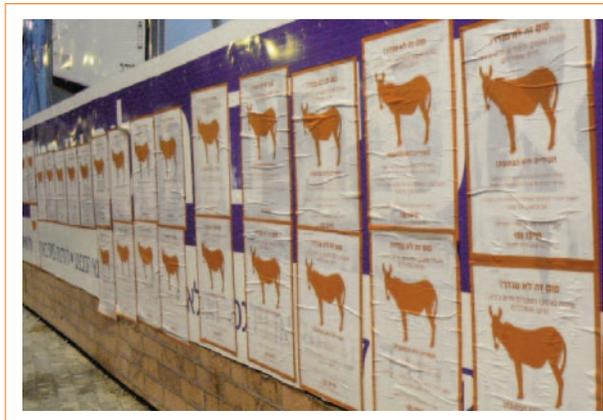




Working To Prevent Animal Abuse

Hakol Chai, CHAI's sister charity in Israel, continues its campaign to make annual licensing and inspection of horses and donkeys mandatory to prevent their abuse, and to ensure that existing regulations are enforced.

A key factor in bringing about positive change is to make the public aware of the problem and to let them know how they can help. **Masses of posters throughout Jaffa, the old part of Tel Aviv where horses and donkeys are used as beasts of burden, urge people to open their eyes to the abuse and to report it to the municipality.** For more information, see www.chai-online.org/horse_abuse.htm.



Ongoing, regularly scheduled demonstrations and information tables in Tel Aviv continue to educate the public about the cruelties of the racing industry (see photos below). England's Department of Environment, Food and Rural Affairs recently announced that just two slaughterhouses in England alone kill 6-10,000 horses a year and send the meat to France to be eaten. Many of them are ex-race horses.

A horse can only be sold for consumption if the animal is bled immediately after death. For this reason, sometimes when a horse is injured, rather than put him or her down immediately, an owner who purchased a horse for profit makes the animal wait and suffer while being transported to the slaughterhouse.

If gambling on horse racing comes to Israel, the country will either have to go into the business of mass slaughtering of horses, or it will have to enter the cruel live animal transport trade.

Please contribute to CHAI's campaign to prevent gambling on horse racing from entering Israel.



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In Memory of Snofkin

by Nina Natelson



She was the one no one wanted, the last still waiting to be adopted. Named for an Israeli cartoon character, little Snofkin was no match for the larger dogs at the boarding facility. Her entire arsenal of threats to potential aggressors consisted of blood-curdling noises and bared teeth. No one ever heard such varied and chilling sounds emitted from a single dog, especially one so small. At our main adoption event, all the mothers gave her a wide berth.

“That one bites,” each one cautioned others who approached, shepherding their children toward the

seemingly less feisty pups. A bundle of energy, she tantalizingly incited the entire mob of dogs into frenzied rowdiness. The head of the kennel dubbed her “the terrorist.”

“She starts it, but the others finish it,” the kennel manager said. “Anyone can take food or a bone right out of her mouth and she won’t resist.” The fact was, she had never bitten anyone.

“Tell that to the mothers,” I thought.

Each time I came to the kennel to check on the dogs remaining to be adopted, she raced to the front, reared up on her hind legs, and pawed excitedly at the gate.

“She can’t stay in the kennel forever,” the manager said.

I agreed to foster her till somehow, I found someone to adopt her. Thrilled to be released from confinement, she squirmed so on my lap as we drove that I sentenced her to the back seat. From there, she leaned forward and perched her head on my shoulder, the very picture of sweetness and innocence.

“Why couldn’t you behave like this at the adoption event!?,” I chastised.

Once home, she set about the more serious business of mass destruction. One set of living room drapes, one rug, one suitcase, two pairs of shoes, three books, three pairs of glasses, several cd’s and credit cards, and many dragged-in sticks later, she had firmly established that she could outshred an automatic grater. Her second talent seemed to be escaping through the tiniest opening between the fence and the house.

Roaming the neighborhood in search of high adventure, she dragged home many and varied trophies. Somewhere, a woman frantically searched for a missing sexy top, a mother checked under every stone for a baby’s missing red and blue Spiderman shoe and a yellow, plastic duck. Through the window, I caught a glimpse of a backyard strewn with colorful and unique objects. Surely someone in uniform would arrive at any moment to condemn the property.

Snofkin and my own, much larger dog became the best of friends, and soon, I was serenaded with the clanking of dueling dental sets accompanied by what sounded like a mixture of screeching cranes, baying wolves, and the revving of a boat engine. As I cuddled with our cats, Snofkin watched enviously, then plunked herself down in between us, eager for her share of the bounty. Longingly, she gazed up at me; busily, her tail lashed at them.

A born snuggler and avid licker, sometimes it was hard to imagine her in full lawn mower mode. Naturally, the moment my attention was diverted, she shredded the cats’ purr pads - soft squares on which they lay - leaving the living room dotted with tufts of white fuzz.

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In memory of Snofkin, *Continued from page 2*

“Who is going to adopt this bundle of destruction?” I thought. She peered up at me with huge, pleading eyes, her pug tail batting an allegro pace, in her mouth – extending out wider than her body - a blue velour bone that read “KOSHER.”

At last, long after all the other dogs had been placed, someone agreed to take her. “Hallelujah!” I cried. Finally, I was free! Yet surprisingly, I found myself thinking up all kinds of reasons why this was not the right placement for her. Reluctantly, I admitted that Snofkin had somehow, despite all logic, wiggled and squirmed her way into my heart.

Snofkin became the terror of our nearby dog park, hurling herself with abandon onto pit bulls and Great Danes. As always, she was all sound and fury, signifying nothing more than an overly energetic puppy. Whatever she started, others finished. Supremely content to have been the spark that ignited the commotion, she stretched out her full length on the sofa, four paws in the air, and dreamt deliciously of what she would shred next.

Tragically, Snofkin died at just 9 months old, from an undetectable and untreatable congenital heart condition. She made the most of every second of that time.

Please contribute to the Snofkin Memorial Fund in her memory, so we can make new lives possible for many others like her. Send your generous tax-deductible contribution to CHAI, POB 3341, Alexandria, VA 22302.



Sign up to receive our e-alerts: www.chai-online.org/signup.htm

THE RITUAL OF KAPPAROT

The ceremony of Kapparot (atonement) occurs between Rosh Hashanah (the Jewish New Year) and Yom Kippur (a day of repentance). Performed mainly by members of the ultra-Orthodox Hasidic Jewish Community, the ceremony consists of swinging chickens, by their legs, over people’s heads, symbolically transferring their sins to the bird. The chickens are then slaughtered and may or may not be given to the poor.

In NYC, Chicago, and Los Angeles, eyewitness accounts and videos have shown that for six days before the ceremony, the chickens are crammed in crates in their own excrement, without food, water, or shelter. With partially cut necks, they are stuffed into garbage bags.

Many are abandoned to die. These and other cruelties take place in front of children, traumatizing and de-sensitizing them.

Kapparot is not mentioned in the Torah or Talmud, the Jewish books of learning, and many Modern Orthodox Jews swing money over their heads instead of chickens, and then donate the money to charity. U.S. Orthodox Rabbis have urged better treatment of the chickens used in the kapparot ceremony, but have not urged substituting money for chickens.

Please send a **polite** letter to Rabbi Shlomo Hochberg, President, Rabbinical Council of America, 305 Seventh Avenue, 12th floor, New York, NY 10001, or send an email message to office@rabbis.org, asking him to advocate swinging money over people’s heads instead of chickens, in keeping with the many Jewish teachings that encourage compassion for animals. For more information, see www.chai-online.org/kapparot.htm.



You, our members, asked us for more stories about the dogs rescued in the war, and now celebrating their one year anniversary, so here they are...

A Tale of Two Dogs

Ashley and Devivon peeked out from the back of their crates, too shy to join the other puppies in greeting the families crowding around them at the adoption event made possible by CHAI members Rita and Barry Altman. The Altmans were indispensable, dividing their time between helping with adoptions outside and teaching humane attitudes toward animals based on religious principles to classes of children inside.



“How will anyone adopt Ashley and Devivon if they can’t see them,” I worried?

Whether their shyness was part of their personality or the effect of the war, no one could say. Discovered starving and dehydrated as missiles fell around them, for the first part of their lives, at least, terror had been their constant companion. Devivon had suffered from pneumonia and spent time in intensive care at a veterinary hospital. Would their little puppy paws ever find solid ground?



Gentle prodding, accompanied by treats, eventually succeeded in drawing Ashley out of her crate, but she shivered and shook so, everyone kept their distance so as not to frighten her more. In the face of her

extreme distress, Rita wrapped her in her arms, and in a soothing voice, reassured her that no harm would come to her.

The Altmans had only recently lost their beloved pit bull mix, Lacey, to a long illness. Lacey was found by their daughter years before, abused and abandoned on the streets of New York City. They were still feeling the pain of her loss. Moreover, their older dog, Nebish, was very particular about which dogs he would permit in his house. Now was not the time to consider bringing home a new pup.

Thank you for enabling CHAI and its sister charity in Israel, Hakol Chai, to be a lifeline to hundreds of animals in desperate emergency situations.

Devivon (raccoon in Hebrew because of her beautiful markings) was adopted by a family with two young children, who renamed her Shayna (beautiful in Yiddish). Her fellow pups in the boarding facility in Israel were the only source of companionship and security Devivon had ever known. Terrified to be the only dog in the house, she hid in her crate at the slightest noise or the first strange face. At every attempt to take her on a walk, she pulled on the leash to run back home. Sadly, reluctantly, the family decided this was not a good match. Still more changes were ahead for Shayna.

After months of searching, we placed her with Warren and Cathy, a couple with two other dogs, Dakota and Doppler, no children, and Warren works from home. Day by day, ever so slowly, Shayna began to learn to trust. She also learned to ring the bells hanging from the door knob to signal that she wanted to go out.

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A Tale of Two Dogs, Continued from page 4

Together with the other two members of her pack and a neighbor's dog, Molly, she races like the wind around the family's huge fenced back yard. "Shayna is part of the gang," Warren writes. **"She is no longer afraid in the house at all, lies upside down on the couch using any of the other 2 dogs as pillows, and seems to be starting to get interested in 'what's beyond the hedges'. Recently, she bravely went on her first play dates. "She is noticeably giddy," says Warren. "She really loves life.** The biggest kick I get is to see what she dragged onto the couch each morning. Sometimes, it's an object we didn't even know we had, like a maraca."

One after the other, the puppies were placed, but Ashley was still too frightened to meet potential adopters. At last, Rita made a decision.

"Ashley really needs us," she said, and Ashley joined Barry and Rita's large, loving family. Renamed Latke – beginning with "L" in memory of Lacey, and Yiddish for a treat enjoyed at Hannukah, the festival of lights, slowly, Latke, like Shayna, began to come out of her shell.

At the Altman's Passover seder, friends and family, including a boy and girl adopted from orphanages in China, gathered around the table to celebrate the theme of liberation from fear and oppression. Shaking no longer, no longer needing the security of her crate, Latke was there, celebrating her own freedom.

To see photos of the puppies in their new homes, go to www.chai-online.org/adopted_USA.htm.

Have you provided for your legacy into the future?

A bequest to CHAI is a strong statement of your concern for animals.

Please plan now so that your kindness will continue into the future. CHAI can be named as beneficiary of life insurance policies, bonds and other securities, house, and trusts. Securities can be willed to CHAI with the provision that you will continue to receive interest from them throughout your lifetime. Real estate can be willed to CHAI with the provision that the owner can remain in the house throughout his or her lifetime. Check with your lawyer, estate planner, or financial advisor for additional assistance and advice, or call us. Be sure that your attorney or bank has a copy of your will.

Because wills are legal documents, bequests should contain the phrase:

"I give, bequeath and devise Concern for Helping Animals in Israel (CHAI), POB 3341, Alexandria, VA 22302 the sum of _____ and/or unencumbered properties described as _____ to be applicable for the general purpose of the organization." To add to an existing codicil (an amendment), recipient's full legal name Both wills and codicils must be witnessed and dated.



*Until Hakol Chai rescued him, he survived on garbage and a few scraps fed to him by a store worker in the alley next to a Tel Aviv grocery store. **Small for his age due to malnourishment, sores covering his body, he tested positive for the feline immunodeficiency virus (FIV). Had he not been rescued when he was, the vet said, he would likely not have survived another 90 days. Now he is neutered and well cared for, and can look forward to a long, happy life.***

By remembering CHAI in your will, you can help make possible new lives for many animals into the future.

HOW YOU CAN HELP CHAI

- Distribute our pamphlets and newsletters to synagogues, Jewish community centers, veterinarians' offices, and any other locations where you think people who are interested might see them. The more members we have, the more we can do for the animals.
- Ask the editor of your local women's group, animal group, or synagogue if they will include an article about CHAI's work in their newsletter to members.
- Sponsor advertisements for CHAI in your local newspaper or magazine.
- Organize a fundraiser.
- If you know of a foundation that would consider a proposal from CHAI, please let us know.
- Give a gift membership to a friend, neighbor, or relative.
- Make a donation in honor or in memory of an animal friend or a person.
- Ask newspaper, magazine, radio, or TV reporters to do a story about the need to help animals in Israel and our work, or ask a public relations firm to help pro bono. Or if you know a reporter anywhere in the world who will spread the word about our vital work, please put us in contact with them.
- Make provision for CHAI in your will.

In Memory of Our Animals

Remembered by

Tammo

You were a precious rabbit and a very special part of our family. Thank you for taking such good care of Jessie. You will forever be in our hearts.

The Goldberg Family

Stewy

Stewy came to us as a stray kitten in our yard. It took all summer before my husband, Alan, would agree to let us bring Stewy inside and join our already three-cat household. Alas Stewy won Alan's heart by curling up on his lap every evening. At the too young age of 7 years, Stewy was stricken with cancer and succumbed after a few short months. But as Alan says, every day we had him was a blessing.

Michele Zinn

Monte

Our beloved Monte, the most wonderful doggie/cat a person could ever have been blessed with.....we miss him dearly and will always have him in our hearts.

Terry Gedan & Chuck Drago

Jersey

In loving memory of my sweet companion dog, Jersey. Jersey was a gift and a blessing. She passed away four years ago, on August 31, 2003, at the age of 16 years. May her memory always be for a blessing.

Ilya Silbat Margoshes

Shauna

In memory of Shauna

Doris Lane

In Memory of Family and Friends

Remembered by

Joseph B. Kripke

Burton Levy

Joan Kripke

Diane Learner

In Honor of Family and Friends

Honored by

Gerry and Marion Perkoff

Jean Friedman

Dr. Bernard Abramovici

Rabbi CZ Maccoby

Ben Gelblum

Sam Grossman

Willa Shapiro

Andrea Razon

The Feintuch Family

John and Karen Fishel

Phyllis Costa

Brien Comerford

Dr Geraldine and

Andrew Leydon

Sarah Novello

Patricia Morrill

Judith Fish

Honoring the Bar/Bat Mitzvah and Confirmation of

Honored by

Jessie Goldberg

Emma Solis-Cohen

Josh Goldberg

Anne and John Solis-Cohen;

Donna and Ari Rudolph;

Frank Spigel;

Patricia and Andrew Bauman

Nickie, Emma, and Miranda

Carmi Riesenbach

The Kraus Family

Erica Rasch

Carmi Riesenbach

DJ Camhi

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Bet Shalom (5th grade), Minnetonka, MN

Congregation Adath Israel, Middletown, CT

Congregation B'nai Israel, Little Rock, AK

Congregation B'nai Tikvah (Bet 2 students), North Brunswick, NJ

Congregation Keneseth Israel (3A class), Elkins Park, PA

Congregation Sons of Israel, Manalapan, NJ

Jacques C. Shure Religious School, Congregation Jewish

Community North, Spring, TX

Judea Reform Congregation, Durham, NC

Ohr Kodesh Congregation (kitah bet), Chevy Chase, MD

Olam Tikvah (3rd grade), Fairfax, VA

Pleasantville Community Synagogue, Pleasantville, NY

Scarsdale Synagogue-Tremont Temple, Scarsdale, NY

Skokie Solomon Schechter Day School, Skokie, IL

Temple Beth Am, Randolph, MA

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Temple Shalom (1st grade), Colorado Springs, CO

Temple Shalom of Newton, Newton, MA

Temple Sinai, Pittsburgh, PA

Temple Solel, Hollywood, FL

Temple Torat Yisrael, Cohen School, Cranston, RI

Donate online and include animal photos

www.chai-online.org/tributes.htm

