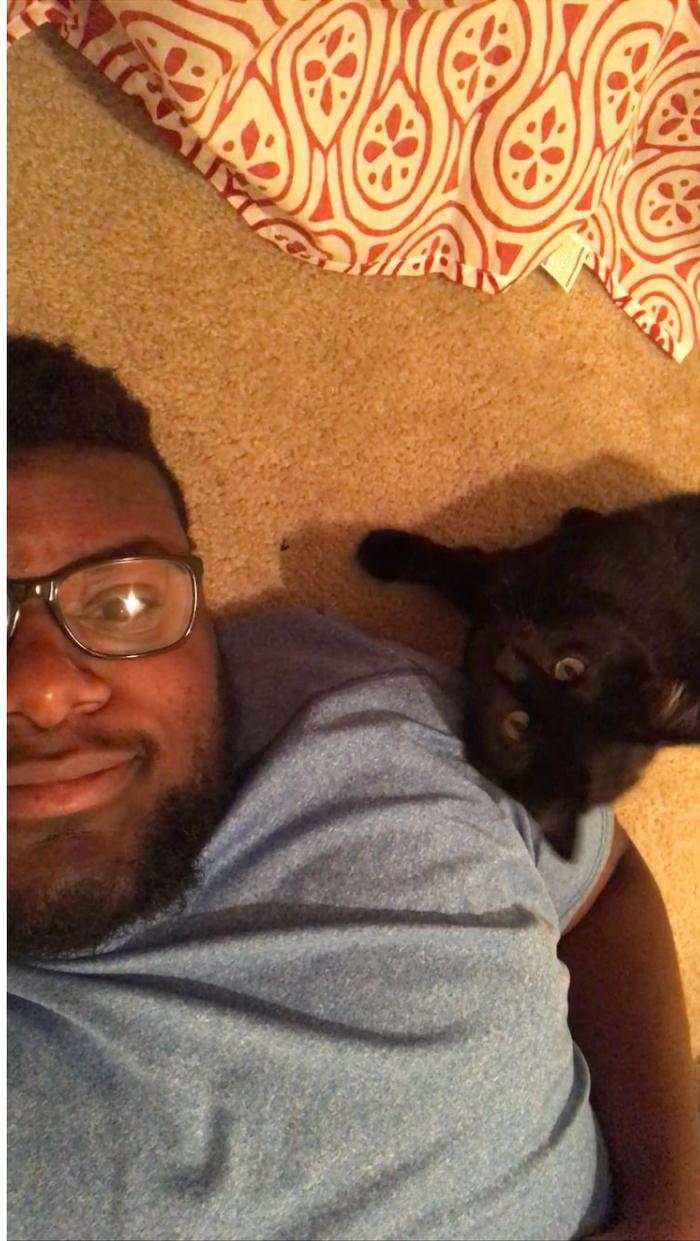


shelter just to socialize with the dogs 2 years ago, & my husband immediately gravitated towards him. We walked Gunner & took him outside to play, & put in an application for him that day. He's the most stubborn dog I've ever met. He eats everything he can, he destroys all the toys he can, but he's so gentle & sweet you can't help but love him. He's around 5 but is young at heart & plays all day with our other Pitbull (& tries to play with our Pomeranian). CVAS put a video on Facebook of him walking under a coat on the back of a chair, because he liked the way it felt on his back, & he still does that - he walks through my closet & under the shower curtain. He pushes his way into the bathroom if he thinks my shower is too long & sticks his head in the shower. He follows my husband everywhere & likes to get under the car with him in the garage. Gunner loves to sleep under the covers & pushes his way into the bed. We love him so much & our house wouldn't be the same without him. -Kaitlyn



## BELLATRIX

Bellatrix has been amazing. She is so friendly and loves cuddling up and watching tv. She's perfect.



## BERNIE

This was Bernie who we adopted in 2006. He just passed away 4 years ago! He was such a good dog and loved very much! He was my Mom's, sister's & my dog.

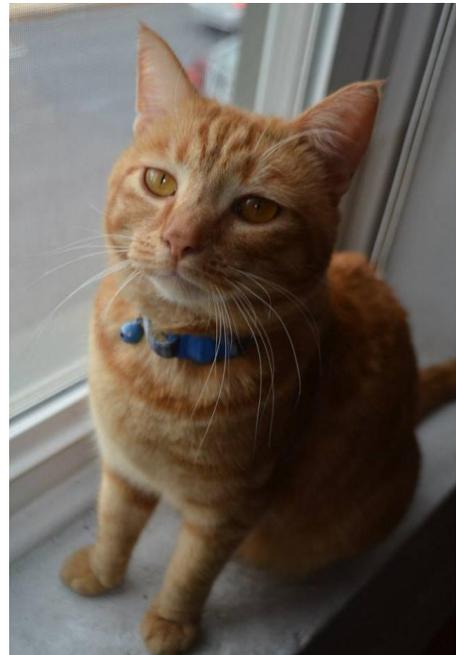


## CASTIEL

Castiel (original name at shelter Ray-Ray), adopted April 2013, orange tabby cat

Cas was about a year-old when I adopted him, he's now a healthy 5-year-old. At the time, I was a single woman living by myself and honestly, I was lonely. I had never had my own pet on my own before, as I was on my own for about two months. But I knew I wanted a furry companion.

Cas has been a life-saver. He is my constant companion, never letting me sleep uncuddled or without a paw somewhere near my face. I struggle with anxiety and depression and Cas being around has been a



big help. He seems to know if I've had a rough day and if there is an inch on the couch next to me, he's finding a way to worm himself into it for belly rubs. Even now, he has made sure to let me remember he's the first "man" in my life, and takes to sleeping on my boyfriend's head :P I know that Cas chose me that day at the shelter for a reason and I don't know what I'd do without him  
Thanks!

## DUCKY AND SCOTCH

I thought I would send you some info about my babies adopted from CVAS. I worked at the shelter for 6 years...in 6 years, I never took an animal home. I was known for finding fosters for pets and the people couldn't give them up...i.e.they became foster fails 😊 I was always much more of a dog person than a cat person. I liked cats just fine, I had just grown up with dogs and never really thought of having cats. One day, a woman walked in with a carrier and it was completely duct taped shut. We took the carrier to the back and unwrapped it, not sure what to expect inside. Out walked a large orange and white cat, covered in sores and skinny. We named him Ducky after all the Duct tape. Ducky came to us on April 15 and for 6 months he sat, waiting for a home. He got



healthy and gained weight...and waited. I was working later in the evenings at this time and started leaving Ducky out to wander while I worked. I really grew attached to him. Then, one day, I got the call. Ducky had been adopted. I was happy he had a home...devastated it wasn't with me. My boyfriend at the time said "If he ever comes back, you can have him...no questions asked". Well, 2 weeks later, we got a phone call that Ducky wasn't settling in. He was described as antisocial, aggressive towards dogs and even having accidents outside of the litter box. The new owner was not willing to work with him and he was returned. Ducky has been with me ever since. 12 years at this point. I love my Bird more than anything in this WORLD!!! Anyone that knows me, will tell you, Ducky is perfect. He has never done anything the previous owner described. He is my pride and joy. My sweet best boy. The love of my life. He is known as Ducky, D and/or Bird. He is the most personable and lovable cat I have ever met in my life. He LOVES to snuggle. He greets people at the door. He started out an only cat and has since welcomed 3 other cats and countless dogs (both

mine and fosters) into our home. He has been through so many life events with me. Our first apartment, first house, break ups, my wedding, and most recently when we bought our own farm. Ducky LOVES to sit and watch the birds out the sliding glass door. I

could not ask for a better cat. Not long after we got him, I thought he seemed lonely. We ventured back to CVAS and my boyfriend picked a friend for Ducky. Scotch came to live with us (she had been brought in as a stray in a Scotch box). They have been inseparable and best friends ever since!



## LEXI AND CARLITO

I'm sending this message to tell you about our two loves that we got from CVAS. First came Lexi, a little terrier mix, who was named Chestnut at the shelter. We adopted her in October 2007. She is now 10 years old. We can't imagine life without her! She makes me laugh literally every day, she is there for me when I am sad or having a bad



day, she is my walking buddy, and my snuggler. I love her with all my heart. We adopted Carlito in 2010 and he was estimated to be 6 years old at the time. He was a sweet little chihuahua. We couldn't change his name because it was just too



perfect! When people would find out what his name was, they would laugh and say how fitting it was. We recently lost our sweet boy in May 2017 at the age of 13. Carlito loved toys, which was one of the first things they told us at the shelter! He always carried them around like they were his prized possessions. He also loved to eat and would run to get a toy to play when he knew he was getting fed. Carlito wouldn't hurt a soul. He was so gentle and so loved.

We really could never have gotten two better dogs. They got along great and they are loved so very much. They even get to go on yearly trips to the beach! CVAS will always be very dear to us because it is where we got our two best friends <3

