



NORCAL GOLDEN RETRIEVER RESCUE

A nonprofit, volunteer organization dedicated to finding new homes for displaced Golden Retrievers in Northern California

VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE NO. 2 ~ FALL 2018

Thanks to Jan Dreyer for submitting this.

THEN I SAW HIS FACE . . .

We had recently lost our beloved Otis, a Senior Golden Retriever, and thought we were ready to add a new addition to our family. We went back to NGRR saying we were interested in a young dog this time. About a week after applying we got a call from our NGRR coordinator asking if we would consider fostering a Golden. Hmmm, we hadn't ever consider that.

We asked "What's the story?" Four years ago, Andy was adopted from NGRR. The adopting family gave him a wonderful home and loved him. However, one of the young children in the family developed severe allergies that couldn't be controlled with medicine. Heartbroken, the family contacted NGRR asking if they could find a new home for their 10-year-old Andy.

A picture of Andy was sent to me. Now I ask you...look at
(Continued on page 2)



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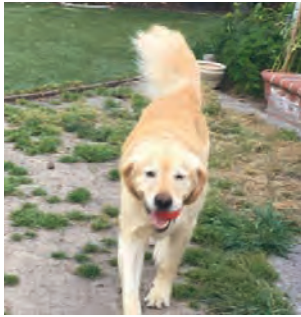
Order online at ngrr.org

Jax

Thanks to Karen Swanson and Sharmini Muralitharan for submitting this.

Our beloved Jax is no more but he has left behind a ton of wonderful memories to last a life time. We were very fortunate to have been his family. He came to us when he was a little over a year, labeled by the rescue organization as “high energy.” He stayed true to form until the very end, enjoying every moment and living life to the fullest. Sometimes I wish he were human because he was exceptionally sweet, kind, non judgmental and above all epitomized unconditional love.

He loved to swim and chase the waves, play fetch 24/7 with short periods of rest, chase wild turkey, cats and deer with equal vigor, and watch “Nature” on PBS with laser sharp focus. He was always curious about whether all the birds and animals on the show were right behind the TV. I wonder whether he ever resolved



this in his mind. He was also fond of rolling about on the grass, enjoying a good bone, getting lots of attention and love, and making new friends, both doggie and human alike. Whenever he found someone who was willing to pet him, he would either place his big head or paw on the person’s lap.

Most of all he enjoyed spending time with humans – family, friends and neighbors alike. He loved having company over and was always hopeful that someone among them was a fetch enthusiast as much as he was. He got lucky on almost every occasion! He would test the waters by dropping the ball at his potential human target’s feet and signal them to throw the round thing. If that didn’t work out he would either engage a new target or bring additional balls just in case they didn’t like the first few he had offered. He had a very keen sense of scent and could sniff a tennis ball from yards away. During our walks he

would occasionally rush and dive into a bush and a few minutes later come out with a tennis ball in his mouth. Then he would drop the ball on the pavement and do a final sniff to determine if it was home-bound or not. He made dozens of friends using those balls as bait! Today we have almost a dozen tennis balls in our backyard from his collection.

He also took solo detours to explore the hills and valleys. Occasionally he’d be gone for over half an hour. I used to get worried and call at the top of my voice. He would appear out of nowhere at full speed, with his tongue hanging at ninety degrees, and with all kinds of dry shrubs



stuck to his coat and tail. He had to go past me, turn around and drop at my feet, because he couldn’t slow down enough to come to a stop as he was approaching. I scolded him but he always looked the other way and I knew that this wouldn’t be the last time. Then I proceeded to remove all the dry leaves and twigs off and instructed him to “heel.” We usually reached home with the greatest difficulty, either because he thought he had recovered enough to continue on our walk or had to stop and rest a few times before reaching home. At home, he would gulp a lot of water and rest on the kitchen floor blocking the refrigerator door and would not move even upon repeated request – he was still in recovery mode!

I can go on and on about all the adventures we had together but most of all, this Golden-Labrador “hybrid” taught us great lessons in the simplest ways. Love unconditionally, have fun, make every day count, make the best of what you have or are given, and be prepared as the opportunities may sneak up on you.

Thank you Jax for all you did for us in the short time you were on earth! May you be free, have millions of adventures and keep smiling. RIP. 🐾

Andy

(Continued from front page)

that face and tell me if you would have said “no.” We couldn’t. One look and we told the coordinator “If he comes to our home he is staying.” She said “You haven’t even met him yet.” We said “All we had to do was see that face....”

Andy has settled in nicely with us. He has moved into our home and hearts and occupies a huge space in both locations. Instead of lying on his big bed at the foot of our bed, Andy has taken the floor space next to my side of the bed at night. I find that I am awakened each morning with a gentle nuzzle from a brown nose attached to the biggest set of brown eyes. It matters

little if I am ready to get up. Andy leads me down the hallway to where the food is kept. He thinks that somehow during the night I forgot where I put the food. Andy celebrates the finding of his food with a fierce wagging of his tail that I think will fly off. Once we capture the food, it is time for his morning nap. Then it is “walk time” and Andy thinks this is the best thing since finding the food. We only walk around the block, but it’s a big block. There isn’t a bush on the route that Andy hasn’t sent a P-mail. He occasionally barks at passing cars, but so far he hasn’t scared one. At night, after we have hunted down

and captured the food again, Andy and I will sit on the living room floor and watch TV. I pretend to hit Andy in the stomach and he pretends to bite me. This usually ends up in a big wrestling match. We end our day with me in bed and Andy right beside me on the floor. I dream of things that were and Andy dreams of finding more food tomorrow.

Elaine and I are amazed each day at the love and affection offered by Andy. He is a bottomless well of love. We are so grateful to NGR for our Otis and now Andy. Our lives are so enriched for having known them. 🐾

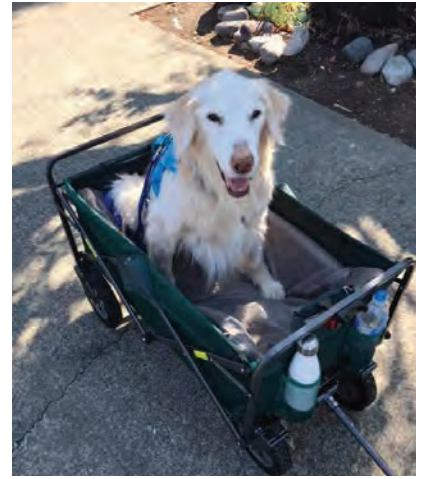
Jamba

Thanks to Georgine Nordin and Martha Kessler for submitting this.

Jamba Kessler was a “once-in-a-lifetime” dog with an unmatched personality and zest for life. Martha and Rick first fostered and later adopted him through NGRR after he was rescued from Hurricane Katrina in New Orleans. As the hurricane came through, Jamba had gotten stuck on his home’s porch where he remained for 9 days before rescuers found him. A wild boy with a personality that was endless, he was always looking for the next great adventure even if that meant only a downtown walk. At age 10+, he was focused enough to earn 4 AKC obedience titles and was still attending class up to three weeks ago and loving it.

Although Jamba has departed this world, he will remain in the hearts of all who knew and loved him. Wishing RIP to Jamba and sending love to his “mom,” Martha. September 2018.

Love, Dori, Morisa, Stephanie, Shahla, Yun-Ting 🐾



Harrison

Thanks to Joan Green for submitting this.

My latest (third) Golden had just died, from cancer, and I had decided to try a rescue Golden for my fourth dog, both to avoid housetraining another puppy and because I thought the concept of a rescue dog made a lot of sense. After filling out the paperwork for NGRR and having my house inspected I checked the online images of available Goldens daily. It took several



weeks for the right dog to appear . . . actually, almost appear, as the image of Harrison had him looking to one side, away from the camera. He was a stray from the pound at Reno, Nevada, and was seven years old. I had to travel to Auburn to pick him up. Once we returned to Montara several things became apparent: he had likely been trained as a hunting dog, as he would weave back and forth on the trail with his nose about an inch off the ground on his early walks; he wanted to sleep on the garage floor; and he didn’t like riding in cars. After a few days Harrison discovered that a human bed was much more comfortable than concrete and car rides were a prelude to dog walks; his behavior changed almost immediately. He

also grew to love being pet by strangers on dog walks, a trait revered by fellow dog walkers and walkers without dogs alike.

When I get a new dog, I always walk him on-leash for several weeks, until he gets well acquainted with the local environment. Harrison was always pulling mildly on the leash on these walks. He wanted to run. I remember when I first allowed Harrison to go off-leash I thought that it might be the last time I saw him. When I got him in the middle of a large field and took off the leash, he took off at top speed and headed for the willow thickets. I could see the willows shake as he roared through them. After five minutes of deep concern on my part, he ran up and sat right in front of me. I didn’t even have to call him. What a dog! This became the format for all our future walks up to this day: I stay on the main trail and Harrison follows along with occasional side excursions into the surroundings.

Harrison loves walks in the woods and bushes of Montara and Moss Beach. We used to go for walks a little over two miles long in both the mornings and afternoons. As the years rolled by Harrison seemed to show very little signs of aging. By the time he was 13 we were still going on our two 2-mile walks daily. By the time he was 14 he was starting to pant a little at the end of our walks, so we reduced the lengths of his two daily walks to a little over a mile each. He is now 14½ and still going strong. But Harrison is by no means entirely immune from the effects of aging – his front teeth are worn down to the gums; he needs a



ramp to get into the car and stairs to get into the bed at night; he is a little slow getting up and down the stairs in front of my house, and he eats special dog food that has joint compounds included for dogs with arthritis. But he hasn’t had any more frequent visits to the vet than he did when he was younger, and all the extra effort required due to his age adds up to less than 15 minutes/day.

I would speculate that Harrison’s longevity is due to one or more of the following things: genetics (Harrison may have descended from a line of hunting dogs); lots of exercise, good dog food, and keeping his weight under control. He is still a happy, happy dog. He is always ready with a wagging tail before his walks, and is “first in line” when dog food is served. 🐾

Sweet Loving Delilah

Thanks to Peg Aten for submitting this.

Cynthia Stevenson, AC for Contra Costa, got the call from Antioch Shelter about a senior Golden in very poor health. Was NGRR interested in taking her? Both Carole Mason, Assistant AC and Cynthia went to get her. She had been transferred to their Pet Emergency Hospital and was stable enough to come home for hospice care.

Maggie Wickstrom was her Foster Angel. Truthfully no one even knew if Delilah would make it through the night. She could barely lift her head. But her tail was wagging.

Without details of what was wrong we will just say Sweet Loving Delilah now has a new life, new start, and is not going to look back. She would tell you, "I love all this attention, and love being loved, I love being pet and told what a sweet girl I am." Delilah would tell you, "I'm moving forward. I want to live."

Each day Delilah gets stronger, Maggie and Carole take her to their Vet, Dr. Terry Kubicka, at Four Corners Veterinary Hospital in Concord.

We can't say THANK YOU enough to EVERYONE who has helped her.

She eats several times a day to gain weight and is on several meds.

She loves everyone, and everything. Life is good. Auntie Carole gave me some sweaters to keep me warm and I love my sweaters. I am styling and all the other dogs have to be thinking I want that!!!

In December I moved to my new Foster Mom's house, Peg Aten. Maggie was going to be traveling for some time for the holidays.

THANK YOU Maggie, I love you!

Peg has two other dogs and other dogs that come to visit. Oh what fun activity is going on here. She even put me in a doggie stroller so I could go for walks. We are busy here, I love it. She found me



some doggie red PJ's and I look very cute. Santa's helper! We go into see my new Vet, Dr Aaron Wentzel @ Fairfax Vet Hospital and I love them all. They love me too. Peg has brought many other foster dogs there through the years.

Delilah was a special girl since she
(Continued on facing page)

Buck

Thanks to Karen Swanson for submitting this.

(This letter was received from Terri Conrad who adopted Buck (formerly known as Scruffy). For a few years after she adopted him, I got photos of Buck having a good run on the beach. But she called us this year when she was in a crisis with the dog displaying uncontrolled aggression, knowing that she could no longer keep him in that state. After several conversations with Jan Dreyer and then myself, and support from Liz Berry, she got him to the vet for evaluation. She felt that he was having seizures, causing the behavior. Due to his age and condition, the vet's recommendation was for euthanasia – a very difficult step for Terri. – Karen Swanson)

Hi Jan,

I wanted to get back to you regarding Buck, my beloved Golden.

Thank you for being there for me and trying to help us both. I'm sure I sounded a little irrational myself. I wasn't ready to lose him.

Please pass my thank-you on to Karen Swanson and the other wonderful people that tried to help.

In the end, after seeing his vet, who had treated all my animals in the past 25 years, I had a clear picture of what was happening to Buck.

The "panic attacks" were caused by mini seizures he was

experiencing. He was hiding under the table or in the bathroom and we thought it had to do with a strange noise we couldn't hear.

His irrational behavior and aggression made no sense and I just tried to protect him – so I kept him away from people.

There is no doubt in my mind I gave him unconditional love and devotion the entire time he was with me – and he gave me the same.

We miss him terribly. When I eat a banana or apple I still think for a second I need to cut a few pieces for him.

He brought such joy to my life and he was a fabulous companion and watch dog.

In time I'm sure I will want another dog, but for now I just need to grieve and heal.

I have some wonderful pictures of him doing some silly things that made me laugh. I can still see him running, jumping, galloping through ocean waves, fetching a ball, putting his paw up to shake or beg for food – but best of all is when he put his big head in my lap and just wanted me to rub his head. He would sit for hours if I would have let him!

I'm rambling – I just want to let you know I am OK and I know I did the right thing for him by letting him go. He is no longer in any pain and the seizures can't get him anymore.

Thank you and NorCal for sharing this beautiful Golden with me.
Sincerely,
Teri Conrad

loved everyone and we were “frequent flyers” there. She had many medical issues but she didn’t mind, as long as there was love involved.

Eyes, joints, skin, masses, infections, teeth, blood counts messed up. Delilah took all this in stride. She was being cared for and being very loved, she had doggie sisters, car rides, outings, and visits with neighbors. She had a very active lifestyle. Things to do and places to go. She had no desire to miss out on any of it either.

Delilah even ended up being best friends with my mom’s bird, Shalamar, an African Grey Parrot. They would follow each other, and in general love each other. Delilah would tell on Shalamar when she was doing something she wasn’t supposed to do too. Very helpful I might add, because Shalamar could be a little sneaky.

Sadly Delilah’s end came all too soon as we all say . . . We didn’t really know her age,



guessed about 14 years old. She had a great day, and we had all gone to bed. She all of a sudden became very anxious and restless. She was having the vertical vertigo, like a stair step where her eyes were going up and then falling down. Poor girl. I knew from many other dogs with vertigo that this type wasn’t the good type, probably something with her brain, that most likely would not be fixed. She wasn’t able to walk, became incontinent, and wasn’t a happy girl. I’m sure she felt terrible. She didn’t want me leaving her side so of course I didn’t. We went into see Dr Aaron Wentzel; she loved him. Tried prednisone to see if that may help if there was swelling. It didn’t.

The next day we let our sweet girl go with dignity and even more love. Her doggie sisters came along sending her off. She passed in my arms very peacefully with Dr Aaron and Lisa, Vet Tech whom

she loved. Delilah was so ready to go; she passed very quickly.

Death is a part of our living and I guess that is one big reason why I love doing Hospice dogs. Sweet Loving Delilah, it was an honor to have you in our lives, we miss you every day. I know you only came to us a short time. But we made every day count. I learned so much from you, sweet thing.

I asked Delilah to find and give all my other dogs a love for me when she got to Doggie Heaven. Now she is living up the life fur-ever and ever...

Love to you sweet girl, Peg, Bitsy, and Zoey, and of course everyone else who met you and loved you. Thank you to all the NGRR donors too for the medical care we were able to give her and all the other dogs that need us so desperately. We make a huge difference in their lives. I get to see this over and over. What an honor. 🐾

President’s Message

Last year I noted and now once again, we have the fires and weather causing chaos throughout the states and here in California. And again, it is time to take stock of how we are individually blessed and try to provide to those less fortunate.

This past year we have taken in poor Golden Retrievers who through no fault of their own, find themselves afloat without homes. Sometimes they are so neglected, so old and sick. Then many are healthy and had been well loved but surrendered by families through circumstances beyond their control, finding that they must relinquish their beloved companion. One can imagine a very difficult and very emotional situation. Through whatever brings these Golden Retrievers to us, our volunteers are on the ready to help.

Our volunteers are the backbone of the organization. They travel miles to pick these poor dogs up. They open their

homes, take them to the vet appointments, bathe them, train them, and win their trust. Then with heavy hearts, happily say good bye when the Golden gets a loving home. They scour social network sites, shelters, and work very hard to right the wrong that had been done to Golden Retrievers that we save.

Last year, I put out a plea for more volunteers and got many responses. Thankfully, we increased our base! We can always use more help; board members, project help, foster homes, those that wish to help with mailings or events. If you have some time to spare, please email me at gaylejaxon@gmail.com.

I hope your families have safe and happy holidays along with your pets! 🐾

Gayle Jackson

IN TRIBUTE & MEMORY

IN TRIBUTE

In Honor of "Niho"

"Once again I thank you for Niho – my friend and companion – she is blind now from glaucoma – but the tail still wags & she's still smiling! Taiwan Rescue she was – but she also rescued me!" – Joan Kanady
Donation by Joan & Berlen Kanady

In Honor of "Bear"

Thank you for my beautiful boy, Bear!
Donation by Brenda Bury

In Honor of "Bebe"

Donation by Beverly Mager

In Honor of "Finnegan"

Thank you for all of your hard work.
Donation by Laura Ann Burke

In Honor of "Ken & Willow"

Donation by Alan & Margaret Timms

In Honor of "Luke"

Donation by Marcia Dezwarte

In Honor of "Sandy, Nuggett, Sophie"

Donation by Brad Bettencourt

In Honor of "Tes Tru Heart"

Donation by Donald Boscacci

In Honor of Craig & Georgine

A very appreciative Thank You! To Craig & Georgine. Based on your quick response and expert guidance, we were able to reunite six-month-old Golden 'Leo' with his family in a few hours. Leo had no tag and no chip, and bleeding paws when we found him. Thanks again!" – Sylvia
Donation by Sylvia Chou

In Honor of Dr. Liem

Donation by Ronald Morrison

In Honor of Jeff Carlton and In Memory of "Annie"

The best dog ever!

Donation by Cynthia Lovewell

IN MEMORIUM

"A friend special lady died recently and asked that donation be made in her name. I'll appreciate an acknowledgment. Thanks again for all your good work!!!" – Joan Kanady
Donation by Judy Kolwyck

In Memory

Donation by Psyche Clark

In Memory

Donation by Phyllis Garrison

In Memory

Donation by Carla Holmes

In Memory

Donation by Valerie Kumra

In Memory

Donation by Paula Lemay

In Memory

Donation by Denise Monroe

In Memory

Donation by Susan West

In Memory of "Amber & "Daisy"

In Memory of my 2 sweet Golden – Amber & Daisy. Loved by, Louise Korn
Donation by Louise Korn

In Loving Memory of "Annie"

Donation by Kathryn Leipelt

In Memory of "Bode"

Donation by Elizabeth Litten

In Memory of "Lizzie"

Donation by Harper Peterson

In Memory of "Sammy"

Donation by Judy Johnson

In Memory of "Skyler"

Donation by Julie Lynn

In Memory of "Toby"

"Toby was an NGRD dog and was given a great home by our neighbors. He was beautiful and a sweetheart. It was a joy to say hello and rub his belly. Of course, he always rolled over to make giving a good rub easy. When our Golden passed away, Toby was always there to provide us with a good 'dog fix'." – Ronald and Cathy
Donation by Ronald & Cathy Jacob

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Timothy Breitbach

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Brenda Huey & Brian Bender

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Susan & Rynol Dahlman

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Texas East

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Robert Levin & Joanne O'Brien-Levin

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Robert Michelson

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Steve Michelson

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Steven Neely

In Memory of Bruce Goronsky

Donation by Peter Shearn

In Memory of Jack

Donation by Sharon Cabral

In Memory of Jean Harrell

Donation by Jack & Beverly Prosek

In Memory of Kenneth Beauchamp

For a great friend, colleague, and fellow Golden retriever lover. RIP Ken
Donation by Roger Katz & Holly Stryker

In Memory of Kenneth Beauchamp

Donation by Patricia Cox

In Memory of Kenneth Beauchamp

Donation by Daniel & Sharon McDaniel

In Memory of Ward P. Sterling

Donation by Alison Plemons

THANK YOU

Thank you for finding our boy Gus a home!
Donation by Cheryl Grabski

Thank you for helping these good dogs!
Donation by John & Leona McCabe

Donation by Linda Alcina

Donation by Nancy Baily

Donation by Patricia Berger

Donation by Stephen Bloch

Donation by Bonnie Braga

Donation by Margaret Brooks

Donation by Robert Butler

Donation by Vicki Capp

Donation by Jerry & Nancy Carlin

Donation by Angela Cheong

Donation by Sara & William Connolly

Donation by Susan Cramer

Donation by Newton Drury

Donation by Ellen Fenichel

Donation by Sandra Filby

Donation by Michael Foley

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 Donation by TRUIST
 Donation by United Way
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Memorial & Tribute Donations

Donations may be made to memorialize or pay tribute to a special person, Golden, or pet of any kind. Send your donation and information (for whom the donation is being made and their address, your name, address, and phone number, plus words of personalization) to:

NGRR

405 El Camino Real, Suite 420

Menlo Park, CA 94025-5240

A handwritten letter will be sent shortly thereafter acknowledging that a donation was made to NGRR. Give us a call if you have any questions.



JuJu and Ilene: a Story of 2 Survivors

Thanks to JoAnn Banayat for submitting this.

JuJu is a 20-pound, 4-year-old Golden doodle that was found wandering the streets of San Jose. She was taken in by Debi, one of our wonderful foster volunteers.

Ilene lived in Fountaingrove and woke up that terrible night in October by the sound of her smoke detectors going off in the middle of the night. She went to her bedroom windows to see her screens on fire. The fire was everywhere outside. She threw on some clothes. She grabbed her phone and purse. She jumped in her car and drove out through the fire, never looking back.

Ilene lost everything in the fire except her determination to move forward and put her life back in order. After the hard decision of what to do. She decided to buy a new home in the Oakmont community which was thankfully spared from the fire. She found a wonderful house and is in the process of furnishing it.

Now that things are falling into place, Ilene has decided she is ready to rescue a small dog. But as I volunteer for the

Golden Retriever Rescue, I am thinking a Golden is too big but decide to check out the NGRR website. Low and behold there is a 20 pound golden doodle listed. I know it was meant to be.

Ilene and I jumped in the car to make our way from Santa Rosa to San Jose to meet JuJu at Debi's house. And so their love for each other started. After spending a few hours there, we loaded JuJu in the car. We brought her to Ilene's new home in Oakmont. JuJu has settled in perfectly and is the perfect dog for Ilene. They are both survivors and will help each other heal. I am so happy for Ilene and JuJu. May they have many good years together.



BEST. DOG. EVER.

Thanks to Debi Chick for submitting this.

I titled this story BEST. DOG. EVER., and I know, everyone thinks their dog fits that description, but let me explain. Steve and I are fosters; it's what we do. People constantly ask us how we can stand to part with these wonderful souls that fate brings into our lives. We just tell them "it's what we do." But then came Eli and Millie, a 10-year-old lifelong bonded pair. Millie, who was with us for hospice care, passed away in Steve's arms just 6 weeks later. That left us with only Eli, oh Eli.... I knew from the first few days that this dog had something so special and so unique, even by Golden Retriever standards. After the 1st week, I called Georgine and told her "OMG, we are absolutely adopting this dog!"

Right from the beginning, if I was working in the front yard, he would sprawl out on the sidewalk in the sun. As neighbors, kids, dogs, the postman, an occasional UPS guy would come by, he would greet them all with a tail wag and a big smile. He would lean into them and just look up with those big brown eyes as if to say "yes,



I know exactly what you need today and I will happily give you that peace, joy or just someone to talk to for a minute, I'm here for you." People marveled at how they had such a special bond with him. I usually didn't have the heart to tell them he was like

that with everybody.

I am a respiratory therapist at a hospital that has a pet therapy program and I just knew that he would be exactly what they would be looking for. It takes quite a bit of "hoop jumping" before you can get a dog certified to be a therapy dog and then even more hoops to get them into a hospital program. I just kept telling myself "I can't wait to share this wonderful dog with as many people as possible."

When Eli and I first started, we would go around to all the clinic areas, pediatric offices, the line at the pharmacy, you name it. Eli wore his jingle bells at Christmas time, his bunny ears at Easter. When we were in the hospital to visit, he wore his little no-slip socks, just like the patients. On days I was working I would tell my patients about Eli and ask if they would like me to bring him in when I was off. Hospital staff asked about him constantly. Nurses would all drop what they were doing to crouch down and get some love. Lots and lots of selfies with him, lots of asking me to please go see Mrs. X, oh she would just love to meet Eli; physical therapists asking me if we could come along as they walked an unmotivated patient. Eli was too big to get on the patient beds like the little therapy dogs, but was tall enough to place his chin on the bed and nose a patient's hand until he



Dear Abby-Gold

by Deborah Armstrong

Q: We have an elderly lady who wishes to adopt one of our Golden Retrievers. The dog we'd think would be perfect for her is calm and well-mannered, but can become destructive if he gets no exercise. What would you suggest?

A: Hiring a dog walker can help, but suggest that your adopter be careful and get recommendations from a neighbor or friend as not all people who walk dogs are responsible or reputable. Using a social network like NextDoor can help you find someone, or try asking at a local high school or college where a teacher or counselor can recommend a reliable young person.

There are plenty of ways to exercise a

Golden without the owner needing to be very mobile. Fetch can be trained from a wheelchair if a long string is attached to the toy so the handler can haul it in at first when the dog fails to retrieve. Giving most Golden Retrievers a treat for dropping a toy in to your lap usually teaches them to bring a toy quickly. Remember to ignore the dog for failing to bring the toy!

A destructive dog is often just a dog who needs more attention. Plenty of play and petting can help a dog focus on desirable objects such as a safe chewbone instead of a rug. Help your adopter to think out of the box when discovering new ways to interact with her pet! 🐾

was satisfied they were petting him at the correct pace and firmness.

I had a patient that was not doing well that we had visited several times over the course of 3 or 4 weeks. One day when I had Eli in, the patient's son approached me and let me know that his father was now in ICU and was not expected to live. Would I please, please bring Eli in to see his dad one last time? It was kind of tough to navigate around the IV poles, tubes and machines. This incredible dog that had been taught to place his head on the bed so the patient could pet him, shocked me by putting his feet up on the edge of the bed and gently laying his head on the chest of this dying man.

One day while picking up my granddaughters from school, I approached the school Principal with a proposal. I told her that I had a Certified Therapy Dog and would she be interested in my bringing.... "YES, YES...that..YES please, when can you start??"

Within a week, we started with visiting the Special Ed classes, children with behavioral and emotional issues. These 8 and 9 year old boys that could not focus long enough to get through a worksheet without a meltdown, were suddenly motivated to finish their work for a chance to sit on the floor and brush Eli. Once their math assignments were finished, they would be allowed to join us on the playground. A little girl named Ellie who could not make emotional connections with people, would sit on her knees and intently ruffle Eli's fur back and forth, back and forth for a few

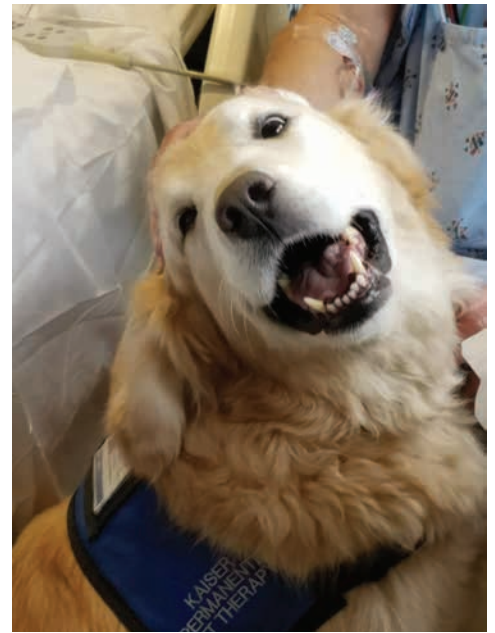
minutes and then jump up, kiss him on the head and run off.

Soon the regular class teachers were requesting visits. The Principal invited us to come to an assembly to officially introduce Eli to the whole school. As we waited our turn to go out on stage, a roar went up from all kids. A picture of Eli was up on the big screen. As we went out on the stage with 200 kids screaming and cheering, a Rock Star was born! We went to the school a couple of times a week. Hanging out on the playground at recess, being in the classrooms for reading circle or just making sure the office staff got a hug from him before school started. Once, a yard duty tried to slow the kids down and told them they were going to overwhelm the dog. I just kind of chuckled, shook my head and told her "it's OK, he doesn't get overwhelmed"! With Eli as an ambassador, we were able to teach and educate the students, parents and staff about what qualifies as a Service Dog vs. a Therapy Dog vs. the Chihuahua in the shopping cart at Target (not a service dog!!) So, so many times I was asked "How did you train him to be like this?" To which I replied "You can't teach this, it just is."

As new foster dogs made their way to our home, it was Eli's job to teach them the ropes. Show them that they were safe and loved, that it could be a whole new wonderful, bright world. Steve would give the command "Ok, stay with Eli" and they usually did.

He was super fun to take on a road trip, making the drive from San Jose to my mom's place up in Crescent City many times. When my granddaughters were 5 and 7 years old, I began taking them with me on the trip. As our 1st visit stretched into bedtime on day 6, the girls started really missing Mom and Dad. As the tears started, it only took me a second to realize what was needed to fix this dilemma. I called Eli in and the dog that was never allowed to sleep on the beds, snuggled in tight and the girls were soon fast asleep.

I live really close to work and sometimes I'm home so quickly that I haven't had time to decompress from an emotionally taxing day. As I would just sit in the driveway, just needing a moment to myself, here he would come, bounding to my open car door and laying his head in my lap, giving me exactly what I needed.

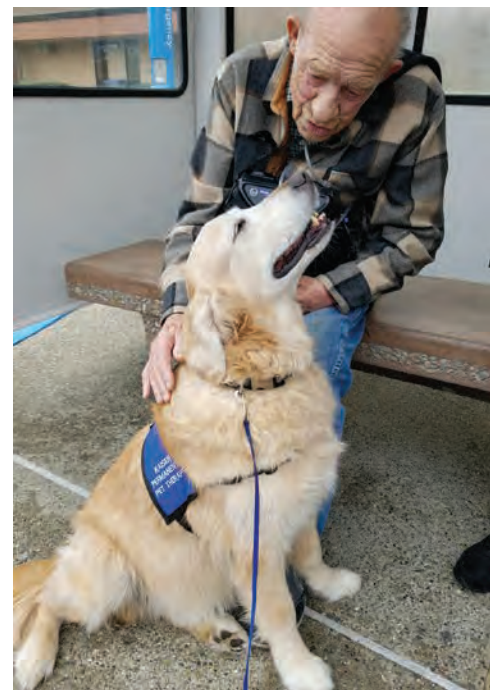


Whenever we would go to the beach, which was frequently, I would look around to find him just sitting with a single person or a family. They would be stroking his head, watching the sun set and not even seem to realize that this random dog had just appeared in their space.

And then, he got sick. Our Vet said this probably had been brewing for a long time, Eli just wasn't telling us. I'm sure he just didn't want to burden us with his problems.

For the short, short 18 months that Eli was with us, there is story after story we could tell about this amazing dog.

So now you understand . . . BEST. DOG.EVER. 🐾



Cookies for Breakfast

Thanks to Margaret McNamara for submitting this.

I was devastated. And if I'm being honest, a little out of my mind. Losing my Maggie, our Golden Retriever, was so much harder than I ever thought possible. I'd never experienced grief like this. When weeks had gone by and I was still crying whenever I thought of her, I couldn't help but think that if only I still had a dog, I wouldn't be so alone. I missed canine companionship. That unconditional love that only a dog can give. But I wasn't ready to adopt a dog. I couldn't adopt in the state I was in. I needed to heal first. But what was I going to do in the meantime? If only I had a friend with a couple of Golden Retrievers.

The idea seemed crazy, but what did I have to lose? I looked up the contact info for my local Golden Retriever Rescue Organization and sent the weirdest email I've ever sent in my whole life. The gist of it was: "Hi. You don't know me but can I borrow a dog? I really need some golden love." I tried to explain that I really wanted to hug a Golden. I wanted to feel that paw on my lap again. I wanted that stinky kiss that somehow ends up inside my mouth. I wanted

fur up my nose. All those things that I took for granted every day I had Maggie. But the more I tried to explain, the crazier I sounded.

I explained that I had recently lost my golden girl and that I wasn't ready to adopt, but that my heart was aching for some dog companionship. Could the rescue possibly help me? I'm sure they thought I was completely nuts – and they were right! I was! Grief will do that to you! But I received a reply from one of your Area Coordinators saying she would be glad to bring over her two Golden Retrievers for a little visit. I was over the moon. I could not believe this was happening.

Within seconds of her arrival at my house I was rolling on the floor with her dogs Josie and Wicket. Fur was flying, toys were squeaking, and I was joyful for the first time in a long time. She was so incredibly kind and her dogs treated me like their long lost friend. We chatted and got to know each other as I swooned over the dogs. I couldn't believe her kindness. She brought her dogs over to a complete stranger's house and let me love them! It meant the world to me.

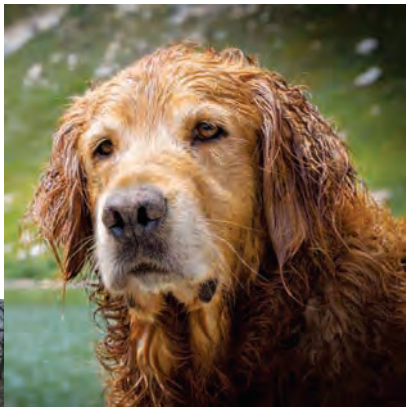
Fast forward to today – she and I are great friends and I'm so proud to be "Aunt Kenna" to her dogs. I get to watch them when she is out of town, feed them cookies

for breakfast (just kidding, I would never do that – or would I?) and if I ever need doggy time, say for a hike or to liven up a boring party, she lets me borrow one (or both!). Now I not only have two beautiful Golden nieces, but I also have a wonderful friend. All thanks to a crazy email and a very compassionate golden rescue.

I'm still not ready to adopt. Maybe I never will be. But I have so many wonderful new memories with her and her dogs that the pain of losing Maggie is lessened tremendously. Josie and Wicket have brought me so much joy over the years I can't even put it into words. She thinks I'm "doing her a favor" when I watch her dogs, but she's completely wrong. She is the one doing me a favor. Every hour I get to spend with her dogs is a precious gift.

So remember, next time you get a crazy email (or are asked to do something a little weird), think of this story and take a chance on kindness. You could bring some much needed sunshine into somebody's life. Plus, you might gain a new friend and a lifetime of free dog sitting.

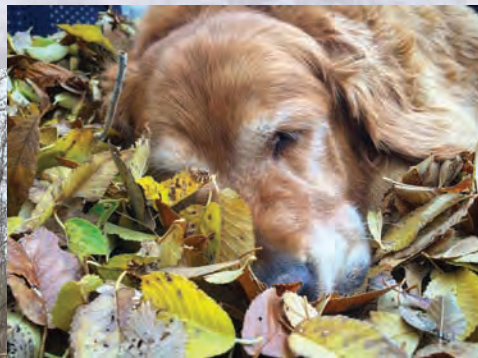
*Another Golden Lover, Kenna,
San Francisco, CA*



In Memorium ...

Cooper

Thanks to Margaret McNamara for submitting this.



Donating to NGRR

Since our organization is staffed entirely by volunteers, every penny of your contribution will help pay for veterinary care, food, and other direct expenses required in our work to rescue and find loving homes for hundreds of Golden Retrievers each year.

Gifts by Check or Credit Card

A gift by check or credit card may be made outright or as a pledge to be fulfilled over a period of up to five years. If you itemize tax deductions, your contribution is fully deductible up to 50% of your adjusted gross income; any excess can be carried forward for up to five additional years. To make a gift by check, simply fill out the donation slip, write your check, and mail to NGRR. To make a gift by credit card, please also tell us the type of credit card, card number, expiration date, and name as it appears on the card.

Payroll Deduction

The simplest (and most painless) way for many of us to manage our gift giving is with an easy payroll deduction. Each year United Way, the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC), and other charitable campaigns give working people the opportunity to allocate payroll deductions or make a one-time contribution at work. Ask your employer for a Donor Option Card to direct your United Way contribution to NGRR.

Matching Gift

Over 6,000 companies encourage their employees' philanthropy through a matching gift program whereby your employer will match your individual donations. This generous program doubles – and sometimes triples – your donation. Ask your human

resources department if your employer has such a program. If so, you will be given a matching gift form to send to NGRR with your donation, and we'll do the rest!

Appreciated Securities

Your outright gift of long-term, appreciated securities (stocks, mutual funds and bonds) is exempt from capital gains taxes and, in most cases, enables you to obtain a charitable income tax deduction equal to the market value of the securities at the time of transfer, for up to 30% of your adjusted gross income.

Gifts Through Your Estate

For many of us, making a gift through our estate is the most realistic way to make a substantial contribution to NGRR. At the same time, a carefully planned estate gift can reduce or eliminate federal estate taxes, depending upon the size of your estate.

Life Income Gifts

You may be able to make a gift and receive direct financial benefits. Some financial vehicles, such as charitable trusts, can provide you and/or your spouse with an income for life and a charitable income tax deduction as well. These vehicles often pay a rate of return that exceeds money market and CD rates. In addition, they typically help avoid capital gains taxes and reduce estate taxes. Gifts can also be made through your estate while preserving assets for your current needs.

Gifts of Real Estate

You can make a gift of commercial or residential real estate and receive substantial financial benefits. If you give the property outright, you can qualify for a charitable income tax deduction based on the appraised value of the property.

Tell NGRR How to Use Your Donation

There are several ways you can direct NGRR to allocate your contribution. You may choose to spread your donation across all funds, or you may tell us to apply all of it to a specific cause.

General Fund

Contributions to this fund will pay for ordinary veterinary care, food, and other expenses directly related to our Golden Retrievers in foster care. Any excess monies in this fund are allocated to NGRR's emergency reserve to help cover catastrophic events, such as earthquakes and puppy mill raids, in communities throughout Northern California.

Senior Golden Retrievers

Contributions to this fund will be used exclusively to support the extra veterinary and foster care usually required for dogs eight years and older – our well-deserving Golden Oldies.

Special Needs Fund

Inspired by "Zack," a severely dysplastic Golden taken in and treated by NGRR, this fund was established to provide extensive veterinary care, surgery, and rehabilitation to young and deserving Golden Retrievers who are critically ill, deformed, and/or injured. These dogs need immediate access to funds to restore their quality of life – and, in extreme cases, to save their lives – without financially burdening their adoptive families.

For More Information

For further information, please consult with your financial planner or tax advisor. More information about donating to NGRR can be found on our Web site at www.ngrr.org.

Volunteer Interest

HANDS-ON DOG WORK

- ☐ Area Coordinator
- ☐ Area Assistant
 - ☐ Foster Care
 - ☐ Home Visits
 - ☐ Vet Appointments
 - ☐ Shelter Checks
 - ☐ Phone Calls
 - ☐ Grooming
 - ☐ Transportation
- ☐ Senior Golden Retrievers Program

I would like to learn more about volunteering for NORCAL Golden Retriever Rescue. I am particularly interested in the areas noted below.
(Note: This form may also be submitted through our website at www.ngrr.org.)

Mail to:

NORCAL Golden Retriever Rescue
405 El Camino Real, Suite 420
Menlo Park, CA 94025-5240

Name: _____

Street Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: (____) _____ E-Mail: _____

NGRR is a tax-exempt 501(c)(3) corporation under the IRS Tax Code. Tax ID #77-0392584





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405 El Camino Real, Suite 420
Menlo Park, CA 94025-5240

How to Contact NORCAL Golden Retriever Rescue

**Mailing Address: 405 El Camino Real, Suite 420
Menlo Park, CA 94025-5240**

**NGRR Cell #: (650) 665-0964
Website: www.ngrr.org**

Officers for Calendar Year 2018

PRESIDENT

Gayle Jackson

TREASURER

Tony Adair

SECRETARY

Georgine Nordin

DIRECTORS FOR APRIL 1, 2018 TO MARCH 31, 2019 TERM

Tony Adair	Gayle Jackson	Ann Moselle
Bob Armstrong	Pat Lynch	Karen Shore
Gloria Grotjan	Margaret McNamara	Craig Simberg

info@ngrr.org

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Trish King(415) 250-0446
Facebook Administrator Margaret McNamara glldretlvr@gmail.com
Facebook Assistant Georgine Nordin
Cell Phone Administrator.. Greg Simberg twowildhogs@verizon.net
Info Email Administrator .. Nancy Fedders.....info@ngrr.org
Memorials & Tributes Anne Moselleanniem228@yahoo.com
Newsletter Editor Deborah Armstrongdebee@jfc1.com
Newsletter Publisher Marketing Designs.....jayne@marketingdesigns.net
Shelter Alerts..... Barbara Blanke.....bjbla65@gmail.com
Volunteer Coordinator vol@ngrr.org

Other Contributors:

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Mail Box Distribution Judy Guild
New Adoption Packages Carole Mason



www.ngrr.org

Stay up-to-date on our website!

Calling All Volunteers!

Would you like to get involved with NORCAL Golden Retriever Rescue? We are always looking for volunteers. Perhaps this newsletter will inspire you to help out. If so, please contact us at vol@ngrr.org.