The Experience

By Cary Britton

The emotional atmosphere is an encasing of sadness, anger, and chaos. This combination of emotions is felt by simply traveling south on Midkiff Ave. In Midland, Texas until you reach a sign labeled S.P.C.A. This sign, found on the left side of the road right after crossing I-20, will lead you to a building that is a home to several dogs as well as cats. This is their home because no other home wanted them. Most of these animals have been abused, beaten, chained up with no freedom to explore, have gone days without food and/or water, and have few experiences of love if any since their birth. This home of abandoned animals is where I decided to spend eighty hours of my life.

In the early hours of the morning I arrived at the S.P.C.A of Midland with the intent of spending five hours a day there. My mission was simple, I was to be a servant and love every living thing I came in contact with. The staff wasn’t a very enthusiastic crowd to be around when I got there and I had to do a lot of the dirty work. First thing in the morning at 8:00 am the dog kennels were filled with urine and feces and they needed to be cleaned, this was my job. The kennels were very small indoor cages that consisted of three brick walls, a concrete floor and a gate. With a water hose and a pooper scooper I was to clean the dog’s homes. Very little sunlight entered these kennels. The animals often had so much energy they would spin in circles, jump around, and bark constantly. They simply wanted attention. After I would clean their kennel I could let them spend time in a yard to run around and play. Close to 20% of the dogs wouldn’t allow me to come near them. I could tell this was because they were abused in the past. I spent most of my time showing kindness and love to these. If the dogs could not be adopted they would remain there. For my first Scholarship I repeated this routine every weekend for 40 hours.

I was fortunate to be able to renew my scholarship by completing another 40 hours of service. So I went back to the animals. I didn’t spend much time with the cats, save for an occasional petting, which was greatly appreciated. I found myself working in a yard hauling dirt, pulling weeds, and moving trash. I was creating an additional home for new arrivals. Every day I would provide laborious work. I always found myself sweating and my body ached. However one day peace arrived. Some dropped off a box of puppies. They were innocent and young. I then realized why I was there. I was there to love the innocent. I was provided with two years of education for loving the innocent and abused. The 80 hours I served were exponentially rewarding to my life.