



Rescue Report

Winter 2012

Adoptions

- Gus - Brynn Job
- Otis - Michael Mraz
- Moose - Amy & Andy Hutchinson
- Rex - Joan Vernasco
- Humphrey - Charlene Harvey
- Jeb - Sue Olds-Browning
- Hunter - Rod & Tyleen Copland
- Rex - Joannie Velasco
- Fia - Jamie Szopa
- Axel - Jody & Heater Moon
- Gracie (Mercedes) - Alice Leite
- Spirit - Allison Robertson
- Pepper - Amy Thorne
- Powder (Grace) - Sherrie Ashlet
- Oliver Blue - Monica & Michael Salas
- Jenna (Rosie) - Becky Price
- Lilah - Eric & Beth Sandys

A lonely dog

Once I was a lonely dog, Just looking for a home.

I had no place to go, No one to call my own.

I wandered up and down the streets, in rain in heat and snow.

Ate whatever I could find, I was always on the go.

My skin would itch, my feet were sore, My body ached with pain.

And no one stopped to give a pat, Or to gently say my name.

I never saw a loving glance, I was always on the run.

For people thought that hurting me was really lots of fun.

And then one day I heard a voice, So gentle, kind and sweet,

And arms so soft reached down to me, And took me off my feet.

"No one again will hurt you, Was whispered in my ear."

"You'll have a home to call your own, where you will know no fear."

"You will be dry, you will be warm, you'll have enough to eat."

"And rest assured that when you sleep, your dreams will all be sweet."

I was afraid I must admit, I've lived so long in fear.

I can't remember when I let, A human come so near.

And as she tended to my wounds, And bathed and brushed my fur

She told me about the rescue group, And what it meant to her.

She said, "We are a circle, A line that never ends."

"And in the center there is you protected by new friends."

"And all around you are the ones that check the pounds,

And those that share their home after you've been found."

"And all the other folk are searching near and far.

"To find the perfect home for you, where you can be a star."

She said, "There is a family, that's waiting patiently,

and pretty soon we'll find them, just you wait and see."

"And then they'll join our circle, they'll help to make it grow,

so there'll be room for more like you, who have no place to go."

I waited very patiently, The days they came and went.

Today's the day I thought, my family will be sent.

Then just when I began to think, It wasn't meant to be,

there were people standing there just gazing down at me.

I knew them in a heartbeat, I could tell they felt it too.

They said, "We have been waiting for a special dog like you."

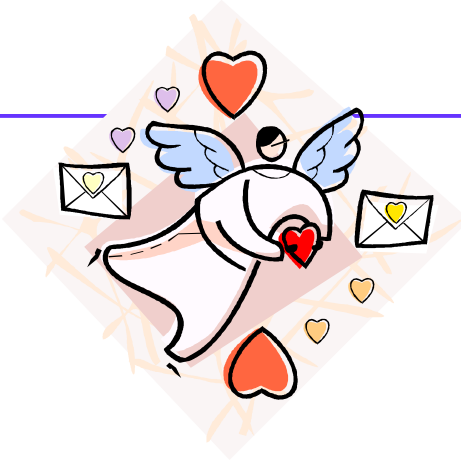
Now every night I say a prayer to all the gods that be.

"Thank you for the life I live and all you've given me.

But most of all protect the dogs in the pound and on the street.

And send a rescue person to lift them off their feet."

Our Angels



Laura Pearson Mart
Patrick & Judith Julien
Brad and Jeanette Coval in
memory of Benny Suarez, Clyde
& Spot Tracy, Molly & Sox
Petrie, Ty Pashaian, Lucy &
Darla Carter, Boo Boo Schultz,
Belle Brown, Mitch Mohacsi and
Wallace Myers
Cheryl Sacrates
Katy Jungels
Rebecca de Finta
Abby Moyer
Lisa Patterson
Evan Hisey
Denis Kalwaskinski
Stuart Steele & Lynn DeGrande
Abbot Labs (Tina Rice)
Linda Record
Paula Lozon
Clarke Sumerel
Liz & Brian Dawson
Samantha Bushel
Von Welch
Rachel Mraz
Keri Pesola
Grace Anderson
Neal Phifer
Lyndsey Bennett
Good Search
Great Falls Dog Training Club in
memory of Barbara Urquhart
Mary Seals
Angela Hamel
Chilly Dogs
Rod Copland
Marguerita S. Croft

Great Dane Club of America
Carolyn Armanini
Lisa Foltz
Lori Clevidence for Shawn,
Lindsay, Brutus & Bailey
2 Hounds/Wiggles, Wags &
Whiskers
Lynne Tenbusch
Gretchen Sauvage - Happy
Birthday Tanya Nelson
Lauren Rinard
Hoosier Great Dane Club
Joseph Rader Jr.
iGive
Traci Pearson
Laurie Whisnant
Claudette Greenstein
Lesley Critton
Deb Brown in honour of
Quinn's Gotcha Day and all
those who have gone before -
Jack, Odin, Lucy, Marley, Nigel,
LulluBelle, Dinah, Sweetness &
Belle
Solid Gold Dog Food
Wolverine Great Dane Club
Cards for Causes
Jenny Bolsky

As I walked along the seashore
This young boy greeted me.
He was tossing stranded star-
fish
Back to the deep blue sea.
I said "Tell me why you bother,
Why you waste your time this
way.
There's a million stranded star-
fish
Does it matter, anyway?"

And he said, "It matters to this
one.
It deserves a chance to grow.
It matters to this one.
I can't save them all I know.
But it matters to this one,
I'll return it to the sea.
It matters to this one,
And it matters to me."

I walked into the shelter,
The owner greeted me.
She was helping Misty learn to
trust.
She was struggling I could see.
I said, "Tell me why you bother,
Why you waste your time this
way.
Misty's only one of thousands,
Does it matter anyway?"

And she said, "It matters to this
one.
She deserves a chance to grow.
It matters to this one.
I can't save them all I know.
But it matters to this one,
I'll help her be what she can be.
It matters to this one,
And it matters to me."

Whoever believes that “Old dogs can’t learn new tricks” has never been to our house.

In December 2005 we adopted a bonded-pair of nearly four-year-old Great Danes. With new names, Deco and Kitty quickly made themselves at home, each choosing a corner of the couch to call their own. The transition from their previous home appeared to be seamless (for them). Needless to say, as novice Dane owners, we were at the store the following weekend to buy a loveseat to increase our now-reduced ‘human seating’ from one spot to three seats.

In October 2008, our work schedules changed and a puppy became a good fit. Danforth, a rambunctious 16-week-old GDRI puppy, joined our crew. Compared to The Girls, his arrival was like a tornado. Puppies need to learn everything, sometimes twice. They chew, poop and get into all sorts of trouble. Alone in the backyard for less than two minutes he managed to dig a deep hole and get covered in mud/dirt – he had a bath that morning.

The Girls were six when Danforth arrived and reacted very differently. Deco’s matriarchal nature has always been very strong (despite never having pups of her own) and she would play with him daily, putting him in his place as required. Kitty was not pleased, despite her usually ‘sunny but not necessarily smart’ disposition. She growled if he dared come within a foot of her. He respected her space and didn’t bother her. Three months after he arrived, Deco got an awful foot infection that severely reduced her mobility for at least a week. Kitty stepped up and started playing with Danforth in Deco’s place. Danforth and Kitty have played ‘pull-toy’ every day since. Although he has youth and around 80 pounds on her, Kitty wins more often than you’d expect.

We enrolled our nine-year old Dane in Agility and she loved it.



Deco, Kitty & Danforth

Deco and Kitty celebrated their ninth birthdays in the Spring 2011. They have enough grey hair to be recognized as “Senior Great Danes” but they still get regular compliments about their health and ‘zip’. Both Deco (foot infection) and Kitty (bad stomach bug) have had minor health problems in the last five years but that’s nothing compared to the health scares we’ve had from Danforth. At 11 months he bloated (quick delivery to the vet and 4-plus hours in surgery) and at 30 months he nearly died again from acute hemorrhagic gastroenteritis and pancreatitis. We are grateful that his relative youth,

fast action and an experienced vet helped him recover from both episodes quickly, but it’s a constant reminder that age doesn’t necessarily determine a dog’s health.

A few friends thought we were crazy to enroll a nine-year-old Dane in Agility for the first time. Deco loved it. Kitty even learned a thing or two without going to a single class. During ‘homework’ practice, there were ‘extra eyes’ watching at home. Danforth learned ‘target’ very quickly, because he’s very treat motivated. It took Kitty three weeks longer to learn to touch the target, but now you can see how proud she is now when you reward her with praise for doing, instead of treats for just trying.

Deco graduated from Agility class on April 1st, 2011. She was ‘too big’ for some of the equipment but tried any-

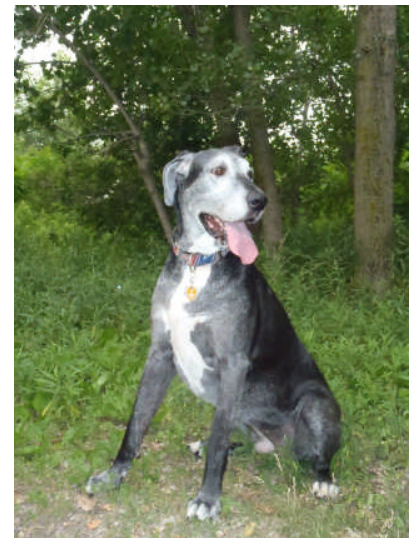
way. The whole class burst out in applause when she raced through the curved tunnel for the first time without coaxing. She had to crouch the whole time but she was so excited by the positive response that she zoomed around the room, almost skipping.

In late April, we travelled as a family to Nova Scotia for a family birthday. The dogs were in high spirits the whole time and enjoyed the daily hike behind the hotel on a great trail. Before we knew it, summer was here and trips to the beach were a regular occurrence.

Sadly, on July 31, 2011 we lost Deco. She was only sick for a short time (36 hours), but the lung clots were too much for the medications and even her strong will. We miss her dearly but are grateful that she was with us for almost 6 years.

Perhaps one day we’ll be ready to go back to being the “crazy couple with 3 Great Danes” but until then, we’ll keep Danforth and Kitty on their toes and Deco in our hearts.

Sarah & Keith Bennett



Deco

The life and times of Growly Mutt

Part 2: Growley Mutt was Joyce Crawley's beloved Dane. This is his story. Continued from the Fall 2011 newsletter.

When we got home, I got to meet my new family one by one. First came Callie, the Houdini dog. She was a master at getting out of crates, doors, locks and anything else that came in her way. She was a great teacher for what I was to become – a master prankster. Callie was a smallish black great dane with beautiful long ears and a velvet coat. She said, “stick with me little one, and I will teach you all my tricks and how to look innocent after doing something bad. Looking innocent is the most important thing I can teach you.” She had no idea I was already forming tricks of my own in my head.

Next came Papa. Papa was a black dane who had been found as a stray after running away from fireworks on the fourth of July. He was a lover, not a fighter, and hated loud noises. Callie and I did our best to drive him crazy with our antics. Papa was a foster dog, and eventually went to his new forever home. I missed him, as he was older and wise and told me many things about humans. He told me, “learn what your human wants. Give it to them and you will always be loved and safe.”

Then, the biggest of the big – Milo. Milo was a majestic fawn and at 200 pounds a little scary. He had gone completely through a thresher as a pup

and came into rescue because his owners did not want to pay for his medical bills. He had a bad neck and back, and was New Mommy's therapy dog. He went to see people who were dying in a place called a hospice. He would head butt them and they would rub his ears. He told me that the people's cares went out the window when he did this, so I tried to learn how, but never really succeeded. After all, if you were that close, why not nibble? I was far better at making people say “OH NO!” than I was at making them quiet and loving. Besides, I loved to see human's expressions as I did bad things. It was very satisfying and made me laugh.

Milo became my protector, and I rarely left his side. He told me, “I've suffered much pain in my life, and I've learned that humans will help you through the pain. You need only to give them love, and it will be returned to you. But be warned – not all humans are like this and some will never treat you with respect or love. They will neglect you, and leave you in a yard, maybe on a chain, and not feed or care for you – no matter how much love you give them. You must be careful choosing your human. You have chosen well with New Mommy.”

For the next few months,



New Mommy just let me grow up and learn from the big dogs. I learned how to go outside to do my business, but I learned the most from Callie. One day when New Mommy was at work, Callie showed me how to open the refrigerator. What wonders there were! We ate four pounds of butter, two loaves of bread, some sausage and even a steak. We got a gallon of milk out for the stupid Cat, Dane Slayer, and fed him, too. We didn't like the celery, but ate a bunch of the carrots. Last, but not least, Callie showed me how to take the Mustard in your mouth and squirt it on the walls – and the cabinets – and even the ceiling in a masterful show of pranksterism. I learned so much that day!

New Mommy came home from work, and I learned something else. She did not think we were masters of anything but being bad dogs. We all got a spanking and were placed in our crates till the next day.

And so began my life with New Mommy and a house full of great danes. So much to learn – so much to get into.

To be continued.

“Milo was a majestic fawn and at 200 pounds a little scary.”

I am an animal rescuer

I am an animal rescuer.

My job is to assist God's creatures.

I was born with the need...

To fulfill their needs.

I take in new family members

Without plan, thought or selection.

I have bought dog food with my last dime.

I have patted a mangy head with my bare hand.

I have hugged someone vicious and afraid.

I have fallen in love a thousand times.

And I have cried into the fur of a lifeless body.

I notice those lost at the roadside and my heart aches.

I will hand raise and field mouse and make friends with a vulture.

I know of no creature unworthy of my time.

I want to live forever if there aren't animals in Heaven.

But I believe there are.

Why would God make something so perfect and leave it behind?

We may be the master of animals,

But the animals have mastered themselves,

Which is something people still haven't learned.

War and abuse make me hurt for the world,

But a rescue that makes the news,

Gives me hope for mankind.

We are a quiet but determined army,

Making a difference,

Every day.

There is nothing more necessary than warming an orphan.

Nothing more rewarding...

Than saving a life.

No higher recognition...

Than watching them thrive.

There is no greater joy than seeing a baby play,

Who only days ago was too weak to eat.

I am an Animal Rescuer

My work is never done,

My home is never quiet,

My wallet is always empty,

But my heart is always full.

In the game of life, we the Animal Rescuers, have already won.



Rescue animals are not broken, they've simply experienced more life than other animals. If they were human, we would call them wise. They would be the ones with tales to tell and stories to write; the ones dealt a bad hand who responded with courage. Don't pity them, do something. Help to rescue, donate, volunteer, foster, adopt and be proud to have their greatness by your side.



Sandy's Spot

Well, we're on the countdown to Fun Day again. As soon as we get past the New Year, I start to think of June and of course, June means Fun Day. I do hope that you'll try to join us this year. It really is a blast - think of a family reunion with 50 or so Great Danes!

I want to thank all who donated so generously over the holiday season. It means so much to us and to our Danes. It's amazing really - we receive donations from all over the United States, not just our coverage area. I say it all the time but we are blessed with the greatest group of supporters.

And the money is needed. More and more of our Danes are coming into rescue heartworm positive. It's a huge expense to get the dogs treated so your donations are greatly appreciated. Heartworm seems to be on the upswing and more of our vets are recom-

mending year-round preventative.

As a group we continue to grow - new foster homes, new volunteers helping us with transport and home checks. Everyone of our volunteers are vital to the group. We're a family with a common goal. Rather wonderful when you think about it.

As you may know, we follow-up with our adopters after they have adopted one of our Danes. We like to make sure that all is well and to offer any assistance that we can. A note from one of adopters said, "she makes my life complete." It's notes like that that make all of the hard work and the time and energy worth it.

Thank you all for your continued support and thank you for caring about the Danes.

Enjoy the rest of the winter - be warm and be safe. And hopefully, we'll see you all at Fun Day.

Sandy



The Rainbow Bridge

Just this side of heaven is a place called Rainbow Bridge.

When an animal dies that has been especially close to someone here, that pet goes to Rainbow Bridge. There are meadows and hills for all of our special friends so they can run and play together. There is plenty of food, water and sunshine, and our friends are warm and comfortable.

All the animals who had been ill and old are restored to health and vigor; those who were hurt or maimed are made whole and strong again, just as we remember them in our dreams of days and times gone by.

The animals are happy and content, except for one small thing; they each miss someone very special to them, who had to be left behind.

They all run and play together, but the day comes when one suddenly stops and looks into the distance. His bright eyes are intent; His eager

body quivers. Suddenly he begins to run from the group, flying over the green grass, his legs carrying him faster and faster.

You have been spotted, and when you and your special friend finally meet, you cling together in joyous reunion, never to be parted again. The happy kisses rain upon your face; your hands again caress the beloved head, and you look once more into the trusting eyes of your pet, so long gone from your life but never absent from your heart.

Then you cross Rainbow Bridge together.

Author unknown

At the bridge

Deco - Sarah & Keith Bennett

Glory - Kevin Fix

Gunner - Krista Heggie

Maverick - A.J. Vandergraft & Steph

2013 Calendar

Call for photos

Every year, GDRI creates a calendar that we then sell to Dane-lovers. The calendar is filled with fabulous photos of our rescued Danes.

Please send me photos of your Danes. I need Danes in all seasons - summer, winter, fall and spring. I need Danes sleeping, playing, running, swimming - whatever. I need Danes of all ages and all colors. I also need photos of Danes in their Christmas gear or Halloween outfits.

High res photos are best. Low res photos can only be shown as thumbnails. So if you want your Dane to make the 'above the month' shot, then send me high res.

All photos must be received by March 15, 2012. Please send to: deb.brown2140@hotmail.com

Thanks,

Deb

Spotty Dogs Rule

Every Monday our foster homes post a Pupdate to let the rest of the group know what's happening with their foster. Loki thought that he might help with this one.

Mom's been a bit stressed out lately; she really needs to relax more. So, I thought I'd help her out by doing the pupdate this week. Most of you know that Powder goes to her very own home Friday. I've seen mom's eyes leak a few times when she was petting Powder. So, this is my way of helping out.

Life Lessons

Baths

When mom makes her bath water foamy, bubbly and smell girly, DON'T hop in the tub. However, should you find yourself in that awkward situation being in the foamy, bubbly, girly smelling tub through some bizarre unexplainable event, DON'T run to mom's bed and try to hide under the comforter. This is clearly a hypothetical situation, but one that could happen to a poor unsuspecting pup.

"Those damn spots are going to be the end of me."

Breakfast

The weather has been getting cooler. At my house mom.s been making oatmeal with cinnamon and sugar and toasted pecans. It smells delicious! Since she makes it on the stove, it must be nice and warm, too. In the event that your mom makes oatmeal and you think you want a closer sniff, maybe you want to make sure the oatmeal is really okay for your favorite human to eat, be aware that oatmeal could be really, really hot. Now, hypothetically speaking, let's say that you realize the oatmeal is hot and as



Loki chillin' with sister Muse

you turn around *leaving the oatmeal alone*, your extra long snout happens to knock the bowl onto the floor. This causes oatmeal to splatter all over the floor and alerts the humans that something is not right in the dining room. You have three reasonable options: 1) quickly slurp up the oatmeal and look innocent; 2) act scared and run; 3) slurp and run! There are certain problems with these options that you should be aware of: the oatmeal is still hot, so slurping might damage your jowls; 2) if the oatmeal has splattered on the floor when you run you will get it on your paws and track it right into mom's bed (which might still be wet if you also tried hiding under the comforter after the bath incident). These are hypothetical situations, of course.

Yoga

When mom gets out the yoga mat, it might be better to watch rather than help. For example, when mom does the "downward dog pose" she might not

like it if a certain puppy army crawled under her, nearly knocking her over. If she does that weird standing on her head thing, that's really not the time to give her a big, slobbery kiss. But, the most important thing to remember is this: when mom is standing in a very nice tree pose DO NOT zoom off the bed chasing your older sister.

Hypothetically speaking, of course.

Fortunately, I know my mom very well, and if any of those crazy things ever happened to me, I know just what she'd say: "Those damn spots are going to be the end of me." Then she'd give me a big mom hug, rub my ears, kiss my snout and smile. So, to all those pups out there, stay cute and look innocent!

Paws up,

Loki

Be sure to check our foster mom Delores Carter's blog - Spotty Dogs Rule (www.spottydogsrule.com)



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GREAT DANE RESCUE INC

Just a few of our 2011 Adoptions

