

Adoptions

May Lee - Todd & Nancy Ensz

Major - Daniel & Amy Voss

Jake - Jeff & Amy Walker

Ellie - Donald & Sherrie Ashley

Athena - Ingrid Boyd

Shadow - Shannon & Amber Crawford-Taylor

Thor - Timothy Scheffer

Alex - Matt & Jan Wilkins

Gretta - Jerri Ziegler

Nova - Julie Wray

Zeus - Karen Graham

Tyra - George & Averil Mearnic

Fletcher - Cathy Kollar

Jazmine - Brooke Schneider

Grace - Christine Hardesty

Clyde - Lisa Wing & Wynn Patrick

Kola - Cheryl Barker

Molly - Shirley Rodriguez

Lola - Michael & Diane Schurman

Big Al

Big Al came to us as a nameless dog from the animal shelter in Tuscaloosa, AL. He was promptly named Big Al because that is the mascot for the University of Alabama, which is located in Tuscaloosa.

This boy was severely underweight (104 lb.) and heartworm positive. He had a severe injury to his foreleg, that required immediate medical attention. There was an open wound and a large growth. He was barely putting any weight on the leg. The growth was scraped and determined to be benign.

Big Al is on a regiment of daily saline wraps and is showing improvement. He is putting more weight on the leg now and he has gained 10 lbs. He has a weekly vet appointment to check on the progress of his leg. Once the vet gives the

okay, we will start heartworm treatment. Big Al has been a great patient during all of this. He seems to know we are helping him, so he is very cooperative with his treatments. He is a great dog with wonderful house manners. Even after all he's been through, he is a happy dog and plays well with others.



Big Al in his Easter Bonnet



Big Al's injured leg is improving



Big Al with his foster brother

Asia (now Hazel) - Rafe & Amy Munson

Daphne - Michael & Susan Wnetrzak

Storm - Dana March

Bonnie - Paula Dapkus

Kibbie - Jay & Amanda Dankoff

Hubie - Jim & Chris Brundidge

Jake - Ashley Behan

Faith - Elena Clark

Benjamin - Randy & Sharon Sill

Bam Bam - Marlene Shenefield

Lola - Michael Citta

Gabriel - Toni Bianchi

Ella - Michelle Haegele & Matthew Pietz

Jesse - Tom & Christina Alsott

Sadie - Terry & Marilyn Chadwick

Our Angels

Catherine Donofrio, in honor of her baby sister, Carolyn Armanini

Good Search

GDCA

Trail Dames, in honor of Ann Reynolds-Crouse

Heather Dawson, on behalf of Dr. Brian and Liz Dawson

Shelley Liley, with love from Ron & Mary Renfert

Ronald Szopa

Lesley Critton

Claudette Greenstein

Barb Young (one of our most consistent and amazing donors)

Kim Spell

Kevin & Tracey Keenan

Lennie Avera

Carol Swank

John Soldavini

Cary Glassner

Donald Johnson

Patricia Wright

Ginger Haines, in memory of Magnum, loving Great Dane of Kathy

Jason & Keri Pesoka

Tina & Steve Price

Paul Lutz

Robert Kaprocki

Wendy Lane

Cindy Veglio

Liz Dawson

Vicki Confrey, in honor of Deb & Molly Ward

Linda Meyer, on behalf of Beth Meyer

Leonard & Brenda Crilow, in memory of Richard Simmerman (Class of '72)

Mary Seals, in memory of Cody

Rhonda Bailey-Reed, on behalf of Beth Myer

Cindy Kern

Deb Brown, in memory of Xochi, Little Giz and Marlee



Lain Wing

Dan & Brenda Rodgers, in memory of Bob Petrie

Mark & Nicki Mikolajczyk, in memory of Ralph

iGive

Mark Nehaniv for Big Al

Petco Tree of Hope

Wendy lane

Stephen Lewis for Big Al

Delayne Corle, in memory of Lilly and Xochi

Melissa Scott

The Hamels

Melinda Rowe

Beverly & Michael Beitler

Lynne Tenbusch

Antoinette Soffas

Diane LeNoir

Bad Dog Ranch

Sissy (Solid Gold)

Mary Seals

Peter Bundarin

Robert & Irene Siedlik

Kathy Gammill

Cards for Causes

Mr. & Mrs. Coval

Gluesenkamps Designscape

Linda Record

Stulbergs

Deb Brown, in memory of Bob Petrie

Linda Crawford, in memory of Bob Petrie

Lauren Nadeau, in memory of Tasha

Joan's mother-in-law

Louise Peterson

The Bullocks

William Burkett

Sheena Tait, in memory of Bob Petrie

Michelle Owens

Kathy Oates

Tricia Pelligrini, for Violet's care

Dennis Pierce, in memory of Ralph

Stephanie Dersch, in memory of Clarence "Sonny" Bach

Amy Krueger, in memory of Jeremy Waggoner

Timothy Scheffer, for Big Al

Lannie & Roger Grow, in memory of Scooby, Xochi and Bailey

Doss & Marty Garland, in memory of Jeannie Otey

Lannie & Roger Grow, in memory of Bob Petrie

A Happy Dog's Bedtime Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,

The queen-size bed is soft and deep.

I sleep right in the center groove,

My human being can hardly move.

I've trapped her legs,

She's tucked in tight,

And here is where I pass the night.

No one disturbs me or dares intrude,

Til morning comes and I want food.

I sneak up slowly and it begins,

My nibbles on my human's chin.

She wakes up slowly and smiles and shouts,

"You darling beast!

Just cut it out!"

But morning's here and its time to play, I always seem to get my way.

So thank you Lord, for giving me,

This human person that I see

The one who holds me tight

And shares her bed with me at night!

Author Unknown

We have the best supporters...in this economy we have not wanted for anything. It's just awesome.
Sandy

In loving memory

It's been a few years since we've talked but wanted to let you know that we had to put our perfect boy **Ralph** down on March 18. We did everything we could to give him a perfect life. We decided that his quality of life just wasn't at the level it needed to be - old age and arthritis were getting the best of him. We spent a wonderful last afternoon with the big guy and he passed peacefully in our arms at 7:03 p.m.

He was hands down the best dog ever and we miss him terribly. Thank you so much for giving me the opportunity to adopt Ralph. Our lives are forever different and better since I adopted him on April 15, 2000. We've decided when we get the courage up, we want to donate his beds and feeder to the rescue...we think he'd like other Danes in the same situation he was in to have them.

We love and miss him so much,

Mark & Nicki Mikolajczyk

It is with great sadness that I must relay to you that our precious **Barak** and **Malibu** have passed away. Barak, such a perfect Dane for us and all who met him, was unable to use his hind legs any longer. He was euthanized in the winter of 2007. Then early this winter, our best friend Malibu also lost the use of her hind legs. She was also euthanized. Both our friends gave to us 100% of themselves and believe me when I say they are very much missed.

They were our friends, our companions, our guardians and family members. We grieve their loss. I believe they were happy here and loved us as we loved them. Thank you for the chance you gave us to know these beautiful dogs and to share our lives with them.

Susan Smith

Our deepest sympathy

Lyndsey & Wendy Watson for Little Giz and Carson

Sandy Suarez for Xochi

Delayne Corle for Lilly

Deb Brown for Marlee and Sweetness

Margie & Tommy Schultz for Bailey and Scooby

Chris Burton for Bella

Tina Rice for Orion and Aztec

Mark & Nicki Mikolajczyk for Ralph

Susan Smith for Barak and Malibu

Mary Ellen Ainley for Abby

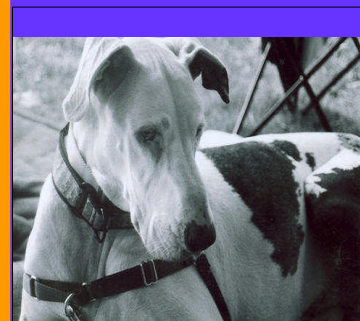
Deborah for Gracie

Carson came into rescue as a puppy, rescued from his original owner's friends as he was being beaten half to death for 'not listening' - a tricky skill when you're deaf. Carson was adopted but came back into rescue and I just knew that he was meant to be with us. I don't think the first three years of his life were filled with a lot of love but he sure made up for it during the last three - even giving back by being a rescue ambassador. I was told that he didn't like to give kisses but he loved to. He would hug you with his whole body and he'd smile when he was happy. Because of his beatings, he shuffled when he walked like an old man in socks.

For the past month, we've been fighting a mystery illness - severe vomiting, diarrhea, upset stomach and discomfort. We couldn't figure it out even after several vet visits. Last night he started to bloat. We decided it was time to let him go to the bridge and set him free from his illness.

Mom and I are really going to miss him. He was a goofy, quirky, sweet marshmallow of a boy - as always our time with these giants is never long enough.

Lyndsey & Wendy Watson



I wanted to send you a note to let you know that **Abby** passed away tonight. We adopted Abby in 1998. Abby was a year old at the time and you told us she had been in five homes during the first year. Well, we were her last home.

The last few months have been increasingly difficult for Abby. We knew that at age 11 she was on borrowed time and we appreciated every day we had with her. Her arthritis was bothering her and she was so thin - we had begun putting a sweater on her to keep her warm. The other morning as I was drinking my coffee and she was leaning next to me, I knew it would be soon.

Even though Abby was our family dog, she was mine first and foremost. She was my companion in the morning before everyone got up and in the evening when else went to bed.

But she was uncomfortable and so we had decided that we would have to let her go soon so that she wouldn't have to suffer. Abby must have known it was time as well. My husband woke me up around midnight tonight and told me that Abby had passed.

Our beautiful, funny, sweet Abby is gone. I remember the day that I spoke with you on the phone when you told me that you had a dog I might be

interested in. I had decided that I would name her Abby. As we spoke and you told me about the dog, you mentioned her name was Abby. I knew then that our life together was meant to be.

I hope we gave her as much joy as she gave us. Abby helped raise our kids. She was with us for the best years of our lives and we will miss her so much.

Thank you for everything you do. God bless you.

Mary Ellen Ainley



Tater Tot arrived in rescue at 10 weeks old and already someone had broken his elbow and neglected to fix it. This injury was easily repairable but now it's not. Now Tater has to have his leg amputated.

Tater had the amputation a few weeks ago. He had a bit of a rough go during the recovery but all is well now.

Tater Tot's long road home

According to his new mom, "Tater is now back to being a happy dancing puppy again. Hopefully the stitches and staples will come out on Tuesday and he can run (OK, hop) and play without restrictions. He'll also be resuming his Therapy Dog training. I've ordered him a couple of doggie t-shirts for him to wear to the hospital until his fur grows back. I found one that says "What Would Scooby Doo". I'm just going to sew the arm hole closed.

It's so wonderful to see him happy again. I can finally breath....I hadn't realized it, but I think I've been holding my breath for the past 2 1/2 weeks.....no wonder I'm exhausted.

Tater's foster mom, Jeanne, adopted him. As she said, "Tater expressed a serious interest in staying here with my gang."



Violet

The dogs that come into rescue arrive in various states of well-being. Some are perfectly healthy but others are broken - in body and in spirit. Our foster families work tirelessly with these dogs to make them well so that they can be adopted out to their forever families. Every week, our foster moms and dads report on the progress of their foster. The following is an edited transcript of Violet's story as told by her foster mom, Liz.

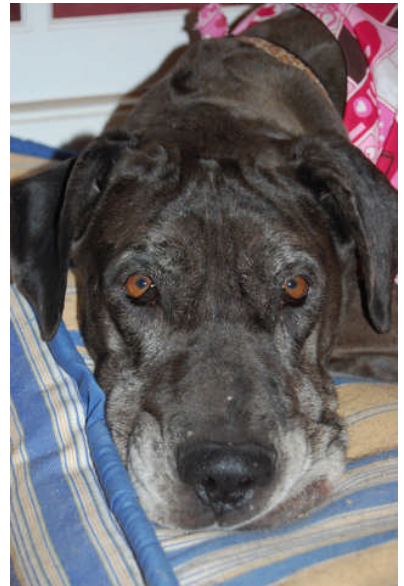
We received Violet last night from a shelter in IL. It is believed that she is Gabe's (Tina's foster) mom. She is a beautiful merle, approximately 5 years old. She was pretty brown looking when we got her from being so filthy and smelly. She has had 1 bath already and gets her second today.

She is extremely shy and spooks very easily but is interested in people when you ignore her. She allows us to walk her, bath her, handle her feet, etc. Her poor nipples are so distended and raw. She was dumped with a pup that is approximately 4-6 months old (Gabe's brother) and he was still nursing. She has pressure sores and infections on her feet...most likely from the urine and feces she seemed to have been living in. She is skinny but is eating like she hasn't seen food in months.

I don't think the shelter has a clue who the breeder was. They were dropped off in the night pen with no information.

Violet seems to be regressing a little. She is fine on the leash and lets us know when she wants to go out or has spilled her food. But other than that, she just wants to be in her crate. And now when I sit with her, she crouches against the back of it. She seems to do best when you walk away from her, then she follows. She doesn't like to be led or have someone behind her. I can't tell if she was abused or just not socialized to people...probably a bit of both.

These are just things that we have learned about her. She comes if we call her...but she just prefers to have us in front of her. No issues though. And she won't use the backyard yet. I think that the open area is overwhelming to her as well. She still goes out on a leash. She just needs time and we are giving it to her.



Violet is extremely skittish. She never stands up straight because she is always crouching like she is terrified. She is constantly looking for a way to escape the house or the backyard. She is not afraid of the dogs, just humans. I can get in her crate with her to pet her. She never shows any type of aggression...just pure fear.

Violet

Violet got her first shot for HW treatment last Wednesday. She doesn't seem to be having any adverse effects from it except some panting initially and some diarrhea. They did a chest x-ray first to see if there was any permanent heart damage or any lung damage, but those were clear. So he is very optimistic that she will not have any lasting damage from this. Her stool sample was clear of worms and urine was clear too. It hasn't been hard keeping her quiet since she just wants to be in our room on a dog bed all the time.

She has integrated nicely into our family and lives amongst all of the other dogs now. She is still quite afraid of Dave. I think he forgets to use his baby voice with her sometimes. She lets me lay with her and pet her...and comes to me when she is scared. But she doesn't like hugs and kisses yet. We are working on it though.

Violet is at the vet's office this morning getting her second HW treatment injection. She goes back tomorrow morning for the third. We could leave her overnight...but she made such amazing progress this weekend and I don't want to thwart that.

She will then still need her vaccinations and spay. She will take treats (only good, stinky ones) out of my hand now but not Dave's yet. She even snuggled with me yesterday and will let me kiss her on the head now. She doesn't like to be "contained" though. You can hold her around the middle...but not her head yet. She doesn't growl or anything, just pulls away out of fear. She spends most of her time in our bedroom...she feels safe up there for some reason. I walked up there the other day and caught her playing with a toy. She even went outside on Friday and I saw her tail wagging.

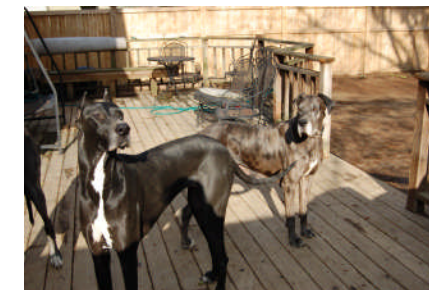
It will take tiny baby steps to get her to fully come out of her shell. She is going to be a very loving girl when she does...she will sniff me now and come to me when I am in bed and nudge me. I just don't think anyone ever loved her, hugged her, walked her, etc. It has been even harder to get through to her because she won't take treats from you...so Dave puts them next to her to try to show her that good things come from him. And I have been giving her massages and belly rubs to let her know that good things come from me too. She is an absolutely beautiful girl and I love her dearly.

We have had a tremendous turn around in this girl. She is not the dog that came to us. She has been outside doing laps around the yard, egging on the other dogs to play with her and chase her. Then she tears into the house and upstairs. At 4:30 a.m. yesterday she ran upstairs and jumped on the bed with me in it and did at least 10 spins on it. When we come home now we find that she has "collected" things throughout the day and gathers them next to her. My pajamas, some of Dave's clothes, a pillow, and toys.

This morning I woke up to her at 4 a.m. standing next to me wagging her tail. After she came back in the house she was restless. She jumped up on the bed and did her spins again. She pawed me because she wanted me to pet her. And then I caught her with the heating pad on her bed trying to fold it over and make it comfy for her.

It is just amazing the sudden transition and trust she has. She acts like a dog that is discovering herself and things around her and I love every moment of it.

*** Read about Gabe and Max in the following pages. Their turnaround is equally remarkable. I think that what these dogs and their foster families have accomplished together is nothing short of heroic.*



Gabriel

Little Gabriel came to me like a puzzle in a box: pieces all over the place and broken. One of the hard parts of rescue is not knowing their past. What they went through, how they were treated or why they were dumped at a shelter. He was never handled and he



Gabriel - a gorgeous boy

didn't really know what to think of people. The very, very little he knew about people was less than desirable. And he was dumped at the tender age of 16 weekswhich will forever be a mystery to me. Because as filthy as he was, as afraid as he was, and yes even as stinky as he was all I could see was a beautiful handsome baby that needed love and comfort and someone to love him. And that I can do. So love him I did.

Potty training a pup and teaching them to crate up is pretty fundamental. Getting a wild pup who hasn't had anything good happen to him from a human being to trust you and want to be around you is a challenge. It's very difficult for them and not what they want to do very often. But if you persevere, this beautiful handsome happy affectionate playful puppy

emerges with the hopes of a normal life.

Gabriel made it. He was brave when he didn't want to be. He tried all the time even when he wasn't sure what it was he was supposed to do. In his heart he wanted to be accepted like every other puppy. He simply needed someone to take a bit of time and show him.

I couldn't be more proud of him. I adore him for so many reasons. But without this rescue, without all the folks behind the scenes doing everything in their power to help all the babies we can.....Gabe would have just been another statistic. But instead, he is becoming the gentle giant he was born to be.

He is forever in my heart.

Love ya Buddy, Your foster mom Tina

Fun Day - June 6, 2009

We've had a lot of people ask us what is Fun Day? . Fun Day is like a family reunion only with about 60 or so dogs. It's held at the Cass Benton section of Hines Park in Northville MI on Saturday June 6th and its held rain or shine. We all get together and just have fun - talking, playing games, eating, and seeing LOTS of Great Danes of all shapes and sizes.

have some great baskets filled with dog goodies, sweatshirts, statues, etc.

During the day you can do the CGC testing http://www.akc.org/events/cgc/training_testing.cf with your dog behind the pavilion. Delayne Corle will be doing the CGC testing for \$5.00. If you have questions you can contact Delayne at paws2reflect@gmail.com.

Fun Day starts around 10 am. Show up with your blankets or lawn chairs as there are a lot of shady spots.

Fun Day is like a family reunion only with about 60 or so Great Danes.

We do have a pavilion with picnic tables to eat at. We provide the food but over the years everyone usually brings something to share. I do a sign up sheet if you want to sign up to bring a 12 pack of pop, a case of water, or your favorite snack or salad but you're not required to bring anything and the food is free. Somewhere between 11 and 1 we usually play 2 or 3 dog games. Around 3:00 we have our raffle. You can buy tickets during the day for the items we have out on the tables. The items vary each year but we usually

We usually have some people who sell stuff during the day as well. You can come for a couple hours or you can come for the whole day. If you would be

interested in volunteering to help at one of the tables for a couple hours we could sure use the help. If you would like to volunteer to bring something for the picnic I will be posting the sign up sheet on our lists for the next couple weeks or you can contact me directly at carla@greatdanerescueinc.com.

If you have any other questions that I didn't cover here you can e-mail me at carla@greatdanerescueinc.com. Hope to see you there!!



If you need more info about booking a hotel or directions to the park, visit greatdanerescueinc.com. Also we're working on a special project for next year and we need your old blue-jeans. So if you've got an old pair and want to donate them, please bring them with you to Fun Day. If you can't make it this year but would like to make a donation of new or used items for the sales or raffle table or for the foster homes, email diggindanes@aol.com to make arrangements to mail the items or to get to a volunteer.

Sandy's Spot

2009 has been a tough year so far for lot's of folks - and by extension their Danes. There are so many Danes that need our help that it can seem overwhelming at times. If there is a silver lining to the storm clouds, it is you - our supporters. Thanks to your tremendous and unfailing support, our Danes have wanted for nothing in this economic downturn. For this, I cannot thank you all enough. Just look at the list of Angels - it just keeps growing.

And our volunteers - we would not be the organization that we are today without our volunteers. The fundraising that is done by this group is amazing. And it's not just the fundraising. Our foster homes give of themselves every day. And those that help with transport or home checks are also a vital part of our network. You are an amazing group of people and we are blessed to have your support.

I found this recently. It's a piece that I wrote about Guardian Angels and their trials and tribulations (depending on who they 'belong' to). At the time that I wrote this, Santana was around 4 years old and was congenitally deaf and visually impaired. In fact, on a scale of one to 10 with 10 being the best, Santana was about a two.

Santana was a huge boy and sweet as can be. He walked through the wooded back acre with nary a care. He was a silly boy too, and loved to make you laugh.

His Guardian Angel had his hands full. He

had to steer Santana through the obstacles in the back yard, the house and in town. "HEY, watch OUT!" "Look out for that TREE!"

"Person coming, person coming!"

"CURB!"

"Tree again!"

"Another dog - butt sniff!"

The pond incident was what most likely gave Santana's angel his first round of chest pain.

It was 10 degrees and Santana had slipped, butt first, into the very small Koi pond. Right through the thin ice. In the dark. Outside by himself before we went to bed.

His angel TRIED to warn him - the angel had been tired and was watching a little TV. He wasn't too worried about Santana that night, after all, Santana had been here for 4 years now and always managed to maneuver around the pond area with ease.

Not tonight...

*Somehow, right before the commercial, the angel saw, out of the corner of his eye that Santana was getting a bit too close to the pond and it was very icy with a lot of snow. "Oh *&^%, SANTANA!" "HEY, Man!" "The POND, the ICE, be careful!" Oops, too late...*



There went Santana, butt first into the freezing cold water, up to his belly. Stuck but good.

"NOW what am I gonna do?!" thought the angel. It wasn't easy but he flew into the house and flicked me in the head, trying to get my attention off the same show. It worked and we got Santana out of the pond, into the house, and dried off. I think that's when Santana's angel took his first drink of a nice, warm hot chocolate, spiced with Bailey's.

Anyway, the point of this is that I hope your Guardian Angel is taking good care of you throughout this downturn. We may not emerge unscathed but our Guardian Angels will do all that they can to keep us safe. Next time you hear a gentle whisper in your ear, a thwack on the back of your head, an ethereal guiding in another direction, give heed.

Sandy

P.S. We've added two new features to our website - Adopter of the Month and Training Tips. Both are updated at the beginning of the month so be sure to visit us regularly at:

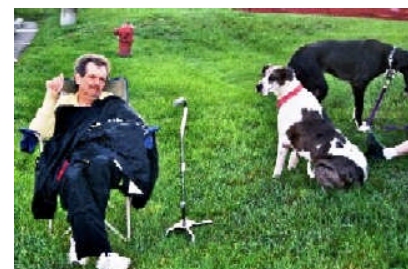
greatdanerescueinc.com

In memory of Bob Petrie

On Tuesday, January 13th Great Dane Rescue Inc. lost a wonderful friend, volunteer and adopter - Bob Petrie. Bob was known for his wicked sense of humor and absolute love of Great Danes. He and his wife, Donna, have been enthusiastic supporters of GDRI over the years, currently living with Sox, Jazz and a long-term foster Molly (one spry 13 year old!). They fostered several dogs, most memorably Achilles whom they nursed back from a severe

canine flu, even after their vet had given up hope. Bob cared for the dogs all day while at home, always up and down letting the dogs out, making sure needy fosters got several meals throughout the day and beaming with pride at their turn around. He was also a regular event volunteer, coming out to walk-a-thons, booths and Fun Days. His devotion to Danes and rescue was evident to everyone he spoke to. Bob and Donna showed us all how one tiny lady and a man with limited mobility

could handle several giant dogs. All of us at Great Dane Rescue Inc. will miss him.



Max

Max is a lesson in what happens when puppies are not handled and properly socialized by the breeder from birth. They will spend a long time learning what should be second nature. Max had to learn it was ok to be petted, to be handled and cuddled.

Max very quickly attached himself to Spot our elderly merle female Dane. Spot took the little guy under her care. She spent many days going on extra trips into the cold and the snow so Max would have her with him on his trips outside to potty. Within the first few days Max learned about toys and found them to be the best. He happily chewed his way to losing 9 baby teeth in the first two weeks.

Max loves routine, must have routine in his life to know everything is ok. He has learned to love treats and car rides. He doesn't get scared as often and has made trips into town to tour the park and all that is here. He is forever giving nose bumps to those things that interest him most, including his foster siblings and us. Everything has to be bumped with the nose so he can test it out.

Max is finishing up his basic medical work. He will soon be ready for a new home but he is going to be an ongoing project for his family. He does get scared and sometimes at things that are perfectly fine with him only moments before. Many times as we watch him playing with Spot or Zion it is hard to imagine he is still that scared little guy. But he is and he tries hard to be brave,



Max & Spot curl up together in the sun.



when he just can't be brave he knows he can curl up with Spot and feel safe. We continue to work to get him to seek out us for comfort and he is learning. He will lay on the couch and snuggle for short periods of time and will follow us anywhere for a treat. Typical teenage boy, he is all about the food, scary things are forgotten for the food.

Max is a blessing, watching him learn about the world and find it isn't as scary as he thought is a privilege. He reminds us every day why we do what we do. Max has taught us as much as we have taught him.

It came to me that every time I lose a dog, they take a piece of my heart with them. And every new dog that comes into my life gifts me with a piece of their heart. If I live long enough, all the components of my heart will be dog, and I will become as generous and loving as they are.

Unknown

GDRI in the news

We were chatting online recently and in the course of conversation, I realized that with so many new volunteers and supporters that many people would not be aware of the publicity we've received over the years. And I'm talking articles not ads. For example, I bet most of you didn't know that GDRI adopted Little Joe to Mark and Dan, founders of the Three Dog Bakery. Here's some more:

- Entrepreneur Magazine
- Puppies USA
- Great Dane Reporter
- Contributor to 'Living with a Deaf Dog' by Susan Cope Becker
- Detroit Free Press (twice)
- Plymouth Observer many times

We're listed in Jill Swedlow's book, 'Great Dane: Model of Nobility' as the only rescue. We've been featured on TV in Detroit and Indianapolis. We been included in the Dogs in Canada magazine, with a picture of Tweety (Jo Anne Richard's girl). We're also listed in the Dogs in Canada Annual as a rescue. We've been on radio in Indianapolis and in Canada (Ontario). GDRI has appeared regularly in Indy Tails and Michigan Tails and Dog, Dogs, Dogs in Toronto.

So there you have it.

Sandy



How cute are they? Pink (on the left) is the latest addition to Leah LaGrone's family. Leah is one of our Alabama volunteers

Steph



P.O. Box 5543
Plymouth, MI 48170

Phone: 734-454-3683
Website: www.greatdanerescueinc.com

**GREAT DANE RESCUE
INC**



GDR I Supporters



The online gallery of [Louise Peterson](#). Louise is a long-time supporter of GDR I. She donates a portion of her sales to rescue groups helping Great Danes less fortunate than her own.



Prolific Marketing Inc.

Sponsoring GDR I at the 2009 Rescue-me Walk-a-thon in Toronto.

[Prolific Marketing](#): Sample fulfillment, labeling, co-packing and B2B merchandising services.



Junkyard Danes by Yardbirds

Available at greatdanerescueinc.com

New items - Great Dane Card Holder and Salt & Pepper Shakers

