

Great Dane Rescue Report

Adoptions

Pepper to Amy Thorne

Shadrock to Ron Hayes

**Ezra to Sarah & Matthew
Keywell**

**Diesel to Zack & Amy
Doss**

**Grissom to Kelly
Langevin**

Kira to Julli Archibald

Bruton to Dawn Thilges

**Bishop (was Colt) to Kim
Reger**

Winnie to Megan Scott

**Buford to Shirley
Davidson**

Jack to Inese Smelters

**Melody to Delores Carter
& family**

**Zeus to Jason & Brian
Kennedy**

**Gracie to Alice Leite &
family**

I died today...

I died today. You got tired of me and took me to the shelter. They were overcrowded and I drew an unlucky number. I am in a black plastic bag in a landfill now. Some other puppy will get the barely used leash you left. My collar was dirty and too small, but the lady took it off before she sent me to the Rainbow Bridge .

Would I still be at home if I hadn't chewed your shoe? I didn't know what it was, but it was leather, and it was on the floor. I was just playing. You forgot to get puppy toys. Would I still be at home if I had been housebroken? Rubbing my nose in what I did only made me ashamed that I had to go at all. There are books and obedience teachers that would have taught you how to teach me to go to the door.

Would I still be at home if I hadn't brought fleas into the house? Without anti-flea medicine, I couldn't get them off of me after you left me in the yard for



days. Would I still be at home if I hadn't barked? I was only saying, "I'm scared, I'm lonely, I'm here, I'm here! I want to be your best friend." Would I still be at home if I had made you happy? Hitting me didn't make me learn how. Would I still be at home if you had taken the time to care for me and to teach manners to me? You didn't pay attention to me after the first week or so, but I spent all my time waiting for you to love me. I died today.

Love, Your Puppy.

"He is my other eyes that can see above the clouds; my other ears that hear above the winds. He has told me a 1,000 times over that I am his reason for being. When I'm wrong, he is delighted to forgive. When I'm happy, he is joy unbounded. With him, I know a secret comfort and a private peace. His presence is protection against my fears of dark and unknown things. He has promised to wait for me, whenever, wherever, in case I need him. I expect I will, as I always have. He is my dog."

- Gene

Our Angels

Mission Fish

Jill Wahl

Barry Stulberg

Bonnie Brasch in memory of her Mom

Susan Osland in memory of Jean Suarez

Corry Good

Laurie Whisnant

Mary Seals

Susan Hirsch in memory of Nico

Aimee & Pete Sufka

Charles LaGrone

Karen Graham for Akira

Deb Brown for Akira

Maureen Dodd for Akira

Ann Albertson

Kristi Goulette

Cheryl Lehman

Anonymous in memory of Ula (for Powder)

Abbot Labs (thank you Tina Rice)

GDCA

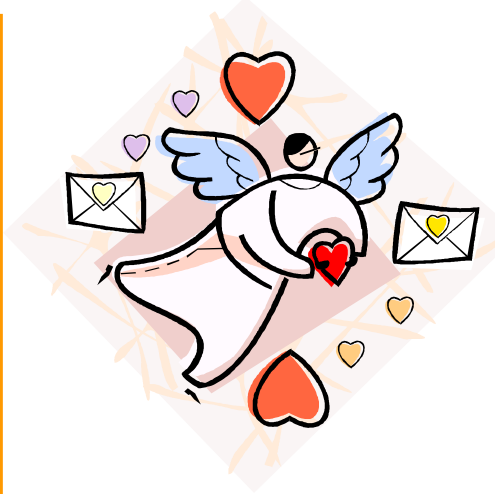
Betty Heiden

Lesley Critton

Chilly Dogs (chillydogs.ca)

Forest Place Optical

And a special thank you to all who donated to support the 15th Annual GDRI Auction in September.



Akira

When human beings die they write their testament to leave their home and all they have to those they love. I'd do such, if I could write, to a poor desperate, lonely stray. I'd give him my happy home, my bowl and my cozy bed...my soft pillow and my toys...the so loved lap, the tender stroking hand, the lovely voice...the place I had in someone's heart, the love, that at last, helped me to find a peaceful end, held me firmly in a sheltering embrace. When I die, please don't say "I will never have a furbaby again; the loss is too much to stand." Choose a lonely, unloved dog and give him MY place. THIS IS MY INHERITENCE! The love I leave behind is all I'm able to give.

~ Author Unknown

Great Dane Property

Laws

If I like it, it's mine.

If I saw it first, it's mine.

If it's in my mouth, it's mine.

If it looks like mine, it's mine.

If I can take it from you, it's mine.

If I had it a little while ago, it's mine.

If you have something and put it down, it's mine.

If I chew something up, all of the pieces are mine.

If it used to be yours, get over it.

If it's broken, it's yours.

The life and times of Growly Mutt

by Joyce Crawley

Forward

If God were to ask me to relive just one portion of my life, I would not hesitate. I would relive the years with my Growly Mutt. He was not a good dog. He was a butt biting, growly prankster, who constantly challenged me. I loved him for every growl, every prank, and every sweet kiss he gave me to apologize for what he had done that day. This is his story, in his words. Rest comfortably my sweet boy, I will see you again at the Rainbow Bridge.



Chapter One

It was such a nasty day. Clouds and mist were all around me. I was scared, but I knew that something wonderful was about to happen. It couldn't possibly get any worse than this long car ride in this weather. We jumped with each lightning strike and the thunder scared us. We were just babies then.

My brothers and sisters and I were on our way to safety. The rescuer said "you are about to get a brand new home." I knew my life was about to change, and it made me happy, but nervous. We were in the back of a Jeep, and had been on the road for hours and hours, changing from one car to another as the journey unfolded. We were good puppies, and we were quiet and accepting of whatever was to come. It had to be better than where we had come from in Alabama. A bad woman had not fed our mother, and we were hungry and thin. We missed our mother, and took comfort in each others warmth as the Jeep rolled on.

Suddenly the back of the Jeep opened up and a woman looked in at me. She took one look at all the puppies, then picked me up and told me my name was Chandler, and she was going to be my new Mommy. She was warm and comforting and I fell in love with her immediately. She explained that the last thing she needed was another Great Dane, but my charming blue eyes won her over. I whimpered softly and growled a little to let her know that I was a special dog, and I could not be "owned." I was my own dog, and I would never be tamed. She didn't understand and loved me anyway.

The rescuer said "you are about to get a brand new home."

You see, I am a spotty dog – a harlequin great dane. We are known to be a little different, a little difficult, and a lot of trouble. It's the spots. We can't help ourselves. We are simply smarter than humans.

New Mommy took me and all the puppies home overnight. The fog was too thick to continue the journey

north until the next day. In the morning, we were fed and allowed out in a big yard to play for awhile. There were four huge dogs there, and some of them wanted to play with us, but their size scared us. We were tiny at 11 pounds, and they were monsters at 150 or more. I knew in my heart I could take them, and did my best to growl and look big.

New Mommy let me ride with my brothers and sisters to Ft. Wayne, Indiana for the next leg of their journey. She held me in her lap while the rest had to stay in the crate in the back of the van. She told me I got to ride up there because I was the most beautiful puppy in the world. Of course, I already knew that and growled softly as she spoke to me and rubbed my ears. I loved it, but would never let her know. She would pet, I would growl, she would talk, I would growl and mumble. It was the

last time my brothers and sisters would ever see each other and the beginning of my life with New Mommy. I said goodbye to my family and it was painful to see them drive away, on their way to who knows where. New Mommy comforted me and hugged me and loved me, as I let her know I was still the boss. After all, I was the most beautiful puppy in the world.

To be continued in our next issue.

Loki announces bid for the Presidency

The time has come...the moment many of you have been waiting for...it is with excitement and a sense of duty that I, Loki, announce my candidacy for President. I believe this is the time, the time for dogs everywhere to unite under the leadership of spotty Danes.

You may be wondering why I've chosen to enter the playing field now. Well, it's time for a change in direction. We've let the humans have a go at political leadership, and, well, to be honest, they've shown an amazing capacity for inconsistency and just plain silliness. Dogs can help. With a dog, you know where you stand...you know what time to get up, when to eat, when to sleep, when to play. It's time for Americans to get back to a simpler, happier way of life.

"I believe this is the time, the time for dogs everywhere to unite under the leadership of spotty Danes."

Loki

Some of the problems we have in this country, like unemployment, well, dogs are the answer. Let me tell you about my job creation plan. It's simple. Humans need jobs. Dogs can



provide jobs. Dogs are good for the economy. Dogs, and other pets, have created a multi-million dollar industry here in America, and we can do more, we can make more jobs right here, right now. Men and women can be retrained to manufacture collars, leashes, coats, with matching accessories for their humans. But that's just the beginning. Research and development dollars are needed to fund more and better pooch disposal systems, to do more food trials, and to create better cars to transport dogs around town. Yes, we can impact the auto industry, the farming industry, the waste management industry. Dogs have the answers to the tough questions facing this country.

But that's not all. We have a health care crisis in this country. Again,

dogs are the answer. When elected, I will mandate that all dogs, cats, exotic pets - yes, even fish - be walked by their humans a minimum of 2 hours a day. I know what you're thinking - the human-run corporations will not tolerate having their employees take time off to walk us. Well, times are tough, and we all need to work together. Getting outside in the fresh air everyday will increase productivity, increase intelligence, reduce stress, and improve health. But to get there, we have to implement training - we need teachers to teach people how to walk their furry companion, we need industry to embrace an 8 hour work day with weekends off, we need young adults and kids involved. Yes, it may mean sacrificing an hour or so of TV time, but the benefits outweigh the sacrifice.

It's time for bold changes. The current political parties have done their best, but clearly things have fallen to the dogs, and we are ready... we can make things happen...it's time to unite and build a better America!

Paws up!

Loki

Political ad paid for by Spotty Danes UNITE - not a political action committee - but an organization devoted to bettering the world for dogs everywhere

We CANNOT Quit

Anonymous

I want to quit!
I spend hours and hours emailing about dogs. There may be 500 messages when I start--and at 4 AM, when I finally shut down the computer, there are still 500 emails to be read.

I want to quit!
I've spent days emailing what seems like everyone--trying to find a foster home, help for a dog languishing in a shelter--but his time has run out, and the shelter has euthanized to make room for the next sad soul.

I want to quit!
I save one dog, and two more take its place. Now an owner who doesn't want his dog--it won't stay in his unfenced yard. An intact male wanders... This bitch got pregnant by a stray... The dog got too big... This person's moving and needs to give up his pet.

I want to quit!
I just received another picture, another sad soul with tormented eyes that peer out of a malnourished body. I hear whimpering in my sleep, have nightmares for days...

I want to quit!
I just got off the phone. "Are you Great Dane Rescue? We want to adopt a male to breed to our female." How many times do I have to explain? I have tried to explain about genetics, about health and pedigrees. I explain that rescue NEUTERS!

I want to quit!
AND THEN... My dog, Magnus, lays his head in my lap, he comforts me with his gentle presence--and the thought of his cousins suffering stirs my heart.

I want to quit!
AND THEN... One of those 500 emails is from an adopter. They are thanking me for the most wonderful dog on earth--their life is changed, and they are so grateful.

I want to quit!
AND THEN... One of my adopted Rescues has visited a nursing home. A patient that has spent the last few years unable to communicate, not connecting-- lifts his hand to pat the huge head in his lap, softly speaks his first words in ages-- to this gentle fur child.

I want to quit!
AND THEN... A dozen rescuers step up to help, to transport, to pull, and to offer encouragement. I have friends I have never seen, but we share tears, joys, and everything in between. I am not alone. I am blessed with family of the heart, my fellow Rescuers. There are Rescuers whose words play the music of our hearts. Foster homes that love your Rescue, and help to make them whole again--body and spirit. Rescuers who are our family, our strength, our comrades in battle.

I want to quit!
But I won't. When I feel overwhelmed, I'll stroke my Magnus's head while reading my fellow Rescuers emails. I'll cry with them, I'll laugh with them-- and they will help me find the strength to go on.

I want to quit! But not today. There's another email, another dog needing Rescue.

At the Rainbow Bridge

I adopted Harley (aka Harley Bear, The Bear, Bear Bear) in 2006, as I was starting graduate school. He was 6. He was the best friend and companion anyone could ask for. I was patient with him as he learned to go up and down stairs, and when he was a terror with his feet and tail. He was patient with me as I completed a Master's degree, started a PhD, got married, and added four cats to our household. We grew older together, unfortunately he grew older faster than me. The end of Harley's life came peacefully on Friday, September 23, 2011. Arthritis and weariness had overcome him and keeping him longer would only have been selfish. He enriched my life like only a loving, goofy, wonderful Dane can. He was 11 1/2 when he died, and I hope that for the 6 1/2 years that we shared were good ones for him, as I know they were for me.

Erin Sweeney

Arizona losses

Rest in peace Bandito and Duke. Both of these Danes were in foster care at the time of their deaths. We lost Bandito to cancer and Duke to bloat. Many thanks to foster mom Becky who took such good care of them for the time that they were with us. Sadly, Dawn Thilges and Seth Gregar also lost their recently adopted Dane, Dexter very suddenly.

Sandy's spot

I was thinking about the 'We CANNOT Quit' piece in this issue. I think that all of us who rescue dogs, cats and other animals have felt that way at one time or another. Some days it just gets to be too much. You think to yourself that you just can't look at one more neglected, starving, ill or injured Dane; that you're just so tired of the endless supply of puppy mill dogs; that you just can't deal with one more ill-informed owner who wants to hand rescue their problem (and I'm talking about those owners who call and tell us that they have a bad dog and just can't deal with him anymore - and when you ask, no - they've never even thought about training the poor dog - they just want him gone).

But just like the piece says then you get a call or an e-mail from an

"We are forever grateful for your support and encouragement."

adopter who's just writing to tell you how that Dane has changed their life, that he's the best thing that ever happened to them, that he's a therapy dog now and they just can't thank you enough for bringing him into their family. Or you open your PayPal account and there are a list of donations from people who may or may not have ever adopted a

Dane from GDRI but believe in the work that we do and want to help. Then there's the supporters who show up year after year at Fun Day and our Annual Auction to help us raise funds so that we can keep going. And the volunteers, who most of us have never met who help us transport our Danes to/from shelters, foster homes and forever homes, and do home visits to make sure that we've found the right homes for our Danes.

All that I can say is thank you. You keep us going when we think that we can't do it anymore. We are forever grateful for your support and encouragement.

Sandy

Pet Therapy

Here's a great opportunity for adopters!

Have your Dane certified for our newest adventure, Paws for Compassion pet therapy group for St. Joseph Mercy Hospital Hospice in Ann Arbor.

We will hopefully be covering the southeastern MI area including the Livingston office area. Contact us at danelair@comcast.net for info on classes for certification being held in MI and for volunteer info.

Or join us on line at [pettherapyforhospice](http://pettherapyforhospice@yahoo.com) on yahoogroups.com

You and you Great Dane can make a difference!



“Your dogs are so well behaved!”

by Delores Carter

All three dogs leashed. No easy feat – 2 yr old deaf/blind girl, 11 mos old puppy girl, 3 mos old puppy boy – leashed and eager to go. And out the door we went. With minimal leash tangling, we set off for our morning walk. Down the street we went, around the corner, and there she was, the sweet elderly lady that watches us almost everyday as we go for our daily walk. Some days she watches us from her window, other days, like today, she’s in her yard smiling and waving. Some days we stop and chat. Today was one of those days.



Sweet Elderly Lady: May I pet your dogs?

Me: Of course. Muse is deaf and blind, so let her sniff first; watch out for the pup, he likes to circle people; Melody will sit nicely for you.

Sweet Elderly Lady: Your dogs are so well behaved. I don’t see how you walk them all at the same time. They’re as big as you!

I reply: Thank you! They are good dogs...and they know who dishes out the dog food.

But, what I was thinking: That’s only because you’re lavishing attention on them. And, there are no squirrels around. Please, no squirrels.

Sweet Elderly Lady: What kind of dogs are they?

I reply: All three are Great Danes

But, what I was thinking: Goat Dogs! One pair of new Birkenstocks - eaten, bathroom wall - eaten, plastic peanut butter jar - thoroughly chewed, and I don’t even want to talk about my bed, the dog beds, the baby bottles, the curtains...yes, goat dogs!

Sweet Elderly Lady: They’re so gentle.

I reply: They’re really just big couch potatoes! Just love to lie around and soak up love.

But, what I was thinking: Gentle was NOT what I was thinking when the pup snuck up and nipped me on the butt this morning while I was preparing his food. Gentle is NOT the word I would use when the girls zoom across the bed at 5 AM in the morning, WHILE I’m still asleep. Giants, yes; Gentle, mmm, well....

Sweet Elderly Lady: That little one has huge feet.

I reply: Yes, we can hear him clomp through the house, sometimes it sounds like a horse!

But, what I was thinking: All the better to dig in the water bowl, and the toilet, and the trash, and the yard...oh, yes, huge feet.

Sweet Elderly Lady: What nice dogs! Thank you for stopping and letting me see them. I do like to see you walking them. Such nice dogs!

I reply: Thank you! They are a good group, I think. You are always welcome to give them love. They do like meeting people.

But, what I was thinking: Thank goodness they behaved! No wrestling, no puppy nipping, no restlessness. That went really well. I’m so proud! They really are good dogs. Extra treats today!

So off we went, around the corner... and then...SQUIRREL. I did glance back; neighbor lady nowhere in sight. Phew! Spotless image still intact.

What I said: NO SQUIRREL! NO! NO! Sit. Sit. SIT. I know you’re deaf...oh, do it anyway. Sit. Nice sit! You, copy your sister. Do what she’s doing. Good. Deep breathe in... We did make it home. Everyone got treats.

Great Dane Rescue Inc

P.O. Box 5543
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Phone: 734-454-3683
Website: www.greatdanerescueinc.com



SWF looking for her forever home

Are you looking for a sweet, happy girl full of energy and love? If so, Macey could be the perfect Dane for you! Macey is a two year old GORGEOUS merlequin Great Dane. Macey is bilaterally deaf and knows hand signals for many commands, including sit, lie down, and wait.

Macey gets along wonderfully with other giant breed dogs, male and female and loves



every person she meets. She'd also make a great addition to a home with kids (over eight years old) who would love her.

Macey does not get along with cats and small dogs, so large and giant breed dogs home only please.

Note: Macey is being fostered in Arizona so Arizona applicants only please.

