



Missy's Coincidence

Do you believe in coincidences? We recently had a dog come to us by a rare set of circumstances and she even sooner became an adopted happy tale by another set of rare circumstances!

Missy, a small pointer mix, originally rescued from a pound less than a year ago, lived in Zanesville with a single mother who came upon hard times and did the unthinkable, she turned Missy out on the streets to fend for herself.

A kind resident of Zanesville, who knew of Missy's dilemma, took her in and found a home for her 125 miles away near Salem! Upon arrival at the arranged meeting place Missy's benefactor found herself waiting alone for Missy's "to be" new parents. Having waited for over an hour and realizing she had left her cell phone at home, she had no way to reach the new pet owner. One of Columbiana County's finest saw her predicament and asked if he could help. After being told Missy's story the deputy told the woman that possibly Alchemy could help. With a police escort Missy arrived at Alchemy!

A few days later Alchemy received a phone inquiry from a husband and wife that had recently lost their dog due to health reasons. Missy seemed to fit the bill so they came to visit and fell in love. Soon, the wife was telling us the story of how she met one of the Alchemy Team members eight years before at a dentist's office in Boardman. *-Eight years ago, our volunteer was waiting on her daughter's surgery to be over when she received a call from the Alchemy office saying that one of our Alchemy dogs, Louie, was at the Mahoning County Dog Pound and going to be put to sleep. The pound simply would not hold off putting him to sleep and she had to go right away and get him! Not knowing her way around the area a nice lady in the same waiting room overheard the problem and offered to let her follow her to the pound. Problem solved, or so she thought! At the pound a fee had to be paid in cash, no personal checks! Once again the Good Samaritan came to the rescue and cashed a personal check of someone she did not even know! Louie was rescued, and a magnetic Alchemy business card was handed out and hung on the Good Samaritan's refrigerator for eight years when the family would call to adopt a dog.-*

Little did any of us know that a chance meeting of an Alchemy supporting police officer with a dog rescuer and an encounter at a surgeon's office eight years prior with dog lover would create a new family. Only a few days after their dog crossed the rainbow bridge, a grieving family and a lonely dog would be united to heal each other's hearts, all due to the random acts of kindness by many strangers.

We have since heard back from Missy and her family and despite the constant transfer of ownership in her former life having left Missy with separation anxiety, she is doing well. Luckily her fur-ever family will be working with her every minute and loving her every step of the way, no matter how many expensive items she's ruined!!

Bad Dog? Jake Can't Catch a Break

Originally bred in a puppy mill, Jake the Jack Russell found himself in a shelter. During his 10 month stay there, no home ever stuck. When Jake turned two (he is nearly three years old now) he was turned in to Alchemy because he had developed quite the bite/nip and growl record. Jake is actually a good dog despite the number of times he has been told he's bad. There's just a few things he doesn't like, long car rides, baths, loud noises, crates and being shuffled from home to shelter to home more times than we can count in 18 months. Jake has a classic case of anxiety due to inconsistent and unstable lifestyle and unavoidably, neglect of love. Just imagine, if you had to change homes against your will every few weeks, you'd be in a bad mood too. All Jake's ever been told is how bad he is. Sadly, here at Alchemy, we also placed him in what the people told us was an understanding, loving home only for Jake to come back to us a few days later. So now, we've promised Jake that the next home will be his last, it will be his fur-ever loving and understanding home! Jake is a good boy. He loves to play, go for walks, cuddle under blankets, and play with other dogs. But Jake does have triggers that motivate bad behaviors (don't we all). Are you the patient and understanding family Jake needs??



How lucky is Lucky?



Meet Lucky. 9 year old Spitz/terrier mix. This is his story.

"My name right now, is Lucky. My very first owners called me something else but it's been so long ago and so much has happened that all I know now is that my name is Lucky. Nearly 5 years ago I'm not sure what happened but I never saw my family again. They taught me so much. They taught me tricks, not to "take care of my business" in the house, they taught me about love and most importantly, how to be a good dog. Next thing I knew I was behind bars in a place the other dogs called the pound. I didn't understand, the people there said I only had a week to find a new home. What's a week? As a dog, we don't tell time, not really, just what our people tell us. They said I was lucky because I was so pretty and nice. They said I'd find a home. I did. Soon a family came for me. They took me away from the "pound" and named me Lucky because I had survived. I hope my friends found families and made it out too. I heard scary stories while I was there.

My new family took good care of me. And once again, I had earned the proud title of a good dog. I loved my new mom and she loved me. She was home all the time and we did everything together! We spent our days going for walks, talking, taking naps, playing, cooking (I was designated taste tester) and visiting family. I finally understood why they called me Lucky and I was proud to be the faithful friend of somebody who loved me so much.

A few years later, I started having pain in my head and eyes, things started getting fuzzy and dark. Thankfully mom noticed and took me to the doctors for an extra checkup. The doctor shined all sorts of lights in my eyes and did tests. Mom was sad because the doctor said I had Glaucoma in both eyes and if the medicine didn't help I would have to have surgery to have my eyes removed. The doctor sent us away with drops to put in my eyes every day. Once again Mom called me a good dog for taking my medicine so nicely. I love my mom. She takes such good care of me. A few months later the doctor ran tests on my eyes again and called me Lucky! Not because of my name but because the medicine was working and I wouldn't have to have my eyes removed. Mom said that it paid off naming me Lucky! The only thing is that my world kept getting darker. These days I can't see a thing!! Although I'm legally blind everyone says that I'm still very lucky to keep my eyes.

It's been a year now since I've seen anything. I miss seeing my mom. But my hearing is fine! And I can navigate around a room really well once I've been around it a time or two. Mom was always clapping her hands and talking to me to help me find my way. I wish I could help her the way she helps me. Now, mom is sick. I tried to help. If she would stumble I would bark for help but there was no one around to hear. My mom's human children were visiting more often and having very serious conversations. They hardly ever laughed anymore. Now mom's gone, they took her away to a "home". It sounds to me like a pound but they call it a home. I stayed with my mom's daughter and her kids for a while. She was nice but the kids were loud and didn't like me that much which made me nervous. The other dog there really didn't like me. I think he was jealous and thought I was going to replace him. I knew that even though I felt lost, all I long for is my mom's voice calling me a good dog once more. I was lucky a family took me in, they were familiar and talked to me about my mom. I guess though that I made the family uncomfortable somehow. Was it that I need eye drops twice a day? Was it that their dog didn't like me? Was it that I pestered them when I needed to go outside? Was I whining too much because I missed my mom? Was I not a good dog?

These are the things I think about now as I lay on the floor of the office of what my people called an animal sanctuary. I haven't been here long so I don't know what this place is. The people seem nice. They keep telling me I'm a good boy and that it will be okay but I miss my mom and my life. I keep listening for her to call my name. I felt scared for the first few days but I'm feeling a bit more secure now. It's not the pound, but it's not a home. I think it's an in-between place, where I wait for my next home. I hope a family comes for me soon. These people have promised me that they would find a nice family to become my fur-ever home. I just need to get lucky one more time."

Lucky came to Alchemy the second week of October 2015. He needs eye drops twice a day and eye exams every 3-6 months. And most importantly, Lucky needs a home. Please step forward if you or someone you know would want to love Lucky for his last few years. Or if you'd like to help, perhaps you could foster Lucky or sponsor his medical care. Please send donations directly to the sanctuary or inquire by phone,

330-332-4897.