

From the Editor

Plight of the Pit Bull

By Jackie Franza

Reading this issue's uplifting story about the happy fate of five of the pit bulls rescued from Michael Vick's dogfighting operation ("Pit-Bull Ambassadors" on page 38), brought back memories of my time volunteering with a rescue group that specialized in saving large dogs (typically the most difficult dogs to rehome). Not surprisingly, the majority of our charges were pit-bull types.

I'll never forget one pit bull in particular, Lilly, who came to us pregnant and about to whelp. She had been picked up in South Los Angeles, and was slated to be euthanized, along with her unborn puppies.

Luckily, a shelter worker called us, asking if we would take the dog, and a volunteer picked her up in the nick of time. Lilly was a large, black pit bull. Her ears had been completely cut off, and she had scars on her body, possibly from dogfighting.

Lilly's looks were intimidating, but she was one of the sweetest dogs I've ever met. She calmly sat nearby as we cared for her puppies, and would sigh contentedly while she lounged in our laps as we sat on the floor, rubbing her belly. The day I learned she had been adopted, I admit that I shed a few tears. I was going to miss that incredible dog, but I was happy she finally found the forever home she deserved.