

Up

ISSUE 2

together
Anne Hatton and Guide Dog Angelo savor every day

dogsinc

A Recipe for Hope



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There's an art to the human-canine bond. A beautiful creation of four faithful paws alongside two steady feet.

Like a mosaic, each piece fits together—love, hope, trust.

You bring these pieces in frame, creating futures that uplift and change lives.

Thank you.

Titus Herman
President and CEO

Up

ISSUE 2

A Publication of Dogs Inc

Thanks to the generosity of our donors and volunteers, we provide our dogs, expert instruction, and lifetime support—at no cost to our clients.

Top-tier pedigrees, decades of research, and thousands of hours of training and love prepare our dogs for life-changing destinies.

Guide dogs lead. Service dogs heal. Skilled companion dogs comfort. And therapy dogs uplift.



4210 77th St E. | Palmetto, FL 34221 | 941.729.5665

Path to Hope

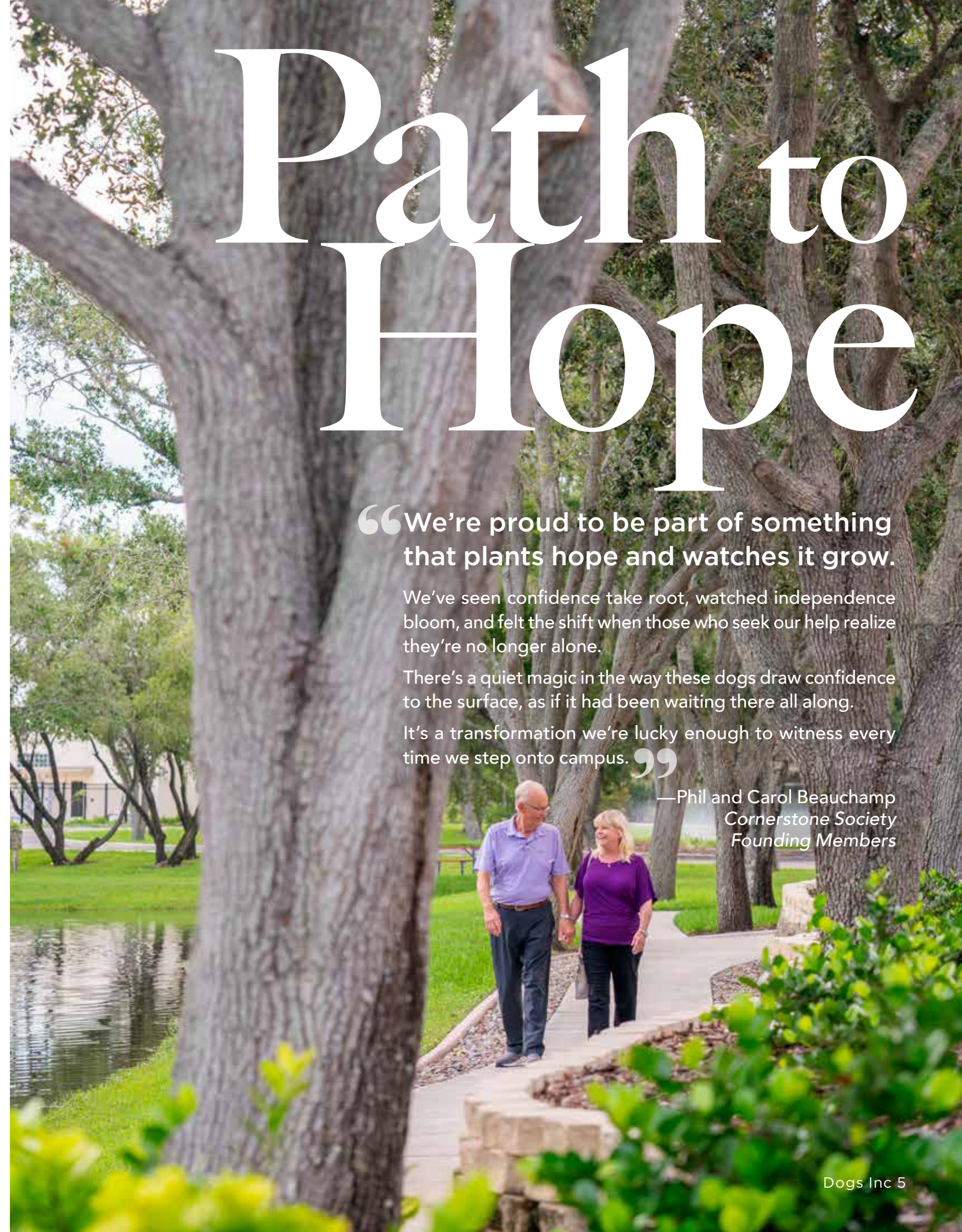
“We're proud to be part of something that plants hope and watches it grow.

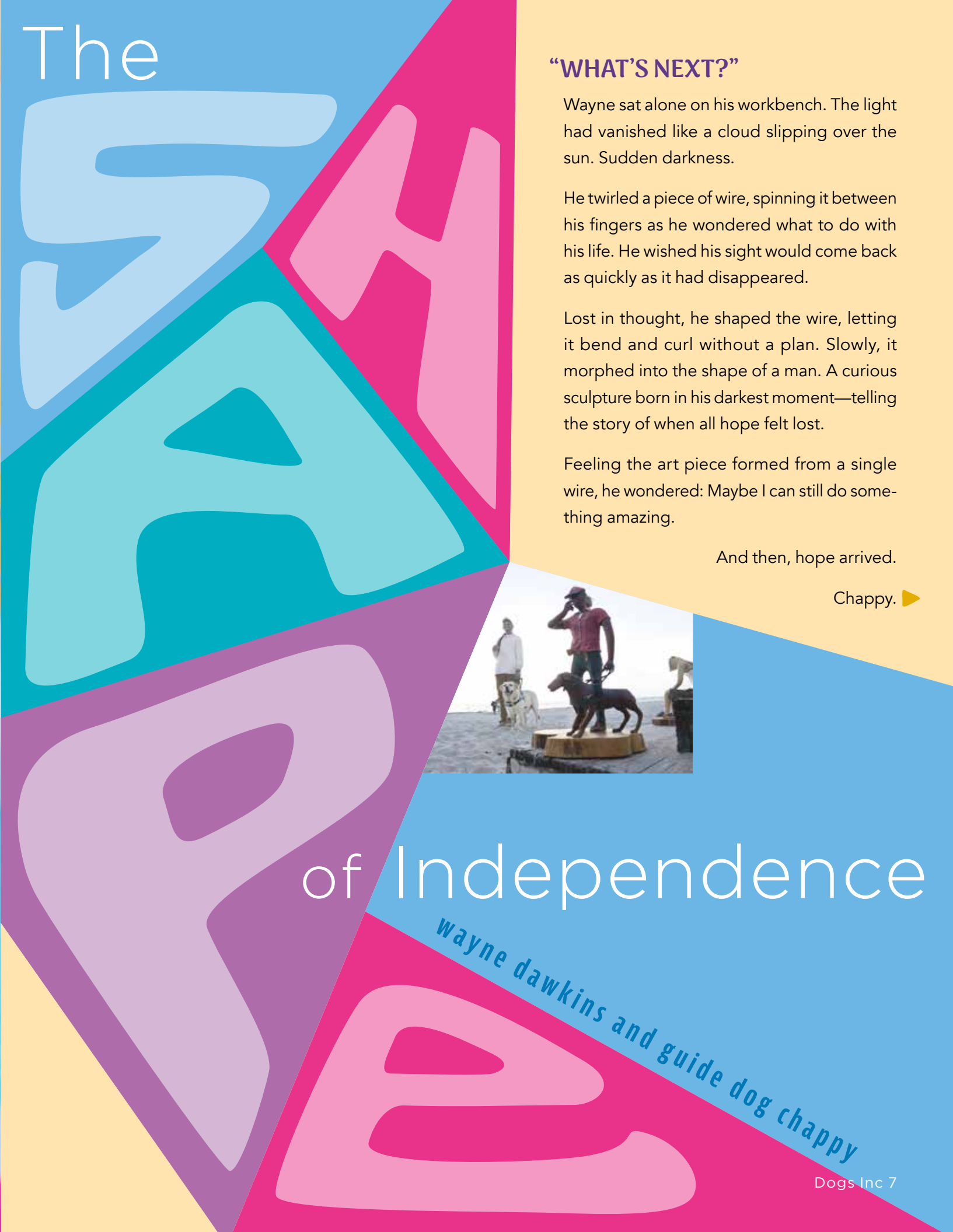
We've seen confidence take root, watched independence bloom, and felt the shift when those who seek our help realize they're no longer alone.

There's a quiet magic in the way these dogs draw confidence to the surface, as if it had been waiting there all along.

It's a transformation we're lucky enough to witness every time we step onto campus.”

—Phil and Carol Beauchamp
*Cornerstone Society
Founding Members*





The

“WHAT’S NEXT?”

Wayne sat alone on his workbench. The light had vanished like a cloud slipping over the sun. Sudden darkness.

He twirled a piece of wire, spinning it between his fingers as he wondered what to do with his life. He wished his sight would come back as quickly as it had disappeared.

Lost in thought, he shaped the wire, letting it bend and curl without a plan. Slowly, it morphed into the shape of a man. A curious sculpture born in his darkest moment—telling the story of when all hope felt lost.

Feeling the art piece formed from a single wire, he wondered: Maybe I can still do something amazing.

And then, hope arrived.

Chappy. ▶



of Independence

wayne dawkins and guide dog chappy



A muse.

A guide.

A spark awakening
his creative vision.

Chappy's tail swishes along the floor beside the workbench, watching as Wayne molds new pieces, each sculpture alive with a story to tell.

In a still moment, Wayne reaches out and lets his hands rest on Chappy. His fingers trace his nose, his ears, his strong shoulders, the curve of his harness. He studies with careful touch and begins to sculpt—not just Chappy, but the two of them together.

"I call this piece *Independent*," Wayne says.

Formed from a single strand of wire, a work of trust and hope takes shape.

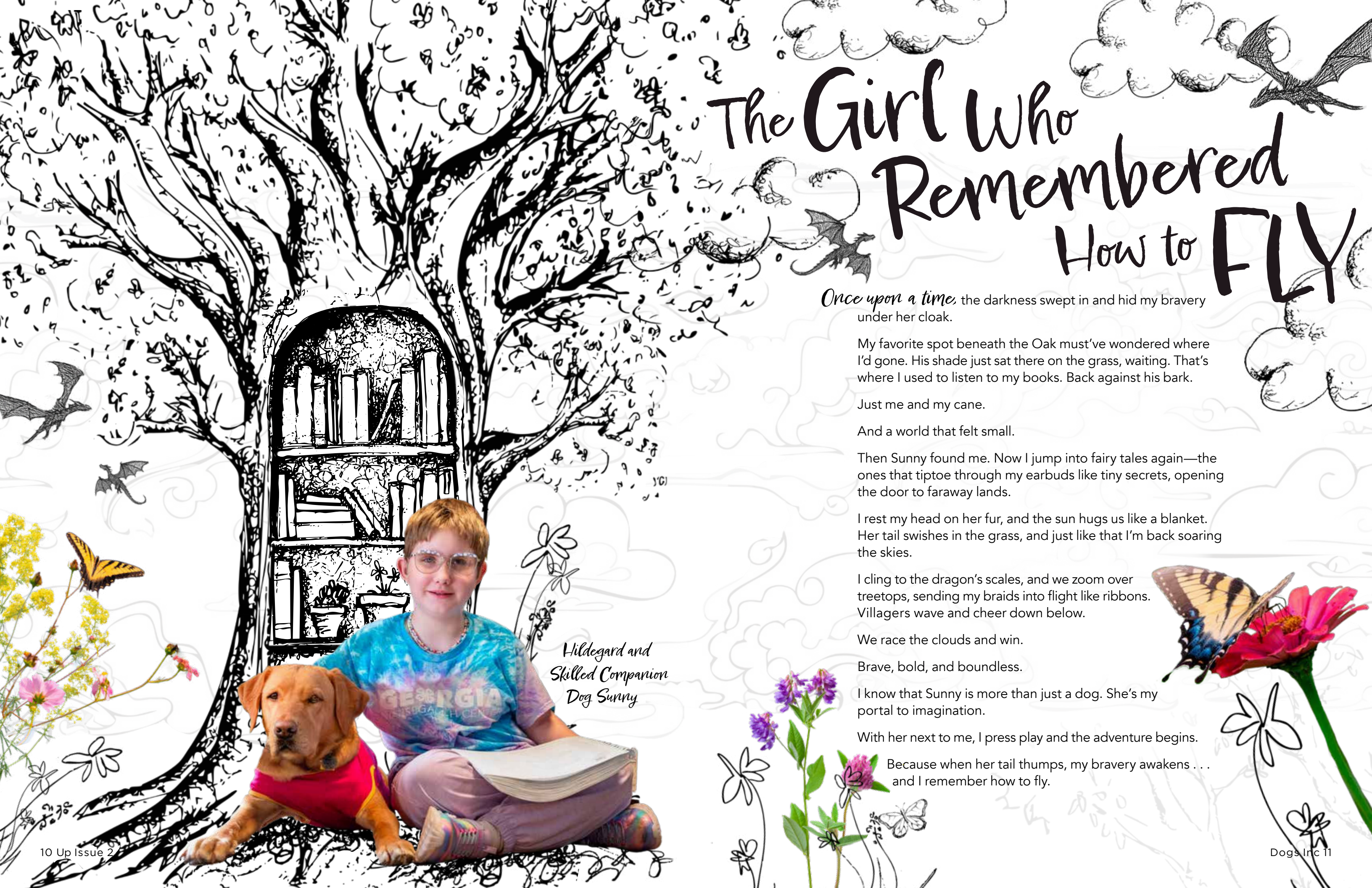
Chappy lifts his head, ears perked.

Wayne leans closer, his smile quiet, steady.

Both ready for **WHAT'S NEXT.**



“**Chappy** is a part of me—the most important part of me. He’s my eyes.”



The Girl Who Remembered How to FLY

Once upon a time, the darkness swept in and hid my bravery under her cloak.

My favorite spot beneath the Oak must've wondered where I'd gone. His shade just sat there on the grass, waiting. That's where I used to listen to my books. Back against his bark.

Just me and my cane.

And a world that felt small.

Then Sunny found me. Now I jump into fairy tales again—the ones that tiptoe through my earbuds like tiny secrets, opening the door to faraway lands.

I rest my head on her fur, and the sun hugs us like a blanket. Her tail swishes in the grass, and just like that I'm back soaring the skies.

I cling to the dragon's scales, and we zoom over treetops, sending my braids into flight like ribbons. Villagers wave and cheer down below.

We race the clouds and win.

Brave, bold, and boundless.

I know that Sunny is more than just a dog. She's my portal to imagination.

With her next to me, I press play and the adventure begins.

Because when her tail thumps, my bravery awakens . . . and I remember how to fly.

Hildegard and
Skilled Companion
Dog Sunny

A look beyond the veil. Beyond the wagging tail and wandering paws is a heart ready to brighten tomorrow.

Sometimes it's within the deepest shadows that joy is mirrored and light breaks through, illuminating change.

With quiet purpose and steady focus, they look inward and shine outward . . . a reflection of hope.

Reflections





A Recipe for Hope



How a
guide dog
helps her
savor
every day.

Life's ingredients come
in many flavors.

Sweet moments that
brighten days, and
hints of spice that
add a thrill.

Anne grew up helping
her grandmother in
the kitchen. A farmer's
daughter, her hands
knew the cool dirt of the
garden, plucking fresh
vegetables to stir into
every dish.





But as the years passed, her world began to shrink as she slowly digested the news of her vision loss.

A thought stirred in her mind: I can let this steal my joy . . . or I can make something of it.

That's when she took hold of the harness and let four paws whisk her into a world where anything is possible.

Angelo sits in the kitchen, nose in the air, taking in the scents and watching over Anne as she feels the weight of the ingredients, sensing when a dish is just right.

When the inviting scent of warm blueberries and sugar drifts through the air, she knows—the muffins have risen to perfection. As the spatula sinks under the weight of meat and the sizzle softens, she knows dinner is done.

And when Angelo walks by her side, he brings the secret ingredient of love.

The finishing touch to a recipe of hope.

**Angelo brings
the secret
ingredient
of love.**



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Not empty—just holding its breath.
Waiting for four small paws to take their first big step.
A story of hope, ready to begin.





ARMY VETERAN

PAUL SELINGER

AND SERVICE DOG

JOURNEY

He feels the heat of the sand. He lies still. The weight of his gear presses him into the ground. Shrapnel falls from the sky, stabbing the desert.

Somewhere, voices cut through the haze, shouting orders. A high-pitched ring echoes in his skull, rising with the pressure behind his eyes. In the distance, the thrum of a chopper says help is close.

But will it come in time?



HE LOOKS DOWN. JOURNEY'S EYES MEET HIS. HE EXHALES, AND THE FOG CLEARS. HE'S HERE AGAIN.

Then, the world snaps back.

The sand, gone. A hardware store aisle stares back at him. Under fluorescent lights, his hands grip the cart. Empty.

What day is it? What did I come here for?

Footsteps behind him—sharp, sudden, too close.

Then, a nose against his leg. He looks down. Journey's eyes meet his. He exhales, and the fog clears. He's here again.

He reaches for a tool on the shelf, and the weight begins to lift—from his chest, from his mind.

Journey watches with a panting smile. Paul's silent compass. His anchor. His reason to keep going.



"Journey knows what's wrong before I do," he says. "Before I even know what's going on with myself."

And when the memories return and the road ahead feels long, Journey brings him back to now.

Every time.



IF I COULD TELL MY YOUNGER SELF **ONE** THING...



You're going to learn a lot.

Words. Cues. Some will make your head tilt at first.

Sit. You'll pick that up fast.

Stay. A little trickier, but you'll get there.

Heel. That one takes practice, but trust me, you'll master it.

And yes—you'll grow into those big paws of yours.

But there's one word you'll hear again and again on campus . . .

HOPE.

They won't teach it with a click or a treat.

Sure, you'll hope to pass the test. Hope to make friends. Hope to make a difference.

But here's the secret: hope is more than a word.

Hope has a heartbeat.

It lives inside you.

And when you meet your forever person, you'll pass it on.

Hope steps gently toward the one who once felt alone. It shines through your eyes when someone needs to feel seen. It lives in your love when someone longs to feel whole.

So remember what you carry—not in your paws, but in your heart.

Because you're more than just a dog.

YOU ARE A GIVER OF **HOPE.**



I've dreamed

of getting a guide dog since I was little.

With River, people stop and talk -
they actually want to get to know me.

He's made my world feel
so much bigger.

-Callie & Guide Dog River

Help us reach our \$4 million goal!

Paint the World BRIGHTER CAMPAIGN

Twice
the
Impact



A canvas not yet painted.

A palette of purpose.

**A life longing for the purple
of laughter, the blue of
independence, and the happy
hue of something new.**

**For those whose landscape
may feel gray, our dogs fill
hearts with shades of hope.**

**You hold the brush, adding
coats of love and
strokes of change to
someone's future.**

Meet our Curators

Thanks to these generous donors, your gift
will be doubled—helping us paint brighter
tomorrows for those who need our dogs.

Drew and Joey Asher

Rob and Patty Balmut

The Maxwell Thomas Bras Foundation

Halina and Bob Greenstien

Mike and Sherry Guthrie and Igor

Margaret VB Hughes Estate

Richard Kordick Estate

Kirk and Rae Malcolm

McKnight Family Foundation

Frederick Payne Estate

The Ray Foundation

Help Paint the Picture:

From November 1 to
December 31,
donations will be
matched dollar-for-dollar,
creating a masterpiece
of hope.



Double Your Gift Today at dogsinc.org/brighter

I'll give
my heart
and these
four paws
to change
the life
of the one
I love.

