



GRREAT NEWS

Golden Retriever Rescue, Education and Training, Inc

• January/February 2013

• Vol. 24 No. 1

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President's Statement:

As I write this column, we are approaching the end of another year...a time to reflect on what we have accomplished and where we want to go in the new year. With just two weeks left in 2012, we have rescued 156 of our precious Golden Retrievers and 136 have been adopted. That is the good news.

The bad news is that our costs, especially for veterinary care, have increased steadily. Over the past 15 months, despite all the frugality we could muster, we have been forced to dip into our investment reserves to the tune of \$150,000 in order to fund our operations. Obviously, we cannot continue to do this indefinitely, and the Board considered several cost cutting and revenue enhancement options.

We are somewhat limited in our ability to curtail costs. The philosophy that has guided GRREAT over the past quarter century is that we will not turn away a dog due to medical needs or age. While we have been thoughtful about which medical expenses we incur and for which dogs, our veterinary costs have increased by almost \$110,000 since 2008. (According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, veterinary costs have increased at the rate of 5.6% per year since 2000.)

Our efforts at raising new funds over the past year have only been marginally successful. The two new revenue streams this year, the Lucas Amber Pilot (LAP) appeal and Combined Federal Campaign (CFC) funding, are on track to deliver ~\$20,000 net income this year, and will help us take a few steps back from the fiscal cliff. Unfortunately, neither of these efforts can be leveraged into a reliably sustainable funding source over the long term.

We have two primary sources of revenue. The first is a core group of members and volunteers...people like you...who, year after year, donate money, volunteer their services, contribute to our fundraising events, respond to our appeals, and can generally be relied upon to be there when we need them. The second group comprises the people who adopt one of our Golden Retrievers each year. For the most part, we have very little ongoing interaction with the majority of this group once the adoption is completed. The first group has borne the brunt of our fundraising efforts over the years, and may be suffering from donor fatigue. It would seem appropriate that we need to shift our focus to the second group who, other than our Golden Retrievers, are the primary beneficiaries of what we do.

This, of course, means that we need to raise our adoption fees. Simply put our adoption fees have not kept up with increases in our veterinary costs, are significantly less than those of our peers, and are considerably less than those of breeders. In addition, our Golden Retrievers are medically vetted and temperamentally evaluated. In 2008, revenue from adoptions covered 37% of our veterinary costs. For 2012, the revenue from adoptions will have covered less than 20% of our costs.

Over the past 10 years, our adoption fees have remained relatively flat. There have been only 3 fee increases for puppies and adult dogs, and just 1 fee increase for seniors. In addition, these increases have not been significant. In order to maintain our ability to rescue Golden Retrievers with known and potential medical needs, the Board has made the painful decision to increase our adoption fees.



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GOLDEN RETRIEVER RESCUE, EDUCATION AND TRAINING, INC.

P.O. Box 190, Merrifield VA 22116
Phone: 703-620-6593 • Web site: www.ggreat.org

GRREAT, Inc. is a non-profit, 501(c)(3) all-volunteer organization dedicated to the rescue, foster care, and placement of Golden Retrievers in Maryland, Virginia, the District of Columbia, Delaware, and parts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

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President's Statement:

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Effective with all adoptions on or after January 1, 2013, the adoption fees will be:

- \$750 for puppies and dogs <4 years old
- \$600 for adults 4 - 7 years old
- \$500 for seniors >7 years old

There is no denying that the fee increase we have implemented is hefty. In order to soften the blow, a portion of the adoption fee (between \$250 and \$350) will be considered tax deductible.

The reality is that we are significantly depleting our reserves. We cannot replenish these lost reserves with one-off fundraising efforts that yield a few thousand dollars. Our purpose is to establish an ongoing revenue stream of ~\$50,000 per year, with the funds coming from different individuals each year, thus eliminating the donor fatigue syndrome, while giving adopters value far greater than their contribution. Our Golden Retrievers clearly cost us more, and are worth more, than the amount we charge for them.

We believe these increases are justified for the following reasons:

1. Even the enhanced fees do not cover all our costs. However, the new fees are more in tune with our expenses, given that our cost-per-dog is in excess of \$1,000.
2. Our service area includes several of the most affluent counties in the nation.
3. Purebred puppies from reputable breeders can cost up to \$7,000.
4. Puppies from backyard breeders list for ~\$1,000. They are generally not neutered (\$250), not fully vaccinated (\$100), not microchipped (\$50) and are unlikely to have had a full physical (\$100).
5. Our seniors typically have a full senior panel (\$200-300). All GRREAT dogs have vision (~\$1,000), dental (~\$1,000), orthopedic (\$2,000 - \$5,000), or behavioral issues, if any, addressed; have any lumps biopsied; and have already seen any necessary specialists and had surgeries performed.
6. Our Golden Retrievers seldom have unknown medical, behavioral or temperamental issues when adopted.
7. We stand behind our Golden Retrievers unconditionally and will take them back if necessary.

There are many different roads we can take in the future, and we are always open to ideas that would contribute to our long-term financial stability. There are also many arguments for not raising our adoption fees. However, there is only one truly compelling argument for it. Survival.

Book Review: One Pup's Up by Marsha Chall

Book Reviews by Skye Anderson

\$17, ages 1 and up, Simon and Schuster, 2010

One Pup's Up is a charming and understated rhyme of a book that teaches counting —especially delightful if there's a dog in the child's house (or a child in the dog's house!).

Illustrated by Henry Cole (of And Tango Makes Three fame), One Pup is thoughtful, funny, and fun to read again and again.

The day starts too early with one pup waking up before the others, and wandering off the page. The other ten roly-poly pups then get up one at a time (count along with me!) to play, to drink, to pee (can I say that here?) and play some more, then eat, get washed by Mom, and finally to settle down for a group nap. Until... one pup's up (a different pup this

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time) before the others and the count starts all over again from one to ten.

The numbers count up from one to ten — 10 puppies “dine in the Line-‘em-up Café” out of primary colored dog food bowls — and then the numbers count back down again, for their nap.

Everyone will have fun trying to identify the pups that appear on each page — the white pup with brown ears (puppy number 1), the black one (pup number 2), and so on.

The words are visual and placed all over the pages. The numbers are large. All ten puppies are different colors and several have spots, so children will keep changing their minds about their favorites! All the pups are lovable, all their positions realistic and varied. Both the rhyming and the illustrations together make the book; neither would stand alone quite as well.

One Pup is easy to memorize by reading the illustrations. I bet your child will know the story well before you do. This is a comforting book, long after the numbers are learned. Now, I’m waiting for an alphabet book by Chall and Cole!



RATING: 5 bones (out of 5)

Skye Anderson is a Pet First Aid Instructor-Trainer for the American Red Cross. She regularly reviews books for GRREAT members.

The Dogs Who Found Me: What I’ve Learned from Pets Who Were Left Behind by Ken Foster

\$12.95, The Lyons Press, 2006 (sequel: Dogs I Have Met: And the People They Found).

Hiding in plain sight, the Dogs Who Found Me is an exquisite gem. Ken Foster, where have you been? How did I miss this book for so many years?

Dogs has short chapters (one is only one page in length) and medium-length chapters from New York City (9/11) with Brando, his first rescue, to Florida to New Orleans (Hurricane Katrina) to Mississippi, from living in an efficiency to rental houses and on to grad school, from emergency surgery and the untimely deaths of a couple of human friends.

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I drive a red Toyota. I don’t recall seeing any red Toyotas before I bought one but now I see them often. I always honk (and get strange looks from strangers!). I also live in a dog-walking neighborhood: there are more dogs being walked than babies in strollers. I notice the dogs first, then look at the owners and if the dog is a golden, I look closely to see if we know each other. (Sometimes I even recognize the dog and not the human.)

So, too, Foster didn’t pay too much attention to dogs on the streets of NYC before Brando, a shelter puppy, made him a dog person – then, all of a sudden, abandoned dogs started appearing everywhere. They also began to read his body language: strays would come up to him and, of course, he would take them to the vet then the shelter or a rescue or a friend or even foster the dog for a short while. I guess he was sort of the underground railway during the Great Depression – if one traveling man (hobo) found a certain farm to be hospitable, he would spread the word by marking the gate or fence.

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Dogs is a rare find. I give it 5 bones.



Yard Cows by Robert Moore

En route to North Carolina's Outer Banks, our Golden boys, Eli and Marlowe, when not sleeping, can look out the window at herds of tiny, maybe half-inch tall, creatures in fields and pastures along NC 168 and US 158. Having spent growing-up summers on a South Carolina farm, I know these distant animals to be cows. The boys are probably fascinated, both by my knowledge and by the tiny creatures, though they seem not to notice either.

We're at the beach now, and when not swimming or chasing seagull shadows in the Atlantic surf, we enjoy a 5-mile walk along a biking/jogging/hiking path from the bridge spanning Albemarle Sound to the picturesque village of Manteo, on Roanoke Island. Manteo, home to Andy Griffith, also boasts a dog-friendly boardwalk along its Shallowbag Bay waterfront where the boys are welcome to dine outside with us at Poor Richard's.

Our trek takes us alongside saltwater marshes with a fluttering abundance of red winged blackbirds, herons and egrets to our right... and speeding US 64 traffic to our left. A bit further, we pass a white clapboard bungalow in a treeless yard thirty yards off the path.

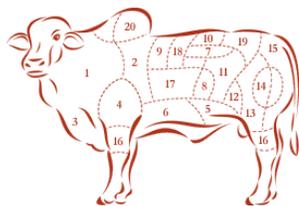
This is where we look for them, just beyond the single strand wire fence.

Most every time, there they are — two very large cows lazily munching grass who, at this closeness and resulting SIZE, never fail to escape the boys' attention. Eli, who relishes engaging other animals of reasonable bulk, lurches in the opposite direction figuring his odds of survival stand a better chance amongst stampeding traffic on Route 64. Marlowe, on the other hand, pays little mind, focusing entirely on lunch awaiting him at Poor Richard's.

Sometimes, the cows look up "atchew"; more often not. I wonder if they even notice us and, if so, what do they think? "What an odd-looking species?", "hmmmm, welll . . .?" or something else that I couldn't begin to imagine.

I'm thinking, "Looks like good cud." An unfamiliar thought for me.

Such magnificent heads! I should complement that one, only I sense she isn't concerned with my appraisal of her head. I shudder to contemplate her opinion of my own head.



Is she thinking I'm envisioning her as various cuts of meat? Or that I blame her grass-eating-induced burps as releasing methane gasses into the atmosphere, increasing global warming?

My thoughts aren't nearly so critical or profound.

Experts write of the 2,500 gallons of water to produce a pound of beef; of the 250,000 pounds of excrement generated every second; of the vast amounts of energy consumed, and pollution caused by clearing pasture and producing grain.

All of this spins in my head as we stroll by these gentle fellow beings. Is any of this really their fault? Do they insist on the antibiotics and growth hormones prompted by the eating habits of my own species? Eli, especially, is a prolific water drinker; are we consuming more than our fair share of water? I shudder to imagine these experts keeping comparable statistics on my intake and output; my worth in the scheme of things! Do Bovine Analysts spend time calculating my costs; the effect I have on the living space we share?

We walk on — me thinking of them calmly munching lawn and of the superiority of my own species; Eli happy to be out of danger; and Marlowe, drooling at the thought of fast-approaching Poor Richard's. And food . . .

Buck and the Lady in the Lake by Nancy Alexander

It was a glorious mid-summer day, the kind of day that feels carefree and seems endless and timeless. Ann and I had left work early, and decided to get together. We were delighted to jump-start the weekend. So without taking the time to change into grubby clothes, we walked toward Wilde Lake, strolling along in our long skirts, dangly earrings, and summer sandals.

Buck, my handsome, light-blond Golden Retriever walked happily on his leash. Once we got to the lake, I let him off leash, because he was trained to verbal commands. He never ran off or got into the water without first getting permission. Buck ran along sniffing trees and greeting passersby, always just behind or ahead of us. We casually strolled around the lake. Occasionally, we'd pause and sit on a bench to enjoy the ducks paddling along or a blue heron striding back and forth, head angled. And as we watched, two swans glided across the water and a brown cormorant stood on the small island stretching his wings in the sun. Later, pleasant breezes blew as the sun began to settle in the west.

We had just turned on the path leading towards home, when I reached around to leash Buck for the walk back. He wasn't there. I stopped, and looked behind us. Buck wasn't there. He never wandered off, never even had to be called. This was weird. I started to walk, then run, along the path retracing my steps. I called his name, expecting to see him bounding towards me, tongue lolling. Nothing! I called again – louder! Ann and I split up and raced to opposite sides of the lake, yelling his name and asking people if they'd seen a Golden Retriever. No one had seen him.

Suddenly, I saw him – he was in the middle of the Wilde Lake surrounded by dozens of ducks. The angry water fowl were splashing and quacking loudly and he was holding a duck in his mouth! A Duck!? Although a water retriever, he never was predatory. I could not believe my eyes. Buck had caught a duck? Oh my G-d! He's got a duck! "No, Buck!" I yelled. "Drop that duck! No Duck! Buck, come! Get the stick!" I commanded, grabbing and tossing sticks in his direction. He watched the sticks as they whizzed by, but would not release the duck to retrieve them. I panicked. I had to save the duck. But wait – something was wrong. I stopped, and took a good look at that duck. It wasn't moving. Wasn't flapping or quacking. It stayed upright in the Buck's mouth, like a toy! A toy!? Then, I realized Buck wasn't swimming. He was treading water, staying in one spot. Ann ran over, and we stared at the dog and the duck. Something was wrong with this picture.

"Buck, Come!" I commanded in my most authoritative voice. "Drop that Duck. COME!" I ordered. He refused to release the duck and he was still not moving through the water. He seemed to be stuck. As I wondered what he could be caught on, I realized it was the duck that was stuck. The duck was a decoy. It was attached to the bottom of the lake. It was not moveable. Buck was trying to retrieve a duck decoy. Determined retriever that he was, he would not release that decoy. I could see he was getting tired. His eyes were stressed and his breathing was labored. I could hear little moaning sounds. His legs had been paddling and paddling; mud and sediment were being churned up around him. As I watched, his paddling seemed to slow – he was losing energy.

I gasped, "He's going to drown out there. He'll go under before he lets go of that duck!" I tore off my shoes, handed Ann my house keys, whipped off some of my jewelry, clambered down the hill over rocks, tree roots, and underbrush. I stepped into the muddy silt-filled water, immediately sinking up to my ankles before I'd walked an inch. I trudged and sank, and trudged some more, until the water was finally deep enough for me to stretch out and swim.

My long skirt, now muddy and water-logged, floated around me like a billowing parachute, weighing me down and getting tangled around my legs and arms. Fighting off yards of fabric, I propelled myself through the murky water out to the middle of the lake. When I reached Buck, I could see how fatigued he was. I scuttled up beside him and grabbed at the duck. "Give me that duck, Buck," I demanded. He turned his head to the side muttering, avoiding my fingers. He was not giving up his prize! "Give it to me," I urged. "No, It's my duck," his seemed to say turning his head to evade my grasp. "Give me that duck, Buck," I repeated. Again he eluded me, moaning his objections and holding his precious trophy high in the air.

"We're going to drown out here," I wailed. "Give me that DUCK!" I was frantic now. I swam in front of him, risking doggie paddle paw-strikes and with both hands I grabbed the plastic duck clamped in his jaws. We wrestled for several moments – him whining through clenched jaws and me ordering him to drop it. Finally, I twisted the decoy sideways, wrenching it free. Pointing to land, I said, "Go!" But Buck kept circling me, trying to get the duck back. "Okay, you," I said, grabbing his collar. "Follow me."

We paddled laboriously toward land. Once headed in the right direction, Buck forgot about the duck and swam steadily, reaching shore before me. He dragged his algae-covered body out of the water, and began shaking himself off and rolling in the newly cut grass. When I arrived at the shoreline, I was horrified to find I couldn't get out of the water. My ankle-length skirt was so water-logged, it kept wrapping around my ankles, tripping me. I was stuck at the water's edge, sinking in what seemed like quicksand.

Adoption Report

Name	#	Age	Sex	Name	#	Age	Sex
Dakota	08-179	4	F	Queenie	12-120	3	F
Riley	11-172	9	F	Oscar	12-135	5	M
Tabor	12-069	4	M	Neko	12-157	5	M
Marley	12-090	8	F	Zeke	11-182	15	M
Chessie	12-099	9	F	Buckie	12-118	8	M
Eddy	12-125	6	M	Ginger	12-123	9	F
Trooper	12-134	4	M	Nuzzler	12-130	3	M
Sandi Beach	12-139	1	F	Chef	12-150	3	M
Wrigly	12-140	7	F	Friday	12-151	3	M

Donations: Through December 8th

Thank You for Your Donations

*denotes total contribution of \$100-\$499

**denotes total contribution of \$500-\$999

***denotes total contribution of \$1000 or more

Sheryle and Jeanne Robinson

Harvey Gampel

Diane Lanigan

Martha VanLandingham

Deborah Zehe, Mary Albert, Edmund Law, Jill Wiechert*

Mary Richeimer, Patricia Stewart, Maureen Cappdona, Cindy Brownstein*

Karen and Joe Yoho*

Ann Rotz*

Tonia Heffner*

Sue Erbele

Mary & Paul Fontaine

Balaji Subramanian

Dorothy and Ernest Helmick*

J Brooks Yetter

Jeff and Helene Casper

Cynthia Van Ditta

George Toll*

Jerry and Joyce Casey

Debbie Barrows*

Anita and Frank Abbruscato

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Sook Kim*

Jeffrey Balenson*

Renee Curreri*

Kathy MacDonald

Nicolette Parisi*

Holly Stanley

Jacqueline Hlavin*

Judy Smith*

Lee Moore

June Morris*

Elizabeth Kirk*

James Bender

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Donations: Through December 8th (Cont. from pg. 7)

In Memory Of...

Our previous foster pup, Echo 06-021. Echo arrived at our home seriously neglected, suffering from seizures and obesity. With diet, exercise and good health care he morphed into a handsome Golden Retriever with a stunning dark red coat. We handed our special boy over to a very special Mom, Carla Brown. Carla loved and cared for Echo for 6 wonderful years and was there to gently lead him over the "bridge" where he is happily running free. Thank you Carla for being the very special Mom we know you are. -- Diane and John Hein

Tom & Marian Ludwig. -- Tom, Marianne & Stephen Ludwig and Leigh Clinard*

Keely, our 15 yr old GRREAT Golden who crossed the Rainbow Bridge on Oct. 1st, 2012 - The sweetest golden of them all. RIP little one. -- Lane and Gene Weinzwieg

Copper and to thank Sally & Stan Bowser for rescuing Cooper. -- Mark and Heather Verschell*

Cindy & Vince, our beloved GRREAT Golden. -- Nancy and Dave Smith*

Charles Pyne who loved Golden Retrievers. -- Victoria Gaunt

Rudi Hein for all the love she gave to her parents, Diane and John Hein, as well as her 30 foster dogs! She was a very special girl and will be missed by many. -- Wade Robert and Zoe Cohen*

Sweet Cady Buchanan, beloved companion of Debbie Buchanan. Cady went peacefully to the Rainbow Bridge while resting in Debbie's arms and listening to a beautiful poem read to her, on Monday, October 15th. Cady was adopted through GRREAT years ago. Her id # was 01-236. She was a wonderfully happy dog, surrounded by love, and a gift to all of us who got to know her. Donated with love by Cady's Auntie. -- Beverly Bass

Ruth Speer, a great lover of animals -- Golden's most of all. -- Melissa Liptak*

Lainey. -- Diane Lanigan

Our GRREAT Golden, Calvin, who passed away on May 13, 2010, just short of 14yrs old. We miss our beloved Cal everyday. -- Gus and Emily Pedrozo

Rory 12-108. -- Connie and Ben Etheridge**

My son Mark Ketterman who passed away in March 2010. Mark was a supporter of GRREAT and had adopted a golden, Bailey, from GRREAT. We hope this will help you continue to the good work you do for these dogs. -- Charles Ketterman and Ruth Kopec**

The sweetest, loving and treasured golden - Murray. He was saved and loved by my sister and family. -- Boyd & Rita

Freeborough

Harvey Pascal and Cody. -- Harvey and Lenora Pascal

Kathryn Brooks Taylor. -- Patricia Healey

Kathryn T. Taylor, AKA - Kitty. -- Cecilia Holden

My cousin Kitty Brooks Taylor who loved the Golden's. -- Elizabeth Francis

Ruth Speer, a great lover of animals -- Golden's most of all. -- Melissa Liptak*

Jeff Brougher who passed away suddenly on November 23rd and who loved his Golden Retriever more than anything. -- Ren and Todd Moring

Jeffrey H. Brougher, who passed on November 23, 2012. He was a golden retriever lover! -- Kurt Jones

Jeffrey H. Brougher. -- Susan Certo*

In Honor of...

A great GRREAT volunteer, John Hein. -- Diane and John Hein*

Diane and John Hein for all of their amazing work with GRREAT fosters, including us! Sammi (08-095) and Buddy (09-110) Cohen-Robert. -- Wade Robert and Zoe Cohen*

All the hard work and countless hours you devote to helping these wonderful dogs. Tucker has been with us a little over a year and we cherish every day with him, he has been a wonderful addition to our family. I know there are many needs but please use this donation toward service to the dogs perhaps to cover medical needs or equipment. Thank you all! -- Ellen and Chris Courtney***

To Help With Costs...

To help with Chessie (12-099) medical expenses. -- Karl & Carol Hoffman

To help with Chessie (12-099) medical expenses. -- Nancy Dize

Corporate Giving...

IBM Employee Services Center - Anonymous donors*

Give Back Foundation -- In memory of my beloved Vegas that passed away too soon. I love and miss you. -- Tamba McGaw

CFC of the National Capital Area - Anonymous donors**

America's Charities.- Barbara & Mark Forster; Heather Lay*

Donations: Through December 8th (Cont. from pg. 8)

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Kingsbrook Animal Hospital – This donation is in memory of Belle, a 10 year old "Honorary Golden" belonging to Ann Strathern and her family. "Belle was a 10 year old Rotti who retrieved with the Golden on land and water and was a perfect gentle woman. She loved all people, was a perfect lap dog and queen of the house." She was diagnosed with osteosarcoma 3 months ago and was euthanized this week.

For Other Reasons

Proceeds from Dave's book Golden Angels. -- Dave and Nancy Carter*

Donations gathered for 3K walk from Team Poppy & Heidi:

- Michelle & Matt Myers*
- Richard and Susan Myers

- Barbara Tarlowski
- A Guy and A Leash, LLC*

Please use in any manner that is needed for dog care. -- Elizabeth Kaiser and Ned Scherer***

In support of your work to aid Golden Retrievers. -- Marshall Schy*

Merry Christmas to Laura, Pete, Carson and Holly. -- Sharon Kemp

This is a birthday present for Liz Symonds. -- Fredlyn Karp

Forever Friends...

Goldie Buterbaugh -- Elizabeth A Millman

Memorials can be seen at:

<http://ggreat.org/foreverfriends/index.htm>

GRREAT operates three funds for dogs with special needs. The Leo Fund provides surgical care, the Simile-Finale Fund provides holistic and alternative therapies (acupuncture, swim therapy, etc.), and Chief's Fund provides MRI diagnostics. To support these funds, make the selection on the online donation page www.ggreat.org/donate/donorinfo.html or mention the fund in a letter with your contribution by mail. Thank you!

Leo's Corner

Leo's Pals (up to \$99)

To Honor our current oldie goldie, Lusy. - Jeanie Pakenas

Leo's Angels (\$100-499)

For Chassidy and Polar Bear. - Joe O'Neill and Walt Atha

For Janet & Phil Hauck for all they do for Golden. - Mike and Betsy Damitz

Leo's Heroes (\$500 and Over)

Chief's Fund

In memory of Ralph, my daughter's and son-in-law's wonderful Golden, who loved all and was the world champion for keeping the yard free from those pesky squirrels Even when he was close to the end of time with the ones who loved him and was blind and had no control over his hinqarter, he tried his best to please. Loved you much - Mary Gregson

Simile-Finale Fund

Buck and the Lady in the Lake by Nancy Alexander

kept wrapping around my ankles, tripping me. I was stuck at the water's edge, sinking in what seemed like quicksand.

Having used most of my energy swimming and fighting with Buck over the duck, I simply could not get out of the lake and climb up the hill. Silt squished between my toes. My feet kept hitting hard, sharp things sending prickles of pain through my body. I struggled for footing, grabbed tree roots and low hanging branches. Ann tried to help, but lost her footing and slid down the hill. Frantically she began calling for help.

Buck and the Lady in the Lake by Nancy Alexander

At length, I called, "Buck, help Mommy." He stopped rolling in the grass and rushed over to the shoreline. Carefully, he inched down to the water's edge and extended his neck toward me. I draped my arms around his neck, and he backed up step by step, pulling me out of the water and up the hill. By now, people were crowding around. I thanked them and waved away their offers of help. We sat on a bench, with Buck lying at our feet for about 20 minutes – trying to breathe and calm down.

I looked down at myself. I was green. I was covered with algae, mossy stuff, and some kind of pond scum. It covered my head and hair, and reached down my face in long slimy strands. I was pond-scum green from head to toe. My all-white outfit was green. I looked at my dog. He was green. He looked like some mossy fairytale monster. Cut grass and pond scum stuck out in all directions. Each one of his blonde doggie-hairs was encased in algae forming tangles of green dreadlocks all over his body. Bathing him was going to be impossible. Bathing me was going to be impossible. And we stunk. We both stunk!

Having walked to the lake, we had no choice but to walk home. The shortest route home was along a nearby highway. We opted for shortest. Unfortunately, it was heavily trafficked. I hoped no one would recognize me. I kept my face averted as we walked. Drivers nearly crashed into the curb when they saw two soaking wet, green creatures dripping with plant life staggering along the highway – one of whom had to keep pulling her falling skirt up.

It was not until the following week, that I learned just how well Columbia's rumor mill worked. I was shopping at the Giant, inspecting some broccoli, when the president of the Columbia Association, stepped over to me. Smiling, he said "I hear you have another nickname!" "Really," I replied, turning to smile up at him "Who am I now?" With a grin he answered, "You're not only Columbia's Liz Taylor you're now The Lady of the Lake." And so I was!

GRREAT Membership Renewal

Don't miss a thing! Renew your GRREAT membership for 2013!

We are dependent on membership dues, donations, and fundraising to operate. Your \$40 membership dues keep this newsletter coming every two months and will help save more Golden Retrievers in 2013. If you elect to "opt-out" of receiving the newsletter by mail, the \$40 is fully tax deductible. If you choose to receive the printed newsletter, \$30 is tax deductible (\$10 is the value of goods and services received). Membership also confers one vote in GRREAT elections.

Please support GRREAT by becoming a member. Clip and complete the membership renewal form on Page 15 of this newsletter. Be sure to include your current mailing and email addresses. Mail the form along with a check for \$40 payable to GRREAT to: GRREAT, PO Box 190, Merrifield, VA 22116.

If you would like to renew your membership on-line, please visit: http://www.great.org/membership/mbr_center.htm

NEW Golden Membership Category

About a year ago, Max (11-069), who wrote last issue's President's column, was appointed to the Board of Directors as Treats Coordinator. ;-) However, he is not a member of GRREAT, a requirement for serving on the Board. This situation led us to create a new membership category allowing any Golden to join our organization! For just \$10 your Golden can become a Golden Member of GRREAT!

Just clip and complete the membership form on Page 11 of this newsletter. Be sure to include your Golden's name(s) along with your name and current mailing and email addresses. Mail the form along with a check for \$10 payable to GRREAT to: GRREAT, PO Box 190, Merrifield, VA 22116.



HERE'S A DONATION

I'd like to make a donation to GRREAT for

In honor of

In memory of

To thank

All donations are tax deductible and are gratefully acknowledged in *GRREAT News*.

Checks should be made payable to GRREAT.

Please mail forms with your contribution to:
GRREAT, P.O. Box 190, Merrifield, VA 22116

MEMBERSHIP FORM

New Member

Renewal

Name _____

Address _____

Mark here if this is an address or name change

Phone (____) _____

E-mail Address _____

Mark as many as applicable:

I am enclosing \$40 for my 2013 membership dues.

I am enclosing a tax-deductible donation of \$_____.

I am interested in becoming a GRREAT Volunteer.
(Please fill out and return Volunteer form as well).

I am enclosing \$10 (each) for a 2013 Golden
Membership(s) Please write name of dog(s)

I am interested in donating the following services
or supplies to GRREAT:

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Please complete this form to volunteer. Return to:

GRREAT
Attention: Volunteer Coordinator
P.O. Box 190, Merrifield, VA 22116

Name _____

Street _____

City, State, Zip _____

E-mail Address _____

Home Phone (____) _____

Cell Phone (____) _____

Work Phone (____) _____

OK to call at work? Yes No

Please indicate any area of interest.

The appropriate GRREAT Coordinator will contact you for more information.

____ Become a foster home for GRREAT dogs

____ Help at Adoption Events, Education Events,
Fundraising & Micro-chipping Clinics

____ Transport GRREAT dogs (to/from vet,
animal shelter, etc.)

____ Perform home visits for potential adopters prior
to adoption

____ Additional Information or Comments:

This form can be filled out online at
www.grreat.org/vol_form.htm

GRREAT Calendar of Events

There is a rescue for Golden Retrievers? This is a commonly asked question at the numerous events that **GRREAT** participates in. When people find out that GRREAT takes in about 250 dogs every year, you can see the shock and amazement on their faces and you can hear it in their voices. People know that Golden Retrievers are such good dogs, so they can't help but wonder "Why would anyone give up a Golden?" It is because of comments such as these that **GRREAT** attends events to help educate the public on the need for rescue and the Golden Retriever breed. **GRREAT** is always looking for and in need of committed volunteers who wish to give some of their time to attend events. For a list of upcoming events go to www.grreat.org/calendar.htm. For more information on any event, please e-mail events@grreat.org and if you wish to volunteer at any event, please e-mail volunteer@grreat.org.

March

2 12pm until 2pm

ADOPTION DAY

Petco
1719 York Rd.
Lutherville, MD 21093

April

6 12pm until 2pm

ADOPTION DAY

Petco
9230B Old Keene Mill Rd.
Burke, VA 22015

May

4 12pm until 2pm

ADOPTION DAY

Petco
12960 Middlebrook Rd.
Germantown, MD 20874

June

1 12pm until 2pm

ADOPTION DAY

Petco
7434 Little River Turnpike
Annandale, VA 22003

Please be sure and submit your adoption application at least four weeks prior to the event. We cannot approve applications on the spot.

MORE ARTICLES NEEDED

Thank you to all members that have donated articles. It's been a year since I have requested them. It is a tribute to you that I am only now running short. More of your wonderful contributions will be greatly appreciated.

