“He is your friend, your partner, your defender, your life, his love. He will be yours, faithful and true to the last beat of his heart. You owe it to him to be worthy of such devotion.”

Unknown

From a collection
In honor of the Woodfin-Barbagelata wedding 4/08
Marilyn Smith
Alma Falkenberg
Jean & Bill Manigold
Susan Byram & Alcario Roa–Espinosa
Linda London
The Bunch Family
The Nunneville Family
Geoff & Sarah Hendrickson
Joan & Al Hennemendinger
Vivian & James Sheerin
Emma Arnold-Haigh
Fife Family
Sandy & Howard Hoffen
Noah, Shane & Emma Arnold-Haigh
Joseph Monti
Pet Valu
VVA/AVVA # 855, NJ for Lexi
The Ferracane’s for Tara Johnson
Mary Boyle
Paula & Denny Johnson in memory of Tara
Karen Shaw
Rita Williams—Zanesville Ohio friend
Chris Chandler—Zanesville, Ohio friend
Joanne Vargas & Billy Landale
Winter family in memory of Tara
Dolores & Jim Drake in memory of Tara
Dorothy and Orlando Dato
Abbott Williams and Parents
Joan, Mike & Michele Romano
Melissa & Ed Emde
Betsy & Steven Kowal
Carol & Skip Free
Evelyn & Peter Ongaro
The Cochran-Carney Family
Dorothyann & George Condoleon
Beverly Bauchert
Mary Hindes
Dorothy Ninneman
Joan Morano in memory of Jenny
Kimberly Pepenella, from her Xmas money
Susan & George Smith
Nancy Mezey & Karen Diehl
Bill & Lily Gardiner in memory of Scott Rydzewski
Dolores & Jim Drake to honor SHGRR volunteers
Joyce Hackenberg
Lois & John DeMarzio
PJ Widerman & Vickie Sjolander
Cathi & James Merrell
The Paraska Family
Uta Bornemann
Erin & Matt Lindenberg
Paula & Denny Johnson
Beverly Wade
Marilyn Smith
Winter kids
Groundwater
Kristines X-Mas Store
Peggy & Bill May
Joanne Croes
Greg Ilandale
American Eagle Flag Store
Carol Morano
Mabel Zamoznick
Linda Copeland
Circle Dodge
Shop Rite of Lacey Township
Romano Family
Susan Shock
Geico Philanthropic
Steven & Stephanie Paul
Elaine & John Incorvaia
Source M
Shura Arnold & John Haigh
Prudential Philanthropic
Headz or Nailz Salon
Dolores & Jim Drake
Sheila & Gordon Urquhart

Marilyn Smith in memory of Dr. Joseph Lane
Andrea Cacciarelli & Michael Bury
Michele & Thomas Giblin
Sheila Fortunato in memory of Arthur
Margaret Schenck in memory of Richard Weinmann
JoAnn & James Sparano in memory of Richard Weinmann
Janet Weinmann in memory of Richard Weinmann
Maggie Landale to honor Taxi, Ryder and Super Sophie Girl
Mary & John Edwards in memory of Richard Weinmann
Joann & Carl Felciti
Lynn Thomas & Tamra Neer
Brenda & Cody Snow
Kathi & Wallie Semchesyn
Kim, Bill, Sara & Will Feus Family
The Escalante Family
Im & FS Taggart

Oliver a doodle grown up 11/08
Kane, a Christmas Pup, 2004
Jack, Halloween 2008
**My Day at Lana’s House**

In November Lana went to a puppymill auction in Ohio and rescued four dogs that were going to be auctioned off to puppymillers. Puppymills are horrible places where dogs are kept in cramped spaces for the purpose of breeding puppies. The small crates are stacked up to the ceiling with dogs. The dogs are not fed and are famished and are treated so badly it is beyond belief. When the dogs defecate or urinate it falls into the crates below and the dogs live in these terrible conditions. They are forced to reproduce every six months and it is very hard on them. While Lana was at the auction she saw 4 dogs that desperately needed to be rescued so she took them home even though they were not goldens. Three of them were puppies. A week later she was off to the Amish country to rescue more dogs. She needed volunteers to watch the dogs while she made the long trip. My Grammie, (Paula Johnson) volunteered. When she asked me if I wanted to go, I was so excited. When we got there Geoff was already there with his two dogs and his camera in hand taking pictures of all the puppies and dogs. I think there were 17 altogether and they were so good and well behaved. My favorite of the puppies was Whiskers (don’t tell the other puppies or LB). Every time I was petting Whiskers, LB would come over and either sit on my head or lick me to death. They were all so cute and I wanted to take Whiskers home, she was so happy curled up on my lap and she fell asleep while I pet her and gave her kisses. They were so happy to be in a home where they could run around and be free and finally have good food. Thank you Lana for saving them and letting me come and play with them.

Lexie Danner, SHGRR Volunteer, age 12

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**Noaa the Wonder Dog**

Noaa is my new name. I was called Noah. Now I am Noaa.

Well, how should I start to tell about my family. Yes, my family. First, let me tell you about my two sisters. Sarah my beautiful mentor. At first, she was very bitchy and would not tolerate me pulling her tail. Well, she taught me a lesson or two and now I don’t pull on her tail........as much! We play first thing in the morning. Sarah is much bigger than me. She out weighs me by 10 pounds. She and I really bonded when we both realized that we both love “Sport-Squirling”. Marina, the Malamute. I didn’t know what to make of her. I never saw a dog with pointy ears! I was afraid of her as she looked wolfy. She does like to play a lot and she has a great “forest” here with lots of trees to run around. She puts me in my place and tells me what is her property. I play with her usually in the afternoon. We pick on each other all the time. If Marina goes over to play with Dutchie (Dutchie, lives two houses down and is also a Golden). I miss her and when she comes back I joyously greet her.

My human companions are so cool. I know, at times I get spooked but I’m getting more comfortable with their movements and sounds. They know I am afraid of the dark and help me when I cry because I can’t go up the stairs when it’s dark and turn the light on.

I never knew there were so many foods (and toys!). We all share. Yes, share. That’s a new word for me. My favorite treats are these cheesy crackers that look like fish. I sit nicely and Mom always gives me one and if I’m really good she gives me two. Yum, cheesy crackers.

I’m told that we will all go out in a boat. I don’t know what a boat is but it sounds interesting. It has something to do with the “water”? I don’t know about swimming yet. Sarah said if I am true to form, I will not get enough of swimming. I was born to swim? Kiddy pool, I don’t know what a “Kiddy Pool” is? Marina said that is how I learn to hold my breath and get the feel of water on my paws. I can’t wait because if Marina said it was fun.

Well, that’s what’s happening right now. I’ll update you on my new adventures. Lastly, I want to thank my dearest Carol and the “fur-kids pack.” Without her and her pack, I don’t know where I would be? She showed me what “love” is. She was my “first love”.

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**Noaa, mastering the house steps 10/08**

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Luke #171

I really don’t think I would have Luke today if it wasn’t for my insom-nia! I was unable to sleep one night in July 2008 and was channel surf-ing trying to find something interesting to watch. NJN really got my attention! There was this woman in her kitchen with all these gorgeous Golden Retrievers around her as she was being interviewed by Sandra Levine of NJN. This grabbed my attention immediately and I turned the volume up! I listened to everything Lana told Sandra about Shore Hearts Golden Retriever Rescue and was so excited. My husband Steve and I lost our dog Brody in Nov. 2007 and we were finally ready to think about another dog in the house. I never had a pure bred dog, all of our previous dogs came from the SPCA and I knew I would never buy a dog at a store or from a breeder, so this seemed so perfect. I filled out our application online and hoped for the best. I really was optimis-tic about the whole thing. Something told me this was the thing to do. The next day I had a reply online from Lana and I answered the best I could. She and I talked about a few dogs she had and then she told me about Luke. I really don’t think Lana wanted to let him go but I was so interested in him. Well, on 8/3/08 Lana and Luke pulled in my drive-way for the big meet and greet, I was so happy. We all hit it right off, he was the dog for us and we knew it right away. I even called my neighbor Carol over to meet him as she and I take care of each other’s pets when needed. We all had a wonderful time and didn’t want the meeting to end. I guess we passed the “Lana Muster’ and she told us to come on down to pick him up 3 days later.

It has been a whirlwind since the day we picked him up. We have al-ready been on vacation in the NC Outer Banks and my family reunion in Pa. with him and take him everywhere we go. He was so well trained and he is just a joy for us. We are so happy to be a complete family again. Steve and I were so grateful to SHGRR and wanted to help out any way we could. We have been helping out at the craft shows with some wooden signs and crafts and it has been so rewarding! I look for-ward to the schedule of events this year and encourage anyone who is interested to contact Lana!

Thank you from the bottom of our hearts!

Steve and Betsy Kowal

Someone has hidden my ball! It is all I can think about. I have spent all morning looking for it. Please help me find it!

Love, Abby

Emma Arnold-Haigh

I am Emma,
I am Emma!
And I face a sad dilemma...

I really like
Both eggs and ham
Might even take
A little spam
Or jelly, mint,
And well-done lamb
But most of all
I like a ham!

I would munch it
here or there.
I’d nibble ham
most anywhere!
I never see it
In this house.
Nor is there beef, nor fish
Nor grouse.
Mom will not put them
In the pan
For she’s a vegetarian!!!

Oh, dear Aunt Lana,
did you know?
To one like me
’twas such a blow.
To join this veggie eating corps
I did not know what was in store
For I’m a dog – a CARNIVORE!!!

Please tell dear mom
To grant my wish
With meat or chicken
Fill my dish
Let’s see the ham, the ribs, the pork
Tell mom – put down the salad fork!

Beef, Eggs and Ham;
Or, Emma’s dilemma
(with apologies to Dr. Seuss)
By Emma Arnold-Haigh
A Golden Retriever

I really don’t think I would have Luke today if it wasn’t for my insom-nia! I was unable to sleep one night in July 2008 and was channel surf-ing trying to find something interesting to watch. NJN really got my attention! There was this woman in her kitchen with all these gorgeous Golden Retrievers around her as she was being interviewed by Sandra Levine of NJN. This grabbed my attention immediately and I turned the volume up! I listened to everything Lana told Sandra about Shore Hearts Golden Retriever Rescue and was so excited. My husband Steve and I lost our dog Brody in Nov. 2007 and we were finally ready to think about another dog in the house. I never had a pure bred dog, all of our previous dogs came from the SPCA and I knew I would never buy a dog at a store or from a breeder, so this seemed so perfect. I filled out our application online and hoped for the best. I really was optimis-tic about the whole thing. Something told me this was the thing to do. The next day I had a reply online from Lana and I answered the best I could. She and I talked about a few dogs she had and then she told me about Luke. I really don’t think Lana wanted to let him go but I was so interested in him. Well, on 8/3/08 Lana and Luke pulled in my drive-way for the big meet and greet, I was so happy. We all hit it right off, he was the dog for us and we knew it right away. I even called my neighbor Carol over to meet him as she and I take care of each other’s pets when needed. We all had a wonderful time and didn’t want the meeting to end. I guess we passed the “Lana Muster’ and she told us to come on down to pick him up 3 days later.

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Love, Abby

Emma 2009

EMMA 2009
But, my foster Mom calls me Chach. I’m a little camera shy so don’t expect to many pictures of me. I just want to tell you a little about myself.

For my first 11 years I was the beloved family pet of a family in Freehold, NJ. I remember being a kid and able to run and play. But you know about those loving human parents, a biscuit here, a treat there, a little extra food because I looked sad—well here I am in rescue with my last known weigh being 126 pounds. Now, 126 pounds is great if you are a St Bernard but I’m this adorable, white faced golden who can hardly get off the floor, and steps are definitely out of the question. A walk on a leash—do dogs really do that? My foster Mom would love to try but is afraid that she would have to call 911 for help in getting me back to the house!

All kidding aside. My Dad had to e-mail SHGRR because unfortunately he was recovering from a long term illness and he was loosing our home and could no longer afford the medications I needed. I know he must have been sad but try and picture how I felt. One minute I’m in the kitchen with him and the next some stranger is at the door with a leash and collar asking for me by name. I had to check to see if I was still alive and not on my way to doggy heaven!! Dad had to sign some papers giving this lady permission to take me with her. We did the walk to the car, Dad had to help me get in and off we drove. I looked back to see if he was waving or crying but he wasn’t even there. I was looking out the window trying to figure out if I would be able to find my way home. It was very confusing and I was scared. We finally arrived at this ladies house and I could not help her get my body out of her car. Not that I didn’t want to help, I couldn’t. She looked worried. Finally, she was able to turn me around and pull me out the side door head first since my back legs don’t work so good. It was a crash landing for both of us. We both looked to make sure the neighbors didn’t see us on the ground and then made our way into the garage, closed the door and then I got attacked by the elephant herd I had heard on my way in. Since I don’t move well I just laid there while they sniffed and touched—it didn’t take long before they went off not very interested in me. Something about “fresh meat”!!

Confused, to say the least! Why wasn’t I home. Why did I think I was staying at this new place? Did I have to? Where were my biscuits? I cried out loud for my biscuits! I refused water—I’ll show them! I did go out for potty—there was a step! I wanted to die! And, this lady was determined that I was going out!

Uncle Greg came with his 3 kidz who promptly joined the herd. A nice guy, he fed me from his hand—no I won’t eat. He put some on the floor—well it smelled good so I gave it a taste. I ate! Where was my biscuit. Again this lady had something to say—DIET—D-I-E-T, like in no biscuits! I just knew I was dead!!! I cried out loud, she wiped my tears, kissed me and softly said NO BISCUITS for you—this is boot camp and you will be loosing 30 pounds.

Aunt Laura came to see me and gave me my thyroid pills which I had not taken in a long time—hopefully this will help along with my DIET. She also reduced my pain meds for the arthritis since with my diet I should be able to get on my feet easier. Uncle David came to visit and gave me a day of beauty. He made me feel and look so good. Since I am really a very handsome guy, it wasn’t to much work ??? Only problem was I couldn’t stand and he had to bath and groom me on the floor. SAD …..

AND AFTER A FEW MONTH:

The herd has accepted me (except for Snugs), I’ve been trying to play with Patrick and Scarlet on the floor. Patrick’s a good sport. He can run circles around me while I lay there all happy with my feet in the air. I no longer cry for biscuits, really don’t think about them anymore. Once in a while we all treat but I line up with the others and whatever it is DIET is working, I’ve lost 20 pounds. I feel much even standing to eat which is a major accomplishment home, really. Besides it being meal time, I get to Barbara also lets me out during the day) and roll
"I rescued a human today."

Her eyes met mine as she walked down the corridor peering apprehensively into the kennels. I felt her need instantly and knew I had to help her. I wagged my tail, not too exuberantly, so she wouldn't be afraid.

As she stopped at my kennel I blocked her view from a little accident I had in the back of my cage. I didn't want her to know that I hadn't been walked today. Sometimes the shelter keepers get too busy and I didn't want her to think poorly of them.

As she read my kennel card I hoped that she wouldn't feel sad about my past. I only have the future to look forward to and want to make a difference in someone's life.

She got down on her knees and made little kissy sounds at me. I shoved my shoulder and side of my head up against the bars to comfort her. Gentle fingertips caressed my neck; she was desperate for companionship.

A tear fell down her cheek and I raised my paw to assure her that all would be well. Soon my kennel door opened and her smile was so bright that I instantly jumped into her arms. I promised to keep her safe. I promised to always be by her side. I promised to do everything I could to see that radiant smile and sparkle in her eyes. I was so fortunate that she came down my corridor. So many more are out there who haven't walked the corridors. So many more to be saved. At least I could save one.

I rescued a human today."

Unconditional devotion from those wonderful companions: priceless and not available elsewhere.

"We can send a man to the moon, but we can't keep peace in our families and our neighborhoods. That is because the former task does not demand compassion."

Author Janine Allen
Spring is on its way and it time to tune up your dog for more out door activities. One of the things you can do is prepare your dog for nice long strolls. Take a piece of string and pull it taunt and hold it this way for at least five minutes. If you want to be exact, hold it for the length of a typical walk. Notice how this feels on your hands, arms, neck and back? Now let your hands relax and bring them closer together. Again notice the difference in feel and lack of tension.

Let's imagine you leash is the string. You are one hand and your dog is the other. Is your leash tight like the string or loose as in the second phase.

Pulling is a learned process. Your dog will reproduce what they think is normal as a conditioned response to the leash and collar. Count how many times do you to your dog via the leash? Every time you pull back to get their attention; slow them down; get them away from some ground scent; keep them from lunging towards another dog or absent mindedly dragging you from point A to point B, you are teaching your dog something but is it what you want? Putting on the leash and collar create a known behavior and once you put the leash on, your dog automatically prepares to begin what is normal, pulling.

Teaching your dog to walk nicely covers three aspects of learning for the dog.

First, what is the position they need to be in? In other words, if they can't pull, where should they be instead? Teaching a loose leash walk is more about teaching a position in relationship to you more that what the leash is doing.

Second, it has to do with boundaries. What are you expectations on a walk and were do the boundaries end. Boundaries are part of consequence of behavior. Dogs live and learn from this. Having large off leash group activities I see this often. Dog A acts out towards dog B. Dog B growls, raises its lip, snaps at or offers a corrective behavior to let dog A know it has over stepped it boundaries. Dog A now rethinks what it was doing in favor of what it should be doing. This consequence of behavior is well understood by all dogs. In teaching loose leash walking, we want our dogs to think about their behavior and how it is received by us.

Third, we have to teach with distraction. Our dogs can do anything with no distraction but life is full of distraction in the form of scents, sights and sounds. To have a dog fully aware of us and not responding to it, we need to teach how to let it go and focus on us.

So if this becomes all to time consuming, collars become the resource. If I put my dog in the right collar it will stop the pulling. Nope, take the dog out of that collar and it still pulls. Collars can be used to teach boundaries or to restrain the dog so the pulling becomes more comfortable for us. Restraint is not training or valued information for the dog. It puts the dog into more confusion and creates compulsion to pull more.

For some dogs, teaching to loose walk is easy and can be accomplished with a treat, for others a treat has little value and the dogs needs more direct control. But lets go with the treat. Take your dog out into the backyard and least amount of distraction. Hold a treat in your left hand and walk. Make sure it's flavorful and smells good! Turkey hot dogs cut up into little tiny pieces are good. Each time your dog comes up along your left side , give it a taste and keep walking. Give a treat for position, no treat for just begging. Walking calmly next to you gets the treat, not if they jump/walk/grab/walk. Start first with an immediate treat being along side of you, and then extend time periods- a few seconds to a few minutes. Do only right turns away from your dog. Walk straight, treat. Make a right turn and treat when they catch up.

To keep yourself from getting dizzy, walk in straight lines and right angles only. Once your dog is walking along your left side, add the leash and repeat. This can take a few days or months depending on your dog. You can include a verbal marker such as YES or GOOD which you can use later on without the treats, but, verbal markers need to take place at the same time you give the treat. After a few weeks of doing this and having your dog walk next to you begin to introduce distraction. Go to a local park and start over with distance from heavy distraction, be sure to use a leash. If you get too close to heavy distraction or the dog looses it focus, back off the distraction until they are doing a proper heel position.

This does not work for every dog but it’s a starting point. If you have difficulty, enroll in a training class. It will be fun and rewarding for both of you!

By: Jeanne Perciaccanto

www.ultimatedogtraining.com
Dog-Greeting tips to avoid a surprise bit  
by Denise Flaim—Newsday contributor

We’ve all been there. We see a cute dog on the street and what do we do? We reach down to pet it. While seemingly harmless, petting an unknown dog can actually be dangerous. Here are some tips that just might help you or your child avoid injury.

Get permission: Many passersby don’t ask dog owners if they can pet their animals. The verbal exchange lets the dog know that his owner accepts you, and so can he. But wait to hear the answers: No means no.

Approach obliquely: In polite canine society, approaching head-on is a serious faux pas and one that can trigger defensiveness. Instead, approach from an angle, making sure the dog can see you.

No staring contest: Similarly, making direct eye contact—and maintaining it—indicates a challenge to canines. Instead, use signals that communicate calm and friendliness: blinking, offering your profile and even yawning.

Learn to read a dog: Canine body language expresses precisely what a dog is feeling. A wagging body, loose lips, relaxed ears and “soft” eyes mean “come hither”. In turn, a tense body, braced legs, a stiffly wagging tail and flattened ears are not welcome.

No aerial assaults: “Never, ever swoop down over a dog. No dog, no matter its size, likes that” admonishes Darlene Arde, author of “Rover, Get Off Her Leg: Pet Etiquette for the Dog Who Pees on Your Rug, Steals the Roast, and Poops in Improper Places.”

No head pats: “Never immediately bring your hand down on the dog’s head,” Arden warns. “From the dog’s perspective, this looks like he’s about to be hit or have something land on him.”

Be underhanded: The safest and least provocative “hello” you can give a dog is offering your knuckles to sniff, with a closed fist, after the dog has sniffed your knuckles, start to slowly scratch the dog under the chin.

Think calm: Dogs can pick up on your body language, breathing patterns and even the pheromones you emit—and respond. If you’re not comfortable with petting a dog, then don’t.

Here are some pics of Stella w/ the kids for the newsletter. She’s such a great addition to our family. The kids love playing w/ her and she loves playing w/ them. Stella really likes her walks to school and loves all the kids. She even has quite a few doggy friends! Anyway, we absolutely love her and feel very thankful to have her with us. Will keep you updated on how she's doing. Kim 02/09

Our Marshall, Missouri Volunteers: Dr Jane Waller, her staff, Debbie & Ashley; Wendy Ragan, her sister, Amy with her children, Quinlan and August—October, 2008

GUESS !!

Puppy Molly and her cousins, Alexis 10/08
Hey ya’ll, I’m back! New foster dog in the family! Bruce went to a new home, I was just getting into having all my toys and bones back and my mom made a trip to Aunt Lana’s. Uh OH! She didn’t take me…and that could be bad news. I sat at home and held my breath!

I knew it! Mom came back, went to the back of the car and out came this golden dog. I thought it was Jack for a second and almost got excited! Then I noticed she would have landed on her head if my mom hadn’t caught her…NOT Jack (heavy sigh). I watched them come up the walk, crawling up the walk really. They came to the step and mom had to lift each end up to get her onto the porch. Let’s not even mention how mom got her into the house! Lots of pulling, pushing, grunting… that was mom!... Maggie (I finally learned her name) was not helping at all. I tried to tell Maggie what to do but she was so scared she ignored me. For once I decided to keep my welcome low key. My mom was pretty surprised at that I think…have to keep her on her toes.

Maggie crawled across the tile floor and then she was on the carpet. Uh OH…new dog! She got her footing and off she went. I don’t think I ever saw a dog wag their whole body like she does. Her feet go 90 miles / hr and her tail about 200 mph and she is still in the same place!

THEN she discovered MY TOYS!!!! Here we go again. What is with these goldens! Every soft toy I own ended up in her crate. Mom has pictures! She thought it was funny but I draw the line at my rabbit and flamingo. Tell me…why does every dog that comes in here (including Bear) go right to my rabbit and my flamingo??! They are back in my bedroom on my bed and those dogs always find them right off! Out of 50 toys in this house we have to argue about those 2 all the time. Can’t they be happy with the other 48 they confiscated from me!!! Give me a break! Finally she tried to eat the stuffing out of one of the 48 and now neither of us can have them. When am I ever going to get my toys back to myself? We can only have the ‘Tuff Toys’ and I don’t like them as much.

Anyway, I spent at least 2 weeks trying to show Maggie how to play. I hopped, skipped and jumped around her and she just ignored me. I pulled her leg, pushed her with my nose, did the ‘Pepe LePew’ hop around her, rolled around on the floor, whined, barked, gave her my whole repertoire. After awhile I started to feel a little silly so you know if I felt that way every one else probably has another word for it! No Go.

There was so much noise in the house with my mom doing demolition and construction that Maggie just wanted to stay in her crate.

About 3 weeks into her visit Maggie came and stood over top of me while I was lying on the floor. She was quite quiet and very sneaky about it. I was sleeping soundly and all of a sudden there she was! What the heck! BOOM! she stepped on me!... and she is a little hefty if you know what I mean. Mom laughed and we were off. I ran about 50 laps around her and she just quietly followed me by turning in a circle. OK…this has to change. I was exhausting myself and not 1 of her hairs was out of place! I kept poking at her until she finally let her guard down and came after me. We have been playing together ever since. She plays so much nicer than the boys who have been here…again excluding Bear. He is a always gentleman.

Everyone who sees her says how beautiful she is so I gave her that name. I really like having her here. She may be my favorite next to Jack. She gives me my space but she likes to play too and she isn’t pushy like you know who. (smile)
### 2008 Adoptions

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Adopters</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>150</td>
<td>Scooby</td>
<td>Patti &amp; Gary Murdock</td>
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<tr>
<td>138</td>
<td>Leah</td>
<td>Marla &amp; Barry Beckmann</td>
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<td>143</td>
<td>Tara</td>
<td>Lee Forlaw Hoff &amp; Chuck Hoff</td>
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<td>146</td>
<td>Cash</td>
<td>Nancy Mezey &amp; Karen Diehl</td>
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<td>151</td>
<td>Hana</td>
<td>Susan &amp; George Smith</td>
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<td>152</td>
<td>Noele</td>
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<td>156</td>
<td>Morgan</td>
<td>Kim &amp; Edgar Bunch</td>
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<td>Snuggles</td>
<td>Patch Winter</td>
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<td>Bandit</td>
<td>Geoff &amp; Sam Hendrickson</td>
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<td>Bonnie</td>
<td>Angela &amp; Michael Hornsby</td>
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<td>Sandy</td>
<td>Karen &amp; Stew Fife</td>
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<td>160</td>
<td>Oliver</td>
<td>Janice &amp; David Broker</td>
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<td>157</td>
<td>Wilson</td>
<td>Kristin &amp; Peter Nuneviller</td>
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<tr>
<td>149</td>
<td>Cody</td>
<td>Millie &amp; John Lazarus</td>
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<td>150</td>
<td>Bodie</td>
<td>Jill &amp; Michael Paraska</td>
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<td>161</td>
<td>Sonny</td>
<td>The Cochran-Carney Family</td>
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<td>171</td>
<td>Luke</td>
<td>Betsy &amp; Steven Kowal</td>
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<td>172</td>
<td>Jasper</td>
<td>Evelyn &amp; Peter Ongaro</td>
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<td>173</td>
<td>C.J.</td>
<td>Carol &amp; Skip Free</td>
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<tr>
<td>164</td>
<td>Cinnamon</td>
<td>Beverly Bauchert</td>
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<td>165</td>
<td>Molly</td>
<td>Dorothyann &amp; George Condoleon</td>
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<tr>
<td>170</td>
<td>Aaron</td>
<td>Virginia &amp; Peter Ricca</td>
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<tr>
<td>111</td>
<td>Lexi</td>
<td>Lana Winter</td>
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<tr>
<td>169</td>
<td>Noah</td>
<td>Linda &amp; Billy Steadman</td>
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<tr>
<td>162</td>
<td>Bruce</td>
<td>Michele &amp; Thomas Giblin</td>
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</table>

### 2009 Adoptions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Adopters</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>182</td>
<td>Stella</td>
<td>Bill, Kim, Sara and Will Feus</td>
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<tr>
<td>179</td>
<td>Luigi</td>
<td>Lyn Thomas &amp; Tamra Neer</td>
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<td>177</td>
<td>Bleu</td>
<td>Susan, Richard &amp; Jazz Rozier</td>
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<tr>
<td>181</td>
<td>Danny</td>
<td>The Latimer-Gutowski Family</td>
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<td>174</td>
<td>Chanel</td>
<td>The Taylor Family</td>
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<tr>
<td>163</td>
<td>Baby Molly</td>
<td>Kathy &amp; Wally Semchesyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td>Jesse</td>
<td>JoAnn &amp; Carl Feliciti</td>
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<td>176</td>
<td>Quincy</td>
<td>Brenda &amp; Cody Snow</td>
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<tr>
<td>178</td>
<td>Mr P (Charlie)</td>
<td>Marlene Bissas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>Maggie Mae</td>
<td>Suzann &amp; Steve Kaliff</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**Applause Please!**

Our Webmaster, Vincent Navarro has been working very hard on the new “look” of our webpage. Going forward, this newsletter will be available online, just look under the Newsletter Button. If you currently do not receive e-mails from Shore Hearts please forward your correct e-mail addy to: adoptions@shorehearts.org for inclusion on the Newsletter list. We will be sending out an e-mail to advise when you can view the upcoming Newsletter online. This will help us save hundreds of dollars in mailing expenses a year. On the other hand, if you do not have a computer you will still continue to receive a hard copy.
Danny the Golden

It has only been four weeks since Danny came to our home on the Lower East Side of Manhattan and we are forever changed. We are totally in love and so very grateful to all of you at the Shore Hearts Golden Retriever Rescue and Danny’s foster family (Carol and her pack) for the kind, generous and beautiful Golden you have brought into our lives.

Tom and I and our two boys, Liam (12) and Thomas (10), have all been touched by Danny’s magic. During this past month, Danny has connected to each of us in a unique and personal way: Happily greeting Liam home from a long school day with a tennis ball at the ready, inviting Tom to gallops through the freshly fallen snow on their late night winter walks, joining me on visits to elderly neighbors with sweetness and ease, and inspiring peaceful family lounging across the living room.

Danny is particularly intuitive and extraordinary in the connection he is making with our youngest son, Thomas, who has autism. In just these few weeks, they have traveled together to a place of unbelievable comfort. Thomas who used to anxiously “greet” our neighborhood dogs from at least 10 feet away, worried and often physically panicked, now easily shares great affection and the space of our two bedroom apartment with the sweetest dog that ever there was. Together we take Thomas to his school bus each morning and Danny is there with me each afternoon as well to softly welcome Thomas home. Danny has been soulfully patient, understanding and encouraging with Thomas. We are so excited that Thomas is saying “Yes!” to Danny’s incredible invitations to join us and choosing to be a part of our family’s experience in loving this very loveable dog.

Just last week Thomas has started co-walking Danny with me through the neighborhood and proudly announcing to people we meet, “I like our pet. Danny is Golden.” He certainly is!

Thank you all!

Beth & Tom, Liam & Thomas