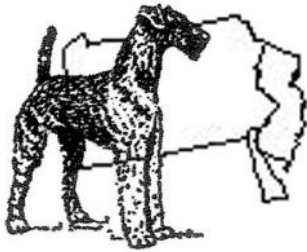


# Starting Over

Volume 16 Issue 1

Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley

July 2013



## Airedale Rescue & Adoption of the Delaware Valley

### President:

Joey C. Fineran  
1189 Lonely Cottage Road  
Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972  
Airedale911@ptd.net 610-294-8028

### Vice President:

Cindy Johnstonbaugh  
Airedalz@comcast.net 717-225-5421

### 2nd Vice President:

Deb Ciancarelli  
deb.ciancarelli@yahoo.com 609-313-4765

### Secretary

Kate Hefright  
rick\_and\_kate@verizon.net 814-643-3412

### Pennsylvania

|                 |                     |              |
|-----------------|---------------------|--------------|
| Mary Jo Johnson | Airedalemom@ptd.net | 610-703-5438 |
| Serafina Lurski | seramike19@rcn.com  | 610-867-5504 |
| Heather Estlow  | ShandaMara@aol.com  | 814-327-5657 |
| Kathy Enos      | kathylenos@pa.net   | 717-243-4239 |

### New Jersey

|                      |                           |              |
|----------------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| Nicole Lewy Drummond | lifolewy@hotmail.com      | 917-301-7268 |
| Deb Ciancarelli      | deb.ciancarelli@yahoo.com | 609-313-4765 |

### Delaware

|              |                          |              |
|--------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| Bob Harding  | barkingdales@verizon.net | 609-456-5186 |
| Dewey Yesner | hdyesner1@aol.com        | 610-399-5305 |

### Volunteer Coordinator

|                |                    |              |
|----------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Heather Estlow | ShandaMara@aol.com | 814-327-5657 |
|----------------|--------------------|--------------|

### Newsletter Editor

|               |                          |              |
|---------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| Keith Johnson | keith.johnson@hughes.net | 302-492-1931 |
|---------------|--------------------------|--------------|

### Website Manager

|             |                        |              |
|-------------|------------------------|--------------|
| Linda Magri | NightOwl53@verizon.net | 434-534-8259 |
|-------------|------------------------|--------------|

### Training/Behavior Consultant

|            |  |              |
|------------|--|--------------|
| David Falk |  | 518-654-6630 |
|------------|--|--------------|

## Lily Taylor

Every time we receive something from ARADV, I think that I should let you know how Lily (Precious) is doing. I'm finally getting around to it, spurred on by a couple of things. The first (months ago now) was the card we received in response to the donation Judy sent. I was floored, not that we got a thank-you card, but who was on the card. My first response was, "I wonder whether they realize they sent me a picture of my dog." It was one of several pictures we took the first day we met her at Kathy Enos' house. That look sold me. From across the room, she looked me dead in the eye and said, "Can I trust you?" And I look back at her and said, "Yes. As long as you live, I will never let anything bad happen to you."

The second spur was the cover article, "Eagle Eye," in the December issue of, "Starting Over." Frodo, the dog in question, is Lily's pup. We met him on a couple of occasions, and we met his beautiful sister (looks just like her Mom) once



(Continued on page 2)

## Inside:

|                       |          |
|-----------------------|----------|
| Heartfelt Thanks..... | 4        |
| Heartstrings.....     | 6-8      |
| Articles .....        | 5, 9, 10 |
| We Get Letters.....   | 12-15    |

Visit our website at [www.Airedale911.org](http://www.Airedale911.org)

(Continued from page 1) LILY TAYLOR

in Upper Black Eddy. There was also a print of Judy's note, sent along with our donation, in the issue.

Apparently, the care giver in the puppy mill she was rescued from was a woman. Kathy warned us that she had trust issues, especially with women. It may take a while for her to get over it, or maybe she won't ever. And it has been a struggle, now nearly five years into the adoption. I thought sharing some of what we learned along the way may help others facing similar problems. And there's always the chance someone reading this has the magic pill we need to put it behind us.

Lily settled in just fine when we adopted her. There was some concern about how she and Ellis, our tireless Wire Fox Terrier, would get along. That was settled the day they met. Lily came into our kitchen and lay down on Ellis' pad. One of the women who brought her said, "Oh, this will be interesting." He walked over to her, got nose-to-nose, and said, "Are you comfortable?" OK, that's done. Things went south a bit later, though.

The first problem happened when the S-hook on her tags grabbed the lip of her dinner bowl. It didn't help that this happened on a tile floor. Lots of scary noise and bad footing made it worse. The dinner bowl became the enemy. She would take a biscuit, but wouldn't touch her food for three days. I finally was able to get her to eat one kibble at a time from the palm of my hand. After a couple of days, I could put six or so at a time out for her, and eventually, a handful at a time on her pad, but not from a bowl or plate, or from the floor.

She has occasionally regressed to not eating for days at a time (well, except for biscuits - she loves her Meaty Bones). Every time we attended an Airedale Rescue event, she stopped eating. You'd think that seeing Kathy again and one or two of her Foster-mates would be comforting, but apparently not. I suspect she focused on the transitions and worried about what was going to happen next. Some will think I'm "humanizing" her, but I swear, just look into her eyes and she'll make a direct cerebral connection with you. I insist that she is Lily Dog, not Lily Taylor - thank you Caesar Milan.

So, big transition, big move, new home in North Carolina: How did that affect her insecurities? She did extremely well, overall. I had to take a business trip back to PA about a month after we arrived. That meant she had to allow Judy to feed her. The first day it was an issue, but after that she was able to eat most of

her food and wasn't too overwrought when I got back. There was some of that, "What's going to happen next?" but it didn't stop her from eating.

She has now gotten to the point where she wants to decide when she will eat, generally within half an hour of when we finish our dinner. She sticks her head in the room where I'm watching TV, looks me in the eye, "Hoo hoo," and looks back over her shoulder to the kitchen. Not too subtle for a mere human to understand. She gets a full bowl of food dumped onto her pad (I am going to try to feed her from the "rimless" bowl we changed to after the first event, we'll see how that goes), and generally leaves a small amount just to be polite.

I used to have to bring her to her meal. She wouldn't come just because it was there. She now comes on my signal: stand feet together, facing her, raise right arm straight up, palm out and open, wait for her to fixate on hand, then point to the door mat (opposite end of the kitchen table from her pad). Over she goes to the mat, circles the table and sneaks up on the food from behind.

Someone praised us several years ago for keeping Lily, and said most people would have taken her back. The only time we thought about doing that was when we wondered whether we were the problem, and perhaps she would be happier with another family. But we persisted, we worked through the fears - hers and ours - and we progressed as a family. She is, bar none, the most wonderful dog in the world. Gently, kind to her "brother," always open to greeting even the most ill-behaved, unsociable dogs we encounter on walks.

We will continue to love her and enjoy her company for as long as we may. And I will make sure that nothing bad ever happens to her, just as I promised in Kathy's living room the day we met.

*Bill Taylor — NC*

Dogs are our link to paradise. They don't know evil or jealousy or discontent. To sit with a dog on a hillside on a glorious afternoon is to be back in Eden, where doing nothing was not boring--it was peace."

— *Milan Kundera*

Dear Readers,

If your street address, e-mail address, or phone number has changed in the last three years, please update them by contacting Joey at 610-294-8028 or by email at Aire-dale911@ptd.net . We'd also enjoy hearing how your dog is doing. Thank you.

## THANKS!

A little over four years ago, Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley began a relationship with the very reputable dog food company, FreshPet, which has a plant in Quakertown, PA.

Through the efforts of the company's dog-loving representative, Carole Slade, FreshPet has donated several tons of their very nutritious products to us, which has greatly helped our rescues regain their weight, health and strength.

This past year, we received over twelve hundred pounds of top-of-the-line food. FreshPet prepares meals of high protein meats, poultry, and fish, vitamin rich vegetables and fruits, and fiber-rich grains with no preservatives. All ingredients are obtained from U.S. sources that meet high standards. The finished product must be refrigerated because no chemical preservatives are used. Some of their biggest selling lines include Freshpet Select, Vital, and Deli Fresh. Their products are found at Giant supermarkets--as well as pet supply and specialty shops. For more information, go to [www.freshpet.com](http://www.freshpet.com).

The company has grown tremendously in the last few years, expanding their variety of dog foods, which now includes treats, chews, and bones, and also beginning a cat food line. Their commercials appear regularly on the main TV networks.

Our gratitude goes out to FreshPet and especially Ms. Slade for their sincere willingness to help our organization and our Airedales. They have been very generous and accommodating, and so helpful in tough economic times.



For information concerning all our brands including, Deli Fresh® and Freshpet® Select, and The Loved Dog™ Treats, visit our website at [www.freshpet.com](http://www.freshpet.com)

**Supporter of Airedale Rescue of the Delaware Valley**

## SPECIAL THANKS

Airedale Rescue wants to take this opportunity to thank Serafina and Mike Lurski for their tireless dedication to Airedale Rescue over the years. We wish them the best as they begin the next stage of their lives.

## Barn Hunt Training Seminar—Fun For You and Your Dog! Sunday October 27

Since we missed Aire Faire this year, we are going to have a Barn Hunt instinct and training seminar at Joey's home in Upper Black Eddy, PA.

Barn Hunting is a growing sport honoring the traditional role of dogs, particularly terriers, as "ratcatchers" in ridding barns and properties of vermin. You can go to the website [www. Barnhunt.com](http://www.Barnhunt.com) to learn more about the sport.

Judy Todd, a licensed barn hunt judge will be conducting the seminar. This will be an informal opportunity for you and your dog to experience the sport. There isn't any cost for you and your dog to

participate and is also open to all dog breeds.

It will be a potluck lunch so please bring something to share plus your own beverages. This will be an outside event, rain or shine so dress accordingly. We will set up some canopies for protection from the weather and have portable heaters if needed. The garage will also be open for seating.

Bloomin'Dales will be open for shopping. Watch for the email and RSVP!!!!

P.S. No rats will be harmed during this activity.

Cindy

# Heartfelt Thanks

Contributions have been received from these ardent supporters:

Allan Rothberg  
Amy Gilbert  
Ann Kochler and Airedale Club of Greater Philadelphia  
Ann Randle  
Anne and James Townley  
Anne Marie Mastroianni  
Apple Matching Gifts Program  
Bank of America Matching Gifts  
Carol and John Davis  
Catherine and John Zettler  
Chris Gilbert  
Claire Hanlon  
Donna and Gary Gerkens  
Elizabeth and Joseph Kametz  
Eloise Hagaman  
Gayle Woodman and Nancy Miraldi  
Goldman, Sachs and Co. Matching Gift Program  
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Ron Jones  
Sarah and Vern Bullock  
Shirley McGarvey  
Stephen T. Udovich  
Susan Hesser  
Tarry and Durward Faries  
Victoria Harte

**And also:**

Judy Olsen  
Bette and Bill Leyden, Jr.  
Deborah and Michael Quickel  
Denise St. John and Steven Mironov

Judith and Michael Grembowiec  
Betsy and Bill King  
Mary Morgan  
Dr. and Mrs. Winfred Kohls  
Carol and Dick Knerr  
Anonymous  
Joan Crum

Susan and Ed Smith  
Shirley Ryan  
Karin Weinert  
Linda Brendlinger  
Johanna Olafson  
Marianne and Robert Puntel  
Betsy and Bill King

in honor of Cassie  
in honor of Sheamus, Molly and Sammy  
in memory of Bandit  
in memory of Bridget and in honor of Buster  
in memory of Chloe  
in memory of Dana Johnstonbaugh  
in memory of Dana Johnstonbaugh  
in memory of Gypsy  
in memory of John Johnson  
in memory of Lois Keegan  
in memory of Maddie Elinausky's original owner  
in memory of Mandy  
in memory of my Rosie  
in memory of Sophie  
in memory of Toby  
in memory of Tofu Young  
in memory of Toti  
Merry Christmas for the Airedales

## Adopted

Sal Dietz  
Toby Estlow  
KagŁe Schep  
Molly Ives  
Golly Woods  
Ruby Pfeifer-Laflue  
Greta Doherty  
Luke Johnson

I know you can use this donation toward "the Kids" you take care of...

Jack is doing great. He's nine already. Loves to go to the nursing home and my mom always asks for him. I think he's a born therapy dog! He sends his love. Thank you again, for him. We love him Dearly.

*Jeannie, Cricket and Jack Manderbach — PA*

## Donations in memory of Peter Stish:

Alton and Jane Good  
Barry L. Hornblower  
Cumru Township  
Darlene and Ward Bunker  
Foxchase Golf Club  
Janet M. Pawling  
Jean and Bill Okonski  
Joyce and Dallas Barker  
Lou Ann and Tom Hellmich  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Wawrousek  
Nancy A. Glasmyre  
Shirley and Theodore Renaud

## Taking a Sabbatical

by Joey Fineran

It was early Spring when I went to the doctor's with stomach issues — indigestion or gastroenteritis, I thought. In mid-April, the doctor ordered a CT scan of my abdomen, which showed a large tumor on one ovary. At that point, I was already filled with fluids, which were subsequently drained three times.

My Gastroenterologist, specializing in liver ailments, found I also had liver problems that needed to be figured out before surgery could be done. Finally the operation took place in early June. The tumor was cancerous and although there were no visible signs of spreading, it was recommended that chemo be given in case of stray cells. Chemo commences on July 24th.

For someone who had never been sick a day in her life, all of this was overwhelming, throwing me into a tailspin, making me wrap myself in a cocoon. All of my friends were eager to help and many, many did — shopping and cleaning and transporting me to most of my doctor's visits.

Sera and Mike Lurski took me to every appointment at Fox Chase Hospital. Sera (retired nurse) took notes and kept records and asked questions I wouldn't have known to or remembered to ask. She stayed close by until my surgery was over and I was declared stable. It wasn't until I was discharged by the hospital and finished with all appointments there that they returned their attention to their own lives. They and so many others have left me with debts I can never repay.

Although the cancer part of my illness has been addressed and planned for, the cause of the liver damage remains a mystery and how to stop/stall it is still in question. I now again look like a 90 year old 8 months pregnant woman, but have been told that further tapping the fluids within my abdomen would only cause it to get worse.

As most of you know, Andrea Denninger, who does so much for Airedale Rescue nationwide by featuring events and dogs on the internet, put together a story of my plight, with Pam McKusick's and Cindy Johnstonbaugh's help. Well wishes, cards and donations toward a safer bathroom came pouring in. I am dumbfounded by people's generosity and humbled by the reaching out of so many Airedale people across the country. And last but far from least, I am forever grateful for each word and card and generous gift.

Although I haven't emerged entirely from this strange world, untouched by the thing that is closest to my heart (Airedale Rescue), I am determined that if God is willing, my dedication to rescue will return with my strength and one of these days life will be normal again... with foster Airedales sharing my home and my love.

Meanwhile, Cindy has taken the wheel and is managing the intake and placement of all the dogs that have come in since this began. If you find that you have the time or space to help out with Rescue in any way, please don't hesitate to let Cindy know.

Please accept the enclosed donation for Airedale Rescue. Our boy, Riley, is doing well: He knows not a stranger and is a welcome sight to all eyes who meet him. He has proven himself a capable therapy dog with Faithful Friends of Delaware and maintains a sharp look with the help of master [Airedale] groomer Jack McLaughlin, who, like us, is a resident of Hockessin, DE.

Thanks so much for your work on behalf of our beloved Airedale Terriers. Take care and Happy New Year.

*Steve Udovich —DE*

Here is a small donation for all you do for these wonderful dogs. I forgot to send it last year. I am now 67 and I guess that is my excuse.

Pearl is, simply put, a Great Airedale. She is the sixth Airedale and she by far is the most affectionate. She will probably let you rub her belly till it is raw. I get lots of kisses.

Hope you are all doing well. thanks again for Pearl and all you do for Airedales. Thanks so much,

*Les Smith —PA*



# Heart

It is with heavy heart that I write to you to tell you of Tisdale's trip to Rainbow Bridge. I know she is happier and playing with Metro and Kelly. But oh, how I miss her.



The first week in December I was on a business trip to New Orleans, Tisdale was visiting her Aunt Jill, a friend who lives in the neighborhood. When I picked her up she was happy to see me and quite normal. The next day she wouldn't eat. I figured she was mad at me. She picked at her food ... she did run after doggie moms who give out treats in the park & and devoured them. Finally, after almost a week, I thought this was not normal & brought her to the vet. After an exam & tests he told me she had kidney failure. She was in no pain. He gave her medication & I brought her home. She declined rapidly, couldn't stand without help and after two days of not eating

and not enjoying life we (Tisdale and I) decided that her time had come. She died in my arms.

Fortunately I have been very busy and with our blizzard I try to tell myself that I'm lucky not to have to go out. BUT DO I MISS MY PERFECT PET. Love,  
*Virginia Borland — NYC*



## In Loving Memory

Abbey Gilbert  
Annie Harte  
Bandit Quickel  
Beau Hagaman  
Brody Weisel  
Dana Johnstonbaugh  
Fletcher Davis  
Harri Canter-Swift  
Hilda Rudolph-DeYoung  
Holly Brooks  
John Johnson  
Mr. B. Harding  
Reece Davis  
Sophie Weinert  
Tisdale Borland  
Zoe Colman

It's taken me over a week to be able to write this, but I had to put Sophie down last week. I found out on April 23rd that she was in kidney failure. We tried regular fluids, but by Sunday the 28th, she no longer wanted to eat. Originally I thought she only had a stomach bug, she gets them once in awhile, but when those meds weren't working and blood work was taken, that's what we found out. She only turned 8 on December 30th and left us way too early. I certainly miss her goofiness, she was always entertaining. She would always have a toy in her mouth when she greeted you at the front door, she would always walk backwards down the hallway and in and out of rooms. My house will never be the same without her. I've attached a few recent pictures of her, the one with the green dinosaur was taken after a good day of fluids, she still tried to be herself even though she wasn't feeling great.



I'll be sending a donation in her memory. Thank you for letting such a wonderful dog adopt me (she certainly ran things in my house)!

*Karin Weinert—NJ*

*To all our readers, please know that every dog placed by ARDV is remembered, as is every adopter. We would love to know how those dogs are doing, both the happy and the sad. Keep those letters and e-mails coming.*

We put Brody down this past Thursday. He was in a lot of pain from his hips and kidneys. But we know he's back playing (or not!) with Woody. In the meantime, Daisy is doing well. We're going to keep her as an only dog for a while.

*Justine and Allan Weisel — PA*

# Strings



It's with a heavy heart that I tell you that Dana passed yesterday. Her seizures were never able to be managed and each episode left her more impaired and depressed. It had taken her three weeks to recover from her May seizure and last week she was back to her old self. Unfortunately that only lasted a week and after a cluster of seizures on Friday and Saturday, she had difficulty walking and we doubted whether she even recognized us. Her tail and ears were down and her eyes were totally flat. Two of her favorite things were my cereal milk and the walks at the park. She wouldn't move from wherever she was lying to do either. It was Dana's body, but she was gone. She gave us over ten years of happiness and it was time to stop her pain.



sneeze or the refrigerator kicking on, and zoom she would be back upstairs. I took her to a puppy kindergarten class and did lots of training when she was on the bed. We ignored her fearful behavior and she eventually came around to become our warm and affectionate Dana Girl. She passed her CGC test and TDI test to become a therapy dog. She was always willing and happy to jump up on a bed or chair to sit beside a resident.

She was the most agile dog I have ever seen. She could leap and spin with ease. At walk time, if the windows were out of the Jeep, but the door was still closed, she just jumped inside and would laugh. She also caused us to do some

creative fence adjustments since she would occasionally crawl up and over the chain link fence. We couldn't figure out how she was getting out until I caught her doing a GI Joe crawl up the fence and this was just last fall.

She is already greatly missed, but she is in a much better place. I'm sure Arlo was waiting at the Bridge to welcome her and show her the ropes just like he did when we brought her home.

*Cindy Johnstonbaugh—PA*

We purchased Dana from the Terrydale kennel in NC at eight months. She was a kennel dog, they weren't sure what they were going to do with her. When we met her, she was completely disinterested in us, but loved Arlo immediately. We knew she had issues with humans, but at the same time, we couldn't leave her behind. She was a challenge in that she was startled by all the household sounds. She spent most of her time on our bed and would travel through the downstairs rooms until something startled her like a

We regret to inform you that after a long and brave fight against many problems and illnesses, Zoe passed away peacefully today in Robin and my arms at age 12 3/5. We had hoped for one last trip to Maine with her snuggled in our bed, snoring happily. But it was not to be. We thank Joey and all of you at Airedale Rescue for her life, love and spirit-kind, gentle, fun and full of life in the way that makes Airedales so special. And she was a great wit, counter surfer and aficionado of lobster and steak, which sustained her in the last few months. We are bereft and ask for your prayers for



**Zoe Colman**

our beloved Zoe.

We enclose a 2008 picture from Joey's house, when we both fell immediately in love with her after showing us she could steal a biscuit with the best of them.. Five years went by so fast and we miss her so. We were privileged for her company and hope to be so lucky in the future. I know you all will continue to look for ways to help Joey and her mission--it is so important to the dogs and to the people they come to love.

*Robin and Chris Colman*

It's been about 6 1/2 years since we adopted Annie, and I don't know if you remember her or us. We took Annie in knowing that she had dog aggression issues. But she came at a time in our lives when we had a very large void to fill. Our youngest son had left for his first year of college in August, we lost the family 12 year old Kerry Blue terrier in September and then lost our 6 year old Airedale terrier in November. The silence was deafening in our home! And so we sent an application to adopt an Airedale, preferably a "quirky" one. Well...we certainly got what we asked for! Annie was such a blessing to us! Unfortunately, her kidneys gave out too soon and we lost her yesterday We had a wonderful 6 1/2 years with Annie and only hoped that we could have had many more. Her absence from our home is felt far and wide and we're just not sure how we will live without her.

We just wanted to say a very big thank you to you and all of the volunteers at ARADV. Your commitment to placing Airedales is very much appreciated. Thank you again!

*Vicki and Eric Harte — PA*

We had to say good bye to Bandit on Tuesday. Our hearts have been broken again. He was so sick and in pain with cancer. Our gentle giant is running with Baxter somewhere over the rainbow, where they can chase squirrels, dig holes and chew up whatever they want .

We have our little Tobi who is 5 months now, but the house still seems so empty without Bandit's presence. Before he left us, Bandit did teach Tobi about housebreaking and to lick the dirty plates when they are loaded into the dishwasher. As time goes on I am sure we will see what else Tobi had learned from him.

*Debbie Quickel—PA*

# Heart Strings

Holly, our Airedale of four years died April 27, 2013 about 10:27 pm.

She suffered from a sudden paralysis which could have been the consequence of a silent tumor , cancer , bacteria/virus brewing in a her system for a while.

Things that I have attributed to old age could have indeed been signals of something amiss; however, she had been to the vet just last October, 2012, for a full blood work up and shots. And was signed, sealed and delivered to me as in good health for her age, which by the way was judged as 8 to ten years old not 7 to eight. Holly was a rescue canine. Up until the very day before being stricken, Holly was running, barking and demonstrating full coordination of herself. And then paralysis.



**Holly and Napoleon Brooks**

I take comfort that her passing was brief, and she was not in torture. Her last dying act was to valiantly drag herself to get out doors to have a bowel movement. Can you believe that? She could barely move, yet she'd dragging her body to the door. It took all my strength to help accommodate her effort. She lay on the lawn evacuating and dying. There is something respectful of Holly wanting her final life performing act to be done correctly. I have been humbled sharing my life with Airedales and Holly reminded me why. I am glad I had the mind set to adopt her. She deserved to have had a home, and I needed the opportunity to pay forward. Please, if you know anyone who desires a pet tell them to adopt a rescued dog.

*Napoleon Brooks —NJ*



**HILDA**  
Abbess of Whitby, the North Riding,  
and the colonies abroad

*Faithful and true,  
Beautiful and kind,  
Ever a joy and consolation.*

17 May 2013

I'm writing to say that our Hilda died yesterday – suddenly and without warning. I am still recovering from the shock and the loss, as you can imagine. We loved Hilda so much and will miss her terribly. You gave us this sweet dog in August 2001, and for these 12 years she has been a constant joy and consolation for Tom and me. We both thank you for her, and hope you will enroll her in the 'Honor Society' of the Airedale Rescue. I keep expecting to see Hilda throughout the day in her familiar places here; and so, I repeatedly and keenly feel her loss. She was of more value and goodness than so many of the people who inhabit this earth. It is a shame that the years of dogs are so few, considering the love and comfort that they selflessly give to man. As you said, it is sweet picture of Hilda, taken this year. So characteristic is the pose, as she looks with sure expectation that treats for her will soon come from the Master's table! We might have called her 'Blondie', as she had such a beautiful (and non-standard) blond and black coat. Kindest regards,

*David DeYoung and Tommy Rudolph — PA*



## Why do rescues charge "high" adoption fees?

from RUBYRANCHRESCUE.ORG

This question has been presented to just about every rescue person, whether at an adoption event, via a website or social media...it's inevitable. It is one of the most frustrating questions we as rescue people can possibly field. We TRY not to be offended, TRY to answer politely, but in all honesty—when you are asking this, chances are we are tired from lack of sleep because of a new foster, we are jealous of your pedicure because we can't remember the last time we had one, or we are dumbfounded that you are asking that question in the first place while you are holding your "hybrid" dog you paid almost \$1,000 for.

Rescues are often compared to large scale shelters or humane societies. I will just say that when you are bigger, you are bigger—you have bigger budgets, bigger donators, bigger bank accounts, and bigger staff and volunteers. You are thereby able to offer adoption specials. Many large scale operations have a vet on staff, have employees, and have a facility. When you have a physical facility, people are more likely to donate and volunteer. It's just a fact. We need these large scale facilities—no question, but it's very hard to be compared to them.

From a small rescue perspective, and I cannot speak for all, but just from a personal day to day view. We do not have a facility. We do not have a vet on staff. We pay for each and every vet visit, and while our vets are extremely gracious to us, no it isn't free. While we understand your suggestion that "vets should donate their services," the reality is they did not go to school for half their lives, pile up a ridiculous amount of debt from school loans, to not make a paycheck. No one walks into the grocery store and says, "I'd like a filet mignon but gosh...don't have the money-can't you just give it to me?" Our vets deserve our money, just like any other profession.

We take the animals that the shelters choose not to adopt out. Many have medical and/or behavioral issues. No we did not sneak in early and take the cute little dog you see up for adoption. When we "snuck in" he was huddled in the back of his cage, matted to the skin, covered in urine and feces, and had eye infections so bad that they were matted shut. The sweet "shy" little girl in a pink dress isn't just shy. She had been left in a cage to make babies over and over again. When her teeth became so rotten that she could no longer clean or nurse her puppies, she was dumped, and our rescue took her, removed all of her rotten teeth, spayed, her, and gave her a name, instead of a number. The fact that she hid behind a toilet or under a sofa for 6 months is not apparent to you.

Many rescues (like ours) are all volunteer based. That means we DON'T GET PAID. We forego golfing, spending time with our families, and just plain relaxing, because we are trying to make a difference. When you say rescues are "in it for the money." Exactly who is getting rich? It's certainly not us! Maybe you are right...we are in it for the money, as you see, the more money we have, the more old, broken, discarded animals we can save. That is our goal...to save those no one else will. If our fees are too high for you, then please visit a shelter, but do not chastise us.

### Our Mission:

The goal of Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley (serving Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware) is to provide prompt and safe assistance for any Airedale who has no responsible owner or breeder. Simply put, our purpose is to find a suitable, loving home for any Airedale who needs one, while strictly adhering to the policies set forth by the Airedale Terrier Club of America's Rescue and Adoption Committee:

\* Before placement, each rescued Airedale Terrier will be:

- spayed or neutered
- permanently identified with a microchip
- checked for heartworm, parasites and all other health issues
- brought up to date on vaccinations required by law and appropriate to the age and health of the Airedale
- carefully evaluated for temperament & personality
- bathed and properly groomed

\* We assess each rescued Airedale Terrier on an individual basis, in order to place each dog into the loving forever home best suited to the needs of that particular Airedale.

\* We strive to educate the public regarding the Airedale breed and responsible dog ownership.

\* No ARADV volunteer conducts rescue activities for personal profit. All proceeds from fundraising activities, fees and donations will be used only for the benefit of rescued Airedales.

***Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley  
places dogs only in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware.***

## Princess Ives, Always Worthy of Her Name

*By Donald Ives*

I know Sally emailed you with the sad news right after Princess' death, but I wanted to write you to express in greater depth our thanks to you for bringing her into our lives. She truly was the epitome of Airedales, and a dog whose cheerful character matched her distinctive dark beauty. From the first weeks that we had her, when people would remark what an unusually handsome Airedale she was, to our last sorrowful visit to the vet's office, when she strolled right up to a woman in the waiting room with her back scratching tail, wagging enthusiastically and leaned her muzzle against the woman's leg, (as I quickly asked, "Do you like dogs?" "Of course! she replied.) She was an exemplary ambassador of Airedales.

She maintained her tireless good nature throughout her eight and a half years with us, which made it extremely difficult to decide when the time was right to let her go. When Doc King joined us in the examining room, he was shocked at how badly her ease of breathing had deteriorated in the ten days since he had last seen her. His prescription of prednisone some weeks earlier had reduced the swelling in her throat enough that he allowed as how his diagnosis of throat cancer might have been wrong, but that it might be wishful thinking to hope that she would completely recover. I said that we were willing to engage in wishful thinking, if only to reduce her stress and ours and we all enjoyed a few more weeks when she was still capable of walking two or three miles on occasion (albeit at a slower pace) and only two weeks before her death she and Hannibal had accompanied us around our wooded boundary trail of a couple of miles and helped us count an astounding 543 red newts on the morning after a nice rain shower.

I should explain that in my youth I had sold salamanders to the biology department at Amherst College for research into their ability to regenerate tails and even legs that had been lost. Being a "data freak" I soon decided that we should count them, since we were looking for them anyway, to avoid squashing them, thinking that such a census record of their numbers throughout the warmer months might be interesting to correlate to the daily weather data I record for the national weather service.

When two different courses of antibiotics had failed to reduce Princess' tonsillitis, Dr. King had cautioned us of what he feared would be difficult times ahead of her, saying we would have to keep a close eye

on her, since she wasn't going to curl up and go to sleep and we would most likely have to intervene to avoid suffering on her part.

Initially her main symptom was slowness in drinking water, though she didn't drink appreciably more than usual. Eventually I timed her at over five minutes tanking up before going for a walk and I learned to have a magazine handy so as not to rush her after I was ready to leave and she was still drinking. Dr. King advised us to moisten her kibble and Sally cut her biscuits into small pieces and added water to them as well. We added chicken fat, ham fat, and bacon fat to her kibble, which helped her get it down, though her appetite whetted by the prednisone, she certainly didn't need the flavor "enhancement!"

Ever since Dr. King's initial pessimistic diagnosis, we had been aware that Sally's long planned trip with her brother at the end of August might come at an awkward time, but Dr. King urged her not to cancel it. Even a couple of weeks ago, Princess' condition seemed stable enough that she'd be fine when Sally got back on September 17th, but it was not to be. Before last weekend her breathing became raspy enough so as to cause Hannibal some concern, and it scared our friend's dog, Tina, as he was helping me patch the leaky chicken coop roof.

We had been able to reduce the initial dose of prednisone a couple of times without problems, but by the last weekend in August, her breathing had become quite labored to the extent that we called the vet's office to get the OK to increase the dosage to the max and also to make an appointment to see him the following Monday, rather than to call for our regular telephone consultation. She had had a couple of prolonged gagging episodes that were very troubling to us, and emphasized how thin the line was between difficulty breathing and the inability to get enough air. Increasing her dosage alleviated the gagging, though not the rasping, and we mostly had to hand feed her from then on.

Princess had self-regulated how far she wanted to walk that last week or more, sometimes feeling up to only a hundred yards. On weekdays Hannibal and I would bring her home before we continued on our own. Last Sunday she stopped at the corner below our house, where she and Sally sat in the shade and watched as Hannibal and I continued another half mile or so. With my birding binoculars I could see her fo-

(Continued from page 10)

cused on us every time I looked back, and Sally said she was a bit agitated during the short stretch when we were out of sight behind some trees. She happily joined us with her tail arched and wagging as we retraced our steps and headed home.

When Dr. King entered his examining room the next morning, she was lying uncomfortably flat on her chest with her throat on the floor as she had slept the previous couple of nights. Her breathing was audibly raspy, but she responded positively to the presence of her favorite doctor, who examined once again but sadly allowed as how he feared he could only give her a couple of more days by further increasing her medication.

I tearfully told Dr. King how "Grandpa Bill" was already waiting in Heaven if she needed to be hand fed, and assured "Prrretty Prrrincess" (she loved to hear rolling Rs) that she was a good girl as she nodded off to sleep and then breathed her last breath. We knew we had done the right thing, but I'm still in tears as I relate this to you.

Hannibal helped me bury her next to the flower

bed, south of the orchard, where she had gone to earth while Sally was weeding the flowers and Princess waited happily in the shade, tethered to an apple tree. Our rocky ground yielded enough flat stones to cover her grave in patio fashion, as well as one quite large pyramidal stone that makes a very distinctive headstone.

We dropped Sally off to take the Connecticut transport. Her brother Dick joins her later today and I expect she'll be able to phone home via his Blackberry.

Hannibal and I took an extra long walk this morning to decompress, and after mowing some lawn to get clippings for the hens and young pullets and meat eating birds, I decided this would be a good time to write to you to be close to the phone hoping Sally would call.

In spite of all these troubles, we have memories of a host of good times with Princess. She was so good with people and other animals, but she did have a thing for savagely killing any Bumble Bee that came within biting distance!

*Donald and Sally — MA*

## A DOG'S PURPOSE

Author Unknown

Being a veterinarian, I had been called to examine a ten-year-old Irish Wolfhound named Belker. The dog's owners, Ron, his wife Lisa, and their little boy Shane, were all very attached to Belker, and they were hoping for a miracle.

I examined Belker and found he was dying of cancer. I told the family we couldn't do anything for Belker, and offered to perform the euthanasia procedure for the old dog in their home.

As we made arrangements, Ron and Lisa told me they thought it would be good for six-year-old Shane to observe the procedure. They felt as though Shane might learn something from the experience.

The next day, I felt the familiar catch in my throat as Belker's family surrounded him. Shane seemed so calm, petting the old dog for the last time, that I wondered if he understood what was going

on. Within a few minutes, Belker slipped peacefully away.

The little boy seemed to accept Belker's transition without any difficulty or confusion. We sat together for a while after Belker's death, wondering aloud about the sad fact that animal lives are shorter than human lives.

Shane, who had been listening quietly, piped up, "I know why."



Startled, we all turned to him. What came out of his mouth next stunned me. I'd never heard a more comforting explanation. It has changed the way I try and live.

He said, "People are born so that they can learn how to live a good life -- like loving everybody all the time and being nice, right?" The Six-year-old continued,

"Well, dogs already know how to do that, so they don't have to stay as long."



# We Get Letters



Like everyone with whom you place an Airedale, Richard and I presume you love photos of your protégés. Richard assembled these pictures for a local children's book author who met Punkin and PJ at WaterFowl Festival here in Easton last month ( a big three day event that includes a sanctioned dock dog competition.) She is writing a local "historical" children's book set here on the Eastern Shore. Naturally, Punkin and PJ made a great impression and she wants to have her illustrator include Airedales as one of the featured breeds in the book. She is an author of some repute in literary circles and the book she is doing is part of a series so I really think it will come to pass.



On another note- we attended the Jack Russell races in St. Michaels again this year - a charity event for the local pet pantry. Last year we realized too late that there was an all breed competition at the end of the day. This year PJ was ready to compete. He had a crowd pleasing solo practice run but when he took off in the "Beginner- Tall" category he stayed with the vast majority of his co competitors and socialized. He had run once for the squirrel tail - socializing with new dogs was more fun. Of course Punkin was embarrassed as her prey drive is so strong it was inconceivable to her that he did not go for the squirrel. All in all a very fun morning. Many laughs. Ran into several Airedale owners - all of whom knew you and ARADV. You have much deserved iconic status with those of us that love the breed.

The picture of the two of them sitting is very recent. Punkin looks good for 10 doesn't she? She doesn't miss a beat. PJ - what a lover boy - spreads out in the middle and keeps Richard and I hugging the sides of a king bed every night but he is so damn cute we just love it. Just wish we did not have to lose Molly to have him come to stay. She would have loved him as would our first Airedale Erica. He is a hit with everyone.

Thankful for every moment with them. Take care. Merry Christmas.

*Maureen Williamson—MD*

I babysat Lena for 10 days following Thanksgiving... She and Ellie are two peas in a pod. Ellie went to the groomer this week ... Will try to get her to pose for you.

*Betsy King - PA*



Thank you for everything you do for Airedales everywhere — and thank you for Abbey and Ozzie, two of the nicest Airedales ever! They are a joy and are really enjoying spending half their time in Vermont! Love,

*Amy and Chris Gilbert — NJ/VT*

Please accept the enclosed to help all of the beloved Airedales waiting to be adopted. Thank you for all you do to find loving homes. On behalf of the late Chloe and our dear "Daisy Mae" (who owns every couch in the house). Fondly,

*Judie and Mike Grembowiec — NJ*

Hope everything is well with you and yours. I would like to sign up for *Starting Over* to be sent via e-mail.

Walter is doing great! He is such a mommy's boy and an excellent watch dog. He always sleeps in the guestroom bed; he's adopted it as his own room. When my husband had to start working nights, Walter would sleep in my bed every night.

He's also very devious — loves to go in the bathrooms and take all the toilet paper off the roll. Walter also manages to open the drawer in my nightstand and pull things out. I make sure it's shut tightly, yet he pulls it open. He really makes us laugh every day!

I have owned and have been around many different dog breeds. I WILL ALWAYS OWN AN AIREDALE!

*Mary Ariniello — PA*



# We Get Letters

Our Christmas was wonderful mainly because Fletcher was with us. He had a stocking filled with toys (demolished a hardball within minutes!) Airedales have strong teeth!

Now that we have been together almost 2 weeks, our schedule has come together. Meals are the high light of his day, always hungry. He loves walking and is much improved on the leash. He doesn't want to leave my side, unless a squirrel is around.

Last night we went to our new vet: Two Rivers Animal Hospital, Dr. Gregory Heins. Since I haven't been a dog owner for 12 years, I asked friends for recommendations and they were so right. Terrific guy and very nice staff. So stitches were removed; the swelling almost completely gone on the fatty tumor site; he suggested I do a simple "dog map" of his fatty tumor spots (he has several) so that as time goes by I can monitor any changes. He also checked a small cyst on a front leg: OK. He still weighs 69.9 lbs. The exam included ortho and as I suspected, his hind quarters only have approximate 30% range of motion—very stiff and weak, so he has started with Dasuquin soft chews to see if we can get some improvement. Dr. Heins said weight loss and his walking routine will help build up some strength and thinks he may have been crated for long periods of time. He is OK with the food menu you started and I have continued—he actually commented on the "food crazes" around as being overdone, so seems like a practical man. He was very complimentary of Fletcher's soft coat, markings and disposition, so of course I liked him. We also have the year supply of Heartgard Plus, so all set till next year!

Thank you again for our wonderful dog. Fletcher has brought me and my son much joy. Have a happy, healthy New Year and we will stay in touch. By the way, the couch is his favorite place and he looks dapper in a warm coat he got for Xmas. Will send some pics soon. Stay well.

*Louise Davis — NJ*

Rugby is still doing fine! He has arthritis, but pain controlled by medication. Barks and carries on at company, same as always. He is now 12!

He especially enjoys the beach house, as we have a nice screened front porch, where he can lie and wait for "strangers" to walk by! Here at home, we are so far from the road, he has to wait for deer or a bear. (Those animals know he can't get out of his fence, so pay very little attention to his carrying on!)

*Joan and Horace Chamberlain —NJ*

Once again we thank you and commend you for putting together an enjoyable and uplifting STARTING OVER. It made for wonderful Christmas time reading today. In particular, we laughed at the words of the Reeds in describing their late Airedale Molly.

And I (Mike) will be distributing copies of "It's Just a Dog" to everyone I work with at our local community college. Many of them have dogs and are dog lovers. It expresses so well how abhorrent are those four simple words.

Thank you for your commitment, your hard work, and for such a "pick-me-up" issue of our newsletter.

*Mike and Serafina Lurski*

My Mom hasn't been doing so well lately and has spent the last 7 weeks in a nursing home. I've been taking Fergus, who has become a huge fan of the residents and staff at the home. You should see the faces light up when Fergus works his charm. He's a role model Airedale and we love him so much! He just turned four in August. Of course, he's still like a big sweet puppy, stealing socks and mixing up shoes in the morning. I've attached a few pics to see Fergus in action. My question is who rescued whom?! :-)

*Fergus and Eric O'Brien — PA*





# We Get Letters



Hmm. Thought I sent you a note when Lucy passed. She had a rectal tumor. Once it was discovered she was gone within a few days. It wasn't easy -- she was with us almost 2 years.

She had attached herself like Velcro to Chuck and he was devoted to her. While here, she quite memorably batted her stainless food dishes whenever she deemed it necessary, which was frequently (of course now Basil does it.) She naturally became the official greeter/welcomer to our home and mayor at large.

At the time my Dad was in a nursing home in a skilled nursing section. I remember her first trip there - dad was in the dining room and oh - the hands that reached out to touch her - what a picture. She loved it as much as they did.

Our oldest pooch is a terrier mix that we've had since 2000 (he's about 14 right now.) His hearing is starting to go...few more trips outside than usual... We're thinking we should hold off a bit, even though Spike's pretty young at heart, but we're not sure he should have to adjust to 'anyone' new again. He thinks he's alpha and Basil *usually* accommodates :).

That being said, if you have one you want to run by us, feel free. Just don't tell Chuck I said that. Thanks for all you do. We look forward to getting your email newsletters - and maybe another elder dale again sometime. Doesn't really matter how long or short a time you have them - they still leave an empty place in your heart when they go don't they?

*Nancy and Chuck Chiara — PA*

Merry Christmas to all the Airedales' families. Molly is well — can't believe she's been with me almost five years. Love,

*Shirley McGarvey — PA*

Rugby (the Airedale mix Joey placed with us) sends his best tail wagging possible! Who knew we'd be together this long (almost 13 years)! For a dog found wandering in Camden he does quite well. 2 squares a day. Walks with Dad! A huge fenced in area to poop and play safely and last but certainly not least, summers at the beach house where he gets to spend time with ALL the family!! He especially enjoys the beach house, as we have a nice screened front porch, where he can lie and wait for "strangers" to walk by! Here at home, we are so far from the road, he has to wait for deer or a bear. WOOF WOOF!

*Joan & Horace Chamberlain — NJ*

I'm sending you a report from Savannah's recent kennel stay, as I thought you might enjoy knowing that an Airedale who came with a pretty lousy reputation, turned out to be pretty good.

I may gradually get her used to going to a kennel, first one night, a little later two nights, etc. I checked this kennel out as I'm pretty "fussy," and drive past to others to get there.

She makes friends with other dogs during supervised play periods and seems to enjoy the adventure.

*"Report indicates that Savannah was Active, Excited, Cuddly, Friendly and Happy during play times.*

*She enjoyed her meals and ate well. Behavior was Happy, Friendly and Energetic. Comments from staff: Savannah has such a lovable personality. She enjoyed hanging with the calm dogs and us. We loved having her stay with us and can't wait to see her again!"*

Thanks again for my best buddy

*Jackie Johns and Savannah — PA*

The puppies remain healthy and happy - Tobey and Lucy. Tobey will be 8 in January and Lucy will be 7 the middle of next year. Tobey is not slowing down... much, anyway — he's still our puppy. And the "crazy redhead," Lucy, is just as wild and crazy as always. So crazy that she's managed to injure her back leg's "knee" and is undergoing a curtailment of her free run. Lucy is now being walked in the yard and kept as quiet as possible for a month to attempt to allow her to heal. And if not, then a very costly (though we're told easy for her from a recovery standpoint) surgery is in her future.

*Bill and Chuck — NJ*



# We Get Letters



We received the newsletter the other day. I love reading about all of the other Airedales, even the sad stories about the ones who have passed.



I wanted to let you know that Stella is doing wonderful! She is still a little aggressive on the leash, but otherwise we couldn't have asked for a better addition to our family. She is so loving with all of us! One great example is when I had a horrible day the other day she seemed to sense it and came over and snuggled. I have attached a picture, hopefully it works. Have a wonderful holiday!

*Linda Laird — PA*

Our Airedale Cassie, whom we adopted almost one year ago, is a joy to have in our home. She fits right in with our schedules and is careful to remind us about her feeding times. One lucky thing for us is that she was well trained in many areas by her former human. She now has several friends in the neighborhood and looks for them on our walks.

Thank you again for linking us up with our wonderful Airedale. Warm regards,  
*Judy Olsen and Andy Jones — PA*

Tucker is doing great. I think he has finally realized this is his home - he has become very social and very vocal! As my veterinarian says now you have a true Airedale; He was always so amazed at Scudder.

Thank you once again for my "bubby," Tucker. I must say he was a true challenge at first.

Right now he's doing his favorite thing.. lying by the pond outside..

*Paulette Ferrara — NJ*

Mr. B. is such a good boy. He is loving and funny at times. So glad we have him. You just wish the best for him in spite of his runny nose and cough. We want him to be happy and know that we love him.

*Bob, Pat, Daisy and Mr. B. — DE*

Thank you so much for Annie. She's a real "Sweetheart." She loves playing with all of the "boys" in the park and even one female mix-breed pup. Annie's been a God-send: plays and walks nicely. Her coat is really nice and she's pretty patient with me during her clipping. Thanks again,

*Frannie and Annie Bradley — NJ*

Just a note to let you know that Cassie is doing well and fits in beautifully with our family. I sent Joey a message updating my email address since I recently retired from Villanova, so will be using this email more than VU.

I was sad to learn that Pete passed away, but he was truly lucky in the last years of his life to be with you and his other friends.

Thanks again for your help placing Cassie with us. Best wishes,

*Judy and Andy Olsen -- NJ*

Here's a picture of Charlie and Len after a long day of shoveling snow this winter. You can see by the photo he also did some snow plowing with his nose! He worked hard, pushing snow, eating snow, and causing all around havoc.

We all love Charlie so much!!!! Thanks for the great work you do caring for our Airedales!

*Len and Gail  
Merlo — NJ*



## Remember, if a dog was the teacher you would learn things like:

- When loved ones come home, always run to greet them;
- Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joyride;
- Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy;
- Take naps;
- Stretch before rising;
- Run, romp, and play daily;
- Thrive on attention and let people touch you;
- Avoid biting when a simple growl will do;
- On warm days, stop to lie on your back on the grass;
- On hot days, drink lots of water and lie under a shady tree;
- When you're happy, dance around and wag your entire body;
- Delight in the simple joy of a long walk;
- Be loyal;
- Never pretend to be something you're not;
- If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it;
- When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by, and nuzzle them gently

From:

Airedale Rescue/Adoption of the Delaware Valley  
Joey Fineran  
1189 Lonely Cottage Road  
Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972