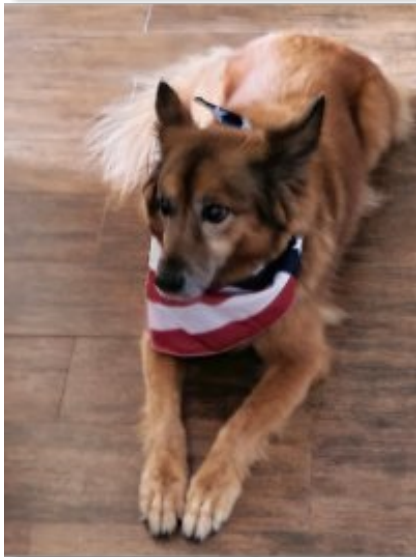


# OUR PAGE OUR STORIES, OUR OWN



## ISLAND

My husband Frank and I brought her back from St Martin in May of 2012. She was living on the Island as a stray. We found her while we were doing our daily walk. She had a collar on and looked like she had had puppies but was also fixed. We were asking about if someone knew who her owner was. She was living on the side of a driveway of an old torn down house on a very busy road. The house was for sale so I called the realtor, she said she had no idea who she belonged to. On our last day there, we met a lady who was calling out “Foxy, Foxy”, and out ran our Island Girl! She was so excited to see the lady, who’d been helping her and feeding her and had her fixed. She loved her but couldn’t take them all home. She told us she could help us get her home if we’d like. Her name was Merinda she volunteered for an animal shelter but also was a regional manager at a local hotel.



She gave us her business card and told us to bring her our itinerary if we chose to do so. We went back to the resort, grabbed our itinerary and brought it to her. She called the airlines and made reservations for Island to be on our flight for the next day. She would be in Special Cargo. She took Island (alias, Foxy) to the shelter, bathed her gave the shots that were necessary. She met us the next day with Island in a kennel with all the paperwork, food and necessities needed for her flight. She was in tears having to say goodbye to her Foxy. All the cash we had left was \$50. She wasn’t worried about that. Our flight was delayed 3 hours, and Island was eventually listed as being at O’Hare airport. After 14 hours we got her home to meet her little sister, Penny. We brought her to the vet the next day. We found she was a sick baby. She had hookworm, heartworm and tick infection. She was an expensive souvenir but worth it. She is now around 14 and doing well. She is loved by many. She has a grandma, two aunts, and cousins that live in Fleming Plantation. She has also made many friends here; we love that Magnolia Point is an animal-loving community.



Island did and does have quirks, eating being the big one. She cannot and will not eat anything that is bigger than a dime. She just chooses not too or she will not eat at all. We have to break it up for her. Although she is 35 pounds, she will only eat small breed food. She has to chew it forever and savor it like it is her last meal. Frank calls her “Chop Chop”, because she is always chopping away on one little piece of food or treat. It has always amazed me just how gentle Island is. But maybe that’s how she survived because tourists like us would feed her. Island enjoys her

many daily walks and enjoys being outside. One may wonder what Island would say if she could talk. When she looks into my eyes she doesn’t have to speak as she silently tells how much she loves me and thanks me every day for saving her. Island is our fourth rescue. I tell her I love you more and I thank heaven for her every day. Her daddy, Frank, feels the same. Her beauty and gentleness charm so many. The kids in the neighborhood love to hear her story. Often questioning why she has a name like Island. Some adults wonder the same. We tell the story and add she was a St. Martin Island Girl that became our girl.

- CHERYL TOMASZEWSKI

