

## March 2002 Gazette

September 12, 2001

At the time this article is published in the Gazette, months will have passed since this date I know as 911 day, September 11, 2001. My concerns as I drove to work that Tuesday morning were whether or not the show entries I mailed for a big show at the end of the month were going to get to the superintendent in time. And hoping the entry would be majors, and no one would break them ringside. I was late in getting my draft done for this column and had planned to work on it during the day. Late for the typical reasons; writer's-block, and whelping two litters of puppies right in the middle of canning season and hoping the "big topic" would just pop into my head. My biggest concern was whether or not my neighbor was going to put up a tall stockade fence next to my chain link fence. They had recently gotten two pit bull mix puppies and I was concerned for the safety of my dogs when their pups got big enough to climb the fence. Their friends had bred their mixed Boxer/Pit bitch to a Vizsla male and she had 14 puppies. The bitch became aggressive after whelping and the SPCA was called in to destroy the bitch and the pups all had to be hand raised. My plan was to base my article on this story and responsible pet ownership and breeding.

Shortly after arriving at work all of the above became so insignificant as a phone call sent us running to the TV in the break room to watch horror unfold live. Like others in the world, we sat there shocked and shaken. My Gazette column forgotten as I forced my self to walk away from the TV and go back to work and do payroll for our 400 employees. America was in shock, but people still needed to be paid. There were still insurance applications to processes, COBRA notifications to send out. How hard it is to go about the normal daily business, when a horror is taking place and America is suffering.

By the time I got home I was numb from television news. Everything I was so concerned about that morning no longer mattered. Things I had thought were a big deal were just no longer significant. I watched the news that night till I could not watch any longer. I put the dogs to bed for the night and little Hazel slipped through the gate and made a bee-line for upstairs and my bed. I didn't have the heart to chase the little imp and bring her back downstairs. Numb, I fell asleep only to wake to the radio news and reality. It was real, it had happened, it was still right there in our face. Little Hazel reminded me sweetly that I had responsibilities down stairs. Dogs to let out, puppies to tend to. All expecting their usual hugs and kisses and not understanding why mommy was so quiet. I could not help but wonder about the pets whose owners did not come home that night and if anyone would get them and care for them.

The lawn will get mowed, the garden tended. Somewhere there will be a dog show this weekend, and the next weekend and life will go on and each week it will pick up speed in it's return to normalcy. But today I cannot define "normal." And I doubt if the same things that could "make the wild hair flair" will ever have the same effect on me again. I hope by the time this is published that America is well into the healing process and that we gain strength from each other and treat each other with a renewed kindness and consideration. Perhaps the same kindness and consideration we so freely give to our pets, and we receive back from them unconditionally.

There seemed to be no sense in scolding the dogs for eating my snapdragons this morning. The puppies were opening their eyes and seeing their world for the first time. If I could, I would close my eyes and not open them until the world is a better place. But even as I write this I know that my dogs are going to reach into my heart and deposit their love and understanding. They will offer comfort and love with their unique ability to heal the heart. They will pull from me a strength I seem unable to find in myself this day.

By the time you read this months will have passed. I'll read this again myself and remember. I'll never feel the same about those small things that seemed so important to me before that Tuesday morning. Not a dog show, or missed point, broken major or demolished flower beds. Shows and Specialties and Nationals will take place. People will gather and start to laugh again. This is all part of the healing process. We will "agree to disagree" about our different opinions via the internet and in person. We will remember, but we will have

grown stronger – together. (Respectfully submitted by: Faith K. Gordon, 15 Elkhart St., Lackawanna, NY 14218 [maudminpin@aol.com](mailto:maudminpin@aol.com)) Please visit the MPCA website at: [www.minpin.org](http://www.minpin.org)