

VGSR *Tails*

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

Hot Diggity Dog! Since our last newsletter, quite a few of you VGSR alumni have taken the time to send emails, photos and updates about your adopted dog(s). I cannot thank you enough! As a result of your efforts, we have been

able to add a couple of new Happy Tales to our web site. And, speaking of the web site, big CONGRATS are in order for our very own Wicked Web Weasel Willy—the hit counter on VGSR's web site recently surpassed the 500,000 mark. Now that's a lot of lookin'!

VGSR has been very fortunate to have some new volunteers and foster homes come on board recently. We are so grateful that they have opened their hearts and homes to help us save dogs. Each new foster equates to one more life we can save. If you have adopted from us, you are easily eligible to become a foster home hero, too! We try to match our foster dogs carefully with their foster families to make things go as smoothly as possible. VGSR covers the cost for all approved veterinary services—you only need to provide food, shelter and lots of TLC!

We also have a need for respite foster care—sometimes our regular fosters need a place for their dog to stay while they are on vacation or out of town. Sometimes the short-term foster arrangement might only be for an overnight or a weekend. This is a good way to get your feet wet and perhaps the permanent foster “bug” will bite!

So, please think about this the next time you are snuggling up with that dog you love so much. If some kind soul had not been generous enough to

foster your dog, he/she might have suffered a very different fate. I know that most folks don't realize that sometimes we have to turn away some very nice dogs from the shelters for the simple—and very sad reason—that we do not have any place for them to stay. Since we are usually the very

last hope that these dogs have to stay alive, we always feel horrible when we cannot help because of the lack of available foster homes. Many people are shocked to find out that happy, healthy, wonderful, purebred GSDs are euthanized at animal shelters on a regular basis.

If your dog gets along well with other dogs, and you have the time and space available, please give some consideration to becoming either a regular foster or a respite foster care home for VGSR. You have my personal promise that it will be one of the most rewarding experiences of your life!

Right now we have two special girls on our web site. Ironically both of them are named Angel. Angel #5 was abandoned along with five other GSDs when her owners moved away and left her behind in a tiny enclosure that was choked with weeds and thorny bushes. This little Angel had spent her entire life in that muddy, cruddy pen. She had probably never been in a car, house or even on a leash. Everything has been a new and frightening experience for



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Newsletter contributions
are always welcome. Please send
your articles and photos to
contact@shepherdrescue.org

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**Support
VGSR
by using iGive.com
for online
purchases and
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surfing the web**

Desperately seeking...

Susan, or John, or George, or Debbie to foster our dogs for us. Pay is minimal but you get back 10-fold of what you put into it. Call 703 435-2840.

VGSR's WISH LIST:

Crates (large or extra large)
Postage stamps
Full-sized copier
Copy paper (white or colors)
Dog beds, blankets, towels
Dog toys, nylabones, greenies,
rawhide
New collars and leashes
PetSmart, Petco, Walmart or Target
(among others) gift cards
Dog food
Dog bowls

**And if you or someone you know
can donate printing services for the
rescue, please let us know!**

**Check the website
for upcoming events**

From the President-continued

her. But under Brian's care and training, this dog has absolutely flourished. Angel #6 was found tied to a tree, and like Angel #5 was severely emaciated. She has been learning about the world thanks to a brand new foster family, Sharmila and Doug. We also had a sweet pup that was found in a ditch after she had been hit by a car. Janet nursed Karma back to health and was a brave soul changing bandages and driving her back and forth to the vet's office on numerous occasions. Turner and Boomer are two male GSDs that were both so emaciated that they were hard to look at without crying. Such nice boys and so horribly neglected before we found them. You honestly would not recognize either one of them now if you looked at photos of them that were taken in their original condition. Their foster heroes are the Acklands and the Lynches. And believe it or not, both of these families foster three dogs at a time. Now there is some real dedication!

Two last dogs that I would like to mention are T. Bear and Pearl. Both dogs were my own fosters and both of them came to VGSR infested with heartworms. Both dogs lived outside, on chains, prior to their arrival at VGSR. T. Bear, who is huge (think Shetland Pony in the house), outgoing, and a total charmer to all he meets. Originally, his long coat was weighed down with mats and filth, and he even had a fishhook embedded in his tail! He patiently stood there and gave us kisses while we worked on his coat for hours at a time. Pearl, who is T. Bear's polar opposite, is a tiny, shy, many-times-over unwed mama who is slow to make friends, but a loyal and dedi-

cated companion once she trusts you. Both of these dogs were fortunate to be adopted by a wonderful couple, Cindy and Michael, who own a Christmas tree farm just outside of Round Hill, VA. These two dogs really hit the jackpot and they both deserved it. So when you are looking for that special Christmas tree this year, look for Pruitt's Little Farm (www.pruitts-littlefarm.com)—you can even bring along your dog to help pick out the perfect tree!

And thanks to all of the generous support that you good folks reading this newsletter have given to VGSR, we were able to pay for the expensive heartworm treatment needed to save both T. Bear, Pearl and a bunch of other dogs. As you know, all of the funds necessary in order to save these dogs come from our neverending fund-raising efforts and your contributions.

Please don't overlook your invitation to the upcoming reunion that is being held on Sunday, October 14th, 2007, at Lake Fairfax in Reston. If you have the chance, please drop by and join us for the fun as we celebrate all of the rescued dogs. The folks who foster for VGSR really love having the opportunity to see their former foster dogs and their new families. I usually spend about half the day crying (happy tears of course!) at the breathtaking sight of all of the fabulous rescued dogs all in one place. I truly look forward to seeing you and your pooches at the reunion.

Until next time, yours in happiness,
health and lots of hair.....

Lea

Save the Date!

Annual VGSR Reunion

Sunday, October 14th (raindate, see website)

A LOOK INTO THE LIFE OF A GSD FOSTER PARENT

Fostering rescued GSDs is challenging, fun, sad, hard, motivational, heartwarming, humorous, but most of all rewarding. While my husband and I have only been fostering for about 4 months, we've shared our homes and lives with 5 dramatically different dogs. Each rescue has its own story, some sadder than others, but nonetheless they are all deserving of a permanent, forever home. While each dog provides its own set of challenges, each also wins your heart. People always ask, "how do you not adopt them all?" I have to admit that if I had a mansion or at least a bigger house than I do now, I probably would adopt them all. However, since I can't adopt them all I am able to let them go to good loving homes because it gives me the privilege to help save another rescue. When I look into the eyes of one of the rescued pups, it's so hard to imagine that without the rescue this dog may not have had a second chance at life. It's this thought that fuels us through our fostering journey.

For those who have not been privileged enough to temporarily share their lives with rescues, here is an inside look into the life a GSD foster parent straight from my happy tails diary...

Day 1: Today we brought home Anna, who was on borrowed time in a Richmond area shelter. Anna has led a very sad life to this point with scars to prove it. She is very shy and timid—it took us 15 minutes to coax her out of the transport's car.

Day 4: Anna still hides when I walk in the front door, but as soon as she sees that it is me she runs up with her tail wagging. My heart skips a beat.

Day 10: Shy, timid Anna found a bag of beef jerky on the counter and we now have shredded plastic bag all over the living room floor. Ironically I found out about the incident when Cope, our resident GSD, proudly brought me a piece of the bag in the bedroom.

Day 14: Anna is adopted by a wonderful couple and will now live in canine heaven with a 100 acre mountain to run free. I sob like a baby, but passed fostering 101 even though most of my friends and family were betting that I'd fail.

Day 28: Max, a 6-year-old large male GSD, was surrendered to the rescue and has now taken up temporary residency in our canine hostel.

Day 29: NO SLEEP. Max has lived his 6 years in a fenced yard and thus decided to share his anxiety about living indoors with us all night long.

Day 33: Max has quickly adjusted to indoor living and has even become attached to the plush dog beds.

Day 36: Not much sleep again last night as poor Max was up sick most of the night due to a reaction to the anesthesia he received from getting neutered.

Day 39: Still working to get the evidence of Max's reaction to the anesthesia out of the carpet.

Day 44: Today, Max found his forever home. Go Max! Afterwards, we drove to a DC shelter and picked up a precious little girl named Sasha.

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FROM THE COOK'S CORNER

Reise, Noel and Astin thought they would share a few of their favorite recipes!

Easy Cheesy Treats

1 cp. of whole wheat flour
1/2 stick of butter
1 1/2cps. of shredded sharp cheddar cheese

Mix all 3 ingredients together by hand. Actually use your hands to blend the mixture together until you have a big ball.

Roll the dough out flat, then using a cookie cutter, cut out your shapes. I use a small round (size of a quarter) cookie cutter to cut mine out.

Place them on a cookie sheet and bake in a preheated 350 degree oven for 5 to 8 minutes.

These make great training treats, if you don't let your dog OD on them. May not be for those watching their waistlines. I have doubled the recipe before.

They taste pretty good to humans also!

Liver/Garlic Munchies

Package of beef liver
Garlic powder or fresh minced garlic

Hold your nose and boil the beef in a saucepan in water until done.

Place on a cutting board and cut into small treat size bites. Sprinkle with garlic then bake in the oven (350) preheated for 5 minutes.

That's it!

I make a large supply, divide them up and place an amount in snack baggies and freeze them.

Reise, Noel and Astin love them frozen because they're chewy.

I can't say how these taste as I don't eat beef liver!

Hope this helps!

Sheree Kiser

LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE...ON MANY LEVELS

In some netherworld between a wine-induced haze and a blinding vision, I had a revelation of how my love affair with Coffee and my husband's acceptance of that relationship enabled me to become a wife.

The Beginning

The meeting was random: Ted was on a business trip and stopped for dinner at a restaurant/pub along Interstate-95, and I was attending my regular Tuesday-night \$1 beers happy hour. He stayed in town an extra night to have dinner with me. At the end of the evening, he announced that he was smitten. Exactly one year later, we ran off to a courthouse and got married, and suddenly I was converted from a bachelorette to a married woman living in a new state, with a new job, a new husband, and a teenaged stepdaughter. I was scared half to death.

Three years after the wedding, almost to the day, my Siberian Husky, Keisha, died suddenly from bloat. Keisha had been a focal, stable point in my life for 12 years, through six jobs, two husbands, three boyfriends, law school, bar exams in two states, and nine moves in three states. The marriage wasn't looking quite as resilient. Loving a dog comes naturally to me. Keisha and I were a team in every sense of the word. A human partner was a foreign concept.

Coffee arrives

For reasons still unfathomable to me, Ted thought we wouldn't get another dog. I had always had a dog. My wallet displays a picture of a seven-year-old me with my childhood dog. There's an 8x10 oil painting of my teenaged-through-twenties dog hanging in my parents' living room. For me, doglessness was a temporary state imposed only by death. To live without a dog was incomprehensible.

Desperate for daily doses of dog hair and slobber, I coerced Ted into letting me foster for Virginia German Shepherd Rescue. Coffee was our third foster dog. The shelter had deemed her unadoptable, misinterpreting her fear as aggression. Fortunately, the VGSR volunteer who did her temperament test recognized her for what she was: terrified. (Thanks, Beth!) The night she arrived, she was so scared that I was barely able to coax her out of my SUV. But she was beautiful, and by the next day, I was head over heels. No holding back when you're in love with a dog.

Coffee stays

The third year of marriage was rough. Ted had previously been married for 22 years. His ex-wife suffered from severe depression, including several suicide attempts, and was absent from the house for extended periods. Ted raised two

daughters, mostly alone. He is terribly afraid of being abandoned. When we married, he threw himself—body, heart and soul—into the relationship. I had never been fully emotionally attached to anyone, at least not anyone with fewer than four legs. I loved him, but could not seem to get into a “married” mindset. I remained a bachelorette in a wife's body.

Coffee arrived at a time when I was very lonely. The marriage was emotionally volatile, my friends and family were in another state, and I was still grieving over Keisha. I threw myself into caring for Coffee. The vet cleared up her ear infection and put in a microchip. I gave her a bath. We started obedience and agility lessons. Together, we went everywhere a dog could go. Coffee became my shadow, but she was afraid of Ted. For the first several weeks she barked and growled at him every time he walked into the room. He didn't want another dog, especially not one that seemed to fear and hate him. I embarked on a keep-Coffee campaign. Eventually, he acquiesced. We signed an adoption contract.

Acceptance

For many months Ted was fiercely jealous. “Are you making out with that dog again?!” became a frequent lament as he passed by Coffee and me snuggling on the sofa. She would follow me everywhere, but if home alone with Ted she would lie by the front door until I came home. I was, naturally, continuously conscious of where she was, how she was, what she was doing, acutely aware of being half of a pair. Never had I experienced that with a human.

With Coffee officially in the family, Ted agreed to participate in her training. Dog training, of course, is really people training. Some days I thought we should pay our dog trainer extra for functioning as a marriage counselor. A training novice, Ted would easily get flustered and forget to give commands or mistime a reward or correction, and then try to blame the dog. The trainer patiently explained how Coffee perceived his behavior, and how he could make small changes to modify her behavior. For example, every time Ted came home Coffee would immediately submissively dribble urine...which got Ted upset...which caused her to be more submissive and thus dribble more. The trainer explained how he needed to ignore her for a few minutes when he came home. Presto! No more dribbling. The trainer instructed us that Ted should be the only one to feed Coffee, which improved Ted's bond with Coffee as much as the reverse.

Gradually, Coffee warmed up to Ted, and he to her. She came out of her shy, scared shell, and began to act like a GSD. Ted liked that she protected the household, partic-

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OUR MAX

It was a beautiful day. It was in the high forties and breezy, with blue skies with wispy clouds. We went for our last walk. We had a visit from a friend. He had his favorite bone for a long while. He slept on the bed and went for one last car ride. He never passed the car without sniffing the door to see if we were going for a ride. The day seemed to stretch out before us until the very end. Then it passed and there was a little hole in our hearts. It is a cold night tonight and the wind is gusting outside, and I know that in the wee hours when I wake up, my heart will be heavy because I won't have to get up to take him out. I won't have to get

dressed, grab a coat and hat, and take the flashlight to trek outside.

It is over now. Max has passed. Max left us, in true Max style. He found poop on our last stop outside the vet's. He ate paper towels from the wastecan in the vet's office. And he tried to bite everyone involved in holding him still. We tried. We tried our best, and in the end, our best wasn't good enough. Our best did not find Max his forever home. Our best did not have the happy ending we were hoping

(continued on page 6)

A Look into the Life-continued

Day 48: Precious Sasha had no problems adjusting to our home and has taken over our bed. She uses her looks against us and we can't seem to find it in us to kick her off the bed and thus there she stays.

Day 52: Cope has fallen for Sasha, too... ah, puppy love.

Day 56: Cope and Sasha have friends over and we have a doggie playdate. Everyone has a great time but incomprehensibly the dogs don't seem to be tired!

Day 57: Our cat is on strike and has taken up permanent residency on the back of the couch.

Day 60: PetSmart has a sale and I buy 2 new stuffed animal toys.

Day 61: There has been a massacre in my living room, evidenced by the blizzard of white cotton stuffing. How do they get so much stuffing in such a small stuffed animal?

Day 65: Sasha finds her new home and it comes complete with a new boyfriend. Cope doesn't have long to miss Sasha because on the way home from taking her to her new family we picked up Samson from a transport.

Day 68: Samson has stolen our hearts. He is still scared of us but finds comfort in his new canine friend, Cope.

Day 70: Samson is diagnosed with several different parasites, heartworms and Lyme disease. Although we know Sammy must have been sick for a very long time, he is such a sweet boy and has so much love and life to give.

Day 73: Today I was sitting on the couch and Sammy came up to me on his own and let me rub his tummy. I cried.

Day 77: Although we still have Sammy with us, my husband and I decided that there is room enough in our little house for one more rescue.

Day 80: We picked up Dakota today from her previous foster family. What a beautiful and intelligent dog... did I mention high energy?!

Day 84: We went for a long walk, played fetch in the backyard, the dogs play wrestled, another walk... I'm tired!

Day 87: Today as I was making multiple trips up and down stairs while doing laundry, I couldn't help but giggle at my 3 furry shadows.

Day 91: I dropped Sammy off at the vet's this morning for his heartworm treatment. I know he's in good hands but I can't stop worrying about him.

Day 96: Sammy is recuperating from his heartworm treatment very well. I think Cope knows Sammy's sick as he keeps licking his face and then curling up with him on the same dog bed.

Day 101: Cope and Dakota went to doggie daycare today. I laughed when the workers ask me if Dakota ever gets tired.

Day 109: Thanks to Dakota's exuberance we are now down about 8 tennis balls, 2 ropes and 3 rubber squeaking toys. Thank goodness for the ol' reliable Kong.

Day 116: My husband is out of town for business and Dakota decides to snuggle with me in bed to keep me company.

Day 121: Today while my husband and I were watching TV Dakota ran through the living room proudly showing off her most recent accomplishment. How did she get into the bag of sweet potatoes?!

Day 122: Dakota struck again and this time the victim was a bag of onions. Well, at least she's not a picky eater.

Day 127: I took Dakota to meet a potential forever family. It was love at first sight and she is currently having a sleep over at their house. I already miss her, but I'm comforted by Cope and Sammy who are snuggled up to me warming my feet and my heart.

Days come and go as do the different rescues that we share our life with. While our house is only a temporary residence for each of them, they each have a permanent place in our hearts ... and no amount of time will ever change that.

Emily & Jay Hartman

MIXED EMOTIONS

The calls come more frequently now—one a month, sometimes two, sometimes more. The first ones are dying off. “Hello, do you remember us? We adopted Sage from you in 2002. I just wanted you to know that he passed away from bone cancer last month. He was only 7.”

From Northwest DC, “Sascha collapsed and died on Tuesday. We were playing fetch at the dog park when his heart gave out. He must have been 13.”

From my friend in Annapolis, “Maddie died in her sleep last night. She was in Nick’s bedroom, and he noticed that she was breathing strangely. He sat on the floor with her until she passed around midnight. We think she was 12.”

And then again today, “I wanted to tell you that today was Tapestry’s last day. She hadn’t been well for several months, and today she’d just had enough. She would have been 10 years old on April first.”

I am both sad and happy to hear this news. Sad, of course, because it is always heartbreaking when a beloved

pet dies. The only thing wrong with dogs is that they don’t live long enough. And too often, their lives are cut short much sooner than we’d like.

The happiness is muted but still, it is nice that these adoptive families thought well enough of rescue to keep my name and phone number for all these years. I remember most of the families, and all of the dogs. Each dog had a different and often terrible story at first. But each story ended the same way: a rescued dog goes on to live a happy life as a beloved family companion.

So I cry with the people on the other end of the phone. We talk about the dog, how funny he was, how handsome, how talented. How she loved children and excelled at obedience. How much he adored visiting the nursing home. My job now is just to listen.

Eventually, the phone rings again. “He was the best dog in the world. Can you find me another one, just like him?”

Risa Lapidow

Love and Acceptance-continued

ularly since he travels frequently. He agreed to let her up on the sofa with us, and I would notice him stroking her fur as she sprawled out between us, head in one lap and feet in another. He introduced her to the game of tug. He began a morning ritual of throwing a Frisbee for her, and he took pride in her learning to catch it mid-air. He gave her affectionate nicknames. He turned stuffing a kong into an art form. When he thought I wasn’t looking, I would catch him lying on the floor rubbing her feet and whispering in her ear.

Marriage

And so the marriage continues, now with a canine child that both spouses are fully committed to parenting. I still struggle with independence issues—perhaps I’m just not cut out for relating to people. But as Ted became more attached to Coffee, I became more attached to Ted. When Ted joined my and Coffee’s human-dog bond, a human-human bond was born. I am now as fully conscious of Ted as I am of Coffee, albeit a consciousness that began with an awareness of Ted as Coffee’s father. The three of us are a family. Ted still would like for me to be more “married” and less “doggy” sometimes. But without Coffee, I never would have turned into a wife.

Erica Stoecker

Max-continued

for. Our best left us in doubt, questioning if we could have done more...should we have done more?

It is quiet now, late in the evening and there is an emptiness in our home. Tears have been shed and we are left with the lingering memories, focusing only on the good memories, letting all the others pass. We remember the good times: the big lummox cuddling on the bed; the big boy leaning against your legs, looking for a pat on the head; and the playful toss of a bone to chase it down. When I wake before dawn and line the dog bowls up in the kitchen, it is likely I will shed a tear as I look to shoo him out of the dog food bin or try to stop him from jumping up and spilling a few bowls onto the kitchen floor.

I am left hoping in the end that it is known that the day we picked him up, he was slated to be put down; unknown, alone, and no one to shed a tear for him. But for four months there were no kennels, good food, dog bones, and treats every day. He was a king with soft beds, access to the couch and plenty of walks in the fresh air. His last stop was in a room with a soft blanket and dimmed lights. He was surrounded by people that cared. He was loved. Tears were shed, and he will always be remembered. He wasn’t Max 23 to us. To us he was simply known as our Max.

Mark Chapman

ANOTHER FRANZI STORY

My husband, Jimmie, used to take Franzi to work with him. People would ask, “So your husband is a cop?” I’d answer, “No, he’s a sign sales rep...” They would give me a blank stare. Like what the heck does a sign salesman need protection for?!

Long story short, Franzi had failed in her protection training class and had been slated for euthanasia. Her owner didn’t want to go that route, but he couldn’t keep her either. So we adopted her. We felt that we had a very soft-natured dog who was little risk to anyone. She loved people and most dogs.

One day at work in the shop, Jimmie was down in the warehouse going over some drawings. One of the shop guys, Joe, came around the corner swinging a long yardstick, just messing around. Jimmie didn’t see Joe coming towards him.

Franzi did and she leaped up from her spot on the floor, took a stance with hackles up as she let out several alarming barks! Jimmie said the whole shop came to a halt. Especially Joe!

Joe froze in place. He dropped the yardstick immediately and knelt down, “Franzi Girl! It’s me Joe...”

Franzi relaxed and walked towards Joe, wagging her tail. The whole shop was impressed at how she reacted and responded to the perceived threat.

She had not wanted to live her life as a guard dog, but I think when her man was threatened, she knew how to take care of business.

Jacki Jones

Mark Your Calendars

Stop by and visit the VGSR booth at the **Prince William SPCA Pet Adopt-A-Thon and Fall Festival** on Saturday, October 20, 2007 from 10:00am to 3:00pm. This event will be held at the Prince William County Fairgrounds. Visit http://www.pwspca.org/fun_activities.html.

VGSR presents **Pet Portraits with Images by Jan** on Sunday, November 4, 2007 from 10:00am to 4:00pm. For a \$45.00 donation you will receive (1) 8X10, (2) 5X7's and (8) Wallets and the sitting fee. You will have your choice of a neutral background or a Patriotic one. We will also have holiday props if you want Christmas pictures. This event will be held at Canine Caterers, 14506 Lee Road, #1,

Chantilly, VA, 20151. Portraits are by appointment only so be sure to reserve your time slot before they are all filled. Email: maryanne@shepherdrescue.org or call 703-447-1492 for your appointment.

Dog Wash on Saturday, December 1, 2007 from 11:00am to 3:00pm. The dog wash will be held at Bark 'N Bubbles in Herndon. It is located at 795 Center Street, 1A & B, Herndon, VA, 20170. VGSR volunteers will wash your dog for you at the “You Wash” prices. Prices vary based on the size of the dog (see www.barknubblesdogwash.com). Come on out and get your pooch clean for the holidays.

THANK YOU!

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations—

Christopher D. and Angela Durant
Amy A. Louviere
Sue Huntt
Michael F. and Jennifer L. Moran
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Susan A. Lehman
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Nancy L. and John W. Streeter
Margaret Rapoport
Michael D. and Susan T. Hall
Thomas J. and Robin L. Portman
James K. and Cynthia F. Stephenson
Sean P. Harlin
Guillermo R. and Lois C. Carranza

Donations in honor of:

Beast from John M. and Ariana Hecker Gillette
Baron, adopted on 12/02/05 from Bernard and Deborah J. Chapel
Duchess from Carl A. Kerby and Jeanne O’Donoghue
Luke (formerly known as Cletus) from Charles J. and Nancy A. Brotzman
Savannah from Matthew and Kelley C. Boyer
Skye from Sue Huntt
Pearl from Madonna M. Niles
Daisy from Bonnie V. Biely and Family

Kathy and Al Lupenski’s Birthdays from Sandra Rogelberg
Mary Penn’s Birthday from Harold U and Marilyn P. Nash
Samson (adopted 2006) from Thomas L. and Gwen A. Golden
Solo from Ted T. and Dorothy B. Cilly

Donations in memory of:

Morris Klatsky from David T. Fox
Dutchess from Warren and Michele H. Brewer
Tessa and Zeus from Bonnie V. Biely and Family
Sheba from Chris and Lynn DeSautels
Trouble from B. Wayne and Cheryl E. Knick
Zachary and Cindy from Carol J. Rosa
Mr. Z. Eaubeh from Joie Kennedy
Sadie from Karen Russell

Sponsorships

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Pearl from Darcy Drons
Skye from Carl A. Kerby and Jeanne O’Donoghue
Beast from James A. Arcilesi and Kawtar Sibera
Franco from Jose Cidre
Samson from Lorraine Clunie
Skye from Allan Richard Corman
Franco from Doug Lominac
Maddie from Ed Stern
Skye from Jerry H. and Miriam Z. Ballangee



Yes! I Want To Help!

Enclosed is my tax-deductible* donation in the amount of \$ _____ payable to Virginia German Shepherd Rescue, Inc.

In honor of _____

In memory of _____

Other _____

Your name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Please acknowledge this donation to:

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Please send me additional information on:

Volunteer opportunities

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Other: _____

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