Dobie Tails

VOLUNTEERS: THE HEART OF RESCUE !

Complied by Holli Sampson

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska, like most rescues is staffed entirely by volunteers. These volunteers work hard to do what we do and there is always more work to be done. They give selflessly of their time and resources to help the dogs. The work can be heartbreaking at times but more often than not it is rewarding. It is a good feeling to crawl into bed at night after seeing a dog go to its forever home and sleep with the joy of knowing that another one is saved. We all work hard but we have a lot of fun together too.

People ask us all of the time "Why do you do it? Isn't it hard? How do you handle the sadness, I couldn't do that."

I posed the following question to many of our volunteers:

"Why do you volunteer and what do you like best about it??

Below are their answers:

"I love dogs and I like being a voice for those who have none. My favorite part is seeing a dog go to its forever home**."-----Kirk**

"I like volunteering for DRON because it has been rewarding in so many ways. I have met so many wonderful people with whom I get to volunteer. DRON is a support system. We have the hardest working volunteers with hearts too big to describe.

The dogs which come to rescue are in caring hands. DRON does an outstanding job of finding proper and safe homes for the rescues. There's nothing more heartwarming than seeing a dog go to their new, loving forever home.

There are a few things I like doing best with DRON. First off, I like volunteering in the stores. We get to meet all kinds of people, we get to get acquainted with the dogs and you get to be surrounded by fun and caring people.

I also like to come out for The Walk For The Animals at NHS and Meet The Breeds. We get to expose the public to our available dogs and we share with them what we do for the dogs. I think it's also a learning experience in that, we get to meet other volunteer groups. Together, we are all there to support the rescue animals." **---Katherine**

"I love dogs in general but Dobermans have always been my favorite. I sometimes feel that the general public has the wrong idea about Dobermans from movies and novels. They are rarely portrayed as family pets. Since Kevin and I started volunteering with DRON, we have had many opportunities to talk with people about Dobermans, either because of the DRON shirts we wear or because we are walking a pack of Dobermans down the street. In our little town of Blair, a pack of Dobermans attracts a lot of attention. Everywhere we go, people say, "hey, aren't you the people with all the Dobermans I see walking past my house?" We enjoy these opportunities to talk about DRON and what they do for the dogs. We love to tell people how loving and friendly the breed can be while they are petting our dogs. Cleo is quite the attention getter with her colorful hats and she loves to let everyone pet her. People start petting her before they know she is a Doberman and they are always surprised when we tell them.

Another thing I enjoy about being a part of DRON is the opportunity to visit with likeminded people. I loved sitting around Mark's patio the night of the party, visiting with people who love dogs and love to talk about their dogs. I don't often make it to Omaha for the Saturday events but I have enjoyed the events I have been too. Since we have Dobes at home, I feel like I should be here with them while Kevin spends time with the fosters in Omaha. While we have enjoyed being foster parents in the past, I think our fostering days are over. It can be stressful introducing a new foster into our home and Gracie is not especially full of grace when it comes to bringing a new dog. We also have aging parents that require more of our time.

When Kevin and I were younger, we took in a stray dog that, unknown to us, had health problems we could not afford to treat. A rescue helped us treat and heal her physical ills. We enjoyed 8 wonderful years with Shadow. That rescue no longer exists so volunteering with DRON is how we show our gratitude for the help we received and the joy and love we receive from our dogs. " **---Carol**

"I volunteer for so many reasons. I suppose what originally drew me to rescue was my own experience and feeling "rescued" by the stray cat I took in as a kid. I thought I was helping him, but he turned out to be so much more to me than the bowl of food I gave to him. I later experienced a profound connection to a dog that no one else had wanted. An animal that was adapted to a "forever home" as a puppy became terror of a dog, and was on her way back to the kennel. She is now so bonded and loyal (as well as well behaved-after some loving training) to our family that I wanted to help other people share that same joy I get from her every single day. Dogs are similar to kids in the fact that when they are beaten, starved, or abused, they can't ask for help. The difference is that the dog might end up being killed after it escapes its situation for lack of room in a shelter, funds for vetting, or caring home available. I have been the abused child, and I have been comforted by my furry angel. For me the unwavering love I see in Denali is a reflection and of Gods unending faithfulness and a reminder of how very blessed I am. The Bible has verse after verse telling us to be good stewards of the earth and all the creatures in it. For me that is not only caring

well for the animals in my home, but volunteering for the rescue.

My favorite part of rescue is seeing a dog be adopted. Seeing a damaged but not broken animal come so far, from abuse and starvation or being saved from a shelter, or loosing a much loved family, to be finally getting a soft bed and full bowl of food and all the love they can handle for the rest of their life. That is probably my favorite part, but the WHY of my favorite part, is the people. It has to come back to them. None of this would be possible without all of the other volunteers. The people who devote their time, energy, skills, and recourses to the animals they love as well as each other. These are not acquaintances, co-workers or even teammates, these people become family in the deepest meaning of the word. They celebrate triumphs and support each other in times of need. They mourn loss, share the pain of illness and hardships as well as live, laugh and all the good stuff they get to do together. I have not been able to give much of myself to rescue recently, but I know that I still have the bonds of friendship I made in rescue. I was brought to the rescue from my love for animals, and my desire to help them and their future homes find each other, but I have been amazed by the other volunteers. The rescue, and all the good it does could not BE without them. Thank you to all of those who have made this great organization and who keep it running. You make the world a better place in so many ways." **---Amanda**

"I enjoy working with the breed & I also like the challenges. I also feel that I'm doing something good & worthwhile. The breed gets a big rap so I like to educate the public so they understand the breed. Besides I would miss out on all the wonderful dogs that have come through. What do you like to do the most and why? Foster cause I know that I can make a difference in the dogs life & get them ready for there next new adventure which is a new loving home that they may have never had." **---Lisa**

"There are many reasons I like volunteering for Dron:

- Getting to hang out with the dogs...I have fallen in love with the breed.
- Helping those that have been abused, abandoned, or just given up by their owners.
- Working with the Dron members and volunteers..they are the best people ever. They are very dedicated to helping the Dobies and are fun to work with.
- Helping to find a forever home for a Doberman gives me great satisfaction.
- Educating the public on how loving and smart Dobies really are and to explain how the media portrays them as something they are not.

I just like being with the dogs. Playing with them, helping socialize them, and helping to train them. Playtime for them is also playtime for me. It is great to help them relax and just let them be themselves. After all the hurt they have been through, they still offer unconditional love. How can you not like that?" **--- Mike**

"I enjoy meeting all of the dogs that come in. Each one has a story unique to them alone and yet part of the big picture. Each one comes in with its own baggage as all living creatures do. It's so rewarding to watch them grow through their difficulties and reach out to trust again in areas where they could not before. Each one also has a lesson to teach to each of us and touches our lives personally. They are all so very special. To watch their faces when they know they have a

home and to hear the stories from their families after they go to their forever homes is so rewarding. We can't change the entire world at once but we can change the world of each dog that comes into our hands and make it better and in the process it enriches our lives with treasures that money can't buy. I love meeting all of the new people and just getting to know the volunteers I serve with as friends. They are all so wonderful. We are there for each other in the good and the bad." **---Holli**

"I volunteer because these great dogs need some help and love,not just to be thrown away. I like to meet the new dogs and work with great people." **---Kevin**

"Not long after we moved to Kansas City, we went to a grocery store a few blocks from the house we were renting. There we noticed a Doberman sitting outside the store , and he was still there when we came out. We asked a manager if he knew anything about the dog and were told the dog had been there some hours - so, we called and it walked to the house with us. Thus, started our life with Dobermans (that dog's owners put an ad in the 'paper and it went home in a few days). Our first two Dobies we bought, first at a pet shop (we didn't know any better then) and then from a guy who had probably bred his dog (really, we didn't know any better). After many good years with those dogs, for our next we noticed an ad for a Doberman Rescue organization.

We now have our third and fourth rescue Dobies. We have been volunteering with rescue for many years. Our big male is a very jealous guy (he tolerates, mostly, the little female we have) and our house is not large enough or constructed in such a way as to accommodate a foster dog. So, we do transport - collecting dogs and moving them toward their ultimate adoptive home. I am the principal driver but sometimes I sit with the dog.

I volunteer because I've nearly always had dogs and I admire them: their constancy and openness (dogs never lie to you), their love and devotion to their people (some might say I'm anthropomorphizing, but I'm sure not) and (usually) their willingness to please. I'd like to help save all the dogs (and cats and horses, etc.) who need such help, but unfortunately there are way too many to do so effectively. Thus, I focus my volunteering on Dobermans - not because they are more deserving than others, but just because they are like the dogs that have been such important parts of our lives. It is always gratifying to learn that a Dobie we helped move for DRON has been adopted and has a good home!" **---Bob and Charlotte**

"I volunteer for DRON to help the dogs. They have no voice, so we are their voices. I like to know that we are helping. I never really volunteered before, until we adopted Walker. We knew it took a lot of time and money to rehabilitate him and get him healthy, so this was our way of "paying it forward". In doing so, we have met many wonderful volunteers that we call friends. Many of our closest friends are DRON volunteers. The most rewarding part of helping out is reading the stories and seeing the pictures of a dog thriving in their new home with their new family.

I like coming out to the stores and help showing the dogs that are up for adoption. I also like to help with relaying the dogs in when our schedule works out to do so. " **---Cory**

"The reason I volunteer is to feel like I have done something to make a difference in the life of a loving creature that through not fault of their

own has come upon hard times and needs love assistance and understanding so they may become all that life had intended for them to become.

The thing I love most about volunteering is the reward of seeing a dog loved for who they are as well as what they can become. I love when people see their four legged counter part and recognize that this dog is the one for them. They no that it will not be like a Disney movie and they really do the work needed to make this a beautiful partnership benefit all involved."

---Stephanie

"Being involved with rescue is very rewarding. There are many reasons, for me that I enjoy it. Finding forever homes for our dogs with wonderful pet parents is one of the most rewarding feelings. There is so much more. When I see a dog that has come into the rescue from the most adverse situation scared and timid to see it flourish and become confident and hopeful through the works of its foster parent and wonderful volunteers, I am filled with the greatest joy. A rescue is only as good as its volunteers. We have the most wonderful volunteers who dedicate themselves to the welfare of our dogs by fostering, running them to vet appointments, picking them up for showings, retrieving them from shelters, and helping educating the public in the doberman breed and what we do. I am honored to work with our volunteers and blessed to be among such a passionate group of people."

---Mark

"Ok. For the perks? Or I love dobies and get satisfaction for helping them find good homes." **---Jerry**

"When asked why I volunteer I had to stop and think about it. I have volunteered for years and it's just a huge part of my life now. I got my first Doberman 15 years ago as a puppy and entered into the wonderful life of being a Doberman's assistant. Harley was his name and he was a magnificent dog and a pleasure to have. I started pet therapy with him when he was one (we did therapy until he was 10). Somewhere in the next couple of years I discovered Doberman Rescue and wanted to know more about them. Although Harley wasn't a rescue he was a fine example of the breed. He and I became involved in DRON at that time, myself in a couple areas of need and Harley as a champion of the breed.

My life was suddenly changed when Harley developed bone cancer and we lost him shortly after at the young age of 10 ½. I was devastated to say the least and our home was turned upside down by the loss. We had acquired another puppy before his passing and this boy, Quinn was just lost. We then turned back to DRON and adopted the sweetest black and tan female Cheyenne. She was five and just the best girl ever. At this point I again started volunteering and have since been very active in DRON. To answer "why do I volunteer?" I'd have to start with that I consider it a privilege to get to work with these wonderful creatures and be a part of finding them their forever homes. Each and every dog that comes to us I fall in love with and want to help. After seeing the first one go to their forever home and see the happiness on the dogs face and the happiness on the adopters faces you just get addicted and want to do it again and again. These dogs didn't ask to be homeless, they've done nothing to deserve the fate they are in. How can I not want to help them, not want to see them healed and loved? I

also volunteer because I don't have a lot of money to donate but I have the time so this is my way of paying it forward. Someone was there to find my Cheyenne and to get her to Omaha and to us and I want to be a part of that for the next family and pup.

I have had the privilege now to have witnessed many dogs come and go, I've watched how they change with attention and love, and how they change the lives of their people and complete families. I know I will continue to volunteer for the rest of my life. I'd like to get back into pet therapy also. Like I said in the beginning, it's now a HUGE part of my life and my honor to get to do it." **---Tami**

"I started as a volunteer at a shelter years ago. I liked to see how happy the dogs were to see people – they just didn't have anyone. Eventually I adopted an Australian Shepherd and got into that rescue. Then I moved to Omaha and one day I encountered DRON at a store and ended up volunteering for them. I like to experience the different personalities of the dogs and learn about them and myself. Rescue gave me insight and understanding into the world of dogs and their behavior so I became an educated dog owner. It gives great satisfaction to learn something new about the dogs and that learning also teaches me something about myself. . I am more of a dog person than a people person so I really like to foster."

---Patrick

A very special thank you to all of our volunteers who work with us all over the country in various capacities for the hard work and heart that you put into saving these dogs. It is an honor and pleasure to server together!

WON'T YOU PLEASE RESCUE ME???

IT'S COLD OUT HERE.

I'M SCARED. **I HURT.**

I HAVE BEEN BEATEN.

MY SPIRIT IS BROKEN. I'M READY TO GIVE UP.

LOOK IN MY EYES.

I'M HUNGRY AND I'M TIRED.

MY HEART ACHES.

I LONG TO BE LOVED

I WANT TO TRUST AGAIN

VOLUNTEERING SAVES LIVES!!!

I AM WAITING FOR YOUR HELP.

IF NOT YOU, WHO? DON'T WAIT FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO HELP ME.

HELP ME NOW!

SHADOW'S TALE – A DOG'S PERSPECTIVE

By Kevin Frahm

Do I want to go for a ride? Are you kidding me? When have I ever not wanted to go for a ride? Hook me up and let's go! I never refused a ride as long as I can remember. It's my one chance to feel free, get the wind in my face and check out some place different. Don't get me wrong, I love my home and my backyard but a car ride is something so special it's hard to even put into words. It's new trees, new smells, new sounds. I guess I look at it as a mini vacation.

Alright, I'm hooked up and it looks like it's just going to be me and dad. That's usually not how we do this but it will be nice to be alone with him for awhile. Sometimes there's so much noise at home and this will give me a chance for some peace and quiet. Ok, so this all seems normal except it's a little darker than what I'm used to. Usually I can see everything well but this time it's a little tougher to make things out. Looks like the same old path we've been going on for years now. Things have changed a little bit on our route but nothing to drastic.

But wait a minute...this looks new! We're going someplace new because I don't remember ever going this way before. We don't usually stray from what's old and familiar so this must be a special day. I can't wait to see what's going happen. Maybe it's going to be a new play area. That would be great. I'd like to meet some other dogs. Sometimes when you're around the same group day after day things tend to get a little stale.

We're slowing down. I think dad is going to take me for a walk around a new neighborhood. What's he doing? He's taking my leash off! Does this mean I get to run and chase stuff? That's always fun. I get worn out sometimes though. It doesn't look like dad ever gets tired of the chasing game. He just stands there and throws stuff while I do most of the running back and forth.

We're stopped...he's out of the car and so am I. Wait a minute. He's getting back in. I don't understand this. That's not how this usually happens. Maybe he just forgot something and he's going back to get it. I'll just wait here for him to come back.

Wow, he's been gone a long time and it's getting light out. I'm getting a little nervous about this. I don't know where I'm at or how far away from my home I am. I guess I'll just hang out here for a while and keep waiting for dad to come back and get me. It's gotten dark and light several times now and I'm getting hungry. My food at home wasn't all that special but it sure would taste good right about now.

I guess I'll have to take matters into my own paws. I don't think dad is coming back so maybe someone in this neighborhood will help me out. There are a lot of families and other dogs around so maybe I can find a place that will help me. Maybe get some food and water and a nice place to sleep. Yesterday I saw someone that looked like they might help me so I'll stick around to see what happens.

Ok, here they come, now's my chance. If I just go up to them slowly so maybe I won't scare them and they will help me out. Hey, wait a minute. Why are they yelling at me and throwing things at me? I don't understand this but I guess I better get moving on. I'm not a bad dog so I don't know why this keeps happening to me. I've been on my own for some time now and it doesn't seem like anyone is going to help me.

The other day I saw a guy walking a dog and they both looked like they were having a good time. The guy looked pretty nice and it seemed like his dog was very happy. I've seen them a few times at different places so I think I'll follow them to see where they live. Every time I've seen them the dog always has its' head up high and just prances like it doesn't have a care in the world. I think I'll go look for them and see what happens.

There they are. I think I'll just take my time and follow them for a bit and see what happens. Well that went pretty well but I still don't want to rush it. I don't want to be yelled at again so I'll hide again for a while and try to see them again tomorrow.

Ok, so now I've followed them around for a while and the guy really wants to talk to me but I'm still scared. I still don't know if I can trust him even when his dog seems like she's very happy. Maybe I'll follow them to see where they live.

(Kevin wrote this from a dog's perspective on being dumped. The story inspired him to start helping rescue dogs. Does it touch your heart? Animals everywhere are crying out for your help and rescue organizations are always in need. The choice is yours.)

FEN'S SHOOTING STAR

By Katherine Nielsen

(Note: It was in the fall of 2010 that the rescue got a call to take in a 5 year old male named Joe. He has wandered onto the property of some people who lived in the country and they had taken him in when they saw that he was starving. These good Samaritans vetted him and even treated him for heartworms when he tested positive. They loved him but could not keep him because they had other animals and they knew he was destined for something wonderful. They

saw that "Joe" as they named him was no ordinary "joe" but a special boy who had a purpose ahead of him and so they called the rescue and asked us to help him find that purpose.

From the moment the first volunteers met Joe, we knew he was very special. There was just something about him. The first thing all of us knew was that he was a gentleman. He just had manners and poise. He appeared to understand to put others first. He was loving and gentle and of course, all of us fell instantly in love with him. We knew that what the good Samaritans had thought was correct: this boy had a great future ahead and a very lucky family who needed him. That's when we met them: Katherine and Aarion. Katherine will tell the story from here:

I was asked if I wanted to do a tribute to Fen and I couldn't pass up the opportunity to share with everyone how special he was to us. In August of 2010, we made a typical trip to the pet store to pick up some needed things and while we were there, DRON happened to be set up and we had stopped to talk to Mark. We already had three dogs at the time and we were close to moving into a new house, but we were curious about Dobermans and wanted to get information on them. Between this time and the day we adopted Fen on November 20, 2010, we had lost our Irish wolfhound named Faolin Cu (Cu for short) and we had moved into our new house.

The new house was missing something. It was missing Cu. He was a gentle giant and he would be irreplaceable. We had been researching adoptable dogs because we realized we were ready to bring a third dog back into our home. My husband submitted an application to DRON and we scheduled a home visit because he was particularly interested in a specific Doberman which was up for adoption. The home visit was a success and a few days later, we made a trip to The Bookworm on the advice of Tami. She wanted us to meet "Joe". She said he was the sweetest dog.

Joe was lying next to his foster, Kevin. He was nearly emaciated at a low 55 lbs, about 5 ½ years old, black and tan and the most beautiful, gentlest dog I had met. I knew I wanted him at our first greeting and it was hard to even think that there were other dogs that we may want to adopt. Kevin let us walk him outside and get acquainted with him. I was sold at hello, but my husband and I are used to playing the used car and house buying game, you know the "play hard to get" game. After spending some time at The Bookworm, we knew there were other Dobermans to meet at Petco so we continued on

to meet the others and the whole time I knew I wanted Joe. We made the phone call and shortly after, we had adopted my soul mate. Joe became Fenrir or Fen for short.

Our other dogs accepted him, Sussy was quite quick to welcome him, and Nos being the herder as he is, welcomed him with barks and growls and herded him around the house. Time went by and we were a family as usual. Fen and I would lie on the floor together and watch television. We would run each other around in the living room and he would sit and stare at me while I ate breakfast. He would attach his head to the palm of my hand while I would watch television or type at a keyboard. We would go for walks in the neighborhood where he would soon meet a couple of cute female Dobermans.

As Fen became more comfortable in his new home and as he became a healthy dog, he started to initiate play with the other two. Nos being too arthritic and Sussy being too small, posed a challenge for a younger dog like Fen wanting to play. We talked about getting a playmate for him, but the thought of four dogs left me exhausted. Well, Fen won that battle and we adopted another Doberman, Tyr. He was a two year old and he was the biggest puppy we had ever owned. Tyr was the perfect dog that Fen needed. They played like little ponies from the first day.

Fen was the wise one of the group. He would distract Tyr from getting into trouble by playing with him and sometimes he would correct him when needed. He was Tyr's "voice of reason" when Tyr was thinking like a juvenile instead of a well- mannered boy. Fen was the perfect mannered gentleman. He became a certified therapy dog during his first summer with us. He loved going on the visits and getting his treats and pats from the attendees. Many people made comments on how calm he was and he had changed a lot of peoples' minds about Dobermans. He also loved kids and was so gentle with them. Fen didn't know many tricks, but one thing he did well was drool until bubbles would form in the corner of his mouth. We liked to tell the kids' that was his trick, blowing bubbles. That made him a big hit of course, and he earned a few treats doing so.

Fen also was a breed ambassador for DRON and came out to many events where he enjoyed meeting people and other dogs. To date he is the only dog that allowed us to put Mango lip gloss on his lips because he begged for it after smelling it and "bubbled" for some. How could one resist? He had that face.

He was also gentle while at home too. Our oldest dog Nos, who is very arthritic, cannot go down the stairs. We would feel badly about being down there while he was left upstairs where he would sometimes cry and want to join us. Fen was intuitive to his needs so he would go up and join him. The two of them would just lie in different dog beds, but it was enough to make Nos feel good and have some company.

Fen did that a lot; he made everything and everyone feel good.

Fen - the consummate and debonair gentleman

This past August we were given the unfortunate news that Fen was diagnosed with chronic kidney failure and although it could be maintained, he was beyond a point of reversing the damage. We did what was necessary to prolong the life that he so much deserved. We felt cheated because he was so young at 7 ½ years old. We cherished everyday with him, I enjoyed each and every walk we took together and I thanked the universe for every extra day we had together. When I witnessed two shooting stars in the month of November, one can only guess my wishes. We were given an extra two months with Fen. Shortly after the New Year started, we lost our perfect angel. He left a big impression in the short 25 ½ months we had him. We are so very thankful for the time we had him. We want to celebrate all of the goodness and happiness he brought to our household.

Katherine and Aarion continue to heal from their loss. They carry on Fen's wish of helping others and reaching out to those in need and volunteer regularly with DRON. Fen was with us all too short of a time but his shooting star and the legacy he left will always be with us.

UPDATE: Katherine, Aarion, Tyr, Nos and Sussy recently welcomed a very loving blue rescue boy into their lives. Zander is bringing joy and healing. Fen would approve.

SOPHIA'S STORY

By Suzanne Ludicello Martley

Five months after my beloved red girl Gracie crossed the Rainbow Bridge, this notice appeared on DRON's Facebook page:

"Sophia, a 13-year-old survivor. — We are looking for a foster or better yet, permanent home for this special Golden Girl who needs our help. Life has not been good to her. She was a victim of severe neglect and needs a loving home with someone who will help her on the road back to recovery. . . . The video does show her in her current condition. It may be a bit disturbing but she will melt your heart."

Sophia was exhausted after the trip from Lincoln to Rapid City

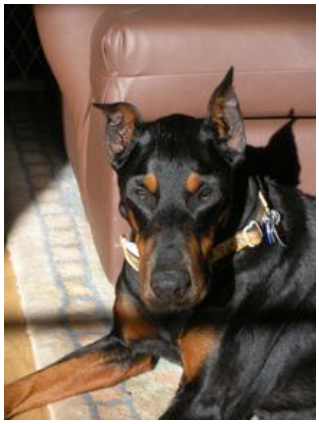
It was one more plea in the course of far too many calls for fosters and forever homes. From time to time, Ed had called my attention to several beautiful red dobies that came into DRON, but I could not look at those faces without thinking of Gracie. I was not ready.

Whatever it was about this particular posting, I don't know. Was it the "survivor" call out that reminds me of the inspiring resilience of Dobermans? Maybe it was the age reference that appealed to me from one "Golden Girl" to another. Our vet says Gracie sent Sophie to me. Maybe it was the video.

When Sophie gives her academy award speech for that video, the list of thank you's will be lengthy: the landlord of the property who called the sheriff's office to report the neglect; the sheriff's deputy who carried her emaciated, bony body to the shelter; the shelter folks who made the video and saw the spirit remaining in Sophie's nearly lifeless form; the staff and volunteers of DRON who took her into rescue; her foster mom's TLC that brought her along to the point she could travel, and finally, the DRON volunteer who drove her from Nebraska to South Dakota, where we picked her up on a blustery Saturday morning in late October.

Sophia might even give a shout out to Johnny, who has helped with her recovery by being a pest of a little brother and keeping her active. She sure didn't have any use for him that first day. Now, though, she is as apt as Johnny to be the first one to strike a play bow to "let the wild rumpus begin!"

As near as we have been able to piece together from observing her, working on her medical issues, and talking to folks who helped Sophia along the way, we think this is her story:



Able to sit up and take advantage of a sunbeam

She must have been a beloved pet for a

good part of her life. She wants to be close, get petted, and have us in view or bossy barking erupts. We don't think she is as old as 13, though her condition back in September certainly would have contributed to that assumption. Whatever happened to disrupt her family situation—illness, economic troubles—it is clear that she did not have the benefit of regular veterinary care for a long, long time. We learned that in the months just before she was rescued, her owner passed away, and those in charge of her care dropped the ball.

Sophia and Johnny getting ready to rumpus

In any case, many thanks go out again to the folks in Kansas. According to the Leavenworth County Deputy Sheriff I talked to: "So many times you pick up a dog in this condition, and take it to the shelter knowing it isn't going to make it. It means a lot to hear that this time, it worked out."

When we decided to adopt Sophie, family and friends asked if we were ready for more heartbreak. My response was that Sophia might not have a lot of time left, but whatever time she had was going to be as pampered and pleasant as it could be.

Now that we have logged four months, multiple surgeries, 100's of pounds of dog food, and several scares, most recently the onset of canine vestibular disease, I am confident we have plenty of good times to come with Sophia. She is a tough old gal, and like all Dobermans, brings a resilient spirit, an irrepressible will to live, and the ability to adapt and make the best of her circumstances. She has pretty much whipped us into shape so that her life here is about the way she wants it.

Neighborhood watch

There is never enough petting, of course, and she would like more walks and car rides, but for now, she is sprawled on her big dog bed that takes up most of the floor of our home office, waiting for me to stop typing and go fix her lunch.

THE MAJESTIC HEART OF

KING

by Kevin Frahm

There he stood, shaking on the shiny tiled floor and looking at all of us. He must have been terrified, and wondering what lay ahead of him. Change is not easy for any dog but King was elderly, 9 at the youngest estimate, and possibly older. He had been with one person his entire life and although he had lived outside a lot of the time he had gotten used to that. One day his owner could no longer care for him and he was taken to a local shelter and his whole world had turned upside down. Everything he had ever known had been taken from him in an instant. Thankfully the volunteers at that small shelter saw the true heart of King and called rescue and that is how he came to us.

He stood there, unsure of the floor, unsure of his surroundings but in his big eyes we saw the wisdom of years and such great love. We also saw a dog that was willing to trust and accept change as long as someone would love him for that was all this wonderful boy wanted: to be loved.

I knew that my wife and I would foster him but as I stood there looking at him I must have been thinking some of the same things he was thinking because I knew bringing him home would turn our world upside down too. Our two dobie girls had seen fosters before and Cleo was always accepting of them but Gracie was another matter. Gracie liked things her way: her toys, her food, her people, her Cleo. She wasn't fond of change. King and I gathered our courage to face the change and challenges together and off we went.

I was right about the girls. Cleo accepted him just fine but Gracie was not so eager to accept any competition of any kind. It took us quite a while to all learn to live together. I can't say the transition went totally smoothly as Gracie was quite demonstrative about her feelings in the situation but we knew that we loved this new boy and we would make it work somehow. You don't want to know how many times over the months we

wondered if we were doing the right thing. Gracie declared war more than once. Poor King, he just wanted to be loved. He put up with Gracie's declarations but every once in a while he would give her his opinion. Eventually King decided to just avoid the confrontation altogether. Yes, that was the wisdom of his years speaking. We all licked our war wounds and moved forward.

King was so mild mannered that it seemed like nothing fazed him. It took a while but I think he knew he was home. Dobies, velcro dogs, people dogs, or whatever you want to call them, King was no exception. Wherever we were, King was trying to be there also. He would stick to our sides as much as he could. I don't really know when it started but one day he followed me in to the bathroom and would stay with me while I was shaving and getting ready for the day.

He was okay with us leaving him at home when we had to go to work. He would get in his crate and lay down each time without causing a fuss. On the occasion we would leave him out while we went somewhere it was always fun coming back home. All three dogs would line up in the window facing our driveway and wait for us to come in. We could see their faces just above the sill and we knew their little tails were all wagging and it made us smile every time

We fostered King for nearly a year and we failed. People would look at him but no one seemed to want to adopt him. We could not understand why because we had completely lost our hearts to him! He became a permanent member of our family 9 months later.

He was still a pup at heart even if his years on the paperwork said otherwise. He loved to go for walks and make no mistake, he could still do a good job of dragging an adult down the street too.

He was such a patient boy. Before coming to us he'd had two growths removed and they took a long time to heal. He didn't get upset about anything. He put up with me bandaging him and wrapping his foot almost every day. His back legs didn't ever work quite right either. All we ever got from any vet was that there was probably a neurological problem. Not that it ever mattered to King though. He still romped around outside, still walked when we walked Cleo and Gracie, and he made it up and down the stairs most of the time.

King was so happy each and every day and especially when it came to food. When we started getting the food bowls together he would get so excited his face would light up and he would run to the kitchen and wait for us to get there. Once he saw us coming with the bowls he would start drooling and start popping up and down on his front paws. He could hardly wait for us to set his food down and once we did, he dove into the bowl so hard food would go flying all over the floor. It was so much fun watching him get that excited.

In mid-2012 King was diagnosed with stage 4a b-cell lymphoma and we started treatments. It wasn't long and the cancer starting shrinking and going into remission. Even through all the trips to and from Omaha and all the treatments, he was still a very happy boy. When we dropped him off for treatments he couldn't wait to get in the hospital. Not that he was spoiled or anything like that but he was. He would get all the attention he could take and a few treats as well. During his treatments some of the staff would sit with him and he would look up at them with his big eyes and "beg" to be petted. He stole their hearts just like he stole ours.

In late fall he seemed to be doing great but it wasn't meant to be. Another diagnosis showed he had laryngeal paralysis. He started having a hard time breathing and eating but it didn't stop him from being happy. He took one day at a

time and even when he was struggling he would still smile at us, wag his tail and enjoy a good bowl of food.

It was just before Thanksgiving and he wasn't doing well. It was getting harder for him to breathe and Carol and I decided we had to say goodbye to our sweet boy. He was such a happy boy and we are so thankful he became part of our family, brief as it was.

Remembering Walker

By combined recollections of Holli Sampson, Cory Porter, Jennifer Norman, Bob and Charlotte Herman, Lisa Taylor and Patrick Ryan

It was a hot summer day the first time we heard about Walker. The kind of phone call we never want to receive. The caller said that she had confiscated a young male from someone and that he desperately needed our help. He was terrified, very sick and abused but in no way aggressive. We all have a heart for each dog that comes our way and we see a fair share of abuse but this was the worst case we had or have ever seen.

The dog was not even a year old but his spirit was broken. He lay in his kennel at the vet clinic and let them do what they needed to do. He never protested. He curled up in a ball and withdrew. The caring staff refused to give up. He was not strong enough to transport. He had every parasite imaginable- but no heartworm plus all sorts of scars, emotional and physical and just when we thought we were gaining ground he broke with a bad case of pancreatitis. The vet called each day, sometimes many times. We

hung on between calls, waiting, praying, and hovering between the helpless feeling of being so far away and the anger at those responsible for this crime. We were grateful for the caring veterinary staff who loved on the sad dog when we could not.

Two weeks passed and he was ready to travel. Bob and Charlotte were the first people in the rescue to see him. What they saw broke their hearts. Walker was withdrawn and would not meet their eyes. He was lifted into their car and looked as if he just wanted it over with. They worried that he had given up as they drove to meet Patrick, his foster. They watched as Patrick sat down almost with his back to Walker and he spoke softly to him. As Walker went away with Patrick their hearts were heavy for the little guy and they wondered what his future would hold.

Patrick was sad when he called to tell us to prepare for the worst because Walker was catatonic. Patrick understands dogs and he knew Walker was broken but Patrick was not going to give up. We all wondered who had put this innocent dog into this state and we were angry beyond words. Patrick told us to prepare and to pray and he would do all that he could. Walker began by eating string cheese and nothing else, a glimmer of hope was born but the next 48 hours were the longest yet as we waited.

Then, a miracle happened. Walker and Patrick began to bond. Slowly but surely our wounded butterfly opened his wings and said yes to life. He risked his bruised heart and wounded spirit and took a chance that this man would not hurt him. It was a chance Walker would never regret and it was a chance that also changed Patrick in some ways. "Walker," Patrick says "Affirmed things in my life. Things that I always thought to be true I now knew WERE true."

As the miracle continued to unfold it had a profound effect on all of the volunteers. The anger at the people who had hurt our little angel turned into hope. We began to see that miracles can happen, healing can come and trust can be restored even at the darkest and most impossible times. We all fell in love with Walker and what we were learning about ourselves in the process. Our inspiration went from a broken starved horribly beaten boy to a handsome curious typical Doberman youngster who loved playing with his foster sister, Samantha. One day he actually acted like a normal self-centered Doberman adolescent and Patrick called and was so happy he could not contain his joy. Our prayers had been answered; the Phoenix had risen from the flames! Oh, the wonderful things that happen when one says yes to life!

Walker made his first public appearance with us about six weeks later at an outdoor event. He spent it hiding under a blanket and peering out at everyone. He felt safe in his blanket tunnel but he accepted being petted he just did not seek it out of strangers. Patrick was the only one he trusted. Over the weeks Walker continued to grow and trust

and say yes to life and to give inspiration and joy to all who met him.

Finally the day came. Patrick said Walker was ready to find a forever home. This was very frightening for all of us. Not only would Walker have to trust again, so would we, for we had guarded our precious angel while he had healed. Again we prayed. We knew this boy had a special purpose and he would need a special family. Who would it be? What would they be like? How would we know? Enter Cory and Jennifer.

Lisa knew the moment she went into their home that they were special people. She listened to what they were looking for as she loved on their female, Carlie. Cory and Jennifer had recently lost their other female and were looking for a girl. Lisa studied them and Carlie carefully and it just came to her. She asked them if they had ever considered a boy and found herself recommending Walker to them. She had a feeling and when they confirmed that they had followed his story, the stage was set.

Oh, how nervous we all were when we all met at the store that Saturday. Cory and Jennifer wondered if they would measure up and we wondered if they would be the ones. Had Lisa's instincts been right?Patrick met with them first and they talked quite a while and got to know Walker. They needed to know that Carlie would get along with him so they went out to their vehicle and brought her in and we all got to meet this big beautiful fawn girl who was quite expressive! Carlie had a mind of her own and was not afraid to state her opinion. The first time we heard it we all loved her from the start. In fact, another miracle occurred that day. All of us present were absolutely certain of Cory, Jennifer and Carlie and that Walker was for them. We all felt comfortable with them and confident and it was almost immediate. When the newly formed family left the store that day, there were some tears but they were happy tears, there wasn't much doubt at all that it was right. It was a huge step of trust for all involved. We all said yes to life and opened up to trust.

One of the first nights

For Walker, he now faced a new choice. He had no choice to go with his new family but he had a choice again to open up and choose to go on. He had a choice because his new family involved a man, he had only been able to trust one man in his life: Patrick. Would he trust Cory or would he withdraw again? Once again, the young dog who had seen more pain than anyone could imagine, chose to live and to trust.

Within 24 hours we had pictures of Walker and Carlie sleeping all snuggled up in front of the fire place on a dog bed and it was so wonderful to see! He was afraid of the steps in their home but Cory put a harness on him and helped him up and down once or twice and that was all it took for Walker to gather his courage and fly!

He settled in more quickly than anyone had expected and slowly but surely he began to trust Cory. He was wary but not withdrawn. He began to see that Cory was someone he could depend upon who would love him and not hurt him. The Phoenix had not only risen from the ashes, he was soaring!

Cory and Walker

Christmas came a few weeks after the adoption and brought about 14 inches of snow. Walker had never seen snow before. At the family Christmas celebration he watched as the snow piled up and he would not go to the bathroom no matter how many times he was taken out on a leash. Cory finally took him to a relative's house that had a fence and let him loose in the fenced yard and that did the trick but Walker had "held it" for a couple of days. By the time they got back home he was racing through the snow chasing Carlie and having a ball.

By this time Cory and Jennifer had become active members of the rescue so we all got to see them and Walker and Carlie often and the amazing courage of Walker continued to amaze us.

Snow fight!

He just never stopped growing and moving outside of his comfort zone. He became a mascot for the rescue, having survived the worst abuse we had ever seen and living to tell about it.

3 kids adoring their dad

It wasn't long before sister Sheba was added to the family and Walker could not have been more pleased. He had two females to fawn over and he became the nurturing dog of the three. Walker had found his element and he was one happy boy as he settled into bed each night between his parents to have sweet dreams. He had many adventures with Sheba and Carlie and thus *The Adventures of Super Walker* was born as a continuing saga in the DRON newsletters.

He got to travel and meet new people and new dogs and everyone loved him. His story touched a lot of hearts and encouraged people not to give up. Walker lived life to the fullest. He had let life in and so he savored every drop and loved deeply and enjoyed everything that came his way. He was the first to greet Jennifer at the door each night from work and had no problem voicing his opinion with a loud "RUFF!" if someone just wasn't getting his drift. He enjoyed a reunion with Patrick – he had not forgotten.

Patrick and Walker reunion

People were naturally drawn to him for some reason. He had that charisma. Cory remembers being at a gas station with Walker in the convertible and the cashier having to come out and meet him. She was drawn to him. She gave him a big beef stick that he took excitedly and tried to figure out what to chew on first. Cory stated that Walker held the stick in his mouth like a big stogy, just enjoying it and savoring the attention.

It was almost as if he knew his time was short and he wanted to touch as many people and live as much as he could.

No one knew about the time bomb ticking away inside of our little miracle but when it revealed itself, it hit hard and fast and with great devastation. The ugly beginnings of Walker's life came back in those last days and nothing could be done to fix it. Even then he gave his all and when nothing else could be done Walker again chose to let life in, the life that goes on forever that cannot be taken away.

It's been almost five months now since he passed away and he is still missed so deeply but he's not lost, he's just away. His family goes on and they remember to live each day fully but he is never far from their thoughts. He was like a little angel who touched the hearts of all who met him. He taught us so much. The biggest lesson of Walker's life is that when life turns hard and horrible, don't give up. Hold on to hope, reach out even when you are afraid and live life to the fullest! We miss you, Walker. We know you are watching over all of us, especially Cory, Jennifer, Carlie and Sheba. We won't forget what you taught us. We will let life in!

Epilogue: Cory, Jennifer, Carlie and Sheba decided to take Walker's lesson about letting life in seriously. They recently adopted a young blue male named Gillis. We know Walker is smiling down upon them all.

President's Message

by Holli Sampson

Greetings and welcome to our first newsletter of 2013. We hope your year is starting out well.

This issue focuses on the heart of rescue: volunteerism. We could not do what we do without our volunteers and there is a "job" for every single one. We are always in need of more to join our group.

It features tributes to several of our loved ones, gone but not forgotten. Every dog that comes into rescue is special and has a unique story. These are stories of dogs that have touched the lives of the volunteers who serve.

We are also featuring a story on Sophia that proves that it is never too late to start a new life. King and Sophia's stories also tell the wonderful ways an elderly dog adds to our lives and how much they still have to give. Consider adopting an older pet today. You won't regret it.

We hope that this inspires everyone to go out and help the many animals who need you in whatever capacity you choose to do.

On behalf of all of us at Doberman Rescue of Nebraska we thank you all for your support and all that you do for the animals.

Holli

Maddie's Fund - "The collection and publication of this data is sponsored by Maddie's Fund™ www.maddiesfund.org". *Many thanks to Kirk and Holli Sampson and other DRON members for assembling the numbers and application data to receive a grant from Maddie's Fund! The following two pages contain the group data for our successful application. -- ed*

Maddie's Fund
Corrected Report
2012

Animal Statistics Table
MONTHLY REPORTING FORM
Shelter Type: _X__Adoption Guarantee ___Traditional Shelter
YEAR: 2012

	NAME OF ORGANIZATION:	Annual		
		Dog	Cat	Total
A	**BEGINNING SHELTER COUNT**	**5**	**0**	**5**
	INTAKE (Live Dogs & Cats Only)			
	From the Public			
	Healthy	13	0	13
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
B	**Subtotal Intake from the Public**	**13**	**0**	**13**
	Incoming Transfers from Organizations within Target Community (specify orgs)			
	Healthy	3	0	3
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
C	**Subtotal Intake from Incoming Transfers from Orgs within Target Community**	**3**	**0**	**3**
	Incoming Transfers from Organizations outside Target Community (specify orgs)			
	Healthy	23	0	23
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
D	**Subtotal Intake from Incoming Transfers from Orgs outside Target Community**	**23**	**0**	**23**
	From Owners/Guardians Requesting Euthanasia			
	Healthy	1	0	1
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
E	**Subtotal Intake from Owners/Guardians Requesting Euthanasia**	**1**	**0**	**1**
F	**Total Intake** [B + C + D + E]	**40**	**0**	**40**
G	Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia (Unhealthy & Untreatable Only)	0	0	0
H	**ADJUSTED TOTAL INTAKE** [F minus G]	**40**	**0**	**40**
	ADOPTIONS (only dogs and cats adopted by the public)			
	Involving Dogs and Cats from Animal Control Agencies in Project			
	Healthy	42	0	42
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
	Subtotal Adoptions Involving Dogs and Cats from Animal Control	**42**	**0**	**42**
	Involving Dogs and Cats From the Public and Other Organizations			
	Healthy	0	0	0
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
	Subtotal Adoptions Involving Dogs and Cats From the Public and Other Organizations	**0**	**0**	**0**
I	**TOTAL ADOPTIONS**	**42**	**0**	**42**
	OUTGOING TRANSFERS *to Organizations within Target Community (specify orgs)*			
	Healthy	0	0	0
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
J	**TOTAL OUTGOING TRANSFERS *to Orgs within Target Community***	**0**	**0**	**0**
	OUTGOING TRANSFERS *to Organizations outside Target Community (specify orgs)*			
	Healthy	0	0	0
	Treatable – Rehabilitatable	0	0	0
	Treatable – Manageable	0	0	0
	Unhealthy & Untreatable	0	0	0
K	**TOTAL OUTGOING TRANSFERS *to Orgs outside Target Community***	**0**	**0**	**0**
L	**RETURN TO OWNER/GUARDIAN**	0	0	**0**
	DOGS & CATS EUTHANIZED			
M	Healthy *(Includes Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia)*	0	0	0
N	Treatable – Rehabilitatable *(Includes Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia)*	0	0	0
O	Treatable – Manageable *(Includes Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia)*	0	0	0
P	Unhealthy & Untreatable *(Includes Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia)*	0	0	0
Q	Total Euthanasia [M + N + O + P]	**0**	**0**	**0**
R	Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia (Unhealthy & Untreatable Only)	0	0	0
S	**ADJUSTED TOTAL EUTHANASIA [Q minus R]**	**0**	**0**	**0**
T	**SUBTOTAL OUTCOMES [I + J + K + L + S]** *Excludes Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia (Unhealthy & Untreatable Only)*	42	0	42
U	**DIED OR LOST IN SHELTER/CARE**	**0**	**0**	**0**
V	**TOTAL OUTCOMES [T + U]** *Excludes Owner/Guardian Requested Euthanasia (Unhealthy & Untreatable Only)*	42	0	42
W	**ENDING SHELTER COUNT**	**3**	**0**	3

In a perfect world, the Ending Count is equal to the Beginning Count (A) plus Total Intake (F) minus all Outcomes (R+V). -------> 3 0 3

If your reported Ending Count does not match these numbers, please go back through your data and be sure you didn't miss something (i.e., animals in foster, adoptions, transfers, etc.). If all animals have been accounted for and the reported Ending Count is different, please indicate in the comment section.

Comments:

I agree that in completing this form, we have used the Maddie's Fund definitions of "Healthy," "Treatable - Manageable," "Treatable - Rehabilitatable," and "Unhealthy & Untreatable" as set forth in the attached document titled, "Maddie's Fund® Categorizations/Definitions of Shelter Animals."

Signature: _____ **Date:** _____

THE DOGS NEED YOU!

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska greatly needs your help. Donations are way down this year, but these dogs get saved only because people donate. The rescue survives on the donations of generous people like you who care about these dogs.

Please remember that *all donations are tax deductible* as we are a 501 c 3.

Donations can be given through Paypal on our website at www.doberescue-ne.org or mailed to:

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska
POB 390684
Omaha, NE 68139-0684.

We greatly appreciate your taking the time to read this and considering giving a donation, or even becoming a monthly donor.

Thank you so much!

Please Join the DRON Facebook page!

http://www.facebook.com/pages/Doberman-Rescue-of-Nebraska/197014616979205

Contact Us:

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska
POB 390684
OMAHA NE 68139-0684
(402) 614-4495

dron95@yahoo.com

http://www.doberescue-ne.org

Credits

DRON is

President: Holli Sampson
Vice President: Mark Morello
Treasurer: Jerry Sorbel
Secretary: Stephanie Auschwitz

Board Members:

Jay Wise
Kevin Jespersen
Kirk Sampson
Cory Porter
Lisa Taylor

Trainers: Stephanie Auschwitz and Patrick Ryan
Newsletter: Holli Sampson and Jay Wise
Adoption Coordinator: Lisa Taylor
Correspondence Secretary: Holli Sampson

And many many other wonderful volunteers who work tirelessly to save lives!

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!

DRON ADOPTION SITE DATES -- All times 12PM-3PM unless otherwise St

4/6 - Petco – 125th & L
4/13 – Petsmart – Jones St
4/20 - Petco – 125th & L Bookworm/Countryside Village 11AM-2PM
4/27 – Petsmart – Oakview

5/4 - Petco – 125th & L
5/11 – Petsmart – Jones St
5/18 - Petco – 125th & L Bookworm/Countryside Village 11AM-2PM
5/25 – Petsmart – Oakview

6/1- Petco – 125th & L
6/8 – Petsmart – Jones St
6/15 - Petco – 125th & L Bookworm /Countryside Village 11AM-2PM
6/22 – Petsmart – Oakview
6/29 – Petsmart – Jones St

7/6 - Petco – 125th & L
7/13 – Petsmart – Jones
7/20 - Petco – 125th & L Bookworm/Countryside Village 11AM-2P
7/27 – Petsmart – Oakview

8/3 - Petco – 125th & L
8/10 – Petsmart – Jones St
8/17 - Petco – 125th & L Bookworm/Countryside Village 11AM-2PM
8/24 – Petsmart – Oakview
8/31 – Petsmart – Jones St

Come visit our adoption sites and meet our Dobies-in-need! We also show dogs in Lincoln every Saturday at the 27th St.
Petsmart from 11-2

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska
POB 390684
OMAHA NE 68139-0684