



August 29, 2005:
UNITED IN TEARS, CHAOS AND HOPE

August 29, 2005 marks the day Hurricane Katrina cast people and animals adrift in a sea of loss and despair. When the levees broke, a singular scream grew from dark waters, drowning out reason. Erasing hope.

Who would hear their cries, faint as ashes lost in fragments? Who would see their desperation — locked behind doors, bound to fence posts, stranded on rooftops? Whose hands would pull them from the ruins?

Some 600,000 searched for familiar faces. But eyes turned cloudy when no one came. Bodies collapsed. Huddled in bathtubs. Hidden behind walls. Their skin, now paper-thin, stretched over bones. A wagged tail and soft purr rose from the rubble to merge with the wind.

Who would hear them?
Our government did not.
Who would see them?
Our law enforcers did not.
Who would return for them?

YOU DID.

*With your hands, they were fed, rescued, reunited.
With your heart, they found new homes.
With your mercy, they knew love before death.*

You came from California, Canada, Texas, Minnesota, St. Louis, Washington, Florida... even as far away as Sweden. A legion of the compassionate. Shelter workers, veterinarians, students, cops, soldiers, moms, sons, daughters, grandparents... Giant burly men and fierce lean women. You left your jobs, your families and homes to salvage lives forgotten in the wreckage.

August 29, 2005
Forever united in tears, grief, chaos and hope.

August 29, 2005 **WE WILL NEVER FORGET**

by Brenda Shoss • Kinship Circle • www.KinshipCircle.org