

Susie's Miracle

The Inspiration Behind Susie's Law



by Donna Lawrence

book and cover design by Jennifer Tipton Cappoen

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Special Thanks...

I would like to thank my husband Roy, my friend Dana Harbor, and my family and friends for all of their support.

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Most of all, I thank God for bringing Susie into my life at a time when I needed her the most.

~Donna Lawrence

This book is dedicated to all of the animals out there that had no voice but that now—thanks to Susie—have been given a voice.

*Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the
glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*

Isaiah 60:1

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Susie



Chapter 1

Alone and in Pain

Sometimes things happen to us that change our lives forever. Sometimes good things come from bad things. I know because I had something horrible happen to me. My name is Susie, and I am a victim of violence and abuse. However, unlike so many animals that suffer in silence at the hands of their owners, I survived. Most people say it was a miracle that a puppy like me survived all that happened.

My new owner says that I survived because of something she calls *mercy*—God’s mercy. She says that God’s mercy brings hope to all of his creatures big and small. I am one of

the lucky ones, a survivor beyond natural circumstances. With the love and support of my new family and friends, I have become a voice for all of the animals out there needing someone to speak up for them. There is even a new North Carolina law named after me: Susie's Law.



That day started out like any other day. I was ten weeks old and loved to do what any puppy does. I also loved my little boy; he was sweet and smelled good. I had only lived in my home a few weeks, and I did everything I could to let my new family know how much I loved them.

I still don't know what I did to anger the man who had brought me into their home. I only kissed my little boy to show him how much I loved him. I have come to know that the man was irate and in search of someone...*no...something*. Something helpless on which he could take out his anger. I was just a puppy that knew nothing of hate and rage. I knew only the ideas of loyalty and love. But I quickly came to know the effects of uncontrolled anger.

He picked me up so tightly that I could not breathe. Startled, I struggled to get away. I yelped, but I could not get out of his strong, enraged grip. He hit me again and again with his fist and broke my jaw. I was stunned. I began to lose consciousness.



The smell of lighter fluid...its odor was so strong it burned my nose. Then I felt something wet splashing all over me. Finally I heard a sound that I recognized: the lighting of a match. Oh no, everything went dark.



When I regained consciousness, I found myself in a strange place. I was scared and I hurt all over. I started looking for my little boy to see if he was OK. I searched for anything familiar. But with every step I took, I felt intense pain. My back tingled and burned. My ears were bloody and painful. I could hardly open my mouth. I may have been very young, but I knew I needed help immediately. I was so scared. I didn't understand what had happened to me. *Why did this happen? What did I do to make him so angry with me?*

Each day after that I woke up with flies buzzing all around me. I really wanted to scratch the itchy places on my back and head, but it was too painful. Oh how they itched! The hot August sun was beating down on me. I was so thirsty and hungry. After days of this, I had started to get weak, and I wondered if I could go on for another minute. Death was around the corner, and I was beginning to give up.

Nights were worse. I was so cold. And the shadows and



sounds terrified me. I tried to make myself really small and to hide in the bushes so no wild animal would find me. As I went in and out of consciousness, I had nightmares about the bad man standing over me ready to hurt me again. Then I woke up whining and shaking.



I didn't know how much time had passed. I only knew that even though I felt hopeless, I wanted to live. I was so thirsty that I needed to find water. I began to eat whatever I could find, no matter how badly it hurt to open my mouth and swallow. I frantically searched the ground for food. I ate food from trash cans. I ate sticks, berries, and even dirt. I couldn't find fresh water, so I drank from mud holes. *Where was my little boy? Was anyone looking for me?*

Several days had gone by, and they seemed like an eternity. As time passed, my odds of survival dwindled. My wounds needed care; they had gone untreated for days.



On August 20, 2009, I awoke again in a weakened, painful state. Oh, how I wished for—no—*needed* someone to give me a helping hand. My mind began to race. My immediate need was food. I stretched and began to hobble along.



I found a tiny mud hole and was sipping all the water I could, when I heard footsteps. I slowly turned my head and caught a glimpse of a human. I had come across other humans in the past few days, but not one had taken notice of me. No one seemed to care.

However, I could tell that this man was different. He had been sent there for one reason: to bring hope to my desperate situation. He got down on one knee and just knelt there. I stared into his shocked, compassionate eyes, and he stared back at me. Then he gently picked me up.

*A second chance at
life and running with it.*

