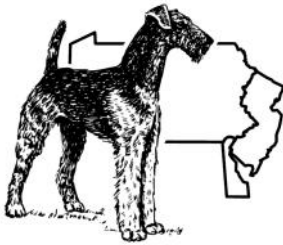


Starting Over

Volume 28 Issue 1

Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley

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Memories of Joey Fineran & Our Airedales

It has been over 10 years since our founder Joey passed from cancer on a cold, snowy day on March 4, 2015. We thought it would be great to honor her memory a decade later with tales from our adopters. We asked for stories and received a wonderful selection which we think you will enjoy!

My relationship with Joey began in 2004. I wanted to join the rescue group as a foster family. After much prodding and calling, Joey finally gave me my first foster, Louie, and I was hooked. I have gone on to foster over 100 Airedales for ARADV and presently have a little girl on the futon watching me type.

My favorite foster assignment was a litter of 3 puppies about 9 weeks old. My husband was hesitant but Joey told me that it would be the most special foster that I would do because it may never happen again. I don't know if she just wanted these pups out of her house or if she meant it, but she was right. It was special and I will never forget the experience.

As we honor and celebrate the legacy of our Joey Fineran, we take this time also to



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Visit our website at www.AiredaleRescueDelVal.org

(Continued from page 1) Memories of Joey Fineran

honor and celebrate the legacy of Maria Matson. Maria was Joey's Rescue Partner for several years. Maria unconditionally shared her commitment and fierce devotion to Airedale Rescue. Maria and her family relocated to Arizona where she remained involved in Airedale Rescue until her passing earlier this year.

Deb Ciancarelli

My late husband, Terry, and I were living in Wall, NJ and he had mentioned many times that he wanted a dog. My family had never had dogs, I have allergies and I really wasn't interested in becoming a dog owner. Terry started researching breeds that might be possible for someone with allergies and learned about Airedales.

I finally agreed that an Airedale might be possible and he found Airedale Rescue. I was impressed that Joey Fineran actually came to visit us to be sure that our home and yard (and we!) would be suitable. Bonnie was our first Airedale and a wonderful way to learn about Airedales. MacDuff followed and then Duncan. I've often said that if Duncan had been the first, there would never have been numbers 2 and 3! Duncan was difficult due to his background as a rescue from a puppy mill. But with tearful calls to Joey and much guidance from her and a trainer, he became a wonderful pet.

Ann Kessler

I have so many memories of Joey! I first met her when my sister, Harriette wanted to adopt an Airedale. She came to my sister's house and was a bit scary. She truly only cared that the dog was going to be in the best home possible. My sister did end up adopting and then adopted 2 more Airedales over the years from Joey. We all became pretty close and then my sister and I ended up on the board at PSPCA where Joey helped us "under the radar" with a backyard breeder of Airedales. We could not have helped them without the help of Joey and all she risked in doing so. She was so special and I've learned so much from her as I had my own rescue organization for 16 years. She taught me so much. I miss her and think of her very often. The Airedales were so lucky to have such an advocate. The dogs were her first priority!

Jodi Goldberg



**Joey with BD
Airefaire, June, 2009**

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.***



Memories of Joey



Joey was a big part of my life from the time we first met in 1995. We had decided to adopt a dog and, after much research, felt that an Airedale Terrier was the breed for us. We were inexperienced as we had never owned a dog before. I filled out an application and mailed it to Joey. She had Maria Matson call me and review our application. We were on the phone for at least an hour and, somehow, we bonded. Then, Joey called me and, again, something between us clicked and we were on the phone a very long time. Anyone who knew Joey, knew she was not a huge "talker" unless she was talking about dogs. I learned this much later in our relationship.

Anyhow, heaven only knows why she approved us given that we had zero experience with dogs let alone Airedales! Soon after, we received a call that a 3 year old boy had become available and he was ours. Berkeley Cole's human family was moving to London and couldn't take him. We met, all 65 fuzzy pounds of him, on a cold February day but didn't get him until April when the family was ready to move.

Berkeley (AKA Barkey Boy) was brought to our home and quickly settled in. Joey was so kind and helpful. She became my mentor. After two years we decided Barkey needed a sister. I called Joey and she told me there weren't any girls available, but she had just agreed to take in two Airedale mix sisters even though she never took in mixes. She related their sad story and how she just couldn't say no but was eager to place them. That's how Prinny Girl came to live with us. The sec-

ond Joey brought her into our home Barkey looked at her, and, I swear, I could see little heart shaped bubbles floating above his head. He was in love and the feeling was mutual. The two of them became instantly inseparable. I've never seen anything like it. They were soul mates. They slept near each other, laid near each other on the floor, ate close to each other, and walked in unison without trouble.

Two years after Prinny came to live with us, Joey called me asking if we wanted a third Airedale! I hesitated until she told me that his name was Oscar and he sang himself to sleep each night! When Joel and I heard that we couldn't resist! Oscar came to live with us and joined the crazy Airedale pack. I was forever tripping over one or another of them!

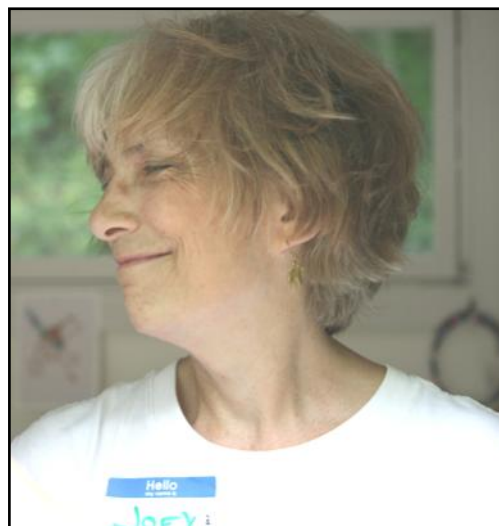
Joey and I spoke often and I'd drive to Upper Black Eddy to visit with her. I only lived 45 minutes away. She began to open up about her childhood and how her mom died when she was very young. She never got over that. Over the years we adopted other Airedales from Joey and ARADV. Our sweet Penny Sue was fostered by Deb Ciancarelli.

Joey was an extraordinary complex woman, who, beneath her often gruff exterior, had a heart of gold when it came to her rescues. I will never forget Joey and was honored to call her my friend.

*Toby Shpigel and Joel Shpigel
Pawrents of the late Berkeley, Prinny, Oscar,
Penny Sue, Zoe Grace, and Chumly Winston*

Joey was active with my two adoptions from ARADV; Churchill and Murphy. Two wonderful souls who are still missed every day. She had a magic talent of matching humans and Airedales!

John Jansen



Joey, at Airefaire 2, June 2010



Memories of Joey



Joey came into my life when I lived in Lancaster, PA. I decided I wanted to adopt an Airedale, so I completed the application, and subsequently had a phone conversation with Joey. She reviewed my "Airedale credentials" including my experience with ADT's (I had had three so I figured I was a good candidate), work/home balance, fenced in yard, etc. During the conversation I asked Joey about the dogs for adoption on the web site, and mentioned what I might be looking for in a rescue. She immediately stopped me and said "You don't get to choose the dog, I choose the right dog for you."

Now, I'm a fairly confident and savvy person, but from day one, Joey scared the hell out of me.

A few weeks later Joey called to say she may have a dog for me. The operative word here being MAY. She said she would bring her for a home visit, but there were no guarantees that she would be leaving her. At this point I figured it might be easier to adopt a kid, but I didn't want a kid, I wanted an Airedale.

Joey showed up as scheduled on a cold, snowy, crisp day in January with a tiny, to my mind at least, 45 pound Airedale who had been found eating out of dumpsters in Mt. Holly, NJ. She had been on the run for a couple of weeks at least. I had an Airedale at that time, Maisie Mae. I had adopted her out west, and she was a big, 90 pound girl, bold, smart as a whip, and beautiful.

As we brought Joey's rescue into the house she said "two bitches rarely get along so don't get your hopes up." Joey and I sat in the living room, once again reviewing my application. The living room had a bank of windows looking out on to my quiet road, and as we talked, a bicycle went past. Maisie Mae was not fond of bicycles, and immediately went to one end of the windows and let out a stern "Woof-woof". The rescue took a quick look at Maisie, positioned herself at the other end of the windows and gave her own "woof-woof." Joey took all this in and said "Yeah, they're gonna be fine." And that's how little Lily came in to my life.



Joey continued to scare the hell out of me, but I respected her immensely. What I realized was that for Joey, it was always and forever about the Airedales. That was her center, her compass, her heart.

Julia Groom



I locked my Dad out of the CAR
as it was RUNNING
and when he was writing the
\$80 CHECK to the locksmith
I ROLLED DOWN ALL THE WINDOWS
so I could get a better look at
what they were doing!

We always admired Joey's dedication, perseverance, and expertise in caring for so many homeless Airedales and finding the best possible adoptive families for each and every one. We have so many good memories of her PA home, the lovely bucolic setting, and all the wonderful Airedales under her care at any given time. We very fondly remember the half door with all the Airedale heads popping up, ready to greet you. It was such a fun, heartwarming place to visit!

Joey placed two beautiful, sweet Airedales with us - Chloe and Daisy Mae. Both girls had very distinctive physical features - Chloe with the very long, slender legs, and Daisy Mae with what Joey described as "flying ears", always drawing endearing comments from fellow animal lovers. We owe Joey a world of gratitude for entrusting these girls with us and the many years of love, laughter and companionship they brought us.

We'd like to think lovingly of Joey being reconnected with all of the amazing Airedales, romping about in doggie heaven. With good wishes for all the hard-working Airedale Rescue team...

Mike and Judie Grembowiec



Memories of Joey



I met Joey in 1996 when in search of our first Airedale. We wanted to bring in a rescue. Joey had a mischievous 9 month old female name Sophie. She had eaten an answering machine tape as a 7 month old and was turned into rescue after surgery to remove the tape. I met with Joey at her small farm property in Upper Black Eddy and she cautioned me as to the nature of Airedales and the diligence we would need to apply to training etc. After vetting us over she contacted us and said it was a go. Sophie was a great addition alongside our Wheaten Bailey. Joey and I stayed in touch over many years leading up to her passing. We used to attend the meet ups at her place and bring our multiple Airedales and Wheatens in tow. To this day we still have both Airedales and Wheatens. Our current pack has a 7 year old Airedale named Crockett, a 7 year old female rescued Wheaten named Maggie and a new addition added this February, Hudson, a wild 24 week old Airedale boy who is giving everyone a run for their money.

Thank you Joey for taking a chance on us, teaching me how to groom my guys and for giving so much to the breed and many of the good people around it. We miss you.

These are 2 pics of Sophie. She's the rescue dale that forged the friendship between Joey and myself. Sophie was the love of my life.... that pic is in Joey's yard in 2001.

Mike Marzo



I met Joey way back in the fall of 1987 after we lost our first Airedale Ferguson to cancer at the age of 7. My husband and I promised each other we wouldn't get another dog until the spring of the next year. A few weeks later I was looking through the classified ads of our newspaper and there was "Free To A Good Home" writing of a 1 year old male Airedale in Allentown PA. The house was too quiet without a dog, so I began researching adopting dogs and ended up speaking to someone at the AKC who put me in contact with a woman (Joey) who not only had bred Airedales and showed them, but ran a rescue for them. Over a phone conversation with her she explained to me that a majority of the time it is not the dog but the people who can't handle having an Airedale and encouraged me to give this dog a chance. We went to see this male and as soon as we rang the doorbell, we heard him bounding on the hardwood floors to the door. The owner talked how the kids would miss him but no one has the time to walk or play with him...in other words the puppy cuteness had passed. We said yes and the owner couldn't run fast enough to retrieve the papers for him.

Oliver Cromwell III became one of our best Airedales and lived with us for 9 years. I kept in

touch with Joey from that first phone call, ended up taking Ollie to her for grooming even though it was a good ride from our home. Her home was an Airedale filled house, not only with adoptable dogs but everything from artwork to figurines of Airedales. She was a wealth of information and stories and always had an Airedale or more at her house, which led to adopting Fred, who we called Fred the old fart because he reminded us of the Muppets old men who sat in the balcony and complained all the time, he followed our daughter around in one of the runs at Joey's. "Oh give him a few good years" is what Joey said to me, he lived until 16! Maggie, then Piper were adopted. And Abbey and Dugan were "foster failures". We are currently on Airedale #8, Mister Bailey, who is a mix of personality from the first 7.

If it weren't for that "free to a good home" ad, we would never have known Joey, listened to her life stories of loving Airedales from a teen, to showing and breeding them to rescuing and rehoming the dogs that owners could no longer take care of and the many fellow Airedale lovers we have met and remained friends with because of Joey.

Marie and Dave Chismar



Memories of Joey



Joey was one of the very few people I trusted enough to lean on when I am disconsolate. When she passed, I lost a hero. No one ever replaced her in my life.

Not that Joey never snapped at me. Years ago I asked for her Facebook info so I could connect. She shot back: "I don't do that stuff!!!"

I have adopted dogs for nearly seven decades. I have never bought a dog, it was always strays. Before I married Mike, I told him I couldn't marry him unless I ALWAYS had at least one dog in our home. Mike wanted an Airedale Terrier. This was pre-Internet, so I called thirty or forty shelters till I found one with an Airedale. On Black Friday, 1984, we adopted a dying Airedale. We took him home so he wouldn't die in the shelter, where he had given up. He got better! We named him Bones. He lived to old age. We adopted his partner in crime, Mickey, a couple years later. Both Dales were young when we adopted them, and they taught us humans how to serve Airedales! All-Breed Rescue was published during that time, and so I connected with Joey.

A few years later, when our son was 6 or 7, Joey put a poem about a senior rescue needing a home in the ATRA-DV newsletter. The poem was very touching. I sobbed for a while over the poem, then got in touch with Joey. Brandy was our first adoption from Joey, an eight year old with no hips and almost flat teeth. I was concerned if our son would be safe with a big dog. Brandy bonded to our son Ed in the car on the way home. She did very well, and proved a fierce guardian. One Halloween, we were scheduled to take Ed to the school Halloween party. Ed was petting Brandy and announced "Brandy has a lump in her tummy." Brandy was 12. I asked Ed, then 10 or 11, if he were willing to give up the party to help Brandy ASAP. He said sure. We took a quick drive to Penn that evening. The vet there told us it was a tumor, probably cancer, but asked did we want to operate on the off-chance the tumor was benign? We decided to operate. The tumor was benign. Brandy lived till she

was 16 and Ed became a doctor. (He worked in our vet's office while in school, but couldn't deal with owners who took poor care of their animals).

One year, we attended the PA terrier specialty and met up with Joey. It was a very cold day, and I had bought a sugary hot drink to warm up. She had an Airedale with her. She had hand-stripped him for the show and wore band-aids covering blisters on every fingertip. The dog was magnificent. Joey said to me "he (the Airedale) wants some of your drink." I offered the drink to the Airedale. He slurped about half and politely left the rest for me. Joey nodded approvingly. My husband was appalled but I was delighted.

My husband's favorite Airedale was Abby, an uber-Alpha female. Joey personally drove her to us, driving from Upper Black Eddy to Pittsburgh to south Jersey. We adopted Abby when she was age 2 or 3, and she lived to almost 15. Abby developed cancer at 13 but underwent surgery and a 'vaccination' cancer treatment that extended her life (and is now being developed for humans).

We have had eight Airedales and an equal number of strays. Most have been senior Dales, thanks to Joey's poem. There were a few premature deaths. Some of our dogs weren't even Airedales, but I always called Joey for help and support. She let me sob on the phone, she comforted me, she gave me emergency-care medical advice (ALL of which was correct), and even when I thought I had handled a problem badly, she ALWAYS encouraged me to adopt again.

I recall only one time when Joey herself was down. She called me to talk. I had the honor of comforting her.

When Joey got sick years later, literally scores of people (including me) sent help in any way we could. If that doesn't show how important she was, I don't know what else could. I hope Joey understood how important she was to Airedales and Airedale people, and how much we all loved her.

Linda T. Pirolli



**Airefaire I
June 14, 2009**



Memories of Joey



We first met Joey Fineran in 1993. We had had two Airedales, Tilla and Penny, aunt and niece. Tilla died of heart failure. Penny mourned afterwards and withdrew. Between her age (almost 11) and a spinal deformity she was born with, a new puppy wasn't going to work. The breeders asked us if we would adopt a three-legged dog. No problem, one of my childhood Airedales had been three-legged. We got contact information for Joey with the caution that in less than 30 seconds she had reduced other potential adopters to tears if they weren't up to her standards. Cautiously we made the 4+ hour drive to Upper Black Eddy.

What a place, full of Airedales to admire, hug, be kissed by! And I felt like I connected with Joey immediately. But Bunny, even with just three legs, was more than Penny wanted; almost all the dogs were. However there was an older dog, Curly Sue, who came over to us, gave me a big kiss, and lay down next to Penny and us. Penny perked up. Curly Sue had come from Texas. A volunteer fire fighter found her running out of a brushfire, all four feet burned. His blind son named her. She was likely part of a puppy mill and turned loose when her breeding days were done. Her rescuer tried to find her a home there but Airedales had a bad reputation and he finally arranged to fly her to Joey. We drove home, talked about it, called Joey and asked if we could adopt Curly Sue. Joey said okay (she later told us she judged people on whether they put their hands on dogs). We drove back the next weekend and brought her home. She died of breast cancer nine months later. We, including Penny, were devastated. Joey was too. She told us she would keep us in Airedales forever.

Joey was an amazing person. For her the dogs came first. She held Princess, "epitome of Airedales" according to Joey, for several months until our Tuscany died of kidney failure. She had already done one placement but Princess (the name she came with and the only time we weren't to change her name because she WAS a princess) was too much of a prankster and was returned. Not again. Joey decided we could handle a prankster!

Hannibal was a puppy from a pet store that the owner needed to rehome after being called up for active duty three weeks after adopting him. Joey called us, saying, "Do you want to deal with a puppy? They are a lot of work. This is your last chance. You're getting to be too old (we were in our early 60's). I've had a lot of people calling but

not just anyone gets a puppy. You like two dogs and I think he's young enough he won't challenge Princess too much.

She would get calls from shelters saying they had an Airedale and she would drive long distances to pick them up. More than once she would discover a dog that was a mix and at least once not even that but she brought them home to live out their lives with her (Phoenix was a mixed breed, predominantly Corgi whose back legs didn't work—"Don't feel sorry for him; he doesn't know he's crippled; he's happy"). We lived too far away to see each other often but we tried to go to Upper Black Eddy at least once a year to hang out with her and her dogs. I confess I gave our Airedales what our vet describes as a "functional haircut." Every time Joey would look at our dogs she would ask: "Didn't I give you the handout on how to cut an Airedale's hair?" "And what's with the eyebrows?"

The house she and Bill created was a magical place, filled with Airedale objects (stuffed toys, statues, books, doorstops, plates, cups, pictures, towels, blankets, etc). Several rooms were separated each with an exterior door that led into its own fenced yard for the rescues that couldn't be placed. For the general population of dogs there was an enormous wooden fenced yard, maybe three acres. There was a dog door cut into the kitchen door so dogs could race in and out as they wanted. No problem hosting Airefaire every year.

I miss Joey partly because of what she did for dogs, especially Airedales who needed new homes, but especially because she was a wonderful person with a generous smile and warm heart, overflowing with love. She's on the Rainbow Bridge, surrounded by all the dogs she helped and welcoming all the new ones joining them. I look forward someday to meeting her there and giving her the biggest hug I can.

Sally Ives



Phoenix (right) with Max



Memories of Joey



We had lost our third Airedale and, like all Airedales, he had been the most perfect dog ever to walk on the face of the earth. We decided to wait a bit before getting another dog to let the memory of Duffy's perfection fade somewhat. Suddenly we realized we needed our next Airedale NOW! We found our sweet Suzie, a five year old, for sale from a highly reputable breeder. After passing all the requirements, we were able to bring her home. We were thrilled, but she was terrified ...of everything. She couldn't eat, sleep or interact with us. Every light, sound, movement or shadow sent her scrambling from the room, tail down, with nowhere that she considered safe to go. This went on for days and days. The breeder was of no help at all. We feared that we would have to put her down. Suzie was miserable. No one could live like that for long.

Desperate for help, I found ARADV on the Internet and called Joey. She had recently been diagnosed with cancer. I know she had more things to think about than the story of a stranger with an Airedale, who wasn't even a rescue, but she was calm, reassuring, and sympathetic. She gave me a few suggestions and put our story out through her Airedale support system. She then forwarded their suggestions to me. We used so much of the advice that she directed to us. Joey was the first one to start the incredible change in Suzie. Our family is forever grateful to Joey for making such an effort to help us at a time when she had so many problems of her own. Gradually, Suzie became yet another in the line of the most perfect dogs ever to walk the face of the earth.



Nancy, Tom & Suzie Sell

Suzie, having a great day!

This is a picture of Joey, Tallulah, and I on the adoption day. As we were getting Tallulah in the car, I hesitated at her seatbelt. Joey asked what was wrong and I said that I didn't want to scare her. (Our previous Airedale took a while to get used to being strapped in.) Joey just laughed. And indeed Tallulah never ever exhibited any fear about ANYTHING. Toodles was the second of the three dogs that Joey let us adopt. Joey gave us many happy-- and entertaining-- years.

Bonny Hart



Joey with Lulu (Tallulah) on her lap. We were on vacation when we heard about her. This is the picture Joey sent us as an introduction. She told us that she almost kept Tallulah for herself.



Memories of Joey



My wife and I adopted our first Airedale, Duffy, from Joey in 1999. After we lost him much too soon to cancer, we contacted Joey again, asking for a smallish female. By that time I had been helping Joey with the newsletter for a couple of years, and I knew that she had very definite ideas about how her Airedales needed to be treated and how things should be done. Joey could be very abrupt and direct with adopters, as well as with volunteers inside rescue. One of the things I noticed, in working with the newsletter, was that there was always quite a bit of turnover in the list of volunteers and officers. She and I got along fine, because her criticism was always about results, never personal.

After a couple of weeks, Joey called back and said she had a female that might work for us. We made the trip up to Upper Black Eddy to find out. After meeting Cinnamon (who we renamed Gertie – she was a jokester to the end) and visiting with Joey and her dogs for an hour or so, Joey said, "I've got another dog you ought to meet." She took us into another room and introduced us to George (who we renamed Dash), the complete opposite of what we had asked for - a male who, at 95 pounds, was rail thin and over six feet tall standing on his back legs. He was the biggest love

sponge, and it turned out the most well-adjusted dog I've ever met. Of course, we adopted them both. Joey was amazing at matching dogs and people.

Keith Johnson



At Joey's, with Gertie and two of Joeys dogs

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 the county treasurer's office, and various other locations, and mail-in renewal is offered. A lifetime license is available for \$51.50 (\$31.50 if dog has been spayed or neutered). Fines for non-compliance are \$300.

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 managed by the state (a change in 2016.) Licenses are available for one, two or three years at a time, with proof of Rabies vaccination. Apply online at www.petdata.com/ Delaware, by phone at 877-730-6347, or at 9 locations throughout the state. Rates are \$10 per year for sterilized dogs, and \$15 for intact dogs. Fines of \$50 and up for non-compliance.



Dear Readers,

If your street address, e-mail address, or phone number has changed, please update them by contacting Deb at 609-313-4765 or by email at Deb.Ciancarelli@gmail.com. We'd also enjoy hearing how your dog is doing. Thank you.



Memories of Joey



Remembering Joey

By Mike Lurski (reprinted from www.Airedalerescuedelval.org)

Some people pass on, having made their world no better. Some, having made their world a little better. And fewer, having made their world much better. Joey Fineran, the recently deceased founder and long-time leader of Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley, belongs in the last group. The world she made much better is the Airedale world, comprised of those wonderful dogs and their appreciative owners and adopters.

Joey died March 4, 2015, one week short of her seventy-fifth birthday, at Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, after an almost two year struggle with cancer and related medical problems.

Miguel de Unamuno, a renowned Spanish philosopher, once wrote that "All of us, each one of us, can and ought to give as much of himself as he possibly can –no, to give more than he can, to exceed himself, to go beyond himself, to make himself irreplaceable." To those involved in Airedale rescue, these words certainly apply to Joey.

Like her name—she was born Sally—Joey's life underwent a big change when, in 1960, at the age of twenty, she saw her first Airedale.

Fittingly, this was Bengal Sabu, a legendary champion. Joey had answered an ad for kennel help in Dog World magazine and was working in Connecticut for Thomas M. Gately, one of the top terrier handlers at that time. She received \$55 monthly plus room and board.

Not even knowing what a dog show was, Joey was unaware of how fortunate she was to be working with Sabu, who was a frequent Best in Show winner.

Joey claimed that the Airedale that made her fall in love with the breed was a son of Sabu. Though a bit of a grump, this son became very close to Joey. And when he returned to his Illinois home, owned by Harold Florsheim of the shoe business, it almost broke her heart.

Eventually, Joey moved on to work in other kennels and obtained her first Airedale from Barbara Strebeigh and Adele Abe of Birchrun Kennels, in southeastern Pennsylvania. Barbara and Adele taught Joey much about Airedales.

She married her husband Bill in 1965, and their family included one Airedale and seven schnauzers. She had her first Airedale litter in 1967, by Champion Bengal Sabu!

During the next twenty-eight years, sixteen champions came from her fifteen litters, under the kennel name "Schaire." She continued to benefit



from Barbara and Adele's assistance and encouragement.

In the late sixties, Joey and Bill had rescued an Airedale advertised in the newspaper. More followed.

In 1971, she co-founded the Airedale Terrier Club of Greater Philadelphia in the basement of their home. In 1990, Joey was instrumental in the founding of the Airedale Terrier Club of America Rescue and Adoption Committee. Faced with Joey's persistence, the club agree to establish this committee only if Joey would chair it. Then, in 1995, Joey made a most fateful decision: to give up breeding to devote herself full-time to Airedale Rescue.

From then on, as head of Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley, Joey was instrumental in rescuing and placing many hundreds of Airedales. She also served as a director and publication editor for the national Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption organization.

Joey's life darkened in 2005, when she lost her beloved husband Bill to a heart attack. Since then, the needs of her own dogs (and cats, geese, swans, guinea hens, and a blind opossum) and a seemingly unending line of rescued Airedales, and even a few non-Airedales, gave her life meaning and purpose. During that time, the last of her "Schaire Airedales" passed away. Then, in the ear-



Memories of Joey



ly summer of 2013, she was diagnosed with cancer. She fought it bravely, with an Airedale's heart, for a year and a half, while still working for the breed as much as she could. Those of us in the world of Airedale rescue got to know Joey under different circumstances and to various degrees. Some adopters may have conversed with her only via telephone and during a home visit. Others may have also had contact with her at an AireFaire or other event. Many wrote her thank you notes and updates to which she responded and subsequently published in STARTING OVER. Some contacted her for advice concerning problems with their adopted Airedales. Some corresponded regularly with Joey concerning their dogs, for which she was always very grateful. The volunteers in ARADV got to know Joey more intimately.

What did all of us discover in Joey? Her depth of knowledge about the breed and her willingness to share it, especially with owners having dog problems. Her outstanding grooming ability, which she used on new rescues, in her words, "to find the Airedale beneath the mess which has imprisoned him for possibly a lifetime." Her uncanny ability to evaluate rescues and to place the right rescue with the right owner, ensuring future happiness for both. Her stubbornness (another of her Airedale traits)—especially when dogs' welfare was at stake. Her tenacity—displayed, for example, in her fighting to have the Airedale Terrier Club of America sponsor rescue groups. Her big heart, for she often kept difficult-to-place, disabled and troubled rescues, Airedale and non-Airedale, in her home, caring for them just as she would a champion. And, most of all, her passion for Airedales and her selflessness and dedication in working for Airedale welfare. Joey did what she felt had to be done, ignoring time and inconvenience.

Flaws? Joey had them, just as any human being does. But her positive qualities overshadowed them. Joey left a very significant legacy, impossible to capture in words. For many of us, her legacy resides in our memories and stories about her. Here are two of my own favorite Joey stories. Early in my involvement with Rescue, I told Joey that one of our Airedales was misbehaving but my wife Serafina and I were working on it. To my surprise, she firmly corrected me, saying that Airedales don't misbehave, they merely show "character." As we adopted more rescues, we learned that Airedales have lots of character. In 2004, I called Joey to inform her that we were ready to adopt another rescue, to be a companion for our Airedale Duffy. She happily told me that she had "the perfect dog" for us, a very neglected and abused eighteen-month-old named Toby. Several days later, as she prepared to leave our house after dropping off Toby, we noticed she had tears in her eyes. Then and throughout his lifetime, gentle Toby had a very special place in Joey's heart. And he did prove to be the perfect dog for us.

When Toby passed away, he was irreplaceable. Just like Joey.

"If you're uncomfortable around my dog, I'm happy to lock you in the other room when you come over."

— Anonymous



Joey with Colby,
Airefaire, June, 2009



Heart Strings



Gustave (Gus, Gussy) Meisel

April 19, 2014/April 11, 2025

They say the dog you loved before sent you the dog you love today.

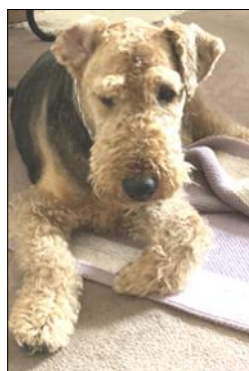
On April 4, 2024, I was startled in the middle of the night when I heard my Chester bark. On April 5, his birthday, I received a call from Deb Cincarelli that she would like to visit my home and we set up an appointment for that morning. Deb came out and interviewed me and while we were talking, we had an earthquake.

On April 13, 2024 I welcomed into my life and home Gustave (Gus, Gussy). When Gus arrived he walked into my home like he had always belonged here. Gus knew nothing about the 3/3/3 ruse of adjustment.

Gus was inquisitive, playful (loved to bring you his stuffed animals). Gus had a bark the echoed down the street. When taking him out for his walk he would announce with his deep bark "HERE I AM!" Several neighbors commented on how they loved his bark.

Gus fought the fight but the Aireangels had other plans. On April 11, 2025, I said good bye to Gus due to neurological issues in his brain. Gus, I am so happy you came into my life. You will never be forgotten. You left paw prints on my heart.

Alora & Larry Meisel



In Loving Memory

Abbey Czerniakowski
Gustave Meisel

Abbey Czerniakowski

In February of 2019, we were lucky enough to adopt Abbey (then Arrow). Her former dad had driven her to his deceased grandmother's farm in West Virginia from Pennsylvania where they lived and dumped her because they had another human baby on the way. When his mother and sister found out, they were outraged and drove to find Arrow. It took them days to find her in the middle of winter – it was early January. When they located her, they found she had been attacked by another animal and the pads of her feet were bleeding and torn. Deb Cincarelli was able to get her turned over to Delaware Valley Airedale Rescue and she was vetted and fostered for several weeks to evaluate her behavior.

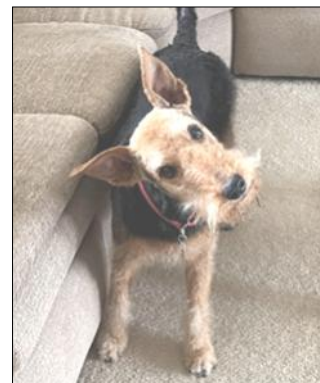
Deb brought her to us (we still had Jeter at that time) on a Saturday afternoon and she hit it right off with Jeter. The two of them were immediately good friends. Never one issue or fight. They truly loved each other. With us, she discovered she loved the beach. There wasn't a crab hole she didn't want to stick her nose in. But she quickly found out why you shouldn't eat sand!

When we lost Jeter in February of 2022, Abbey was very depressed and there were no young rescues to be found. So we got Grant, a pup. He totally changed Abbey's life. She got her spunk back. She played with him as much and as hard as she could. We never knew she could play bity face, as she didn't with Jeter. Well, she certainly did with Grant. She was once again happy and content and we know she and Grant loved each other.

Last summer, Abbey was showing signs of a health issue. Through meds and extra attention and lots of vet appointments, she seemed to respond. Then in November, it turned. Long story short, in December we found out through an ultrasound her belly was full of cancer. She was barely eating and was not herself at all. Once that was discovered, the next day we sent her to join Jeter at the rainbow bridge. She would have turned 13 at the end of this June.

Abbey was a total joy to us and is missed each and every day. While she was undeniably Mommy's girly girl and never left Mommy's side right up to the end, we all loved her and were so thankful to have her in our lives and to help heal her from what she had endured before, And we so miss her prick ears!!

Mike, Sue and Grant Czerniakowski



Heartfelt Thanks

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in Memory of her brother, Robert, who loved his Airedales
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in Memory of Berkeley, Prinny, Oscar, Penny Sue, Zoe Grace,
Chumly & Archie
in Honor of their Airedales, Spencer & Corally



For product information, please visit our website at www.freshpet.com.

PROUD SUPPORTER OF AIREDALE
RESCUE AND ADOPTION OF THE
DELAWARE VALLEY

THANKS!

Many years ago, Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley began a relationship with the very reputable pet food company, Freshpet. Freshpet manufactures its pet food products right here in Bethlehem, PA.

Through the efforts of the company's dog-loving representative, Carole Slade, Freshpet has continued to regularly donate their nutritious products to us, which has immensely helped our Rescued Airedales regain their weight, health and strength.

Freshpet has grown tremendously over the years, expanding their variety of pet food offerings. Their products are found at many local supermarket chains such as Giant and Wegmans, as well as pet supply and specialty shops. In 2020, the Bethlehem Freshpet Kitchen doubled its production capacity with the grand opening of a newly constructed facility.

Our gratitude goes out to Freshpet and especially Ms. Slade for their sincere willingness to help our organization and our Airedales.



Let's Talk Airedale!



**Gifford Ziemer's
new job!**



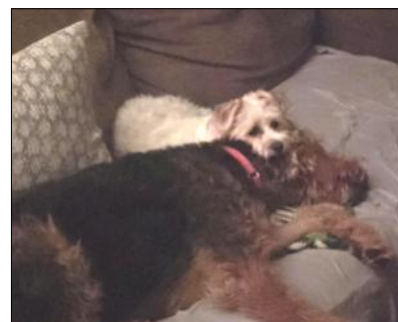
Finn Chmoures



Zoe, Pam & Tucker Wells



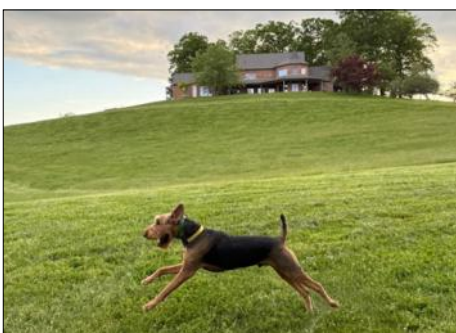
Fancy Krause and Friend



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Let's Talk Airedale!



Duke Fowler



Harry Ives



Willow & Angie Staymates



Tilly Endick



Teddy Minor



Gabby, Jesse & Benny Friedland



Finnegan Dixon



**Louie Skirchak's
Fifth Birthday!**



Beau Beckham's First Birthday!

Four-Feet

by Rudyard Kipling

I have done mostly what most men do,
And pushed it out of my mind;
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,
Four-Feet trotting behind.

Day after day, the whole day through —
Wherever my road inclined —
Four-feet said, "I am coming with you!"
And trotted along behind.

Now I must go by some other round, —
Which I shall never find —
Somewhere that does not carry the sound
Of Four-Feet trotting behind.

From:

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