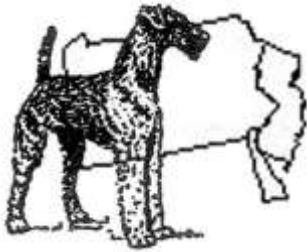


Starting Over

Volume 15 Issue 2

Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley

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Airedale Rescue & Adoption of the Delaware Valley

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Eagle Eye

by Robert Nelson

(Frodo Nelson was adopted from ARADV, and has been in Egypt with his family almost three years. They are due to return to the US soon.)

Many people stop to ask me why my dog has only one eye. If a child, I tell them "he forgot it in his bedroom." Or "no, it's there, look closer!" Something to get a giggle out of them, something to soften the disquieting idea of the loss. For English speaking adults, I tell them his sad story. For non-English speaking Egyptians, I glue a string Arabic words together while gesticulating what the words mean.

In this case, I always start out with, "lama kunt tifi," when he was a baby. I then push my thumb in between my index and middle finger, making the motion of a shot being given into my arm. I describe the shot as "wihish," dirty or bad. The next part of my charade consists in wiggling my thumb and index next to each other in front of my own eye. In my head, I'm miming an infection in the eye, and my audience understands and nods in confirmation. My grand finale is a spoon flicking motion, starting from the eye and shooting outwards, I accompany the motion with a sharp "POP" noise, by tucking my lower lip under my top row of clickers and shooting out the bottom lip in a sudden, "POP!" I have my routine down pat; I never deviate

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Visit our website at www.Airedale911.org

(Continued from page 1) *EAGLE EYE*

from my scripted act, unless I am pretending to pull it out of my pocket for some curious child.

Since he had it removed so early in his life, he **doesn't even know that he is missing vision on that side** of his head. We never felt too, too bad for him when we realized his big- black nose makes up for his **"handicap," and then some. His one eye catches onto** more than my own two at times, which never ceases to amaze me. I started to catch myself being thankful that he only had one eye—otherwise, I would never hear the end of his highly sensitive alarm mechanism alerting me to the dangers at every corner!

I know I wouldn't feel the same way if I was living back in the States or in Europe. There, I wouldn't have the threat of roving nomadic dog tribes, who like Bedouins in the Sinai, are always causing trouble and think that all the land that they tread upon belongs to them. These are the guys (dogs) whose very essence my dog wholeheartedly objects to! Even if they are only taking their mid-day siesta underneath a car, he feels a deep need to issue a protest! I have learned to watch carefully and act decisively, also as needed- and to quickly (but only briefly) cut off the huge puff of air that is **charging up from his lungs, so that he doesn't wake the** slumbering tribe. I then do a sharp about face, proceeding back along our original route, but in reverse.

At a distance I may see nothing, but he can pick up **the slightest signs of the "enemy on the move" with just that one eye. Give him another and we wouldn't get** anywhere. Since his range of vision is essentially **straight ahead and around to the left (when he's not** swinging his head around to the right to compensate for that missing angle), I take the position of his right eye. But I am often a false right eye, for I do not tell



him when and where there is danger, that is danger to him, and a nuisance to me. He spends most of the walk in high spirits, paws bouncing high, making it more of a prance, his mouth wide open in a Cheshire cat smile. One can see he is completely content, even if the weather is not ideal for an Airedale terrier, **"Everything for the best, in this best of all possible worlds." Thanks to his "defect," or as I see it, a blessing,** he will keep on cheerfully skipping down the street next to me and not notice the strays hanging about to our right. Danger averted!

In "Tense Moments," I described the nomadic dogs as "Harmless when alone, loud in pairs of two, bold in threes, and dangerous in groups of four or more." Somehow, they are always alone or in pairs when his **left eye can't see them on our right side. More often than not, the pairs seem to "want no trouble."** So they quietly wait and follow our movements as we pass them. I usually give them a little salute to the brow to thank them for their co-operation.

DOG LICENSE REMINDER

Properly licensing your dog is a part of every Rescue Agreement, and every adopter has promised to keep their licenses current.

In Pennsylvania, licensing is done annually by county. Licenses can be purchased at Wal-Mart, most **small hardware stores, and the county treasurer's office, and mail-in** renewal is offered. A lifetime license is available for \$32, with proof that the dog is micro chipped or tattooed.

In New Jersey, annual licenses are available from the licensing clerk of the local municipality, with proof of Rabies vaccination. The maximum fee allowed is \$21.

In Delaware, dog licenses are issued by the county of residence, and expire on December 31. Licenses are available for one, two or three years at a time, with proof of Rabies vaccination. Locations vary by county. Lower rates apply for sterilized dogs.

SPECIAL 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.

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.



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 Airedale911@ptd.net . **We'd also enjoy hearing how your dog is doing. Thank you.**

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.***

Heartfelt Thanks

Contributions have been received from these ardent supporters:

Deb Ciancarelli	Francis Smith
Kelly Fitzpatrick	Virginia and Michael Sprague, Jr.
Claire Hanlon	Ami Steen
Linda Jarboe	Judy and Bill Taylor
Fran and Bryant Lubbs	Cathy and John Zettler
Anne Marie and Mike Mastroianni	Sachs and Co. Matching Gift Program
Ann Randle	
Bert and Cal Ratcliff	

And also:

James E. Bullock, Jr.	In memory of my wife Carol
Judy and Anthony Elinausky	In memory of Henna, Thank You for our Rescue Maddie
Pat and Bob Harding	In memory of all of our dogs: Bootsie, Snickers, Chloe, Annabelle, Bubba, Elliot and Soldier <i>and in celebration of Mr. B.</i>
John Jansen	In Memory of Murphy
Ann M. Kessler	In memory of Duncan
Betsy and Bill King	In honor of Ellie's sixth birthday
Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Knerr	Celebrating nine years with Patches, Medical Fund
Doris & Jack Magee	In memory of Baxter
Deb and Mike Quickel	In memory of Maggie
Bonny Hart and Paul Share	In memory of Ozzie
Toby and Joel Shpigel	

Please accept the donation in memory of my mother's loving little Yorkie, Maggie. Maggie had 13 good years. My mother got us our first Airedale, Raggs, way back in about 1953. After that, she had a beautiful Airedale named Mamie.

Bonny Hart and Paul Share — NY

I had no idea that your group had experienced serious medical needs. Please accept the enclosed, though belated, as a help in easing those difficulties. I am ever so grateful for my beloved companions.

Ann Randle — PA

Thank you for all the good work you do on behalf of needy Airedales. Please accept the enclosed in memory of my late wife, Carol. I wish you all Happy Holidays. Best Wishes,

Jim Bullock — PA

Enclosed is a donation to Airedale Rescue. I am sending this today because I strongly support your cause because you gave me many years of happiness with my rescue Airedales. I loved my darling dogs and miss them terribly. I want other people to enjoy their Airedale and this small donation will help the cause. Love always,

Claire Hanlon — MA

The enclosed contribution is in memory of Baxter. We miss him so much.

Deb and Mike Quickel — PA

Adopted

Dooley Fineran
Ruby Fineran
Tara Fineran
Chumly Winston Shpigel
Roxie Stish
Kelly Lurski

"Not the least hard thing to bear when they go from us, these quiet friends, is that they carry away with them so many years of our own lives. Yet, if they find warmth therein, who would grudge them those years they have so guarded? Nothing else of us can they take to lie upon with outstretched paws and chin stretched to the ground; and, whatever they take, be sure they have deserved."

*John Galsworthy,
"Memories"*

It's Just a Dog

From time to time, people tell me, "lighten up, it's just a dog," or,
"that's a lot of money for just a dog."

They don't understand the distance traveled, the time spent,
or the costs involved for "just a dog."

Some of my proudest moments have come about with "just a dog."

Many hours have passed and my only company was "just a dog,"
but I did not once feel slighted.

Some of my saddest moments have been brought about by "just a dog,"
and in those days of darkness, the gentle touch of "just a dog"
gave me comfort and reason to overcome the day.

If you, too, think it's "just a dog," then you will probably understand phrases
like

"just a friend," "just a sunrise," or "just a promise."

"Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust,
and pure unbridled joy.

"Just a dog" brings out the compassion and patience
that make me a better person.

Because of "just a dog," I will rise early, take long walks
and look longingly to the future.

So for me and folks like me, it's not "just a dog"
but an embodiment of all the hopes and dreams of the future,
the fond memories of the past, and the pure joy of the moment.

"Just a dog" brings out what's good in me and diverts my thoughts away from
myself and the worries of the day.

I hope that someday they can understand that it's not "just a dog," but the
thing that gives me humanity and keeps me from being "just a man or woman."

So the next time you hear the phrase "just a dog" just smile...
because they "just don't understand."

Written by an unknown Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. (From the Therapy Dog Inc. News Magazine)



Heart



It is with deep and profound sadness that I must announce the passing of Oscar Madison Shpigel, age 11 1/2 years, at 4:20 pm today, September 12, 2012. Oscar went in the arms of his loving human Mom and dad surrounded by his polar bear and his doctor, Steve Schectman. Ozzie's passing was peaceful and calm.

No finer dog and companion ever existed than Ozzie. He was a true Airedale in every sense of the word...funny, rambunctious, playful, loyal, and true. He was a true mensch and will remain in our hearts and soul forever.

May his memory forever be for blessing.

Tonight when the sky is black, please look up and I guarantee that you will see a brilliant twinkling star shining far far brighter than the rest. This will be Ozzie letting us know that he has safely completed his journey home.

May God bless him and keep him and protect all who had the great privilege of knowing and loving him.

Toby, Joel, Andrew, Zoe and Archie Shpigel — PA



In Loving Memory

Lucy Chiara
Kirby Gilbert
Soldier Harding
Princess Ives
Murphy Jansen
Pete Johnstonbaugh
Duncan Kessler
Buddy Parke
Baxter Quickel
Molly Reed
Oscar Madison Shpigel
Bridget St. John-Mironov
Dudley Swift

We had to put down Pete, today. He doesn't want to walk. I had a hard time getting him off the bed this morning, he usually helps by standing up. He won't move around in the yard or get up from his bed. It has happened so suddenly and he was doing so well. He could be the poster boy for Airedale spirit. It has been an honor to care for him.

Cindy Johnstonbaugh--PA

We had to let Baxter go on Friday and our hearts are breaking. Our Bandit seems confused and hopefully will get through this with us.

Deb Quickel

I lost my best friend, Murphy, Thursday. He was over 13 & 1/2 years old, which I think was amazing for an Airedale. He was always happy, if sometimes stubborn. Until his hearing started to go, he would always greet me playing a tune on a squeaky toy. I adopted him when he was 4 & 1/2 and he settled in immediately, adapting to my work schedule.

In Dec. 2011 he was diagnosed with malignant melanoma of the jaw. I am happy to say the Sloan Kettering treatments kept this at bay and until hours before he passed he was his happy self, unaware of all the problems he had. I miss his positive force and cheerful disposition. I learned a lot from him. Thanks for introducing me to Murphy!!! All the Best,

John Jansen— NJ

I'm very sad to tell you that I had to put Buddy down on August 27th. His long bout with cancer is over.

I really feel alone, he was always by my side. I think he knew me better than I know myself. I want to thank you both for bringing him into my life.

Christopher Parke

Strings



Very sad news. We had Princess euthanized this afternoon. She was doing really well. A week ago last Friday, her vet was pleased how well she was doing, but cautioned I should give her a special good-bye before I went on my trip. However, she went downhill considerably in the last few days, significantly since last Friday. Her breathing was quite labored on Saturday--Hannibal was quite worried about her.

We upped her prednisone that evening and changed our "call in" today to a vet appointment. She seemed a bit better yesterday but this morning had a hard time eating and finally refused custard even though she wanted it. When Dr. King saw her this afternoon he was shocked at how much she'd gone downhill, said her throat was very constricted and confident it was cancer. He said he could give her some drugs that would give her perhaps another couple days but agreed with Donald that her quality of life was failing. I'd been hand feeding her soggy biscuits for some time.



Princess Ives

Princess was the trooper, Airedale ambassador right up to the end. Wanted to sit in the front seat on the way to the vets to get all the AC she could. Then in the waiting room someone asked if she was friendly and she was all tail wags, wanting to be introduced to this nice person. But she lay right down in the vet's office tired out breathing loudly (rather than wanting to go right out the door as soon as she was in) and for more than a week she hasn't been lying down/sleeping in her normal posture --definitely not on her back, not even on her side. We figured it was the best she could do to keep the air passage open. We buried her in the windbreak flower bed and Donald put up a sort of pyramid shaped rock to mark it (which Hannibal promptly saw as an intruder and so far has barked at it every time he sees it). He's a little subdued but not a lot and is enjoying the attention. Not sure how he's going to take me going, too, later this week.

Sally Ives — MA

I am very sad to let you know that I had to say goodbye to Duncan last week. About the time of Sandy (and then the snow), he slowed way down—still wanted to go for a walk, but was moving very slowly and didn't run in the yard. He didn't seem to be in any pain and was eating normally. Last Friday when I took him back to the vet, an x-ray revealed a large mass. As much as I hated to say goodbye, I couldn't see putting him through more tests or surgery.

The children in the neighborhood all loved Duncan—even the smallest had no hesitation about coming over to pet him when we were out for a walk. I've received several cards with their pictures of Duncan and notes about him.

The house seems way too quiet – **it's the first time in about 15 years that there's no Airedale checking to see what I'm doing or wanting to go for a walk.** Terry made a good decision when he found Airedale Rescue and brought Bonnie, then MacDuff and Duncan into our lives.

I'm enclosing a check in Duncan's memory. Be sure to let me know if there are any future special needs for Airedale Rescue—you're a wonderful group of people. Sincerely,

Ann Kessler — NJ

We lost our sweet, beautiful Molly on Nov. 9th at 13 years, one month old. She died of kidney failure. We can't begin to tell you how much we loved and how we miss her.

Molly was pretty spoiled. Since it was warm weather when she came to us, we started giving her ice water. She got so she wouldn't drink water unless there were ice cubes in it. She had her water changed about six or seven times a day. Her regular routine at dinner time was to get a drink, then lay in the middle of the kitchen; she never begged. Somehow she knew when we were almost finished, because she would get up and come sit by the table—for her appetizer.

Molly loved her walks as long as she got to go in the direction she wanted. The last month, she usually didn't go very far, maybe just two or

three blocks. She wasn't an excitable dog and not much of a tail-wagger. She would get a little excited when we came home, or when our grandson Michael came. When anyone else came, she wouldn't even get up.

Basically, Molly did what she wanted, which was all right with us. We wouldn't have wanted her any other way. We will never forget that sweet Airedale face and those big black eyes. We truly loved her.

Gail and Howard Reed — NJ



Molly Reed

I am the grandson of Gail and Howard Reed. I was there when Joey brought Molly to Gail and Howard's house and I loved her as soon as I saw her. It was hard losing her, because she was like an Aunt to me.

Michael Ellershaw

DRIVING TO MISS DAISY

By *Mike and Serafina Lurski*

We were leisurely driving back to our resort on Florida's Captiva Island this past September. It was the last evening of a two-week vacation, much needed after an emotionally devastating previous six months during which we had suffered major losses: Mike's second "father," his Uncle Fred, and our two rescued Airedales, ten-year-old Duffy and eight-year-old Toby.

Several decisions had been made on the spur of the moment earlier that evening. The first, to drive to nearby Sanibel Island to have dinner at a favorite Italian restaurant, about two hours later than we normally eat; the second, to forgo dessert; the third, to stop on the way back to pick up some pastries to enjoy later with coffee.

These three decisions, along with other serendipitous circumstances, caused us to be driving around a bend of Captiva's only road, close to the resort, when we came across a large dog walking confusedly in the middle of the road, a leash attached to its collar.

Serafina saw it first and yelled, "Mike, an Airedale!" With my older eyes, I just saw a tall dog and stopped the car. The driver of the first of four cars approaching from the opposite direction, a young woman, did likewise.

Simultaneously she and Serafina jumped out of the cars and ran toward the dog, who by now had escaped into the brush and sand dunes on the gulf side of the road.

I parked on the narrow shoulder, allowing a group of cars behind me to pass, and then plunged into the brush myself. By now, Serafina and the other good Samaritan had caught up to the dog and were walking it to a woman amid the dunes who kept asking loudly, "Why did she go that way?" Finally, she explained that she had let the dog--Daisy, the tallest female Airedale I had ever seen--loose to run down to the surf. Daisy was the first Airedale we had seen on either Captiva or

Sanibel in twenty-five years of vacationing there.

The other driver had left by now so Serafina and I introduced ourselves and revealed our ties with Airedales and with Airedale rescue, prior to telling her that Daisy went "that way" because she's an Airedale! We continuously petted Daisy, who showed herself to be a very affectionate and friendly dog who looked at us as if to say, "What's the commotion about?" while trying our best to educate her owner, who claimed to have owned two male Airedales before acquiring Daisy. We emphasized not allowing Daisy to go free unless she were in a contained area, and that her freeing Daisy near a well-travelled road was a significant risk, no matter how well Daisy was trained or could be trusted.

Our encountering Daisy at the exact moment she was in danger was the topic of our conversation the rest of the evening. And, ironically, we recalled that on the drive back from the restaurant we had been reminiscing about Duffy and Toby and discussing John Johnson, fellow Airedale rescue member Mary Jo Johnson's ailing Airedale. So Airedales were on our minds when we met Daisy.

Again, as we had done many times in the past, we discussed coincidence and randomness vs. fate and the idea that everything happens for a reason. It was surely eerie to perform a "rescue" so far from home and at the virtual end of our vacation — a vacation taken mainly to help us cope better with our own rescued Airedales' recent deaths. And how did the decisions we made that day, which altered our usual routine and habits, play into this incident, if at all? Were we meant to be there on that road at that time? Or was it all just a fortunate and complex coincidence.

We have no answers. Just questions. But it was a welcomed, uplifting experience for which we remain very thankful.

Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley is going "green!"

To save on paper and postage, if you would like to stay informed via email on upcoming events and our newsletter, please send an email to: [Joey Fineran - Airedale911@ptd.net](mailto:Joey.Fineran@Airedale911.ptd.net) with the subject line saying: **Airedale Rescue** Your email address will be placed in our database for future mailings. You can find all of our newsletters on our website at any time. **One big advantage is that the electronic version is in color!**

Your address will not be sold, shared, or used for anything other than Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley.



For Your Information

Cancer is a common illness dogs encounter. Here is the experience of one adopter, Chris Colman:

Zoe was diagnosed with a "soft tissue sarcoma" of an unaggressive variety, which rarely metastasizes and is only locally invasive. Prognosis was about 6 months, untreated.

This type of tumor is one of the most treatable of all tumors by surgery. **If you get "clean margins"** meaning that a biopsy around the removed tumor is clean, you have an excellent prognosis for 3 to 5 year survival.

The location of this tumor (and many soft tissue sarcomas) allows them to be removed without serious physical impact in many cases.

If you do not get clean margins, only then is additional therapy needed. Full Radiation is extremely effective (75% survival 5 years), but this requires many treatments and has unpredictable side effects, which can manifest years later. You have to sedate the dog to do these treatments. Because of the impact and lack of need for a very long term cure, this is not prudent for older dogs like Zoe, who is 10.

There are two other options— **palliative radiation or "metronomic" chemotherapy. Both have much lower** impact to older dogs, but have some question marks about proven efficacy. Metronomic therapy is pretty new, and depends on longer term, very low doses of a chemotherapy drug, reducing its impact on the patient.

We opted for surgery, although we were told that the odds were not great that the margins would be clean. The surgery did not have a big impact on Zoe, and she could get around and her appetite remained excellent. Zoe finally got a break, and the surgery was successful—clean margins. At this point, we think we **don't need to do anything else, but we are waiting on a final opinion.**

We talked to many other people with a similar diagnosis, and here is what they did:

- Most people did proceed with surgery, unless the prognosis was so bad it was pointless
- Opinions on chemo split- it worked well for some, but others either had direct bad experiences or heard bad things about it.
- Nobody had direct radiation experience

Another adopter had experience with a different type of cancer:

Dash was diagnosed with lymphoma in the summer of 2011. We took him to the Vet when we noticed the lymph nodes in his neck were enlarged (over an inch), swollen and hard. The vet told us that chemotherapy was the only treatment - this is a systemic cancer and too wide spread for surgery or radiation.

The Vet told us the treatment would consist of office visits every three weeks for about six months, with daily medications we would give him between office visits. This should put him in remission, but that when the lymphoma came back, in six months to a year, it would be resistant to all the meds available.

We proceeded with the treatment, and side effects only started showing up in the last month of **treatment, mainly thinning fur. He did start to be very suspicious of treats, to the point that he wouldn't take Pill Pockets at all (even empty).** After about five months, he was cancer free and in clinical remission. Overall, it was less expensive than I expected.

The remission lasted about six months, and then the telltale swollen nodes were back. The Vet confirmed that chemo would not be effective. In a few weeks it progressed from mild discomfort, to refusing his arthritis meds, to refusing all food. We had to say goodbye to him about a year, to the day, after the initial diagnosis.



For Your Information

DANGEROUS FOODS

A study by the pet health insurance company VPI found that these were the top 10 foods and plants involved in pet poisoning claims:

Raisins/Grapes - An unknown toxin in grapes and raisins can cause kidney failure and ultimately lead to death. Symptoms of this poisoning can include hyperactivity, vomiting, diarrhea, and irregular heartbeat. **SMALL DOSES** (less than 10 grapes) **CAN BE TOXIC**.

Mushrooms - most often from eating wild mushrooms growing in the yard. Look for vomiting, diarrhea, abdominal pain, lethargy, excess salivation, seizures or coma. Take the dog and any remaining mushroom pieces to the vet immediately.

Marijuana - Dogs and cats are more sensitive to the active ingredients than humans, and their lower body weight means they can reach a toxic dose quickly. Treatment is to induce vomiting, treat with activated charcoal, and support with I V fluids and seizure control medication.

Lily flowers - All portions of the lily plant are poisonous to cats when ingested. Just a nibble of the leaf, petal, or stem can cause irreversible kidney failure despite extensive medical treatment.

Walnuts - unknown toxin in nuts can have negative effects on the nervous, digestive, and muscular systems of your pet. Symptoms can include muscle tremors, weakness, an upset stomach, vomiting, depression, inactivity, and stiffness. Also avoid Macadamia nuts.

Onion - Onions, along with garlic and chives, are all part of the same species of plant. They contain sulfur compounds that can cause stomach irritation and possibly result in damage to red blood cells causing anemia.

Sago Palm - All parts of the plant are toxic and produce vomiting and diarrhea, weakness, seizures and even liver failure and death in cats and dogs.

Macadamia nuts - worse than Walnuts, but not as commonly found.

Azalea flowers - both leaves and flowers are toxic. The clinical effects can include vomiting, diarrhea, weakness, excessive salivation, coma and low blood pressure. Depending on the severity, death may result.

Hydrangea flowers - flowers and leaves are toxic. Can cause vomiting, depression, anorexia, diarrhea, and heart irregularities.

Other things to be careful of are:

Chocolate - **you've all heard this warning, but it takes a fairly large dose to hurt a dog. It takes about 5** ounces of bakers chocolate, or over a pound of milk chocolate to hurt an average Airedale. Cocoa Mulch has the same active ingredients.

Anti-freeze - smells good, tastes great, highly toxic to dogs, cats and people.

Xylitol - zero calorie sweetener especially common in gum - deadly for dogs.

Avocado - contains persin, which causes vomiting and diarrhea

Insecticides - made to kill insects, some are tolerated by dogs, some are not. Cats are more sensitive than dogs.

Household cleaners - can be toxic or caustic. Be careful what you leave around.

Rat poison - made to kill furry animals and works pretty well. Effects can be passed on to a dog that eats a poisoned rat.

Human medicines - some work as well on dogs as on humans, but some are very toxic (like Tylenol.) Check with your vet before giving any OTC or prescription medicines.



Musician and dog enthusiast Lou Gallo wants us to know that he wrote a song about Molly, his first Airedale. The song, "No Molly," is very popular with children, and appears on his album, "I'm Home."

Lou and the "Very Hungry Band" sing for children in the New York City area.

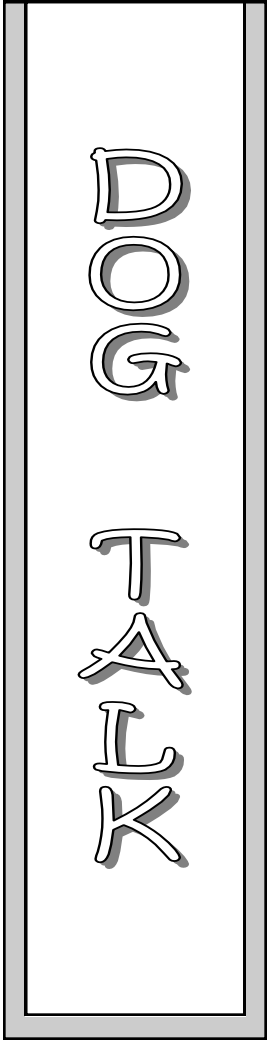
You can hear, or buy, his music at his band's website, <http://lougallo.com>, on iTunes, or on Amazon.com. His website also lists upcoming public appearances.



Hi! Just a note to tell you we are having a great summer. We go out in the yard (rain or shine), run around, play and come back into the air conditioned house to rest, relax and enjoy ourselves. Maggie —our sister —is slowing down; she is 17 years old and has a few medical problems. Robby is aging, too (he is 11 1/2), but is spry and playful. We are all happy!! Love and Licks,
Max and Sam (Mastroianni)—NJ



Hope all is well,
 Happy Halloween!
 Ace Stern —NJ



Turn the Other Cheek

By Chris Gilbert

When Kirby was put to sleep on January 13th 2012, he left an enjoyable life, a safe household, and a loving family of people and fellow rescue dogs. Two years ago, he would have died alone in an outdoor pen from neglect, or at the hands of Animal Control due to aggression. Thanks to his resilience and his family's patience, Kirby briefly experienced the life which every Airedale deserves. This is Kirby's story.

"I'm bringing home a dog," my sister Amy told me over the phone in March 2010. But how; she was visiting our mother down in North Carolina. "It's an Airedale. We have to help." I hesitantly agreed - Amy had rescued four other dogs and placed all of them. "We'll get him healthy, then place him," Amy assured me before the call ended.

For Kirby, the next day began the same as any other in the past six years. He stood, half conscious, among his own filth on the concrete slab of his backyard pen, outside his makeshift plywood shelter which had collapsed long ago. This day, he wasn't visited by the caring neighborhood man who fed him. Nor did he gnaw at his chain link gate until it opened, allowing him to visit the local dumpster for a meal. Instead, he received a one-way trip away from his imminent death by neglect.

Amy and our mother took Kirby to what may have been his first visit to a veterinarian. Standing with him in the waiting room, Amy witnessed something surprising. Though he was only minimally alert, Kirby approached a decorative life-sized stuffed animal dog and began happily wagging his tail. His ability to even recognize a dog, let alone be happy to see it, firmly convinced Amy that Kirby's spirit was miraculously unbroken.



After the vet shaved Kirby, he tries to make friends.

The routines of domestic life were completely foreign to Kirby, and as we quickly learned, Kirby's personality was completely foreign to us. Wanting Kirby to experience happiness after years of imprisonment, Amy and I chose to greatly adjust our handling and routines, learning and accommodating his sensitivities in order to minimize our risk and prevent any harm to

others. To all of Kirby's snarling, snapping and biting, we would turn the other cheek.

Kirby had come into his own by the Spring of 2011. He was always excited to take walks, which revealed that he had a lilting, graceful trot. He didn't beg or steal from the counter because he'd never had snacks before. Instead of biting, he gave kisses, especially in gratitude for pets and face scratches. Kirby was always curious, nudging everything with his nose to see what would happen. Amy and I would occasionally hear him squeaking

a toy alone in a back bedroom, but he'd stop when we came to see.

After months of increasing confidence, he began every morning by squeaking his toy around the house, greeting the new day with joy.



Kirby, bright-eyed and enthusiastic about finally being healthy

In December, we started seeing hints that something was wrong with Kirby. Abdominal ultrasounds revealed prostate cancer which quickly devolved into incontinence. Then, though his condition appeared stable, Kirby's kidneys failed. On January 13th 2012, Kirby was peacefully laid to rest.

Airedales have a vibrant and determined spirit, as those of us with Airedales in our families well know. Though Kirby's zeal was buried by sickness, attitude and neglect, he persevered for years, waiting for his chance to shine. Amy and I also endured hardships during his recovery, such as how I'm scarred for life from his bite. The determination and hard work of everyone involved ultimately paid off, giving Kirby a joyful year of life, free and happy like all Airedales deserve. We will never forget Kirby.



Kirby, finding a little comfort



We Get Letters



Thank you for all that you [all] do for Airedale Rescue. Our Lillie, aka Chewy, whom we got from you folks in 2007 is now five and doing well. Best regards,

Charlotte Ames Eichelberger — PA

Bella seems to be settling in very well. She already has two buddies, Jake and Beau, and is getting along fine with them.

She just came upstairs and is now at my feet while I send this email out. Thanks so much for allowing us to rescue her...or did she rescue us? Sincerely,

Cathy & Rick H. — PA



I would be remiss if I didn't thank you, still yet again for, for my precious Little One - Puppy. She turned 5, can you believe, this weekend. She is one of the most special dogs I have ever had. I especially enjoy my conversations with her where she vocalizes and I mimic her. This could go on for an hour. I call it our hump back whale calls. When she needs to go out in the middle of the night she whines, and brother, you can bet I respond, **because I know she's telling me something.** In the summer, when she goes out to relieve herself, as soon as she is done, she is at the back door to come in to the AC. **The spookiest is when I'm sleeping and wake to find her staring at me. It's like some Houdini trick she does.** Anyway, I adore her and just wanted to remind you of that.

Judy Best — NJ

I read every word of the newsletter. I laughed, cried, enjoyed the informative parts and photos of the precious Dales, and plan to order some Airedale items.

Thanks for your hard work keeping us informed...great job!

Betsy King — PA

Lucy is being a really good girl. When I leave the house she is a good girl, when I come back home she just goes crazy, so happy to see me even if I have only been gone for 1/2 hr, jumps up on me and gives me kisses. I took off her Thunder shirt a week ago and she is fine. Runs in the yard some mornings like a deer. Likes to chase the squirrels. Thank you!

Pat and Lucy Seybert — PA

Thank you so much for Misty. She knows she is home now and doesn't whine when one of us goes out. She is smart and fun and we are lucky to have her.

Sarah and Vern — NJ

I would like to report that Riley is a hit at Hunt Club Kennel in VA Beach. I boarded him there last week for 5 days, taking him out for 3-4 hours daily. The staff there fell in love with him and were quick to note his good behavior with them and the other dogs. The military retiree place I stay at on base does not allow K-9's. I had a big soup bone individually bagged for him for each day, and the staff welcomed the treats.

He is very much "alive" on the beach, he runs like a dog powered by a boat-load of batteries, though he does not like the waves and water, I dragged him in only once and found him not to keen on the waves and deep water, so that was it on water activity. He stands without issue when I hose him off afterward and seems to really enjoy the freedom of off-leash at the beach.

Steve Udovich — DE



We Get Letters



Pharaoh is getting spoiled, meeting new people and learning to swim...

Bob and Dasha Brown — PA



Thank you for another GREAT newsletter. I loved the story of Ty, as well as many of the others in this newsletter.

Rosie is doing okay. She minds the heat/humidity. The Vet requested that she be kept cool and her hair clipped. I must say she is one **of the best Airedales we've ever adopted. She's a gentle Airedale and when I'm having a bad day and start to cry, she comes over to me and puts her head in my lap. As much as to say, 'I'm here for you.'** You will never know what a difference she made in my life after Paul passed. I was sooo lonely until she came through the door. The Vet **who attends her cannot believe she's 9 years** old. At times she acts like a young pup. She can still charge out of the back door, down off the deck and chase the squirrel or rabbit. **She's amazing! I don't know what I would do without her.**

Shirley Ryan — PA

Hope you are well. Just a quick note to let you know that a few nights ago, Lexi began barking at around 1:30 a.m. (waking us up). We thought it was nothing and chose not to investigate. The next day we heard that the house four doors down was broken into while the folks were asleep upstairs! They think it happened around 1:30! Fortunately no one was hurt but some small items were stolen. Apparently Lexi scared off a burglar! We will never ignore her barks again. It scares me to think what could have happened if not for Lexi! In appreciation we prepared her favorite meals the next couple of nights, chicken and beef. She is enjoying her new celebrity status! We are very proud of her. You can pass this on to Cindy and Heather. I bet they would happy to know. Thank you all so much for allowing us to have her in our lives.

Stan and Sue Fenkel



We Get Letters



Thank you for another enjoyable issue of "Starting Over." You guys do good work.

Sweet Molley is doing just fine and we are enjoying growing old together.

All the best to all,

Bert, Cal, and Sweet Molley Ratcliff — OH
PS — Hi to Dewey

Can you imagine it has been nine years since we adopted Patches? She is doing very well and makes us smile every day!

Carol and Dick Knerr — PA

Nellie is doing beautifully — She's turning into quite a good singer! What a love she is. We're so lucky.

Bonny and Paul — NYC

Wanted to let you know we are all enjoying the mountains. We moved this summer and are just about to break ground for a house in Barnardsville.

Bill is semi-retired now and I am retired. We are able to take daily walks on the neighborhood streets; also longer trips to the Blue Ridge Parkway. Lily (Precious) loves going on walks. Ellis, our WFT, too. Lily enjoys meeting other dogs and people.

Enclosed is a donation for Airedale Rescue.

Bill and Judy Taylor — NC

Hope Aire Faire went well and you made a lot of money on sales.

Our Ellie has been under the weather. We took her to a neurologist in Leesburg, VA and after an MRI, found a severely herniated disc near her tail. She's on many pain meds. One recommendation was acupuncture, which we are doing with altering laser therapy. We are pleased with the results. She gets quite frisky a day after the treatments.

Ellie doesn't really mind the acupuncture needles. We give her a bit of cheese as the vet puts in the needles... over 20. Then she has to lie still for 20 minutes - the hard part.

Just wanted the Airedale families to know of this option. It does not cure the problem, just provides relief and that is our goal. It is also recommended for arthritic and joint pain.

Ellie will be six soon, so wanted to send you an early birthday present in her honor. We just love her so much! Thanks,

Bill and Betsy King" — PA



One of these dogs is the Alpha...

Black Jack and Bella Chipman



Two Airedales and a Gargoyles, in search of a chipmunk.



"Do you hear what I hear?"

*All of us at ARADV—Joey, Cindy, Mike and Serafina, Kate, Mary Jo, Heather,
Kathy, Nicole, Deb, Bob, Dewey, Keith, Linda and David—wish all of you*

***A very Merry and Blessed Christmas
And a Happy New Year!!***

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