

# Dobie Tails

Merry Christmas from --

*The first two pages of the newsletter are photos of two of our recent rescue dogs, Ayla and Walker. There's no better feeling than seeing these wonderful Dobies go to their forever homes. The healthy and contented dogs speak for themselves!*



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- Ayla !

*and ...*

# - Walker !



*Poor Walker was skin and bones, but he's put on weight and enjoys napping in his new home!*

# Taffy the Co-pilot

by Holli Sampson

*(In memory of my father, Lew Logan, April 24, 1927- November 21, 2009, who taught me what loving a dog was all about.)*

I was nine years old the day the little brown puppy arrived at our home. She was brought to us by a friend of my sister's and meant to be a birthday present to me but she took one look at Dad and that was the end of that. Something magical happened in that moment and there was no stopping them for the next 16 years.



We named her Taffy because she was light brown with a darker brown strip down the middle of her back and it reminded us of those big strips of Taffy candy that was available in those days. We often glued our mouths shut with it after an afternoon of swimming at the local pool and our parents loved it because it kept us all quiet for awhile.

My father loved my mother and looked upon her with that delight of young love in his eyes until the day he left this earth. He also loved us three kids and would have done anything for us, but there were two other great loves in his life and ironically, they made us love Dad all the more: Taffy and his J3 Piper Cub airplane.

Actually it's hard to tell what came first, the love of dogs or the love of flying. Dad was born part bird but I think he was born part dog too. While he was growing up and dreaming about being able to fly he and his brothers were rescuing animals around the neighborhood and patching up the wounded ones. They had their own little animal hospital back in those days.

Even after he married Mom they were never without a dog but Dad acquired the Piper Cub a few years before Taffy came along. The question screamed loud and clear: would Taffy and the airplane get along or be fierce competitors? Dad was determined that they would get along for he wasn't parting with either one!

*Taffy, cont'd*

Don't get me wrong, she loved us kids and my mom too but she adored my dad. They weren't dog and owner; their souls were intertwined in some way. Taffy was meant to come to Dad. He needed her and she needed him.

Taffy was Dad's backseat driver and they went every where in his vehicle. She wasn't too happy with him when he installed a piercing air horn in the truck. We used to laugh when she'd try to hide under the dash if we sounded the horn but within seconds she was right back up in the middle of the front seat, front paws on the dash, ready to go anywhere Dad wanted to go as long as she was right there. One time she did fly out the window right across Dad's lap to go after a rabbit out on a country road but it was the only time. Taffy was smart. She got skinned up with that maneuver and she never left Dad's side again. If you weren't a family member and you saw Dad's truck parked down town it was not a good idea to try to open the door and get in beside Taffy. She wasn't very open to that idea.

Out to the airport they would go. Dad kept the Cub at a country airstrip southwest of my home town. The runway wasn't paved, it was a cow pasture! About 7 other guys kept their small planes out there and came out with their dogs too. There was never a lack of canine companions but Taffy never let any of them get too close to Dad. He was her guy! The airstrip had a little club house and in the winter time a fire would blaze in the fire place and the guys would sit and drink hot chocolate and trade flying stories with their dogs sitting at their feet.

Taffy loved the air strip. At first Dad would tie her up when he went flying but after awhile she

was quite trust worthy and would stay close to the hangar and wait for Dad and the Cub to return.

One day, Dad decided it was time for Taffy to have her maiden flight. You could fly the Cub from the front on back seats. It was like a driver's ed plane! It held two people, one in front, one in back and had a nice little baggage compartment. Dad climbed into the back seat and sat Taffy down behind him on top of the baggage compartment and off they went.

Taffy tried to like flying, she really did, but the air pressure bothered her ears. She would sit behind Dad and drool profusely down his back while they bumped down the grassy runway and soared off over the tops of those four beautiful old cottonwood trees that marked the end of it. The cows and horses would stand and watch. Perhaps they wondered if Dad would offer them a ride or maybe they were glad he didn't. Taffy maintained her dignity and rode proudly behind Dad but by the time they landed his shirt would be soaked with her slobber. Still, she went with him whenever and however she could and if she wasn't flying she kept watch over the hangar until he returned.



*Taffy, cont'd*

Throughout the years this was the pattern of their relationship and when they weren't together in person they were in heart. Sixteen years came and went. Us kids all grew up and left home but Taffy didn't care because she had Dad. Eventually, she grew old but she still went with him everywhere until she could go no more.

Dad never got another dog and he never stopped missing her. He loved every dog that friends and family brought by to visit and was totally supportive of my going into rescuing Dobermans but none of them were his Taffy. Taffy was our first rescue but I think she rescued us in many ways and I know when Dad reached the gates of Heaven she was there waiting for him. I am sure they are having a great time together as I sit and write this.

Taffy was Dad's companion when he was home. The only time they were apart was when he was gone on the railroad for many days or when he went to church. He would have taken Taffy to church with him but Mom put her foot down. She maintained that Taffy didn't sing in tune and

she didn't want her throwing the entire congregation of our little country church out of kilter. We had birds fly around in church but Taffy never got to go in.

Dad could be gone on the railroad for unpredictable amounts of time and all over the Midwest but Taffy always knew when he was coming home! She would park by the back door about 30 minutes before his arrival and wait. We used to laugh at her antics at first but then we soon figured out that she actually did know when he was coming so we started to pay attention to her timing.

Taffy was part Dachshund, Chihuahua and Pekinese according to the papers from the animal shelter. Actually, we never saw any of those breeds in her at all! Mom maintained that she was part giraffe because she was long in body and all legs. In retrospect, Taffy could have been anything but she didn't care as long as she had Dad she was the Queen of the Universe and you'd better not dispute that title!





# REMI

By Holli Sampson

*It is said that sorrow will endure for a night but joy will come in the morning. That's not always an easy concept to grasp but joy came back to our home in the form of a bull in a china shop.*

The first time I saw his picture on a shelter listing on the internet I was struck by what a handsome dog he was. I joked with my friend Vicki that I would like to add Remi as a 3<sup>rd</sup> dog to my household. This is a long standing joke because Gracie, my female isn't always so happy to meet other dogs. She loved our male, Daniel but accepting another member of the family was out of the question. Besides he was in an area of the country where it was notoriously difficult to get dogs up to us. I told myself that I was paranoid because Daniel, my four year old male, had been sick, and I put that face in the back of my mind.

Days turned into weeks and Daniel continued to worsen. The bills were mounting and he wasn't improving. A trip to Manhattan, Kansas for tests

confirmed our worst fears. Daniel was dying of liver disease. It was a hard pill to swallow but we tried to make the best of it. We knew his time was short. We dreaded life without our wonderful Daniel and we worried about how it might affect Gracie.

One day in late May I got an email from one of the Doberman rescues we work closely with. The lady emailing me knew of my affinity for fawn Dobermans and also knew of Daniel's illness. She asked me if I had ever heard of a dog named Remington Steele. I felt a familiar sick knot in my stomach as the picture of that handsome boy I had seen months before on the internet came into my mind. He was now 9 months old and had been in a shelter for several months of his life. I told her I knew who the dog was and she shocked me by telling me that she had him in her possession but they had no room for him in their rescue at this time. She asked if I would take him into the rescue up here. That sickening knot grew tighter and I agreed to take him.

I made the three hour drive to pick him up along with two other dogs. I told my friend Mark that I was not going to pay any attention to Remi but just bring him up here and take him to his foster home. Mark had an inkling about a lot of things at that point but wisely said nothing. We loaded the three dogs up and I paid very little attention to that big handsome fawn male sprawled across the back seat looking shy and lost. My mind was on my grief because Daniel was slowly but surely failing. He wasn't eating much and what he could eat he couldn't keep down.

A strange thing happened when we got back to Omaha. I handed Remi to his foster mom but he tried to follow me out the door. She asked me if I thought he had come here for a reason but my mind wasn't ready to entertain the idea. It was too painful and I was too afraid.

Daniel and Remi never met in person but when I got home that night Daniel had been waiting for me and that was the night that he made it clear he couldn't go on any longer. He

*Remi, cont'd*

was in pain. He paced the floor and tried to crawl into my lap for comfort. When that didn't work he tried to crawl off and hide. He had lost 17 pounds in two weeks. The dreadful reality was upon us.

Daniel passed away two days later and the grief hit us hard but neither of us was prepared for how it hit Gracie. Gracie, who had most of her life acted like she didn't care about Daniel, was in a world of hurt. She was lost without her companion. She didn't want to eat and if dogs can weep, she did.

It slowly came together over a period of days until it made sense to us. Although Daniel and Remi had never met, Remi waited in that shelter all of that time for us, and Daniel waited for Remi to arrive to let go. It was painfully obvious that the plan had been in place. God knows us better than anyone and He had a plan, a plan to bring joy back to our home and to give Daniel peace from a long painful illness.

So Remi arrived. He was very shy at first and not sure what to think of us let alone Gracie. Gracie tried to make it clear

that she didn't like him but strangely she was happier when he was near by. We knew Remi had not had an easy life for his first 10 months but we all worked together patiently.



*Remi - "got China shop?"*

We had to adapt to having a big puppy in the house. It had been a number of years since we'd had one so young and we had never had one this big. It was a challenge to see what he would take out with his big butt each day for he quickly became famous for backing into things and knocking things over – soda cans were his specialty.

We missed Daniel but it was hard to stay sad for long because Remi begged to be loved. He would come out of his crate and wiggle and wriggle and wrap himself around our legs and just want to know he was loved and

accepted and so he was from the moment he came home. He brought laughter back into our house because along with wanting to be loved and accepted, he was just a big clown.

We signed him up for obedience school where he quickly claimed the title of class clown but he also showed the Doberman intellect for eagerly learning what he was being taught.



*Gracie tries a little too hard to get in on the clown act...*

It's been five and a half months now and he still makes us laugh every day. He still wraps himself around us and loves on us. He brought joy to the nursing home when we took him to see my father. He brightened the day for many of the residents and he continues to brighten Gracie's days too, even if he does sometimes dribble her head like a

*Remi, cont'd*

basketball with one of his big front paws. I think he has taught Gracie not to be so serious all of the time. He is 83 pounds of love and laughter, a precious gift to our grieving hearts.

This will be a special Christmas in our home. We will be without Daniel and Dad but we have a new face in Remi. It's odd how things work out but when you open your heart up to new possibilities good things happen.

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## Business Partners!

*Sarah and Yahzi invite you to their new hangout, Pawsitively Treasured Pet Spa!*



Attention Doberman Rescue supporters. This is Sarah and Yahzi. Yahzi is one of DRON's own and was adopted by Sarah a year ago. He is the official greeter at Pawsitively Treasured Pet Spa located at 18111 Q Street.

Pawsitively Treasured has a boutique which features special items for dogs and cats of all sizes. They have a grooming salon and also do pet sitting.

Go see Sarah and be greeted by Yahzi at the door. They are enthusiastic supporters of our rescue.

Congratulations, Sarah, upon the opening of your business!

Pawsitively Treasured  
18111 Q St.  
Omaha, NE 38135  
402-515-0549

[www.pawsitivelytreasured.com](http://www.pawsitivelytreasured.com)  
[sarah@pawsitivelytreasured.com](mailto:sarah@pawsitivelytreasured.com)

# A Christmas Letter from the President

by Holli Sampson

Well, it's nearly official. 2009 is about over and where did it all go? Wasn't it just June yesterday?

This letter will be a short letter as we put together our thoughts for the end of the year and reflect upon what has all transpired.

For me personally, this year has had a lot of grieving. Most of you are aware that we lost our Daniel to liver disease in June, and although we miss him more than words can express, we are rejoicing in a new member to our family. I also buried my father the day before Thanksgiving. Dad never owned a Doberman but he loved dogs and had a very special girl in his life named Taffy.

I wanted to share a story about my Dad and Taffy and also a story about our new family member, Remi. I hope you will enjoy both.

This year was a year of "pairs" for our rescue as we had two different couples come in together and get placed together: Gaupo and Chica, and

Fred and Wilma. It made us all so happy to see them be able to stay together.

It was also a year of miracles in the 4<sup>th</sup> quarter. Walker, who came to us nearly starved to death and beaten down in spirit and body, made a complete recovery and went to live with his forever family just in time for Christmas. There was also, Ayla, our tiniest girl. She was a puppy who had been so starved and underweight that no one thought she would live but she lives! She lives with one very happy and lucky family who loves her very much! Pictures of both dogs, before and after are featured here.

Thank you to all of you who work so hard to keep this rescue going by volunteering your time and resources. 2009 has been a hard year for many but still a good year and we look forward to 2010. We couldn't do it without all of you who are reading this letter. You mean so much to us! We wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a wonderful 2010.

Holli Sampson, President





## We need your help!

Doberman Rescue welcomes your donations and help of any kind!

Yes, I would like to help you to care for the animals.

Enclosed is my gift of \$\_\_\_\_\_.

I would like to make a monthly pledge to support

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska. I will pledge a monthly amount of \$\_\_\_\_\_.

I know of a business that would do a corporate sponsorship.

Here is their contact information:

DRON is a 501 (c) (3) organization, so all donations are tax deductible!

PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO DRON,

ATTN: HOLLI SAMPSON

POB 390684

Omaha, NE 68139-0684

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT DONATING:

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL ADDRESS (WE WILL NOT SELL THIS TO ANYONE!) \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE NUMBER: (\_\_\_\_) - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

I AM INTERESTED IN BEING A VOLUNTEER. PLEASE CONTACT ME!

TELL US ABOUT YOUR DOG:

THANK YOU AGAIN!



**2010 Adoption - table Dates !!**

Please drop by or volunteer to help at our adoption events, dates and locations below:

1/2 - Petco - 125<sup>th</sup> & L  
1/9 - Petsmart - Jones

1/16 - Petco - 125<sup>th</sup> & L  
The Bookworm -  
Countryside Village

1/23 - Petsmart - Oakview  
1/30 - Petsmart - 72<sup>nd</sup> & Jones  
2/6 - Petco - 125<sup>th</sup> & L  
2/13 - Petsmart - Jones  
2/20 - Petco - 125<sup>th</sup> & L

2/20 The Bookworm -  
Countryside Village  
2/27 - Petsmart - Oakview

3/6 - Petco - 125<sup>th</sup> & L  
3/13 - Petsmart - Jones  
3/20 - Petco - 125<sup>th</sup> & L  
The Bookworm -  
Countryside Village  
3/27 - Petsmart - Oakview



**Call for Volunteers and Donations!**

Make your plans to volunteer at DRON adoption events. We always need people to answer questions about the dogs and the adoption process, shuttle dogs from foster homes or kennels, and help spread the good will about Doberman Rescue. Contact Holli at 402-614-4495 to see what kind of help is needed in a given week.

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska  
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