

Great Dane Rescue Report

Winter 2009/10

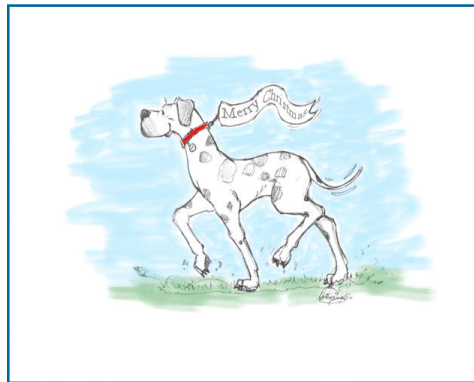
Adoptions

- Tango, Tina Price
- Liam, Wendy Watson
- Nero, Greg & Ashley Gotsch
- Rebel - Karyn MacDonald
- Galaxy - Heidi & Fred Lepey
- Lady - Julie Ridener
- Athena - Louise Kerslake
- Lenny - Nick Hale
- Quinn - Randy White
- Dixie - Joe & April Garcia
- Max - Stephanie & Jamie Tracy
- Levi - Matt & Jan Wilkins
- Duke - Peter Bolton & Carole Ross
- Samson - Lee Hammond
- Tyra - Chris & Marla Rafferty
- Charisma (now Carrie) - Robert Sabaitis
- Laoise - Colleen & Joe Falcone
- Caliber - Scott & Angi West
- Tank - Toni Bianchi

A Forgotten Dog's Christmas

'Twas the night before
Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was
stirring, not even a
mouse
The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there
The children were nestled
all snug in their beds
With no thought of the
dog filling their head
And mamma in her
'kerchief, and I in my cap
Knew he was cold, but
didn't care about that
When out on the lawn
there arose such a clatter
I sprang from the bed to
see what was the matter
Away to the window I flew
like a flash
Figuring the dog was free
of his chain and into the
trash
The moon on the breast
of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-
day to objects below
When, what to my
wondering eyes should
appear
But Santa Claus - with
eyes full of tears

He un-chained
the dog, once
so lively and
quick
Last year's
Christmas
present, now
painfully thin
and sick
More rapid
than eagles he
called the dog's name
And the dog ran to him,
despite all his pain
"Now, DASHER! now,
DANCER! now,
PRANCER and VIXEN!
On, COMET! on CUPID!
on, DONNER and
BLITZEN!
To the top of the porch!
To the top of the wall!
Let's find this dog a home
where he'll be loved by
all."
I knew in an instant there
would be no gifts this
year
For Santa Claus had
made one thing quite
clear
The gift of a dog is not
just for the season
We had gotten the pup
for all the wrong reasons
In our haste to think of



the kids a gift
There was one important
thing that we missed
A dog should be family,
and cared for the same
You don't give a gift, then
put it on a chain
And I heard him exclaim
as he rode out of sight
"You weren't given a gift!
You were given a LIFE!"





Our Angels

Colleen Falcone
 Dee Morrison
 Jayne Patrick
 Lin Gardinor, Funny Farm
 Boutique
 Inga Rasiulyte
 Michael Patrick
 The Phillips Family in
 memory of Gracie
 Pedigree Foundation
 Barb Young
 iGive
 Denise Roy
 Lyn Richards
 Pet Supplies Plus
 Petco Foundations
 Earthborn Holistic Foods
 Deb Brown
 Maria Moskey
 Anonymous donation in
 honour of Gracie
 Gwendolyn Murphy
 Amanda Ruthven, The
 Panache Pooch
 Linda & Rich Gates
 Synflex
 Abbott Labs
 Melinda Rowe
 Joanne Barnett
 Denis Eich
 MissionFish
 Paula Dapkus
 Pam Ehlers
 Antoinette Soffes for
 Zeus
 August Grammas
 John Muir
 Yvette Shrum
 Lesley Critton, from her
 Zeus to ours
 Kathy Oates for Zeus
 Tricia Falkenberg for
 Zeus
 Elizabeth Sweet for Zeus
 Abby Hodge
 Robert Kaprocki
 Liz Dawson
 Wolverine Great Dane
 Club
 Kari Maples, Say Woof
 Photography

Wendy Lane
 Joan & Jerry Coval
 Margarete Hubbard
 Rollins for Zena and
 Cooper
 Sharon MacBride in
 memory of Chris Berbelis
 Marshall McLernon for
 Zeus
 Paula Dapkus
 Diane Lafollette
 Delayne Corle

The Dog Rules

The Dane never sleeps on
 the bed. Period.

Ok, the Dane can sleep at
 the foot of the bed only.

Ok, the Dane can sleep
 along side you, but he is not
 allowed under the covers.

Ok, the Dane can sleep
 under the covers, but not
 with his head on your pillow.

Ok, the Dane can sleep
 along side you, under the
 covers with his head on your
 pillow, but if he snores, he's
 got to leave the room.

Ok, the Dane can sleep and
 snore and fart and have
 nightmares in your bed, but
 he's not to come in and
 sleep on the couch in the TV
 room, where you're now
 sleeping. That's just not fair.

Remember, in any and all
 house-hold interactions or
 disputes
 -- **the dog rules !**

*Adapted from The
 Dog Rules: (Damn
 Near Everything) by
 William J. Thomas*

Gabriel/Gabby

I just wanted you to know
 that Gabby was put to
 sleep this afternoon after
 a lengthy battle with
 seizures, hip dysplasia
 and finally loss of sight.
 The last two years she
 has been unable to
 navigate stairs. We had
 to install a ramp for her to
 enter and exit the house,
 and finally this fall she
 has been unable to
 manage the ramp, let
 alone relieve herself
 without falling down.

Adopting Gabby was one
 of the best days, and
 today has been the most
 difficult, heartbreaking
 day of my life.

Gabby held a huge piece
 of my heart and now I
 can honestly say that my
 heart (and the house)
 feels unbelievably empty.

Tyleen



*Gabby on her last birthday.
 Such a beautiful girl.*

Sandy's Spot

Wow, another year! We've been saving Danes since 1993 and I'm proud to report that we've grown into one of the largest and best rescue organizations in the country. I have all of you to thank for that – our donors, our volunteers and our adopters. You all play role in making a difference in the lives of Great Danes – thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

This past year has been a year of transition for GDRI. Some valued members have moved on and new volunteers have stepped in to help fill the spaces. And the Danes,

they just keep on coming. The recession has taken its toll. Many people found themselves in the unenviable position of having to give up their Danes due to financial pressures. I'm glad that we were here to take those dogs in and make sure that they were loved and then sent off to their new forever homes.

Please take a moment to read Gail's piece about rescuing. I think it sums up perfectly why we do what we do – especially because it is not easy work. Sometimes it seems that there are as many tears as there are smiles when you're

working in rescue. At the end of the day, I wouldn't change a minute of it and I know that the Danes we save would agree.

I want to wish you all a happy holi-dane season. May you and your Danes celebrate a happy, healthy new year together.



Sandy



Esmerelda, Penelope and Chauncey snooze in the sun.

Holiday fundraising

We've got a couple of fabulous fundraisers on the go this holiday season.

Our **Christmas Tree** fundraiser lets you choose the size of donation you want to make and it tells you what your donation will buy for our foster dogs. You can donate anything from a bag of food to a colossal-size crate. You can also make a donation in memory of a loved one. All of the funds raised are spent on the Danes that come into our care. Take a moment to visit our website to see the tree.

What do you buy for that someone in your life who's hard to buy for. Well, our **Happy Holi-Dane** fundraiser may be the answer. Make a donation in the name of that hard-to-buy for friend or family member and we'll send a card to the named recipient on your behalf. What could be better or easier than that?

Visit our website for other shopping ideas. Mention GDRI if you shop at any of the sites listed in our mail and the vendor will make a donation to us. Thank you.



Looks like someone got into the presents early!



Growly Mutt aka Chandler

I got a call about a transport of dane puppies that were coming up from Alabama headed to foster homes in Michigan and Ontario. I was to meet the transport outside of Indianapolis and take them to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, about 2 hours away. The jeep carrying the puppies arrived and I opened the back door. Staring back at me was the most beautiful pair of crystal blue eyes I'd ever seen. I said to him, "Your name is Chandler, and I'm your new Mommy."

Everyone had warned me about the "spotty" danes – how they were more difficult, more stubborn, more mischievous, and harder to train than any other colors. I scoffed at that – how could one color be different from another in the same breed? Little did I know that I was once again, not seeing the "signs" sent by those who knew more than me. From the first day, Chandler was a growly little snot. You touched him, he growled, you made him get off the couch, he growled, he muttered and he sassed me. You could hold him and give him love and he grumbled the entire time. His name was not Chandler – it was Growly Mutt. He never bit anyone, but he sure as hell let them know he was not pleased with being handled or made to do anything he didn't want to do.

Growly had the best medical care in the world. He had a bad knee – it was repaired. He had a short lower jaw,

the vet and I watched it intently for abscesses or other issues with his bite. His back was slightly bowed, we x-rayed. The truth was, Growly was a genetic train wreck. The older he got, the more problems he had – the product of a back yard breeder who had not the first clue how to properly breed danes (or any other dogs for that matter).

He had the best trainers in the world, too. Three of them to be exact – all of them with absolute stellar credentials. He would put up with about 10 minutes of being a good dog, then would revert to Butthead. At one training class, he pulled me down and across the room. At a booth for Great Dane rescue he backed up FAST and pulled me across a table and 10 feet more just for luck. He always waited till you were not paying attention and had the lead completely over your hand to pull one of his tricks.

Growly would go outside and turn on the faucet till there was a huge puddle, then dig a hole in the bottom of it till his white coat was black and mud caked. I had to remove the faucet handle. He loved my friends with ponytails. He would run into the room, grab the ponytail hanging over the back of the couch and not even slow down till the ponytail owner (and me) screamed at him. He loved being screamed at – because he saw that as winning your attention. Thank God those ponytail people were dog people.

On walks, he would put up with the miniature dachshund two doors down for about a minute, then pick him up and carry him while the dog screamed (that was nothing compared to what the owner was screaming). He never hurt the little guy, and you could almost see him smile when he dropped him and trotted on down the street with his head held high. I think that was when he was the happiest.

Growly was the King of his world, and would not tolerate other male dogs to be part of the pack. I had to foster only females, whom he immediately met and informed them of his Lordship.

Funny how you adore the difficult ones – and I did. We had many tender moments when he would put his head in my lap – and growl – while I rubbed his ears. He slept on the end of my bed – his personal space - and would allow me to give him a kiss on the head while he mumbled and growled at me. Growly was one of a kind and he loved his Mommy in his own way.

At age 4 ½, Growly suddenly lost about 40 pounds in three weeks. I took him to a vet I didn't know, and they misdiagnosed him as having an ulcer. Two weeks later we were on our walk, which always produced lots of people asking to pet him – which he enjoyed that day. THAT was odd, because he



Out of six puppies in that litter, only two remain alive today. There is a reason I will continue to fight backyard breeders and puppy mills - they do the breed no favors. They create genetic train-wrecks, and they bring more pain to both the dogs and the owners than can be measured.

Joyce

never liked people petting him. Two minutes later he collapsed on the street with a heart attack. That was the first time I had walked out of the house without my cell phone. I panicked and screamed at people on the street for help. They called my brother and he came to help me get him home. The next day I took him to my regular vet who took one look at him and said he suspected heart problems. He did an EKG which he sent off to New York for confirmation. Upon further exam, he announced that Growly was dying, and his heart was only working at 20% of capacity.

Growly lay very still and looked at me – no growling - and I knew he was ready to go to the rainbow bridge and see his friends Milo and Dana. He went quietly. I did not go quietly. I walked to my car, drove to a parking lot and screamed and cried my eyes out for about an hour.

My house is so much quieter without him, and the silence is deafening. God speed my Growly boy, Mommy loves you.

Joyce



Big Giz

Six years ago, my mom and I took on our very first foster. I remember how excited we were. I was determined to be the very best foster mom I could be and remember how to do everything right the first time 'round. When we arrived, there was Giz, the tallest, skinniest, greyhoundiest looking Dane I had ever met.

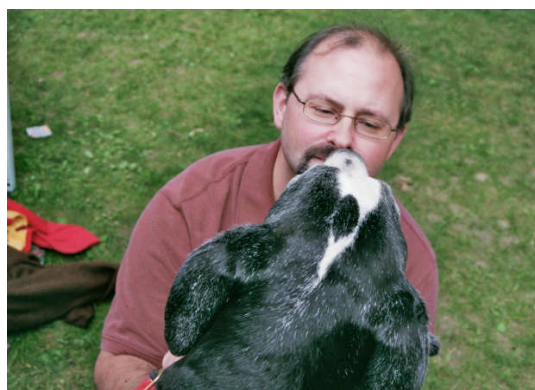
He was a dream foster, fitting with our crew instantly, teaching Beau how to be a good puppy and actually getting Zeus to run (no small feat). It astounded me that no one wanted this delightful, sweet boy for the simple reason that he was already five years old.

The night we decided to keep him, we'd gone to Petsmart for a family photo and it just felt wrong that Giz

wasn't in it. We decided that he would be my Christmas gift - the best gift ever.

No one could have asked for a kinder, gentler soul and he touched the lives of everyone he met. Contrary to his appearance, Giz was also tough. He fought mass cell tumours four times and survived bloat and torsion surgery at eight years of age. A vet who thought we were crazy said that he was one heck of a nice dog on the day that he walked out.

Giz was patient and kind with all of the foster dogs. He loved all the attention when we brought to fundraising events but most of all he loved to sit or lie with you, either with his bum in your lap or his head in your face for kisses. He'd started to slow down, so we



started walking, just him and I, slow and steady for short walks after the puppies had their turn - and while it was hard to watch my sweet Giz slow down, I cherished this time with him.

He started to have trouble getting up and down and didn't want to eat this week. X-rays showed an enlarged spleen and there were at least two masses in his stomach. We took him home for one more night of love and cuddles. Giz went to the bridge knowing that he was very much a loved part of

our family. It just doesn't feel right without him. He took a huge piece of my heart with him.

Rest in peace our very best boy,

Lyndsey and Wendy

Photo above:

That's Giz getting up close and personal with a visitor to the GDRI booth at Woofstock earlier this summer.



Rescue is not a job

Rescue is not a job, it is not a hobby, it is not a pastime, but it is a calling. All of those who come into rescue to help a breed of dog do so with the best intentions. They want to help but often they fail to realize the price that they will pay for what they do.

That price comes not in dollars - although we spend enough of those every day - but the price comes in the pieces of your heart that you give to those dogs that pass through your life every day. The price comes in the face of cruelty that you must look on every time you take a new foster into your world. The price comes in the tears you shed when the foster is beyond repair.

That price comes by knowing that no matter what you do, you cannot save them all.

Why do people continue to do this? It is the little things,

the tail wags, the kisses, the first time that foster dog does not flinch when you move suddenly; those are the things that stop you in your tracks and make you smile because you realize that yet another dog has learned that not all people are bad.

We go through stages. First, fired up and eager to help, then amazed and stunned at the volume of thrown away animals and the cruelty that our fellow humans are capable of, then we become suspicious of everyone and their motives where it concerns 'our' dogs. We become less trusting when someone tells us that they care and they will take care of the dog they want to adopt because we know the truth. We know that far too many say what they do not mean. We know that some of them never learn what 'lifetime' means and do not truly understand the heart of

the dog. We reach a point where we trust no one and believe no one and then if you continue long enough, you pass that point to know the reality.

The reality is that most of the time our dogs will find loving homes and that most people will do the best they can but no one is perfect. Reality understands that sometimes we will make mistakes and have to go back and fix them. We will never be perfect, we will never be able to do everything right and we cannot - in truth - save them all.

Reality means that we will try harder and be more focused each time because it is important, and we will continue to do what we do because we care.

For all the pieces of our hearts that we give up to these dogs, each one brings their own little piece of heart with them into rescue and gives it back to us in a never ending chain.

Gail Cramer

Rest in peace...

Echo (Pam McDonald and Family)

Sebastian (David McAuslan and Family)

Cheyenne (Peter and Veronica Stevens)

Jasmine (Melissa Butler)

Caesar (Nancy Paffhausen and Family)

Darla (Joe and Colleen Falcone)

Gabriel (Tyleen Copland and Family)

Giz (Lyndsey Bennett and Wendy Watson)

Lexi (Stephanie & Jamie Tracy)

Duke (Peter Bolton & Carole Ross)

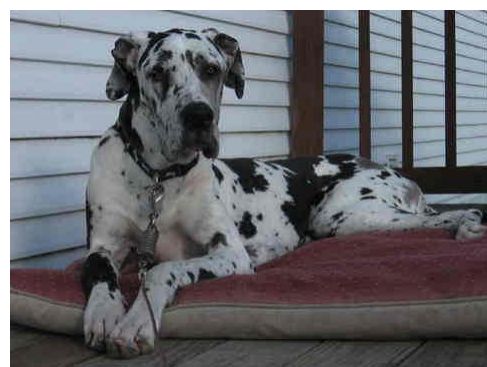


The Danes

This is just a partial list of the Danes that have come through rescue since 1993 - well over 1,000 Danes!



Sandy	Valerie	Daisy	Rex	Winnie	Duffy
Clarence	Brittany	Chance	Gatsby	Earl Grey	Bengal
Sampson	Wiley	Astro	Little Beau	Cocoa	Clarabelle
Jasmine	Noelle	Cherub	Lady Mave	Hercules	Einstein
Lou	Clint	Niki	Stassia	Speckle	Calypso
Midnight	Nova	King	Cisco	Bailey	Josie
Bailey	Blue	Snow	Oreo	Duke	Chester
Beau	Amox	Nakota	Ben	Harley	Paco
Misty	Minnie	Fred	Lita	Snuffy	Polly
Brutus	Harley	Duchess	Cosmo	Tally	Dylan



Lizzy	Baxter	Haley	Titus
Sammie	Petunia Jr.	Seven	Libby
Bruno	Tahoe	Xippy	Emily
Frick	Fluffy	Cooper	Blue
Norman	Dana	Lila	Duke
Mojo	Maggie	Daisy	Emma
Precious	Feathers	Nitro	Sampson
Zeus	Giblet	Benny	Shorty
Brandy	Elsie	Angel	Pogo
Snoop	Dana	Taz	Zilla
Ralph	Megra	Marble	Quincy
Tara	Sable	Loki	Java
Cowboy	Missie	Tayla	Tango
Mike	Chica	Beau	Zeus
Marcel	Parker	Thor	Gracie
Newt	Duke	Lucy	Sara
Filly	Axl	Mooie	
Betty	Tyger	Titus	
Jack	Ginger	Libby	
Steve	Polka	Emily	
Bentley	Count	Blue	
Mystique	Cody	Duke	
Monty	Zeus	Emma	
Obie	Harvard	Sampson	
Venus	Gypsy	Shorty	
Daisy	Spike	Pogo	
Sasha	Stella	Zilla	
Wendy	Lil Bit	Quincy	
Katrina	Brutus	Java	
Dakota	Dana	Tango	
Greta	Alexis	Zeus	
Grendel	Lexmark	Gracie	
Brinnie	Rosie	Sara	
Doobie	Cleo	Gretchen	
Mandy	Taylor	Zoey	
MacArthur	Malibu	Rio	
Jahdlyn	Penny	Twiggie	
Samantha	Butch	Boomer	
Spot	Daphne	Thor	
Trudy	Macey	Tysun	
Brandi	Chloe	Tucker	
Jack	Darla	Gateway	
Harley	Annie	Loveboy	
Mariah	Sabrina	Buddy	

Sydney	Duke	Chomper	Marcel	Parker	Thor
Libby	Winston	Brutus	Newt	Duke	Lucy
Chachi	Missy	Jake	Filly	Axl	Mooie
Theo	Tia	Harlet	Betty	Tyger	Titus
Grunt	Major	Max	Jack	Ginger	Libby
Diamond	Roxy	Sadie	Steve	Polka	Emily
Alexandra	Duke	Sparky	Bentley	Count	Blue
Cere	Max	Puppy	Mystique	Cody	Duke
Brandy	Puppy	Abby	Monty	Zeus	Emma
Bud	Puppy	Diva	Obie	Harvard	Sampson
Daphne	Puppy	MacKenzie	Venus	Gypsy	Shorty
Tar	Ramsey	Doris	Daisy	Spike	Pogo
Baby	Dino	Bailey	Sasha	Stella	Zilla
Jude	Laura	Bailey	Wendy	Lil Bit	Quincy
Prancer	Tugger	Isaac	Katrina	Brutus	Java
Duke	Luna	Freya	Dakota	Dana	Tango
Elsie	Kemp	Keeba	Greta	Alexis	Zeus
Katy	Duke	Maverick	Grendel	Lexmark	Gracie
Murphy	China	Tank	Brinnie	Rosie	Sara
Larz	Whitney	Calico	Doobie	Cleo	Gretchen
Garcia	Shelby	Duke	Mandy	Taylor	Zoey
Lacy	Elwood	Raja	MacArthur	Malibu	Rio
Keeper	Jordan	Gabriel	Jahdlyn	Penny	Twiggie
Tippy	Cesar	Kami	Samantha	Butch	Boomer
Daisy	Tara	Tex	Spot	Daphne	Thor
Warrior	Cesar	Magic	Trudy	Macey	Tysun
Rocky	Cesar	Claire	Brandi	Chloe	Tucker
Romeo	Cheeser	Lucy	Jack	Darla	Gateway
Tyson	Beau	Marteen	Harley	Annie	Loveboy
Patches	Belle	Peanut	Mariah	Sabrina	Buddy

Titus	Lulabelle
Libby	Brutus
Emily	Bones
Blue	Mattie
Duke	Gonzo
Emma	Liberty
Sampson	Tweety
Shorty	Indy
Pogo	Duke
Zilla	Lucy
Quincy	Sheba
Java	Dakota
Tango	Sophie
Zeus	Sampson
Gracie	Zeus
Sara	Bubba



Gretchen	Cody
Zoey	Elvis
Rio	Daisy
Twiggie	Zena
Boomer	Pearl
Thor	Apollo
Tysun	Zoey
Tucker	Greystone
Gateway	April
Loveboy	Glory
Buddy	Waffle
Garth	Sox
Cassidy	Jake
Rowley	Butch
Duke	Mary
Minnie Pearl	



Be especially patient with your humans during the holiday season. They may appear to be more stressed-out than usual and they will appreciate long comforting Dane leans.

Great Dane Rescue Inc

P.O. Box 5543
Plymouth, MI 48170

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

Dog's Rules For Christmas



1. Be especially patient with your humans during this time. They may appear to be more stressed out than usual and will appreciate long comforting dog leans.
2. They may come home with large bags of things they call gifts. Do not assume that all the gifts are yours.
3. Be tolerant if your humans put decorations on you. They seem to get some special kind of pleasure out of seeing how you look with fake antlers.
4. They may bring a large tree into the house and set it up in a prominent place and cover it with lights and decorations. Bizarre as this may seem to you, it is an important ritual for your humans, so there are some things you need to know: - Don't pee on the tree - Don't drink water in the container that holds the tree - Mind your tail when you are near the tree - If there are packages under the tree, even ones that smell interesting or that have your name on them, don't rip them open - Don't chew on the cord that runs from the funny-looking hole in the wall to the tree.
5. Your humans may occasionally invite lots of strangers to come visit during this season. These parties can be lots of fun, but they also call for some discretion on your part: - Not all strangers appreciate kisses and leans - Don't eat off the buffet table - Beg for goodies subtly - Be pleasant, even if unknowing strangers sit on your sofa - Don't drink out of glasses that are left within your reach.
6. Likewise, your humans may take you visiting. Here your manners will also be important: - Observe all the rules in #4 for trees that may be in other people's houses. (4a is particularly important) - Respect the territory of other animals that may live in the house - Tolerate children - Turn on your charm big time.
7. A big man with a white beard and a very loud laugh may emerge from your fireplace in the middle of the night. **DON'T BITE HIM!!**

