

## THE GOLDEN FLAME

Do not mourn the extinguishing of the flame ...  
celebrate how brightly it burned.

## CRICKETT



by Chris

Crickett started out his life pretty tough as a pup being attacked and mauled by two pit bulls, spent some time in an assisted living home with the elderly not being properly treated and cared for. Then through a foundation my mom belongs too, GRINinc- Golden Rescue in Naples, they found this young two yr. old named Crickett. Properly named because they said he had at one time had some clicker training. Ten happy years he spent with my Mom and her husband, rides in the car, long walks, etc. This would be our ninth Golden rescue, each becomes a member our family. It never ceases to amaze me, how caring, loving, and smart they are, he understood what we said, he listened when you talked, most of all he liked rides in the car. But today, the home is quiet, no walks down the block, no ride in the car, no toys are squeaking, and you realize they truly are the best companions you can have in life. I know you're up there playing with all the rest.

Jane, Frank and Chris

## SKIPPER BEAR



Skipper GRINinc dog #42 November 4, 2003 ~ December 8, 2014

In Loving Memory of Skipper Bear, Always My Wild Thing

For my Skipper Bear, my rescue dog who all his life, challenged me to the point of tears and made me laugh endlessly. He was always such a mischievous, stubborn and humorous trouble maker yet vocal peacekeeper amongst "his tribe". I loved Skipper Bear to the moon and back no matter what; he taught me acceptance and all about meeting in the middle. We do not "own" our dogs, we are partners in a lifelong friendship. I will miss you, My Wild Thing... I will love you always and all ways.

Till we meet again on the Rainbow Bridge, Skipper Bear

Mary L.

## MAJOR



Major (GRINinc dog # 421) came to my home in January, 2012. He looked more like a Lab than a Golden with all his hair having been cut. As his hair, especially his tail and feathers, began to grow back, we could see what a beautiful (or should I say handsome?) boy he was. The hair also covered all his lumps and bumps which were all over.

Major Man was not the cuddly guy in the beginning. In fact, he was somewhat aggressive on a leash, but I believe he had not been leashed walked. He then began to be Mr. Social who greeted every dog and human on our walks or at the vet's offices.

And no one can forget his barking! Maj would bark when happy, to say hello, to get attention, at dinner time, for my presence, when anxious or in pain. He also had two peculiar habits: he would dive and roll on his back in the yard, on his ball or on his bed. The Big Guy would also lay in a sphinx position and throw his head up side to side and bark. This was definitely his happy, joyful display, and I dearly missed seeing this the last few months.

His health problems were numerous, but he bounced back from the cyst removal, hematomas in the ears, elbow skin surgery, and even thyroid cancer. Major was a happy dog and tolerated everything that we did for and to him....even the months of wearing a cone.

The diagnosis of Lymphoma was his undoing, and he wasn't bouncing back. But, just 2 days before Major passed, a friend and her 5 year old son visited us. Maj was almost running after him to get a carrot, he dived on his ball, and was just his old happy self for a few hours. I am thankful for that memory.

He was cuddly to the end and passed peacefully to the other side. I now visualize him running, rolling, and, of course, barking in a beautiful meadow on the other side. I miss My Little Bear terribly.

Judy W.

## MAGGIE



### Tribute to Maggie

An incredible dog with an incredible transformation and a love of life  
GRIN Dog Number 146  
Sept 13, 2000—Sept 26, 2014

Mary Ellen had originally asked us to foster Maggie when she came into GRIN, but we were going out of town for awhile so it just wasn't feasible. I guess we were meant to have Maggie because her foster mom moved out of state and once again we were asked to foster her. This time we were available. Maggie's sweet personality grew on us and it wasn't long before she became a permanent member of our family. Backing up a few months...this poor girl came into GRIN weighing 120 pounds with weeping sores all over her body. The first picture shows poor Maggie before she was treated. She had to be shaved in order to treat her sores. Through all her medical problems she always wagged her tail. What an amazing girl she was. She was so resilient. Maggie's main problem was her thyroid. With proper medication,

proper diet and exercise, over time Maggie became a trim girl of 63 pounds. Wow...she lost just about half her body weight!

I really don't know how to begin to tell you about Maggie. She was one of a kind...sweet, gentle, pleasing, patient, loving, devoted, quiet, respectful, reserved, and intelligent; never complaining and the list of adjectives can go on and on. She loved everyone she met. As Maggie got older she preferred to be inside her house. She was not one to be outside. She didn't like to walk on the wet grass or on gravel. She was a real princess in that respect...her original name! Can you believe a Golden Retriever with the name of Princess!! She had the softest thickest fur with some curls. I just loved to nuzzle my face in her warm fur and I could hug her forever.

Maggie was with us nine wonderful years. Her passing has been very hard on me. I miss her so much. I miss coming into the house and seeing her lying on her back against the wall with her feet up. I would bend over to scratch her warm tummy. She was a great vacuum cleaner! There was never a crumb on the floor that Maggie didn't find. Too bad I couldn't teach her how to get rid of the hair that would tumble across the floor like tumble weeds blowing across the desert. Oh how she loved to eat watermelon. She used her front teeth to nibble and went from side to side until she had eaten all that juicy sweet watermelon. She was very comical to watch. And the funny thing is we didn't teach her how to eat the watermelon she just knew. She was our alarm clock in the morning, ready to eat and without failure when the clock hit 3:00 in the afternoon she started barking for her dinner. She was very consistent when it came to filling her stomach.

She was such an easy dog to please. She would hang out in the kitchen in the morning waiting for the ends of bananas or a piece of strawberry. Even a plain old ice cube was a good enough treat for her. Such a simple thing like a cold tasteless ice cube made her so happy. That was Maggie...so easy to please.

She was a dog that never stopped wagging her tail. When she was so heavy and could barely walk and full of sores she still wagged her tail. Even when she was so sick at the end she still wagged her tail. Through all her pain she still wanted to please those who loved her.

She was a devoted girl that will forever be in our hearts. Maggie we are so thankful that we got to be your mom and dad for those nine wonderful years. Before Maggie left us I whispered in her ear that Goldie would be waiting for her when she crossed the Rainbow Bridge...her sister that she was so depended on.

We will be forever indebted to Mary Ellen and GRIN for our two wonderful dogs Goldie and Maggie. GRIN was our first experience with rescue dogs and it couldn't have been more rewarding. Mary Ellen was always there for us whenever we had questions. She gave us her support through Maggie's illness all the way to the end. Not only will Goldie and Maggie be in our hearts...GRIN will be there as well.

One day dear Maggie we will see you again. Then I'll be able to snuggle in your soft thick fur. We know you are in heaven running around with Goldie like you used to when you were younger because you no longer are sick and tired.

We miss you so much our beloved Miss Mag Pie. You will be forever in our hearts. Tory misses you so much too Maggie. You taught him well. He waits patiently in the morning for the ends of the bananas and pieces of strawberries!!

Greg, Virginia and Tory Lane...(Maggie's brother)

## GOLDIE



Goldie (GRINinc dog#320) came into our lives very quickly...at least it seemed that way. We had just lost our beautiful Golden "Molly Girl". We were heartbroken, especially my husband Jim. That girl was with him constantly and more like a human than dog. He kept visiting the Lee County Animal Shelter every week as that is where we found Molly. No such luck the second time around. Then he met someone in a store that put him on to GRIN. We applied and waited for just the right one...had to be a female Golden, young but not a puppy. It took a few months of checking on line and then we spotted "The One". Her name was Goldie and just what we were hoping for. We got in the car and drove up to Englewood where she was being fostered by Bob & Crystal. We fell in love and away we went. We were ecstatic! We both took the next day off work to be home with her and show her our love. The next day we went to work and left her full roam of the house. Looking back, I can't believe we trusted her but we did. She was a good girl while were gone. She would just sit and wait for us. We retired soon after that so she had our company all day. Once again, our golden was to become Jim's girl. She was the epitome of a "Velcro Dog". Jim got up and she got up. It was funny to watch. After dinner, it was her signal to bring out the toys and play tug of war. Each night she went through the same routine. She was not excited with tennis balls and in fact would not fetch one if her life depended on it. Her thing was tug of war and was very enthusiastic with her tugging. We never had a dog that talked. Goldie talked to us in her way. If I was standing at the counter or reading a book, she would give a little snort to let you know she was there and wanting something. She would just come up to you and give you her paw to let you know she wanted to go outside. She started limping a little so we took her to the vet. After some tests, it was determined that she had osteosarcoma in the right front leg. She was given weeks to a month and that was Nov 9th 2013. She was put on meds and we went home. Astonishing us, she perked up and showed no signs of being ill. We were hoping she would be around for Thanksgiving so she could be with the whole family for the last time. Well, she made it through Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Jim's birthday. Around that time, she stopped eating and we had to hand feed her homemade food. She had some bouts with nausea so we knew the time was coming soon. In a 3 day time span, her limp worsened and she just had no joy left in her. We made the dreadful decision to let her go to the Rainbow Bridge on 6-24-2014. We told her to find her Golden sisters (2 others) and wait for us. She was our beautiful "Golden Girl" and the days are now empty without her.

Written by Jim and Patty Jo Rehak



## YOGI BEAR



It was love at first sight when I first saw Bear with that big red ball in his mouth. We had recently had another one of our adopted goldens (Benjamin) pass over the Rainbow Bridge, and were looking for another big red dog we could help and that would help us through that difficult time. Golden Rescue In Naples (GRINinc) had Bear, a young (14 months old) golden that had come to them because the owner had been in an accident and could not keep him. We worked with Mary Ellen to arrange our introduction to meet Bear. We will always be grateful.

We set up to meet and drove the 2 hours plus down wondering if he would accept us or we him. When he came bounding out with that red ball in his mouth straight to me all doubt was gone, I knew I loved this dog and he felt the same. He became our Yogi Bear, because he was "smarter than the average bear". He loved his ball and squeaky toys and loved his other animal friends; cats and dogs. He would look at you with those crazy eyebrows going up and down, up and down saying "let's play ball". He was a joy to all that knew him, and everyone loved Yogi Bear.

His condition came up quickly, one of those overnight changes. Something inside had gone wrong and he was diagnosed as having internal issues that would result in painful passing in 24 to 48 hours. So he did not have to go through a lot of pain we had to make that awful decision that all responsible pet owners do.

He passed to the Rainbow Bridge May 15th 2014, after 8 years of being our best friend and true loving companion. I have loved and will continue to adopt rescue animals, and all have their special place in our hearts. But there will always be a special special place in my heart for my Yogi; he will live in my heart forever. I love you my big dog.

Written by Ron

Ron and Darlene Krause

## GINGER



When Ginger came into our lives about ten years ago as a rescued dog being fostered she was about as stressed out as anyone can imagine. She came into our home and with her quiet and loving dignity, dropped her anchor of love and more or less said this was as far as she was going to go. We had recently lost another precious canine member of our family and whether by luck or instinct we picked up on her message and said to ourselves that this is as far as you need to go young lady, you are staying. We adopted one of the most loving, beautiful and dedicated of God's creatures and never for a moment questioned that decision.

We were still going back and forth between our home in the woods of northern Wisconsin and our home here in Florida and Ginger traveled those many miles with us just like any other member of the family would do. She was so naïve however, about the snow and other animals she met in our woods and lake setting. She trusted everything. I had to gently separate her being nose to nose with a large male porcupine one evening. They were merely communicating! She came in from one of our evening duty trips, laid down on her bed and opened her mouth...and out popped a large live toad. She just laid back and watched two old people try to catch the thing. She loved the snow that she had never in her life seen before.

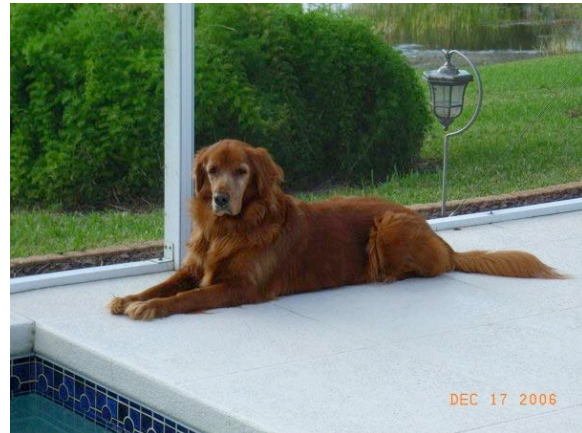
In her life here in Florida she was the toast of our neighborhood. Our community has a limit on how large a pet can be. At a Board meeting where such issues were considered Ginger was unanimously approved even though she was above the limit. When we would go walking people would stop to talk to Ginger for minutes and give us maybe a second of recognition. As people from other blocks would walk through our area if we were out and Ginger was inside there was always an eager inquiry about "where is Ginger?" "Is Ginger ok?" Anyone that met Ginger once would be in love with her from then on. There was never a doubt.

The story of our beautiful Ginger could go on forever and for us it will certainly do just that. She lived for 19 years and each moment of those years she was giving her unlimited love to all. Some say she was pretty laid back but the real truth is that Ginger exhibited patience, grace, dignity, faith and trust...above all else she gave unlimited love. She always let us know her gratitude for what we gave to her but from the moment she dropped her anchor of love in our home she gave us far more than we could possibly give to her. We miss her terribly and the void is deep but she is, and will be, with us forever.

Barbara and Fred P.



## EMMA



Eight years ago, a beautiful red head came into my life. Little did I know she would have brought me such joy, especially at that time in my life. I was being a full time caregiver to my husband, suffering from dementia. Even tho I loved him dearly, I could not let him consume my whole life, and then that's when I found Emma through GRIN and MaryEllen. Actually, I was inquiring about a different dog, but he was not to be. MaryEllen asked if I would consider an older dog (Emma) who was thought to be 5 at the time, said I would consider her, and then I got a call asking if I could foster Emma, due to her losing her foster home and I said yes. How could I refuse, I fell in love with her as soon as I saw her. She was my angel sent from Heaven! Need I tell you, that after the 1st. day, I knew I couldn't let her go!

Emma was the best dog I have ever had! She was the dog of the neighborhood, everyone knew her, from the toddlers on the block, to people driving by. When I would leave town, I would get e-mails & scolding from friends & neighbors that I can't do that, because they missed her!

Needless to say, her 8 yrs. with me had its up & downs with surgeries, from mast cell tumors to oral melanoma, which she pulled thru like a trooper, until the arthritis in her back hips & legs got to her. We struggled with our walks, getting shorter and shorter each day, to her just wanting to sleep most of the day. It was a difficult chore for her to get up just to eat and make it out the door to go potty, but somehow she would fight to do it, until Monday, April 14th. She was tired, and couldn't do it anymore, and trying to tell me, it was time. It was the most difficult decision I have ever had to make, and will never forget the consoling I had gotten from MaryEllen, and my dear neighbor and friend that sat with me while my vet made the house visit.

It breaks my heart to even write this thru my tears, but I know she is now in a better place, and free from pain and some day we will meet again.

Barb Blumenthal

## CALI



REST IN PEACE 4/10/14

Cali, this beautiful blonde, sweet golden girl, came into our rescue in February 2011. Found as a stray, Cali was in pretty bad shape. She was very thin, her coat was brittle and sparse and she had a huge mass on her foot. She appeared to be exhausted ....perhaps she was on her own for a long time. Cali was estimated to be about 12 yrs. old at the time she came to GRINinc.

Cali was placed in a loving foster home with three other dogs. Her favorite thing to do was to roll in the sand!!...especially after her bath! Cali was treated for hepatic (liver) insult when she first came in. She had the surgery to remove the large growth on her foot as well as the adjacent toe removed. Cali was part of our Permanent Guardianship program where GRINinc pays for medical bills for our permanent foster dogs until the end of life.

Over the next three years Cali became a wonderful companion to her foster Mom. She was a "Wrapping For Gold golden girl" during the holiday season at Nordstrom in Naples, FL. She brought smiles to many people...old and young alike. Cali lived a very long life and a very happy life for her last three years. She was loved and honored and a lucky girl. We will miss our Cali but we know she is at the Rainbow Bridge where she is healthy, happy, and probably rolling in the dirt! Thank you to Marcia M. and family for taking such wonderful care of Cali during those priceless three years she lived with you.

## BILLY (AKA CHESTER)



I remember the day we picked him up at the vet. Here was the homeliest baby I had ever seen. He had been on the street for some time covered with fleas and tick when he came to the rescue. He was so skinny his head looked like it was just bones. His long, long legs looked even longer. He was a big one stood at least 8 to 9 inches taller than our other golden, but he had the gentlest eyes, who could resist him.

Billy had a tough start thrown away by 2 different families. He had medical problems from the start, when we got him home he had a really bad seizure, we had been warned, but they came fast and often about every 24 hours. After we got the phenobarbital regulated he managed to go for the rest of his life with only one more shortly before we lost him.

Billy was like the middle child, always on the outside, never asking for attention, but always happy to get it. With 3 dogs you never have enough hands, but he always stood and waited his turn for everything.

When he first came home he was a counter surfer, but one NO and he never did it again, I am sure it was tough as he was tall enough see all the goodies on the counters. "No" was all he understood, he came from Miami and we think he spoke Spanish, he knew how to sit and shake hands but didn't understand the words.

He loved to try to catch a ball, (seldom did), he would never chase one only wait for you to throw it to him. He did like to swim clearing the pool of balls, and later finding it was much easier to just lie on the

rafts and float. He was our alligator dog, when he swam he only used his front feet to paddle and his back as rudders, he would glide in the water submerged except for his nose and eyes just like a gator.

Every evening like clockwork, when we were all watching TV he would go on a barking spree, grab a toy throw it up in the air, shake it almost hitting the TV several times with a huge rope knot, jumping around like a puppy. I don't think he knew he was as big as a horse.

As Billy got older his health got worse, he had stenosis of the spine, bad hips, and his front legs got weak from pulling himself up. He never sat, even in early years; he would sit but immediately lay down. He had congestive heart failure and couldn't breathe very well, he moved outside to sleep. He stopped eating on Friday and would lay looking at me and whine. I truly believe he was telling us it was time. He was tired of the struggle.

He might not have been the most beautiful Golden but he had the most gentle spirit, and sweetest personality. We felt the gratitude from him every day that we had him.

Billy you were truly loved and we will miss you.

Don, Donna and Jessie



## **PALMER**



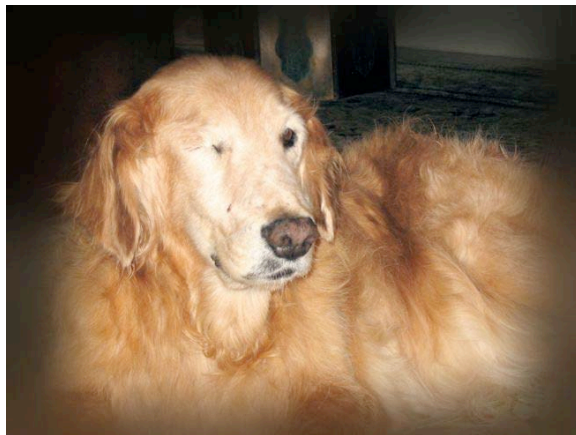
Our Golden Boy from May 18, 2008 - January 26, 2014

Palmer was a very special boy. We live in a cul-de-sac in a 55+ community. Everyone in our community LOVED Palmer. He was a party crasher, golf cart ride hitcher, leaner, snuggler, ball player extraordinaire. Many neighbors have come to see me in tears. He belonged to everyone -- even if he lived in our house. He loved his tennis ball collection and anyone who would toss it for him. He also enjoyed the froggie-dog position better than any others. Maybe the floor was cool on his stomach. Palmer also liked our trips to CT in the summer because there was a lake he could actually swim in -- and he loved to swim! (Our lake where we live has an alligator or two so we didn't let him go in.) He also like summers in CT because my husband would get up very early to play golf. As soon as he left the house, Palmer snuck into bed on John's side and snuggled with Mom. So many people have told us -- tearfully -- what a great dog he was. Of course, they didn't need to tell us. We knew.

Vicki and John

## THE RESCUE OF ROSE

The newspaper ad read: FREE, 4 year old AKC golden retriever, scruffy, one- eyed but lovable.



I immediately called on the ad and learned of Rose, a female who was used her entire life for breeding. An outside dog not wanted any longer because she was not a “good mother” according to the breeder. It would be necessary for me to come NOW... “I’m giving her away to the first person who gets here”, stated the owner. If you don’t come by noon I will need to destroy her. So off I went, having no idea what deplorable conditions I would encounter during the rescue of Rose.

The complicated directions led me further and further out towards the Everglades. Dirt roads led me to the property where Rose and 17 other dogs lived. Their home was overgrown with Florida fauna- a jungle where they were kept day and night. Their only shelter was a palm tree or bush. Green water was all they had to quench their thirst and a dirty trough held their food. The dogs were at all stages of development: puppies, adults, pregnant mothers. All had open sores, thin coats and flies following them everywhere. They all were friendly and wanted to be loved by me, this stranger who was hopefully going to take them away from this life. I could ONLY take Rose....the breeder would not part with any others....

Rose came very slowly when the owner whistled for her. This poor dog was drained of life and all the exuberance characteristic of a Golden Retriever. She was very scruffy, covered with open sores and a thin, matted coat. She had two eyes but her “bad eye” was sunken deep into her head, infection oozing from it.



Rose had been bred every time she could be bred since she was 7 months old. She looked well beyond her four years- a result of this terrible, agonizing life she was living.

Rose was lifted into my car and her trip began. First stop was the vet's office. She was bathed three times to remove the stench, the fleas and ticks. She was treated for infections from the top of her head down to her tail. Rose was scheduled to be spayed and her "bad eye" removed but first she needed to become stronger and healthier.

Next on the agenda: a foster home. Rose came to live with my husband and me along with our two male goldens!! She became an inside dog, never had an accident and enjoyed sleeping on her soft, cushy pet bed. She was settling in quite nicely with the resilience that only a golden could have when their new life is filled with love, attention, trust and praise....and of course meticulous care! After 3 weeks Rose was spayed and her eye was removed during a 6 hour surgery. The veterinarian confirmed our worse suspicions....her eye injury was caused by blunt trauma.

After two months at our home and weekly visits to the vet for her many medical issues, Rose began to show the "golden spirit". She searched out a tennis ball. She carried a stuffed animal! She began to play...just a little... with our other goldens and was now strong enough to go for a mile walk! She continued to enjoy her new life and became a permanent part of our family!

Over the many years we were privileged to be graced by her sweet, quiet presence. Rose died peacefully in my arms at the age of 14 ½ on September 20, 2013. During the 10 years that we had her she remained very loyal to me. She would give my husband a look as if to say "I don't need to listen to you"!! . She was MY dog....my sweet Rosebud. Rose could be very independent and she was most definitely a survivor but towards the end of her life she became more dependent...even cuddling with me her last night as if to say her good-byes. She fought many battles during her life but she lost her battle to an aggressive cancer. Had she not contracted this disease I truly believe she would have stayed with us for many more months...maybe even years. She was such a strong golden girl.

Rose was the poster dog for GRINinc....she was our mascot....the reason why my husband and I founded our organization, Golden Rescue In Naples, Inc. Rose was the lucky one. She had a second chance in life. Something every golden and every animal deserves. God speed Rosebud....we love you so much, we miss you even more and there will never be another beautiful girl like Rose..... Rosebud's" family...Mary Ellen, Pat and Casey Metro

## HUCKLEBERRY



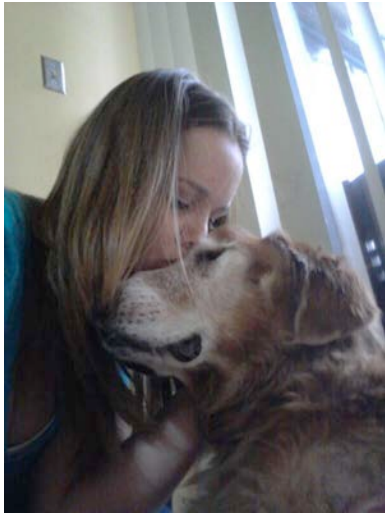
When I picked up this young Golden to bring him into rescue I was told that this owner was his third or fourth in his brief 1.5 – 2 years. She couldn't remember who she got him from...a friend of a friend of a friend. He was a great dog, but she just couldn't keep him. He was just too energetic. (She told me this while I stood there with my thumb hooked in his collar as he bounced to try to jump up and kiss me...time after time after time). She didn't have time for him. It was a story I had heard many times before. "How long have you had him", I asked. "Two days" was the answer. The boy came home with me that day in June 2000.

We called him Huckleberry after Mark Twain's character. He seemed similar...no one wanted to give this boy a home. We were determined to help him grow self-confident and to have some manners so he would be more adoptable. Eight months later and two times through obedience school Huckleberry was ready for adoption. A wonderful family was interested. They had acreage for him to run in, another dog for him to play with, a pool for him to swim in...it was pretty much like our home. After the usual application process, we took him over to meet the family and the other dog. They hit it off and soon were tearing around the property together. My husband and I noticed that as much fun as Huck seemed to be having, he never took his eyes off of us. We had worked with him daily for these months for the purpose of a good home and here I was hesitating. In talking with the couple who said they wanted to think about it overnight, we turned towards the car and, without a word, Huck was there in a flash...waiting to get in and go home. And that is when it hit us...our home was his home. So we became 'foster failures' and adopted this high energy, exuberant, and wild child.

Over the years Huck has brought us much joy, playfulness, entertainment, laughs, and love. We have counted on him to "lead" our foster dogs in the right behavior. We have made sure that he always had his Frisbee because it was his favorite toy and he knew "his" from any other Frisbee. We have made emergency trips to the ER with him. We have gone hiking with him, swimming with him, and just cuddling in bed with him. He graced our lives with friendliness and a jubilant spirit. Almost 13 years with us, which we figured put him around 15 years old, it has broken our hearts to have to say goodbye to sweet Huckleberry. The cancer that so often affects this breed had spread again and we couldn't let him suffer. We look forward to seeing him at the Rainbow Bridge where we will all be united again. In the meantime, run free, young, healthy, and joyful, Huck. I hope there is a Frisbee for you. You are deeply missed.

Linc and Jon H.

## HARLEY



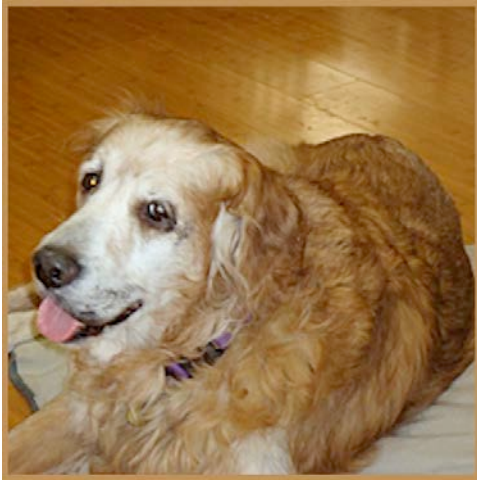
Harley  
GRINinc dog #20  
(right) with his adopter Jeri Guise and his golden brother Sam (2004)

Harley was 15 ½ years old when he passed onto the Rainbow Bridge., today May 13, 2013. Pretty good longevity for a dog that was not expected to live past his 5th Birthday! You see Harley was an Addisonian Dog. A golden that was passed up by other rescues because the expense of treating him and the probability that he would never be adopted was more than the rescues could take on. GRINinc was made aware of Harley's need to find a new home back in 2003. I have to admit....I was hesitant but I could not walk away from this boy. After all this is what rescue is about.... My job was made easier through my new friend, Jeri Guise, who had just adopted Sam, a GRINinc dog. Jeri said she would foster and hopefully adopt Harley! Wow...the rescue angels were at work...they were working over time! When Harley came into the rescue the first thing he did was "crash" because of the stress of moving into a new home so the very first night ( and three nights after that) Jeri spent the evening in the Emergency Vet Clinic with Harley. They finally were able to stabilize him and they went home. Jeri began researching and spending most of her free time learning more about Addison's Disease. She became an avid blogger and chat room person on many of the Canine Addison's disease groups. She was determined to help Harley ....realizing fully that he would never be cured but her goal was to keep Harley stable so he could enjoy his life....which he did for many years to come ! All was well and Harley continued to be a constant companion and "love bug" to Jeri and her family. Jeri used to say that although he didn't have much brain power he had a heart of gold!! Harley was Harley...everyone that met him loved him! Jeri and I became very good friends. She dedicated her life to helping the goldens and our rescue. Harley lived through the loss of his many golden family members over the years and now suddenly in April 2011 he suffered another loss...this time the loss of his beloved "Mom" Jeri. Jeri collapsed from a brain aneurism while bathing Harley. Harley was left in the front yard, covered with soap suds while the love of his life became motionless and unresponsive. Turmoil hit the Guise household. Jeri's son Russ and his girlfriend, Julie now had to take over Harley's care which was not easy considering his medications and the importance of making sure he got the medication on time...otherwise he could lose his life. GRINinc 's Board decided that it would be best to leave Harley in his home that he had for many years and now pay for his veterinary care for the rest of his life. That was the right thing to do....the best thing to do for Harley. Harley lived a good life thanks to the incredible dedication and love that Julie and Russ gave to Harley.

Words cannot not express the depth of my gratitude to Julie and Russ.

Today, May 13, is a very sad day however we all know that Jeri will be meeting her beloved Harley and finally all of them....Jeri, Sam, Nicky, Kirby, Phoenix and Harley will be together again! RIP Harley... I love you. "Auntie Mary Ellen"

## TED BEAR



Ted Bear

Our Ted Bear is no longer with us.  
He lost total use of his legs yesterday.  
At 15 he had no muscle left and his spine was loaded with arthritis.

We took him in this morning.  
It was the right thing to do, but if you knew Ted Bear you would know what a personality he was, and so it was very difficult, doesn't matter if it was the right thing to do.

His vet a wonderful woman, (and Ted did like the women), came in to the room, gave Ted some nice petting, and left to prepare and give us a few more minutes.  
When she came in with the injection she started to cry and couldn't do it. Only makes me respect her more as an Animal Doctor. She asked if it would be ok if we used another woman vet in the office, she said it's absolutely the right thing to do but she was just emotionally invested with him. That's our Ted Bear, a real Woman's man.

I used to say he was the Sean Connery of Golden males.  
He would come in to a room and kind of saunter, not with arrogance but with confident self-knowledge and a desire to socialize.  
Ted was most definitely a "shaken not stirred" kind of guy.

I stayed until it was time and we just snuggled, but I could not watch. I left the room and Carlo stayed. Ted Bear left this world very gently. The shot did not hurt, he was not panting with distress, he was calm, lying down and it only took seconds.

If Ted Bears job on this earth was to make people smile, to make your heart love more, then his mission was accomplished.

Carlo and I are grateful to have had him in our lives.  
RIP Ted Bear. GRINinc dog #164

## DEWEY



Dewey came into our lives in June of 2007, just over a month after we lost our beloved 14 year-old Golden boy, Costa. My wife Kelly and I were unsure how a new dog would fit into our little family, especially considering the unique bond we had with Costa. But the house seemed so empty without a four-legged family member and we decided to look at the GRININC website to see who was available.

We had actually considered rescuing a Golden from GRININC while Costa was still alive. Dewey was available then but could not go to a home with other pets due to his intense animal aggression. We looked at some of the other fine goldens available but ultimately decided it would be too much for our aging boy so we waited.

When we returned to the GRININC website we were surprised and pleased to see Dewey was still available. Apparently the single pet requirement made him difficult to place in a forever home. Are we ever thankful for that!

We met Dewey at his foster parents' home and were delighted to find an affectionate, energetic dog who seemed to have a real zest for life. A few days later, we brought him home.

At first his animal aggression was somewhat disconcerting. He would bark and spin on his leash whenever we encountered another dog on our walks. One day Kelly was walking Dewey before work when a neighborhood cat, who used to walk along with us and Costa, came over to meet Dewey (he may not have realized it was a different dog). Before Kelly could react, Dewey had the cat in his mouth and the cat's paws wrapped around his head! Not knowing what to do, Dewey eventually released the cat, who ran off unharmed never to come close to Dewey – or us for that matter – again.

As aggressive as he was with other animals, he absolutely loved people. To family members and strangers alike, he would be your instant best friend, especially if you had a treat for him (ice cubes were his favorite!). We chalked his animal aggression up to lack of proper socialization during his early years based on his background story. He had apparently been left outside tied to a tree for the first 5-6 years of his life. It wasn't until a neighbor took him in that he ever experienced the inside of a house. Why people get pets only to treat them that way I'll never know. The way he was treated, you would think he would have a distrust of humans, but happily that was never the case.



Dewey did everything with gusto. People who didn't know him well would gasp at how he would gulp down his food by the mouthful. No sooner would we pour it into his bowl than he would be finished and looking for his "after-dinner cube". We worried that he would have problems digesting his food and develop a blockage so we eventually put a large rock in his bowl (too big to eat, of course) in an attempt to slow down his eating. It didn't really work, except to make it a little more effort to get to those last few morsels. I can still hear the sound of him pushing the rock around his metal bowl as he rummaged for every last piece of kibble.

As he got older and more comfortable in his routines, his aggressiveness toward other animals dissipated. When Kelly and I had to move back to NJ from Florida, we settled into a townhome community with lots of other neighborhood dogs. Prior to then, he had met a few other neighbor and family dogs and was beginning to show signs that he no longer felt the urge to try and eat them. As we got settled into our new home, he met many other dogs with whom he quickly became friends ... or at least who he tolerated. We often joked that Dewey was not a "dog person".

Before long, he became the "mayor" of our neighborhood. All the other dogs loved him. And their owners loved him even more. We like to think that our Cesar Milan-style "rehabilitation" was the reason, but it was probably as much that he just needed to know he was safe and loved (which began with his great GRININC foster parents).

This past December of 2012, Kelly and I decided to travel to Florida to visit family for Christmas. We made it a two-week trip so we could drive and take Dewey with us. Just days before we were planning to leave, he started to become a little picky with his food. This was very odd given his zest for eating but we chalked it up to a side effect of some medications he was on for an eye ulcer. We proceeded with our plans and set off for warmer climates, Dewey comfortably (more so than Kelly and me!) in tow.

During our trip, Dewey's pickiness became more pronounced. We switched him from his dry food to canned and he seemed to like that ... for a bit. When it came time to head back north, he was eating less and less. He even stopped eating ice cubes. We were hopeful he was fighting off a virus or infection of some sort, or that maybe his teeth were bothering him, though I think in our hearts, we knew it was something more. We took him to an emergency veterinarian the night before we were to leave Florida. While we didn't get any definitive answers, the vet prescribed some medication to make him more comfortable for the 1300 mile ride.

Upon returning home, we took Dewey to our regular vet several times, each time ruling out a potential "good" diagnosis. Finally, we had an ultrasound done and discovered that he had multiple masses in his liver ... too many to be surgically removed. All the while, Dewey grew weaker and ate less, though never showing signs of any discomfort. We were desperate to find an answer that we could do something about but we knew we were racing against the clock. We just couldn't believe that this dog, our Dewey, who had been so healthy just weeks earlier could suddenly be so sick.

By the time we were able to get a second opinion (only a matter of days), our poor guy had deteriorated to the point where he could barely get himself up without assistance. He was no longer eating voluntarily. Kelly and I were feeding him through a syringe just to get some nutrients into him. It was obvious, and the second opinion confirmed, there was simply nothing more we could do for him.

On Saturday, January 26, 2013, we had to do the only thing left we could for Dewey and put him to sleep. We were referred by one of our vets to a service that would come to the home, which we opted to do rather than put him through the trauma of a car trip and the scary sterile environment of the vet's office. Though we knew it was the right thing to do, and we are very glad he was able to be at home, it was incredibly difficult and Kelly and I wept when it was over. I have tears in my eyes as I type this even now.

Dewey left our lives and this world very peacefully. And we like to believe that he was and is relieved to be out of his pain and discomfort. He will always be with us in our hearts and memories. We have many, many great memories for which we are incredibly thankful. But more than that, we know that he is in a better place. For those reading this, who may have faced a similar ordeal, or who may have to struggle with the same difficult decision sometime in the future, I want to leave you with this brief personal story of hope and faith ...

In early 2009, Dewey helped me through one of the most difficult times in my life. My best friend since grade school died suddenly and unexpectedly at the age of 40. At the same time, my business in Florida was struggling with the economic crash. Kelly had been offered and had to accept a job back in New Jersey. I suddenly found myself without my best friend, who I spoke with or texted or emailed on a nearly daily basis, and alone without my wife and partner in life. Dewey was my salvation, providing me with an unconditional love that sustained me until Kelly and I could be reunited and while I mourned the death of my dear friend.

Here's where the hope and faith comes in ... when my friend Bill died, his distraught sister went to a psychic seeking some sort of answer or comfort. The psychic told her that Bill's spirit was symbolized by the cardinal. Upon hearing that, she broke down because there had been a cardinal that had taken up residence in hers and Bill's parents' back yard.

The day I heard about this, I felt a buckle in my knees because earlier that day, Dewey and I had been walking through our neighborhood in Sarasota when right in front of us, a cardinal flew slowly from one side of the street to the other. I took note of it because it was the most brilliant red color and I couldn't recall ever seeing a cardinal in the four-plus years we lived there.

Time to bring it full-circle...

After we said good-bye to Dewey, we decided to clean the house, which had been taken over by our care for him during the previous few weeks. We filled a few garbage bags and took them to the community dumpster.

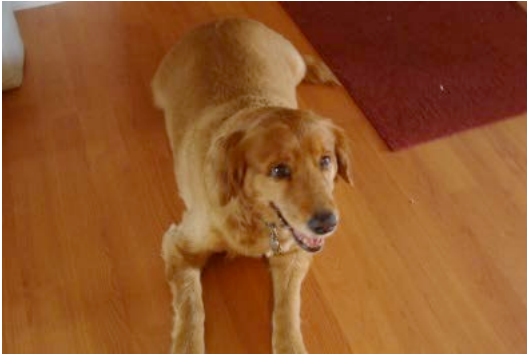
Next to the shed that houses the dumpsters is a tennis court surrounded by a high chain link fence. As we pulled up to the dumpster shed, facing the tennis courts, we looked up and saw a beautiful, brilliant red cardinal perched atop the fence directly in front of us.

We looked at it, then at each other and our eyes once again filled with tears. They were tears of sadness and tears of peace. We knew that Dewey was with Bill and that someday, we will be reunited with them both.

Thank you for reading this story of our beloved Dewey. And thank you to Mary Ellen at GRININC for allowing us to share it with you.

- Rich & Kelly T

## REMUS



5/2001 – 1/2012

Remus came to us through Golden Rescue in Naples, Inc. in 2005. It was our veterinarian's suggestion that we get a second dog since Bella was gaining weight from sleeping all day while we were at work and school.

So here comes Remus (or as Dennis calls him 'Big Boy' or 'Remus Bemus'), a bouncing bubble of joy. His first four years were terrible – void of love, training or kind contact with a human. He craved your attention, your touch and a kind word. From the time he came to us, he never knew a moment of irritation or deprivation. He hit the Dog Lottery.

However he brought a nasty habit of huffing and puffing (right next to Dennis and making Dennis' blood pressure shoot right through the roof) and throwing up all over the carpets. No warning...just walking along, tail wagging and BLAH!

After two weeks, Dennis decided we could no longer keep Remus and his habits. He went to pick Holland up from school and explain the reason Remus was always throwing up was because he missed the Rescue people so much. Well, Holland jumps into the car and babbles excitedly, 'Look Pop. I got an A on my English paper! Do you want to hear it?' Naturally Dennis says, 'Sure Buddy, read it to me'. MY NEW DOG REMUS AND WHY I LOVE HIM SO MUCH. Dennis was defeated. Remus had a Forever Home.

Throughout the years he brought us such joy. He was the instigator. He tried to pick a play fight with Bella at 9pm in front of the TV. They would go at it so loudly you would think you were listening to grizzly bears going at it! Fake snarling, growling, rolling over and over one another. It was the best. You could never be mad at him. His tail would just wag with that look of complete happiness on his face and Yes, thankfully the throwing up did stop.

Remus and Bella were inseparable. They played tug-of-war constantly and if Bella were relaxing, Remus would come over and head butt until she would get up and play. Mostly everyone thought Remus was the younger of the two. He never grayed and maintained the puppy mentality up until his last three weeks.

He slowly stopped eating and drinking. His tail still wagged whenever you spoke to him and he tried to meet you at the door but his legs were too weak to walk. It was heartbreaking to see him slowly ebb away day by day.

Today we took the hardest step and helped him to pass on to where I am certain there is a heaven filled with puppies for him to play with and angels to pet and love him until we are reunited. We will see him again waiting for us with the wagging tail, trusting brown eyes, and the non-stop barking of 'hello'.

~ Dennis and Deb C.

## SONNET



Dear Mary Ellen,

We wanted you to know that today we lost our gentle and beautiful little Sonnet. We could not have ever wished for a more wonderful and delightful girl and we will miss her terribly.

In spite of her not being blessed with the best of health, we have over the years, been able to provide her a very good quality of life through great veterinary care and a loving home.

Unfortunately, she had recently become extremely frail, particularly in her hind quarters, and since Christmas had been unable to get around. The past day or two she's been pretty much unable to walk more than a few steps at a time even with pain medication.

We felt that it was definitely not in her best interest to continue life under conditions that were rapidly deteriorating with no chance for improvement.

Our hearts are broken. We wish God speed to our little girl who we're sure is now in heaven. She brought great happiness to us and we shall miss her dearly.

Jeanette & Ron G.  
Naples 12/29/12

## SOPHIE



Sophia Marie (1999 – 2012)

We didn't know much about her previous life when we picked her up in Sarasota September 11, 2008. She had been on her own. She was fat and stinky and about 9 years old. When we got her home she got a bath. She wasn't too happy about it, but most dogs aren't. As we brushed her out she rolled over on her back, closed her eyes and nodded off. So was the start of her weekly "spa days". She loved Saturday's as much as we did. I would bath her and Barb would do her nails, trim her hair, and clean her "areas". All the while she would lie on her back and nod off totally relaxed. The sessions ended as she climbed into bed with a blanket over her to sleep the day away. What a life!

Sophie must have had children in her previous life. Every time she saw a child she would perk up her ears and wag her tail as hard as she could. As if to wonder if they were her first family. I don't know who they were but she never forgot them. Sophie didn't play with other dogs, chase a ball or like to swim. She just loved people, all people. At 11 years of age she completed a grueling full day exam to become a certified therapy dog. We were so proud of her strength that day. Her days as a therapy pet were only limited by her stamina. She loved to walk the retirement home and give the residents a lick on the hand until she could walk no more.

Daily she went off to work with Barbara. She greeted everyone who came into the office with loud beats of her tail on the floor. If you were a man she would roll over and show you her belly. Sophie love men! Her foster-mom called her "speed bump". She always had to be in the same room with you and preferred the doorways. You never walked by Sophie, always over her. At home she was my best friend. She lay in her bed next to my chair for countless hours just in reach of my hand. She loved me to stroke her but was content with just a touch. That was the minimum or I would get a look from her until I put my hand back. I learned to changed channels with my other hand.

She helped us foster other Goldens like her. She would keep her distance but after about a week she would quietly groom their ears. Sophie groomed everyone she loved. Sometimes just to say thank you for a cold drink, others times long enough to clean every inch of my arm from my wrist to my elbow. Then we got Sammy. Sammy was a gentle boy a little younger than Sophie. He loved Sophie, she pretended not to notice. Once in a while he would coax a short but evident bit of playfulness from her. Never long enough to get on film, but it happened. She groomed his ears too. She loved him more than we knew. When Sammy got cancer, she knew. When his nose bled, she cleaned him. When he was gone, she started her decline. She died 4 months later. She is with Sammy now. I can only imagine him being so excited to see her again and her ignoring him. That was my girl. My heart is forever broken. I have had dogs all my life and loved them all. Sophie was special. Barb says we were two peas in a pod.

Brad and Barb Carpenter



## SAMMIE



Sammie was always the campground "mayor" and ambassador. He would greet everybody and make friends immediately. He was our loving & loyal companion on many trips. He visited friends & family with us all around the country. Everyone loved him & he was sweet to everyone. Sammie knew right away that we were his forever family. He made that decision. We met Sammie in Naples with Mary Ellen of GRINinc. Sammie climbed right into our motorhome, got up on the sofa, put his head on the back of the sofa then gave us a look that said, "I am home, you all work out the details". So we did.

Our other Golden Gigi Noel & Sammie were inseparable companions, playmates, best friends. Where you saw one you saw the other. Sammie did have his special way of making you laugh. At home, anyone that sat in the recliner just had to give him a treat. He knew the box of treats was there & he was determined that you were going to give him one. And of course, Gigi let him do all the work...then she got one too. Sammie was more of a "field dog" than a "water dog". Gigi loves to swim in a pool. Sammie would just run all around the pool barking at her. Occasionally, he would slip and fall into the pool. The first time he fell in, he didn't know how to swim, so Gigi went to his rescue, and swam beside him showing him how to do it.

Sammie, loved to sit in the yard on this little rise, he would lie down, roll over on his back & slide down the hill, wiggling all the way down. It looked like he was having great fun.

Sammie was our "guard dog". We felt safer when he was nearby. Sammie had very keen hearing, but, was not anxious to run & see what was going on. So when he heard something, he would just make a low quiet growling sound that Gigi would hear. Then she would go running to the front window to see who was there. If she needed Sammie's help, she would bark and he would run to her. They had a system. Once, we were visiting my cousin in PA-she has cats & dogs-the cat was sitting inside in the living room & we were out on the screened porch. There was a sliding screen door between Sammie & the cat. They sat there for the longest time, just watching each other. Then the cat made a run for it into the living room & Sammie took off after her, right thru the screen door with a loud bang. He never did catch the cat, she knew where to hide. Sammie just got this silly look on his face, so embarrassed.

One of Sammie's favorite things to do on a walk in the woods was to look for animals, squirrels, chipmunks, fox's, etc. He never understood what happened when they ran up the tree & he could not climb a tree after them. On one of these walk, we stopped to chat with other campers and in an instant Sammie turned and darted after a squirrel. He moved so quickly, he spun Carl around & yanked him off his feet & Carl went airborne down the hill. Carl got a few bruises on that one, but he never dropped the

leash. Then we learned that you can never take your eyes off of 135 lb's of Sammie in the woods. He was one very strong boy & a very quick one.

Everywhere we went, kids wanted to hug Sammie & Gigi. They looked forward to all the extra pets. I especially miss his sweet way of waking me up by putting his head on the bed & watching me. He always woke me up like that. He was a sweet leaner & a Velcro dog, with the most beautiful eyes. He could communicate so much with just a look.

When were traveling in the motorhome, Gigi would sit by the door touching my feet & Sammie would sit by me, leaning on my legs all the way to wherever we were going. I tried to get them to ride up on the sofa, or in the living room, but no, they had to be touching me all the way there. When Carl got out of the motorhome to refuel the motorhome, Sammie would sit in the driver's seat & watch him every minute, until he got back in. Sammie loved his Daddy.

Even though we live in Florida, Sammie & Gigi experienced winter & snow for 2 winters. They tunneled thru the snow with their noses & had fun times. They enjoyed watching the deer, wild turkeys, birds, & other small animals that came by our motorhome. There was always something to watch out the windows, plus they loved the long walks in the woods. Carl usually walked them about 4 miles a day, up & down the western PA hills.

We had so many fun times with Sammie, we always felt so lucky to have him in our lives. He will always hold a special place in our hearts.

Sadly missed by Carl, Joan and Gigi K.

## CAPTAIN



Captain - The Big Red Dog, passed away recently. While he was a big hearted fellow, in the end it was his heart that finally gave out. Rather suddenly actually. And for a chronically happy dog this was not a bad thing.

When he came to us everybody thought he was fully grown. He was then the largest Golden Retriever anybody could remember. But we were all wrong, he got even bigger, one winter Captain got up to over 135 pounds. His normal weight ended up being right at 125 pounds. He was not a fat dog, he was just big.

Like most giants he was gentle, and was misunderstood. It became apparent rather quickly that his doggie-childhood was not a happy one. He had severe separation-anxiety, so bad we had to get another Golden for a companion so he could be left alone during the day. Thunder-phobia so bad we came to think he had been tied to a tree during a storm. With his great size the only part of himself that he could get underneath the couch was his nose.

They say it was 25,000 years ago that the first wolf stayed behind from its pack at a human campfire and paired up with a man. Together they combined their hunting skills, their specialties, and together they both prospered. Man and dog. Captain understood that. He was not just a "velcro dog". He wanted to be a part of your day, a part of your success. Of course in a modern society with no mammoths or giant sloths to track and hunt he was a little out of time and place. The world can be a cruel place for giants, for the unusual, for the different. Captain took it all in stride as best he could.

Life with us was tame for sure, but good, and quiet, and peaceful. In return for our kindness Captain taught us the true meaning of loyalty and unconditional love. I can think of no better teacher. He also taught us the meaning of PATIENCE, for he was too big to ignore. He had his quirks and his foibles, don't we all. But he never meant any harm.

He is survived not only by us but also his canine companion, Mattie. He may have been a pain in her behind, but together they were a pack. While they went everywhere together, she was not above getting up sometimes and going to another room. But she always seemed to know her job was to keep him on an even mental keel. Now that task is done.

## TOBY



It is with great sadness that we report the sudden and untimely passing of Toby. He was a wonderful dog who was a blessing to our family and a joy to everyone who met him. While the time we had together was too brief, we thank you for it.

Friday evening, about 7, Toby was playing in the back yard. Jean was out watching him. He came trotting back toward her and suddenly just went down. He was lying on his right side when she got to him. He took a couple last very shallow breaths and stopped. He was completely limp, no signs of life at all. I heard a couple of last widely spaced heart contractions and then nothing.

The vet said there is a tumor called a Hemangiosarcoma that is not uncommon in large dogs (especially Golden Retrievers) that is very malignant and grows into the right side of the heart weakening the wall. At some point, probably with exertion, the heart wall ruptures and death follows very quickly. The Vet who owns the Animal Hospital we use has Golden Retrievers. One of his died that way and they have had 1 or 2 others. It is just a nasty tumor that is almost never found soon enough to do any good, and in the heart the most common presentation is sudden death. There are a few human conditions that behave in a similar fashion.

If I sat on the floor, he would come and put his head in my lap. You know how when you really care about your animals, you always wonder after the fact, whether you really did all you could for them. I always felt bad that I could not spoil him more. The possibility of an allergic reaction precluded that. Funny that for the last year or so his favorite treat was an ice cube. If Jean or I was in the kitchen, he would sit by the fridge and look expectantly. Then he would take it back to his towel to eat it.

He was my little blessing. The following is a poem I wrote for Toby.

Blessings

We wish for them.

We pray for them.

We work hard to get them.

Then if we are lucky, we finally get one.

At first we appreciate how wonderful it is.

How unique and special it is.

But all too often, yesterday's wonderful becomes today's ordinary.

The glow seems to fade.

We think now that we have it, it will be there forever.

We take it for granted.

It may begin to occupy less of our attention

May not continue to be the focal point of our lives that it once was.

Maybe we even start to think about another blessing we might like.  
And then one day it's gone.  
Because nothing is forever.  
We miss it deeply.  
We wish we had cherished it more.  
Done more with it, paid more attention to it.  
Realized part of its specialness was that it was only ours for a short time.  
But we didn't.  
And it is gone.  
Forever.

Lance and Jean Davis



## GOLDIE



A TRIBUTE TO GOLDIE GRIN dog #95 • Jan 1, 1997 --- Oct 26, 2011

Time was so short with our precious Goldie. I was selfish and wanted Goldie to be around forever knowing full well that was not going to be possible. No matter how long they're with us it just isn't long enough.

We saved Goldie from being euthanized six years ago, but in all reality she saved us. True to the magnet on our car..."my rescue dog rescued me." Goldie went on to become a therapy dog, passed advanced obedience classes and earned her Canine Good Citizen award in those six short years. We were so proud of all her accomplishments. She loved to work during obedience classes. She participated in the Wags And Tales program at our local library and school. Children read to her and she listened with such great attention. Even the children that didn't like to read were eager to do so with Goldie. Dogs are so non judgmental. Twice a month she visited the children in pediatrics at our local hospital. Nurses and children alike loved seeing her. She was so charming, kind, patient and gentle. She also participated as a therapy dog in the local diabetic camp for children. In my opinion she was the BEST!

I miss Goldie's enthusiasm when going for a walk, a ride in the car or when it's time to eat. Oh, how she loved to eat! I also miss seeing her stretch on the sofa from a deep sleep as she got older, lying in the kitchen while I worked waiting for some food to drop, her snuggles, her warm soft fur, but most of all I miss her being at my feet, always there where ever I was...sometimes waiting for a crumb to fall other times just to be close by.

She was so full of love and had such a zest for life...a companion and best friend that left a big paw print in our hearts that will be there forever. She was a "golden thread" that wound around us providing so much love.

Goldie has a sister that is also a GRIN dog. Maggie really looked up to Goldie. Goldie gave her what she lacks the most...confidence. She misses her sister. For days Maggie would run into the house expecting Goldie to be lying on the sofa like she always was and then sadly look away. Thank goodness we have Maggie in our lives. She has helped to ease our grief and will continue to do that in the days ahead. Dogs come into our lives only temporarily, but in that short time they become our greatest teachers, our greatest listeners and love us unconditionally. Oh how that time is so short. They are God's perfect creatures who bring endless joy to our lives. We are so fortunate to have had Goldie for those six short years. She left an empty spot in our home and hearts, but we have so many "tail waggin" memories that will be with us forever. I know she will be there to greet us in heaven and pick up right where she left off. We love you Goldie Girl... Greg, Virginia and Maggie



## DALLAS



I'd like to introduce you to my buddy Dallas. GRINinc dog # 312. We had the pleasure of sharing life with him for just a few moments. Well, it felt like just a few moments, not nearly long enough, but actually three years I believe.

Dallas came to us because his family couldn't keep him. He had been in a wonderful foster home but they were becoming very attached and Dallas needed a forever home. And we just couldn't resist that white face. So in he walked into our hearts and made himself at home. We decided Dallas had come to us for his retirement and we wanted to make sure it was wonderful.

Dallas had a bad limp from an untreated accident in his youth. But that didn't slow him down. You were wise to get out of his way if there was food to be had! Or a ball! He lived to play, swim, eat and be loved. He would lay beside me wherever I was. And when I was in the kitchen he had a knack for plopping down in the least convenient place. I'd move everything over and he'd move too! Nothing phased him, even when I spilt orange juice on him. He loved the kitchen, the "magic room" where food appeared. And don't try and get ice out of the freezer without sharing a cube with Dallas!

He was so loving and appreciative. I would look up from whatever I was doing and he'd be staring at me with the most loving, happy look. I miss that most. He loved being part of our family "pack" which included an alpha beagle sister (they shared alpha-ship) and younger rescue golden brother Taylor. The Golden retrievers got great pleasure out of stealing one another's toys. It got so that when I would bring new toys home I would purposefully give the wrong gift to each dog, knowing they would steal the other's toy. Such characters! One day we came home and found the chocolate pound cake I had left in a covered cake dish was missing. From what we could guess, the youngest golden had pulled it down and the three dogs had a feast. There was little sympathy from the humans, but I never could raise a voice to my friend Dallas.

Dallas had skin that was prone to infections and I was constantly treating his sores. He was so tolerant of the treatments, somehow knowing they were for his own good. I remember one time I was cutting away a bit of fur and accidentally snipped his skin. He never even whined and we had to go get two stitches. Bless his heart. And another time the door bell rang and I left a big bag of M&M's unattended. In less than a minute he consumed all of them. After consulting the vet we had to pour hydrogen peroxide down his throat to make him vomit. He was such a sport about that, never even tried to avoid it. But I swear there was a twinkle in his eye that said "I don't regret eating those M&M's".

Probably one of the worst days of our lives was January 31, 2010. Dallas woke us up having grand mal seizures that didn't stop. After going to three vets he was diagnosed with a brain tumor and cancer in his

liver and spleen. There was no hope for him and the best we could do for our friend was to put him to sleep.

Our hearts and home are not the same without our friend. We were so blessed to be his last family and I'm thankful we could share his retirement together. I look forward to his being the first one to greet me in heaven.

Melanie and Mike P.

## OUR HUMPHREY



### Loved:

- Being the leader of our pack
- Catching tennis balls
- Going for walks
- Being the first to eat
- Sneaking up on the couch
- Learning to track with Bill
- Shredding napkins and plastic bags
- Hiding in my closet for safety
- Acting as referee while the others wrestled
- Guarding the front door
- Giving a warning bark or growl-howl
- Burrowing under pillows
- Working in the garage with Bill
- Long naps in the afternoon
- Chewing grass
- Sitting and getting a treat
- Swimming in the lake
- Cuddling between us during a storm

Getting a hug or lots of petting  
Being gently brushed  
Chasing rabbits and squirrels  
Snuggling next to Nick  
Curling up on his dog bed  
Hanging out in the kitchen  
Having food fall on the floor  
Being right next to you  
Feeling secure and loved  
Being told he's a "Good Dog!"

He left a big paw print on our hearts.  
July 11, 1999 – May 25, 2011  
GRINinc dog #184

Shelley and Bill Hunsberger and GRINinc buddies Brady and Nick

## SUMMI



♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Summi came into my heart and her Golden flame will burn forever. She was a very special golden girl...I called her my "Little Red". I have three other goldens and she was the smallest red in the gang. Summi was very sick and depressed when she came into my heart...I nursed her with hand feedings, medications and a ton of love. Summi had thyroid cancer that had spread to other parts of her body. She came from an abusive home and was forced to live outside. Summi deserved a good life... My family and I would give that to her here, at Golden Acres...she was a joy to each of us... she was very protective if anyone came on to the property! She would always be right on my heels...whether I was getting ready for work or in the kitchen fixing dinner. The first week I had Summi I slept on the floor with her...she was not feeling well and I just couldn't leave her alone. She needed to know that I cared about her and that I was going to help her. I made a special blanket for her to sleep on...not one night went by that she didn't sleep on it!! After Summi was feeling better I introduced her to my other three goldens "Marley" "Molson" and "Scooby Doo". Summi was now a part of the family.

My husband, son and I would care for her till her last breath. She was always so happy to see each of us come home. I watched her come from being scared and insecure to a bouncy, confident, happy golden. LIFE WAS GREAT!! She had baths and brushings, toys and bones to play with and a ton of love. On Tuesday May 3rd...it was evident that her health was failing...I spoke to Marry Ellen around midnight and we decided that it was time for Summi to go to Dog Heaven.

In Dog Heaven they sleep on clouds and GOD watches over them ...and there are no bad dreams. I know that when I get to Heaven...my "Little Red" will be waiting for me.

Until we meet again...I Love you "Summi"♥  
The Jeremias Family/Golden Acres



## JACK



When I rescued a dog, who had been surrendered twice, I thought I was doing a wonderful thing for Jack. As time went on, I realized that it was Jack who was doing a wonderful thing for me. Jack loved me unconditionally! He filled my life with laughter, love, and companionship. Jack was always at the door to greet me ~with a "Golden grin" and a wagging tail!

Chasing tennis balls was a favorite pass-time. Jack could manage three balls in his mouth at once and still grin. He allowed the grandchildren to dress him in ridiculous get ups~ and always had time to listen to their stories.

As the years moved on, the energy faded and the face turned white. He could no longer chase tennis balls....just carried them around. Walks became shorter and naps became longer.; but the unconditional love was constant....

On April 14, Jack crossed the " Rainbow Bridge" ...he fills our hearts with the memory of unconditional love and a "Golden" grin. Joanne G.

## LUCY



### Goodbye Sweet Lucy

Lucy came into the GRIN family a little over 3 ½ years ago. She was picked up as a stray in Sarasota. To say she had a hard life would surely be an understatement. Another understatement would be to say she had less than a huge desire to live. Lucy had several fatty tumors. One big lymphoma under her front leg was the size of a softball. When they were removed one on her rear hip was cancerous. The vet got as much as he could out, but said it would return.

That is when Lucy became a permanent GRIN foster and a "Murphy Dog". I am told that being a "Murphy Dog" is about as good as it gets. Plenty of love, good food, toys, long walks, and the biggie...couch and bed privileges. It is rumored Murphy's have a sign on the front door that reads....."The dogs live here, you don't....if you don't want hair on your clothes then don't sit on the furniture."

We all learned to live together; mom, dad, Lucy, Sienna, and Nina. Lucy had spent a good portion of her life fending for herself, and she had a few traits that were not desirable to the rest of the Murphy clan. She was very "thunder-phobic", and wanted to sit in your lap during storms. Lucy was a world class "counter surfer". She once managed to snag a 2 pound turkey breast, fresh out of the oven. Probably because of her life before GRIN she was food-focused. Anytime Sally or I were in the kitchen we had to deal with a large Golden lump in front of the refrigerator, or the stove, or where ever food was being prepared. It was nearly impossible to get her to move. We learned to work around her.

Lucy had a Golden heart and personality when it came to people. She liked nothing better than to lean against you or sit beside you and be petted. In the morning she would lie on her back and wiggle till she got her tummy scratched. About a year ago the tumor was growing on Lucy's hip again. Then five months ago I found out I had cancer. Sally and I believe Lucy understood and decided to wait till my treatments and surgery were complete before she would leave us. A week after I got home from surgery Lucy let us know it was time for her to say goodbye.

My dear friend Leslie Myers put it best in her note to me. "I know how much you love your 'kids'. But of course we go into our 'contract' with our four-legged furry ones, full well knowing that it is only temporary, mostly short term at best. We do it anyway because they are our greatest friends, teachers, and unconditional loves. It is all good."

Goodbye sweet Lucy,  
Mom and Dad

## ARCHER

Archer was one of GRINinc's permanent foster dogs. Please read his tribute. We encourage our adopters who have lost their GRINinc goldens to write a tribute about their dog. You may smile, you may shed tears, but honoring your dog in a story will ease the heaviness and pain in your heart and if you choose to share this story with us we will be happy to put the story on our GOLDEN FLAME PAGE. Mary Ellen



### ARCHER'S JOURNEY.....A TRIBUTE

An older, gray faced scruffy red Golden Retriever came into our rescue, Golden Rescue In Naples, Inc. in May 2008. He was "discovered" alone, living on a lanai ... the house was empty...no furniture...no people. It appears that this golden boy had been left alone for at least a week. Pool water was the only nourishment. We gave this senior boy the name Archer. Many loving nicknames were to come in the times ahead like "Arch Man", "Archie-Poo", and "Archie"!!! (they were all very appropriate!).

On to Archer's journey..... Archer was in pretty bad shape....very thin, weak, and very, very dirty with infected ears and skin but yet that skinny, bald tail of his could wag! We knew he was a survivor and he was going to be just fine. Enter Archer's foster "Mom" Judy W. who immediately gave him two more baths and continued to use fragrance spray in her home just so she could breathe!! (It truly was that bad!). Bless her for taking in this boy who we knew nothing about and who would require lots of TLC and lots of trips to the veterinarian. Judy was a busy foster parent. Her dog, Midnight, welcomed Archer and the two old men would enjoy spending time together. Archer, after many months of foster care, became a handsome senior boy who loved his walks and loved to play ball in his yard. Archer continued to enjoy life, however Archer had many medical problems so it was very difficult to find an appropriate forever home for him. GRINinc continued to support his veterinarian care as a permanent foster dog but... finally, we found a loving home. Archer was on his way but it was not to be. After being with his forever home for a very short time, Archer suffered what we surmise was a stroke and his new family just could not handle the extra care that he needed right at this moment in their lives so Archer came back into GRINinc! Enter Bridget and Norm G. who just happened to be at the vet when Archer entered the waiting room. It only took them less than 24 hours (and just a little begging from me!) to decide they wanted to foster Archer! Archer had a great life with them....he had Nellie, his doggie companion and foster parents who would again tend to his every need which included lots of trips to our ever supportive veterinarian, Dr. Stacey Huber.

Everyone knew Archer and loved our golden boy...even though he walked like a "drunken sailor". He was a happy, curious boy who greeted everyone with a wag of the tail and a lean ....Archer had to lean against you....it was his style! Archer continued to be his happy self even though he was diagnosed with cancer in early October. No matter...he loved life and did NOT give up until he was ready to leave. Archer left us on November 24, 2010. We know he is with all the other GRIN dogs (and Midnight!!) that have arrived at the Bridge before him and someday we will see him again!

"He certainly won our hearts and, even at the end, he knew that he was totally loved. In retrospect, we believe he gave us more than we were able to give him. We miss him terribly".

GRINinc would like to thank Judy Wilson, Norm and Bridget Greenough, Dr. Stacey Huber and staff of Animal Oasis Veterinary Hospital and ALL the wonderful people who so generously sponsored Archer, including his past forever home who continued to keep Archer in her heart. Archer lived life....one day at a time...happy and loved....because of all of you. He was a very special golden boy that gave us unconditional love. We were blessed to have known our Archer and experienced his "journey".

God Speed Archer.

"Auntie" Mary Ellen

## KASEY



In July of 2009, GRIN Inc was notified by the County Animal Services office that there had been a homicide which left several Golden Retrievers homeless. Their greatest concern was an old female who was both diabetic and blind - this was Kasey. As always when there is Golden in need, GRIN was ready to assist. We informed Animal Services that we would assure the medical needs and care of this wonderful senior as soon as next of kin would release her.

Kasey fit our new mission of a special needs senior dog and was going to require special long term care. Kasey was moved to one of our network veterinarian offices where the staff worked diligently to stabilize her blood sugar levels and get her healthy enough to be released from hospitalization. Kasey was practically comatose when she arrived there. However, over time, with compassionate care from the clinic staff and vets, she improved and began to stabilize. GRINinc then knew the day was coming when we could place her in a foster or forever home.

Because of the notoriety around the case, many people who knew the owner were coming forth to assist the dogs. But no one felt capable of taking Kasey....until one family. This family knew the owner and even had dogs from her litters. They were both medical professionals with a long history of Golden Retrievers in their lives. They felt they could help Kasey live out the rest of her life in contentment and safety and, after meeting with them, GRIN felt they could too.

Kasey's care and needs are not easy nor are they inexpensive. GRINinc continues to monitor and assist with Kasey's medical needs and veterinary costs. Your donations and support make this possible. We want Kasey to remain in the home where, being blind, she is familiar with the setting, she is monitored and regulated for her diabetes and, most of all, she is loved by her humans and surrounded by her pack. Kasey went to the Rainbow Bridge on 05/15/10. She lived her last months in peace, happiness and love. GRINinc will be forever thankful to the Reintsema family for their dedication, sacrifice and love shown to our sweet senior golden girl.



## CHARLIE



Recently my Nana (Mary Ellen Metro) lost one of her marvelous Golden Retrievers, Charlie. Charlie was found by himself swimming in a lake in Florida. The poor dog was panting, scraped all along his body, his teeth were horrible, and you could see his ribs. He was shaking off the bitter cold water all along his body. You could tell by looking at this poor dog that he needed help from some source. After searching for his owner and trying 100% to find this dog's home finally a conclusion came. No owner was found. This dog was obviously abandoned. He was just left somewhere to live. Luckily my Nana saved his life. So what she did was she took him home and cared for him.

Charlie was not just an ordinary dog. This dog had a passion. A passion you couldn't imagine. Swimming. My grandparents live in a home with a pool and if you can imagine... HEAVEN FOR CHARLIE! By looking in his eyes and body he was just dying to jump into the water. All this dog wanted to do was swim. Nana ordered a life vest for Charlie to use when he would swim. When he saw the vest he was confused. He never saw anything like it. Nana would go over and put it on him. Finally he understood that this vest was a \*signal\* that he could go into the water and do what he loved. SWIM! If Charlie had a choice he would swim all day! So when you got him in the water, it was very difficult to get him out! When Grandpa would say "alright Charlie boy, its time to rinse off and get out of the water. Comon Charlie! Comon..." Charlie would give Grandpa the eye and ignore him! He would just continue on swimming all around in circles. Finally after dragging him out Charlie would put his head down and go all sad on you because he knew that water time was up! Charlie had a personality like no other. I think that all he went through made Charlie have feelings that no other dog had. He was just a dog you would look at and a grin would come upon your face. He was a happy dog all the time! He brought many laughs and smiles. He was just a special dog. I can't describe the way he would make me feel when I would visit and see him.

Sadly, we found out that Charlie was diagnosed with cancer everyone kind of knew that his road ahead of him was short. He lived a year longer than expected. That was such a miracle. I think without Charlie here it isn't the same but, I know that he is happy and looking down at the pool. I miss him so much and I cry whenever I think about him but I know those tears are tears of happiness because I know he lived his life the best after my Nana found him.

I love you Charlie and I always will.  
HANNAH P.



We lost our beloved golden boy, Jesse, on November 10, 2009. He was such a loving, sweet and faithful boy. He came to live with us in July, 2008 with his life-long companion, Haley. While they were both happy, we knew Haley had cancer, and it was just a matter of time. We lost little Haley in May, 2009.

Jesse seemed to adjust to life without Haley. He loved his walks, brushings and playtime with us. He always did whatever was asked of him. He became a therapy dog and brought smiles to those he visited even though his work as a therapy dog was short lived.

As luck would have it, we received a call from Mary Ellen asking us to foster a very young Golden. We were just going to keep this dog for 10-14 days. We brought him home and within a day, we knew he had found his "forever home". We named him Spirit because of his willingness to survive his young life alone. Jesse quickly showed him who was boss, and both dogs got along very well. I like to think Jesse found Spirit for us so we wouldn't be alone.

Jesse had a very aggressive form of cancer, and it took him quickly. I like to believe he is now again with Haley enjoying his "forever" home. Jesse died on November 10th - the day the Marine Corps celebrates its founding or birthday - their motto "always faithful". How appropriate for Jesse to leave us on that day as our "always faithful" golden boy. We love and miss you, Jess.

Dianne and Stan

**BUDDY**

November 1, 1999 – September 17, 2009



It is with great sorrow that we tell you that Buddy left us last Thursday. He had been playing and greeting people all day Wednesday, but when I came home from work he was unable to stand.

I made Buddy comfortable on his bed, and slept on the floor holding him all that night. On Thursday morning, we took him to our vet. Initial examination showed problems with the spinal cord. X-rays showed fusion of the spinal vertebrae.

We had Buddy cremated, and he is now back in his "forever" home. Buddy was with us almost 4 years. He was happy. He brought great joy to our lives.

G.R.I.N. #57 is now at rest.

Pat W.

## HALEY



Our little Haley came into our lives at the end of July 2008. Within a few weeks, it was apparent that Haley had something wrong. After several visits to our vet, it was determined Haley had an obstruction in her intestine, probably cancer; however, without surgery we would not know for sure.

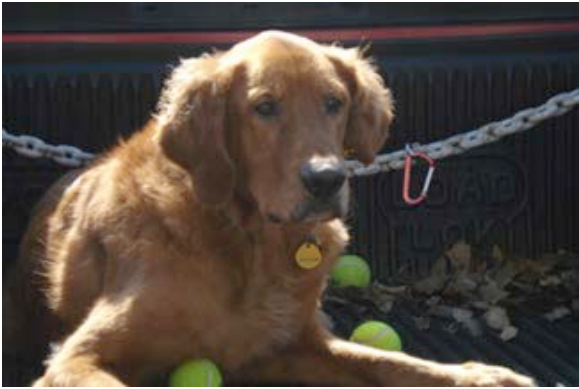
With the assistance of the vet, we elected not to put Haley through surgery since she was 7 years old and recovery would more than likely be hard on her. We decided to love her, keep her comfortable and do whatever it would take to keep her free of pain and happy. Our vet tried to prepare us by telling us she would not get better and probably Haley would be gone by January 2009. Well, it's amazing what care and love can do! Yes, Haley continued to lose weight because of the cancer and had some significant problems, which we were able to solve to a degree, but she was the happiest little girl around. She loved her walks, her rides in the car, chasing her birds, watching her dolphins in the cove, hanging out with Jessie, her life-long companion, and, above all, being with her people.

Everyone, who met Haley, loved her. She was a very sweet and gentle Golden. However, little by little, Haley began to weaken and finally indicated to us it was time. On May 12, 2009, with Jessie, her people and her loving and caring vet, our little Haley went to the Rainbow Bridge.

We all miss her but we are so grateful we had the opportunity to give her 9½ months of love and care. Thank you GRIN for all you did for all of us. Thank you Dr. Theiss for your love, compassion and caring.

Stan, Dianne (her people) and Jessie (her companion)

## SAM THE MAN



Sam The Man, first known as Samson, came to us in April 2004. Our first Golden Retriever, Rocky, had passed away just a month before, leaving it apparent to all of us that our home was very empty. Well, that started me on the quest that brought us Sam. I applied to two Golden rescues, one being our beloved Naples group. Mary Ellen responded within a day of getting my application. With having just lost Rocky, the decision would be difficult, complicated by the grieving process. Wanting to make certain this was not a "rebound" adoption which would turn sour quickly, Mary Ellen spent endless hours on the phone talking me thru what was ahead of us. She then said she "had this dog" - something I am certain we have all heard! He was in the owner home, but needed to be moved. It was explained that Sam might not be available by the time I made my decision and I understood that. Within a short period of time, I made the trip across to Naples to meet this "big red boy" who was destined to be my heart dog.

Mary Ellen drove us to what I believe was the Fort Myers area. Sam greeted us at the door. The owners said we could take him for a walk so we could evaluate each other. Sam pulled me all over the neighborhood. Having walked head-strong dogs before, I was more or less prepared, but this was a special day in both of our lives and hanging onto this monster dog was not my focus as much as was our conversation and the decision if Sam was going home with me that day.

Well, Sam did make that trip. We loaded Sam into Mary Ellen's vehicle right then and there and made the trip back down to Naples. We stopped at the lake that has become a part of our history, both Sam's and



mine. After almost pulling me into the lake with the gators, Sam finally let me sit and sign adoption papers. We said our good-byes to Mary Ellen at the nearby Borders store, Sam was loaded into my truck this time, and we headed back. I stopped part way back to give Sam a "potty break". He was less worried about his potty break than he was concerned that he got back into that truck before it pulled out without him. Having combined the little we knew of Sam's history and later information gathered during communication sessions, Sam had been on the run a number of times and had many, many homes before coming to stay with us for the remainder of his life. His behavior that day makes much more sense to me now. He was NOT being left behind again if he had anything to do with it. We finally arrived in Fort Lauderdale, we had intros on the front lawn with my sons, we tossed the tennis ball (which Sam could simply not live without), and then Sam got 3 baths before entering the house. He positively smelled horrible, and although it took a few more baths after that first day, he would finally smell like a beautiful Golden should again.

Over the next years, the stories are numerous, funny, full of good times, overflowing with love, and then the ultimate sadness that we all know who have loved a Golden.

I recall the time Sam ate a half dozen bagels, the time he ate a loaf of bread, bag and all. And oh yes, the avocados (pits and all), the peaches (pits and all), the mangos (pits and all), whole bananas, the bags of chips, the grocery bag full of candy (Mary Ellen sternly told me to take him to the emergency vet for this one). We had bright "sparklies" in Sam's poop for a good two weeks from the Hershey Kisses. And of course Mary Ellen would be amazed every time I would tell her what Sam had most recently consumed, and in her way, she would ALWAYS ask, "how did he get hold of that??" Of course, I knew what she REALLY was saying~!! Sam lived up to his reputation as a "counter cruiser."

Sam was a Velcro dog, following me EVERYWHERE, from one foot in any direction in a room to another room in the house, he was my constant companion. He slept with me every night, and howled for about 2 minutes after I left for work daily, which I am certain annoyed the neighbors.

Our last days were very painful and uniquely joined to Nicky, another Golden G.R.I.N. boy. I heard a bit of it one time when in a pet communicator session Sam told me that he had most respect and sympathy for Nicky because Nick had a horrible life. Little did I know how true that was, that once Nick left us, Sam would finally reveal that he was suffering excruciating pain from cancer of the pelvis. He carried the burden himself because he did not want to be a distraction from Nick's last days in our home. Once Nick was gone, Sam finally let us know his time to depart was near, much nearer than any of us had ever known.

Although Sam was a massive Golden, very strong and muscular, sturdy, and seemingly impervious to any illness, his pelvis, eaten away by cancer, became very brittle and finally, my Sam came crumbling down like a rock.

I have felt his presence since he crossed over, and I know he is close by and watching. I wait for his return when he is ready to join us again.

This page contains a few of our favorite Sam pictures. His personality comes thru by the glimmer in his eye, that devilish smile, the tilt of his head. To those who knew him for these past wonderful years, they will look and say, "yep, that's Sam."

As much as this is meant to be a tribute to Sam, My Man, it is also meant to show what can be done with a rescue dog, how they fill the empty spaces in our homes and hearts. Once determined to be "disposable" by their family or society in general, those of us involved in rescue do really "get it."

Sam's first owner was a young couple who could not afford his allergy problems. Try as they did, he lost all of his hair, and they became more frustrated by his condition. Eventually, he found another home

where he was tied out back and left to weather heat and thunderstorms alone. He ran away one night in a lightening display and finally found his way home a few months later. The family had moved. The time between then and when Sam came to G.R.I.N.inc. is sketchy. He was found at a local garbage dump by a couple who gave him to the owners who gave him to G.R.I.N.inc. As had happened many times in this boy's life, he found himself in a home where he was no longer welcome.

For those of you who often find themselves wondering if they can keep going, keep facing the heartbreaking stories and situations in which we find these most lovely of God's creations, just know that we must, and Sam The Man is one of the many reasons why.

In closing, this is a tribute to all G.R.I.N.inc. volunteers who, with their hard work and determination, repeat these stories every day. Thank you all.

## CURRY BEAR



My Sweet, Gentle Bear Bear,

I am not quite sure where to begin to tell the story of Bear Bear, a GRIN dog whom most know as Curry Bear. As I write this story, he is watching me from Rainbow Bridge and giving me the strength to be able to write.

Bear brought smiles and enrichment to the lives of everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him, especially me. Curry Bear came to stay in my home until he was going to be adopted out. Well, he had a way about him that he would actually smile at you. He smiled only a couple of times and we knew that he was meant to be our dog! From day one in our home, Curry Bear was accepted with open arms from us and paws from Maggie and Lacey... it was like he had always been with us.

Bear was the happiest, most gentle, lovable creature I have ever met. His tail never stopped wagging and he never stopped smiling. Oh how I miss my mornings with him...as I would put my make-up on at the coffee table, he would come and sit with his head on my lap just staring up at me with his big, beautiful, brown eyes. It was his way of saying "I love you, Mom." Every time he would look at me like that I would tell him that I loved him too. His walks and rides in the car were his favorite things to do. Even though his hips and knees were in terrible shape, he would push himself to walk and walk always wagging his tail. When he couldn't walk as far as he once could, we got him a stroller. He loved it!

I would like to end this story by thanking my Bear Bear, my sweet boy for the things he taught me. Thank you, my sweet boy, for teaching me to look for the good in everyone and every situation because that is what you did; for laughing and smiling every day because that is what you did; to enjoy each day we had together because you did; to be thankful for the many blessing we have each day because you did; to always say "I love you" everyday and that is what we did J As much as I miss you and wish you were still with me, I know that you are in the best place you could ever be with our wonderful God and all of the other GRIN dogs that have left us over the years. You are and always will be in my heart. I do feel your gentle spirit around me every day and I thank you for being there J

Not for the last time, but for eternity....I love you Bear Bear.  
Alesia P.

## A TRIBUTE TO MY MORGAN



We recently lost our 14 year old rescued Golden Retriever. All our goldens are special but I would like to tell you why Morgan was so very special. If you believe that just ONE golden can dramatically change your life please take a few minutes to read Morgan's story. Morgan was our first rescued golden. I never even knew that rescues existed but a friend of mine told me about a great organization in Ohio so I applied. After one week I got a call about a dog a little older than what I wanted ( sound familiar?!!) but we decided to go see him. I wasn't sure I was ready for another dog after losing my beloved Flat Coat, Merlin. We saw Morgan and immediately knew he should come home with us. Morgan came from a family that mistreated and severely neglected him. They took his Golden Retriever spirit away and taught him to mistrust....hence when we adopted him he was extremely aloof, mistrusting and very depressed. It took my husband and I over 6 months to win his trust...he began to show only a small amount of that neediness that all of us love about the breed but still no kisses, no following to the bathroom, no head on the lap but at least some tail wags and carrying of toys. That was a start and he continued to get better everyday. Over the 9 1/2 years that we had him, Morgan became a loyal, loving dog but even to his last day he would not go through a door first and he did have some separation anxiety. During the first 6 months of his life with us I was consumed by my goal to make him a "normal" Golden Retriever...my life became Morgan and my life became filled with rescue. I thought that if I could put this much time and effort into helping one dog there must be others out there that need just as much as if not more help...so began my interest in the breed and rescue. It was because of Morgan ..and my love for him that I continue to have goldens and rescue in my life. My life is empty now without my Morgan ..he was my foundation but my goals for rescue have not changed...we need to help all the goldens that we can for as long as we can....it is a necessity .

"We need to honor that emptiness as a marker to the soul that resides within"

Sue H.

Morgan will always have a very special place in my heart.

Mary Ellen