

Dear Care Cadets



A letter to you
from
Molly Gaffney

**As told to the LADY
Lee Gaffney**

Dear Care Cadets,

Hi!

My name is Molly...
Molly Gaffney.

I am writing to you to
help you
understand
that ***your*** work with
the LA/SPCA
and the work ***of***
the LA/SPCA
are really
important.



*This is me in on my
Adoption Day
I was a 9 month old scared puppy*

You see, I was adopted from the LA/SPCA.

Here's my story.

When I was a little puppy, I lived with a young couple
who didn't really know a lot about dogs.

The **MAN** tried to housebreak me by
kicking me when I had an accident. It was AWFUL!

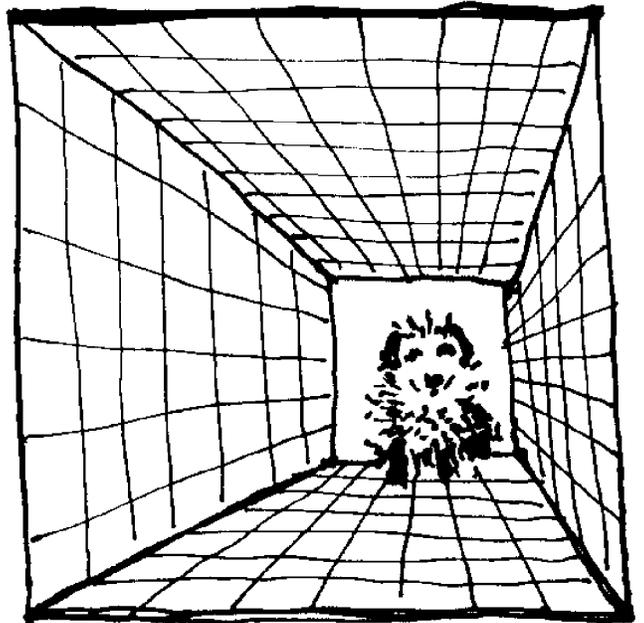
I was really afraid of him. He made me afraid of most
MEN, too.

They cared enough about me to have me spayed, but
didn't care enough about me to learn how to help me
become a good dog
and an important part of their family.

After about 9 months, the **MAN** gave up on me and dropped me off at the LA/SPCA.



When I got there, I was really **SCARED**. I had never been alone in a small cage. There were so many strange noises and smells and **soooooo** many other dogs. I had no idea where I was or what was going to happen to me.



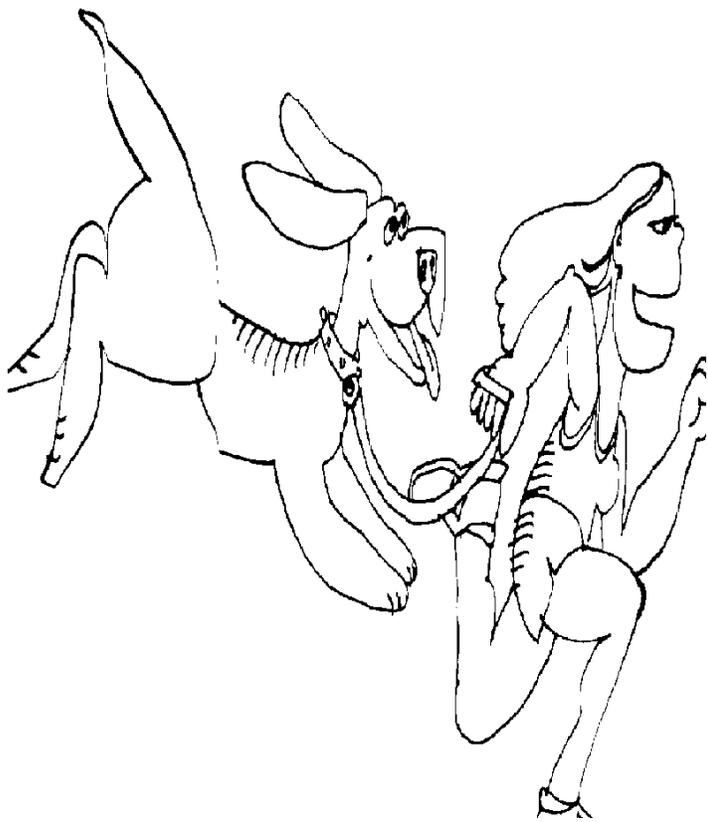
It was AWFUL!

Then I met my kennel keeper.

He was really nice.

He would come in every day and feed me, clean my cage and talk to me.

Sometimes, if he had time, he would even play with me a little. I liked that.



It was great to have a new friend in this strange place, even if it was a **MAN!**

Once in a while, on really special days, a volunteer would come to me and take me outside.

WOW! OUTSIDE!

We would play and walk and just talk and be together. I really liked that. But it didn't happen very often, at least not often enough for me.



I kept noticing something that I didn't understand. Several times a day, people would walk past all of the cages and look at all of us. Sometimes they would stop and talk and point and put their fingers in the cages to touch the **other** dogs. They never stopped at my cage. I guess I wasn't much to look at. I kept hearing the words "fuzzy" and "muttly" as they passed me by.

I was really getting **L O N E S O M E**.

Then one day a lady and a little boy came into the kennel area.

I watched them as they walked around to each one of the cages and kept passing them all.

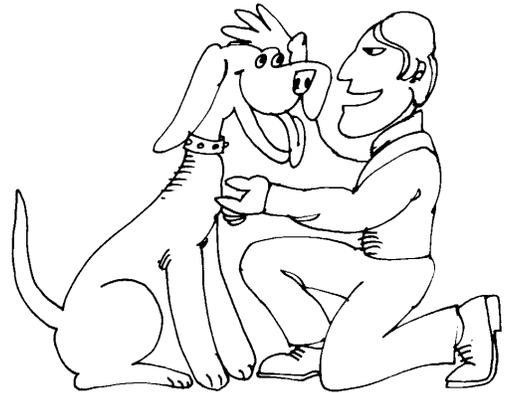
Then it was my turn.

When they came to my cage, the lady shouted “She’s it! She’s the dog I want!” The little boy said

“Yeah...she’s really cute!” **CUTE?**

ME? Can you imagine?

Naturally, I liked them, too.



Well, that was my **BIG** day.

I was adopted by the **LADY** and the **LITTLE BOY!**

They brought me to their house to live with their other dogs.

It was a nice house with a big yard and a **MAN!**

EEEEEEK!

At first, I spent a lot of time under the bed being afraid of the **MAN**.



Fortunately, **this MAN** was really nice and worked hard to help me like him. He never gave me any reason not to trust him. So, after a few weeks, we became good friends.

Soon I was sleeping on the pillow next to him with my head on his shoulder.

I feel really safe with him next to me. I think **this MAN** is pretty special.

Now, life is **good**.

One day the **LADY** said,

“Molly, the LA/SPCA took really good care of you when you needed it most. I think we should find a way to pay them back. I think we should join the **VISITING PET PROGRAM** and show other people how wonderful a rescued dog can be.”

She went on to explain that we would go to hospitals and nursing homes to visit people who couldn't have pets. All I had to do was sit next to them and let them pet me. I can handle that, I thought!

Lets see...I get to wear a nifty scarf, take a nice ride in the car,

get scratched and petted by people for an hour and then ride home having spent all of that time with the **LADY**.

All I have to do is **NOT POOP** in the building.

I know I can do that and it sounded like fun!



*This is me on a visit at Ochsner
Hospital
I made another new friend!*

Well, that was 5 years ago.
The LADY and I have been to
visit people all over town.
I've even been on radio and
television!

And you know what?

Visiting really **is** fun!

I can't wait to go to "work".

When I see the **LADY** put on
her special T-shirt I know I am
going for a visit. I run to the
closet to get my leash and
scarf. It's hard to control my

excitement. Sometimes I bark with joy a little too much! I
am really tired after a visit, but it's a good tired. It's a tired
that comes from having fun and helping people who are

L O N E S O M E

like I was once!

One day we had a really special visit at Ochsner Hospital. We met a little girl named Hannah who had been in a coma for 10 days after she was hit by a car while riding her bike. The **LADY** explained that Hannah was sleeping really, really hard and I should try to wake her.

I could tell the little girl was very sick because she didn't move or talk and she looked kind of sad.

Her mother looked sad, too.

The **LADY** put me on the bed right next to Hannah and I tried to wake her like I wake the

LADY and the **MAN** every morning. I licked her face

very gently and I **snuggled** close to her. Suddenly, Hannah's closed eyes started to twitch like she was trying to open them! Hannah's mother was very excited.



*That's me with Hannah about 2 years after her accident. Doesn't she look great!
We have grown to be very close friends*

Hannah's mom told Hannah my name and to try and reach for me to pet me. To everyone's amazement, Hannah picked up her arm and tried to reach for me. I just laid there as still as I could. I knew it was an important time. I waited to see what I was supposed to do next. I was told to move around the bed. Hannah was told where I was and to try to reach for me. Hannah responded **every time!** Hannah's mother got very, very excited. Apparently Hannah had not responded to anyone else. Her mother didn't know that Hannah could hear and that she could follow instructions. I helped her mother know that Hannah was going to be O.K.

People have given me a lot of credit for doing something special for Hannah, but I was just doing my **job**.

Just another day in the life of a

VISITING PET.



*This is my whole family
the **LADY**, the **MAN**(in the Santa suit-
I told you he was nice!) the **LITTLE BOY**
and my sisters **MAGOO** and **POOKIE**
and my brother **HERSHEY**.
Can you find **HERSHEY**?*



*This is **GINNY BELL**.
She just joined our family.
She hopes to be a
Visiting Pet someday soon*

Our pet family has grown to include 5
dogs, 3 birds, some fish,
a mom and dad Sugar Glider
and some other critters

the **LITTLE BOY** keeps in his room
but I am not allowed to see them!



*This is me with **POOKIE** and **MAGOO**
We are the Visiting Pets in our house!*

Two of the other dogs go
to work with me as
Visiting Pets.
Even after all this time, I
still
look forward to each new
visit

Now, think about it.

None of this would have happened
if it had not been for the caring people at the



LA/SPCA.

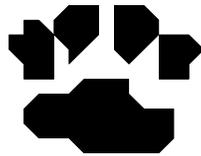
I can now do good work
because of the good work that is done at the LA/SPCA.
You are an important part of that good work.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

Thank you from **all** the animals who benefit from
your hard work.

You just never know when one of the animals you help
just might help someone else.

With love from your friend,



Molly Gaffney



Molly Gaffney

1987-2004

Active volunteer with the
Visiting Pet Program

1991-2002

Molly's book was written in 1996
especially for the Care Cadet Campers.