

Taking care of Honey



This is Honey

By Sandy Williams
THS Executive Director

Anyone with a heart could not help but follow the recent stories in the news concerning the raid on the Memphis Animal Shelter and the horrible cruelty that was exposed as a result of the raid. If the new mayor of Memphis doesn't do another thing while he is in office, he was won my support and respect for the rest of his life.

When I opened my copy of The Commercial Appeal and saw the picture of dog #199287, I literally broke down in tears. How could any animal suffer so much under the care of people that were supposedly hired to care for him? It is my hope that everyone associated with that shelter is terminated and prosecuted to the fullest for their actions.

Now I want to tell you about dog #1277 of the Tunica Humane Society Shelter. I named her Honey. Honey didn't get to this condition while in the care of the Humane Society. She suffered her whole life at the hands of someone that lives right here in Tunica County. She was picked up in the Hambrick area after citizens complained about a starving dog that had appeared out of the woods nearby.

Honey's ears were cut off either by a butcher knife or a pair of sheers and the jagged edges left to heal on their own. She had suffered a recent blow to the side of her head and her left eye was swollen almost completely shut. The rest of her body was covered in bite marks and open wounds where she had fought for her very survival with a body so weak from starvation. There was no way she could defend herself. She was completely used up, but she still didn't give up.

I don't know what kept Honey alive against all odds. It is obvious she had been tortured her whole life. Maybe it was the faith that she would eventually find someone that cared about her. Someone who would try to protect her. Someone that would love her.

That is where the Humane Society comes in. When Honey came to us, the first thing we tried to do was feed her. It looked like it had been weeks since she had been fed. She tried to eat but her food came right back up. She was so weak, she could barely stand on her own. I knew in my heart that it was too late for Honey.

I gathered her up in a soft blanket and placed her in the seat next to me as I drove to the vet. She managed to crawl over my console and lick me on the side of my face several times. She never took her eyes off of me during the 20 minute drive. I think she knew she had finally found someone who would protect and love her. Someone who would ease her pain.

While we waited to see the doctor, Honey laid quietly at my feet. She acted as if she had been my dog her entire life. Even when the doctor was poking and prodding her body, she kept her eyes focused on mine. Unfortunately, her body had become so weak that she could not withstand any kind of medical treatment and the decision was made to let her peacefully go. I cradled her head in my arms and as she looked into my eyes. She licked my hands and then she was gone.

The only comfort here is that at the end of her life, Honey knew that she mattered to someone. She knew because she could see it in my eyes.

Please contact your legislators concerning the need for tougher laws on animal cruelty. Visit www.ms-fact.org for more information.