

This space is dedicated to all those Dobies who have shared our lives, homes and affection. Your memorials may be sent to us at doberman@dru.org and we will post them periodically. You may also send a photograph (jpg format) that we will post with your tribute.

Buddy

It is through tears Cindy that I write this at 3:30 in the morning. My beloved "Buddy" died at 3am less than a half hour ago.

He had been in failing health for a couple of months. He used to lick his paws and legs almost to distraction. He was covered in lumps, some small, some larger.

I needed to help him up the stairs as his hind legs were giving out on him for the last month. He was my little boy and I dearly loved him without reserve. For those who have never owned and loved a dog the pain of losing them is excruciating.

I had gone to the vet a week ago saying I think he needed to be euthanized as his quality of life was non-existent. I know I may ramble a bit here but I'm still crying and shaking.

His gums were turning white and he had a hard time defecating in the last two or three days. I slept downstairs on the floor with him this night and his breathing was labored and had a gurgling sound to it.

I got up and was sitting above him stroking him with my foot when I noticed his breaths were getting shallow and he made a couple of twitching movements and then was gone.

Bo came downstairs as I was crying and we placed him on his bed, covered him over and he's now in the garage. Later today I'll finish a box I was building for him and bury him in our backyard with my other dogs.

I feel awful for not having put him down sooner but I hoped he would improve even though deep down I knew that was not going to happen.

Buddy was a very loved dog. He lived to be 13 years old. He always had 2 walks and regular meals and cookies. How he loved his after walk cookie. He also had a least one other dog with him, except for a 4 or 5 month stretch 5 years ago.

I will not get another dog as I will be 73 this October. Kylie will probably live another 6 or 7 years and that will be it. Buddy was my 5th Doberman in 35 years. Baron 9 yrs., Lady 13yrs., BJ (Baron Jr.) 5yrs , James 7yrs and Buddy 13yrs.

The odds of him ending up with me way up here in Canada after having been picked up as a stray in NYC in 2004 is astronomical. We picked him up just after Christmas of 2004. Your records no doubt will attest to that.

I am so sorry to read about your founders' passing. She must have been a very loving and compassionate woman. My sincere condolences to her family and to all the folks at DRU.

You may use this letter as you see fit. As an animal and especially a dog lover I despise hunting and any and all forms of cruelty to animals.

Richard Meades and Bozica Plesa

Caesar



Do you believe in love at first sight? The moment I saw Caesar on the DRU SSNAP page, I fell in love. I knew he had to join our pack. When I met him at DRU, his personality did not disappoint. We arrived that day with 3 dogs, and left with 5. During the doggie introduction, true to Claire's description, he was a true referee. Barking in an authoritative kind of way if "he" felt someone was playing too rough. In fact, Caesar chimed in so much, we started calling him Ruff Ruff and the name just stuck. They say everyone has a "heart" dog, well Caesar was mine. The very first time I left for the day, and came home from work, he spun around and barked with such a loud, excited greeting I thought he was going to explode. I have cherished every one of those greetings for over 3 years. As time went by, his arthritis became more and more problematic. But he never stopped being my sweet Ruff Ruff. He was my little shadow where ever I went. His last night, Jimmy and I helped him on the couch, and held him in our arms.... and cherished every second. It was obvious he was becoming a prisoner of the pain he was enduring. And with every ounce of love in our hearts, we released him from his suffering. I can hear him "ruffereeing" at Rainbow Bridge with all his friends to welcome him. Good bye my sweet Ruff. Your paw print have been left on our hearts forever and always!

With our love,

Lisa & Jim Gardner

Dillan



We lost our special boy, Dillan in November of 2015. He had a tumor on his heart plus fluid around the heart. They gave him a week maybe two. They told us he wasn't in pain, so we brought him home, gave him lots of love and attention. He lived just shy of three weeks after that. He was only seven and was the most loving, rambunctious dobe up until the end.

Dillan came to live with us at Christmas 2010. We always post a Christmas wish list on our refrigerator for everyone to post what they would like for gifts. Well, that year my husband Dan posted something very different. It was a copy of Dillan's picture and description from DRU's site. There sat the picture with "I want him" written on it. My daughter, Jill, and I made arrangements for us to visit Dillan and we surprised my husband. We arrived at DRU to meet a beautiful fawn colored Doberman. It was love at first sight. We all loved him and he got along well with our Min-Pin Daisy (who crossed the rainbow bridge in the Fall of 2013). Well Dillan became part of our family and we began to learn his likes and dislikes. He loved people especially "his people". He loved stuffies and balls. He would destroy the ball, first by pulling off the fuzzy outside, then chewing the inside. Took us a long time to find one he couldn't destroy in an hour. He loved to chase the balls but wasn't very good about giving it back so we could throw it again!! Not all his stuffies were stuffed for long. He never got on the furniture and he never chewed anything but his stuffed animals and balls. He did destroy many dog beds (we lost count at how many), as he would dig at them to try to get them fluffier, no matter how thick they were. He would also scratch the carpet at wherever the sun was hitting it, to let me know he wanted his bed moved there, and of course I would move it! He loved to go for rides, go camping, to outdoor craft fairs and of course to see his friend Katie, my son and daughter in law's doberman. He loved our cat Cloey, he would gently chase her and not so gently plop his paw on her. He would also go to where she was laying and put his nose under her belly and lift her up.

Dillan loved people except for the UPS guy or the FedEx man. The mail lady wasn't well liked either. Only because they were on the other side of the locked door and mom was home alone. I always felt safe because he would let me know if someone was at the door. He would also let us know if a leaf was blowing outside the window. He was what everyone

loves about dobermans, loving and protective. When he saw my husband outside the window when he got home from work, his little nub went a hundred miles an hour and his body would go into a U-shape. He was a prancer!

He was a very picky eater, again we lost count of how many dog foods we tried. We would buy a small bag to test it, he would eat it, so we would buy a big bag. Shortly into that bag he would turn his nose up at it, try to cover it up or proceed to spit it all over the floor. He also spit it on the floor if we left him alone, his way of saying, don't do that again! He was a great camper! New places to sniff, new people to meet. We could leave him in our camper and he would never make a peep. Many people were afraid of him at first but soon learned he was a gentle giant.

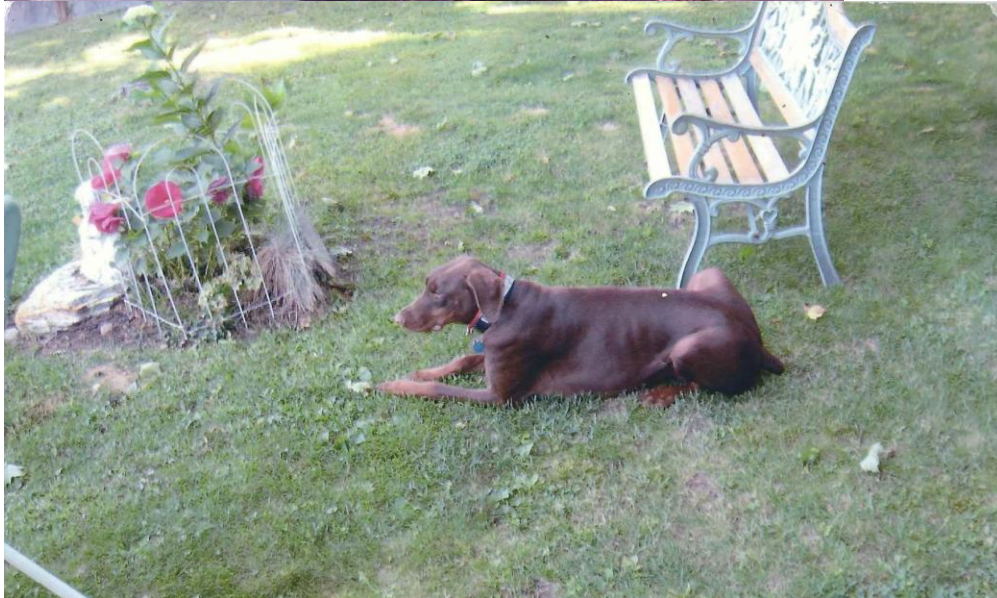
Our home now seems so empty now that he is gone. We think we can hear a faint tick, tick, tick across the kitchen floor or the low moan he used to make when we rubbed his ears. We know he is happy and healthy on the other side of the rainbow bridge playing with all our other Dobes.... Brutus, Sabrina, Tasha, and Syllas. All rescues. He's reunited with his little buddy Daisy.

It's very hard to think of someday having another, because he was one of a kind. We know that if we do, it will be another rescue from DRU. Giving a dobe a second chance at having a loving home is the only way to go in our minds and in our hearts. We would like to thank Claire, Cindy and the staff and volunteers at DRU. The love and attention these Dobes get is beyond words. They are always nurturing these pups and are sure to match the right dog with the right family and always there to assist in the transition from shelter to the new home.

Dillan, you were loved as much as any human can possibly love a four-legged friend. Rest in Peace our sweet boy until we meet again.

Dan and Samantha Worster

Jake Sheahan
01-27-08 to 02-06-16



Dear DRU,

I've included 2 of the many pictures of Jakie. This boy represented a very noble Dobie; very intelligent, strong, aggressive. Last September 16th he started coughing on the deck. I thought he swallowed a bee. We took him to his vets, Dr. Randy and Dr. Rogers, who in turn said take him to Tufts. Well, it boiled down that Jakie ended up with cardiomyopathy plus he had proteinuria. Now he is on 50 million meds, it seemed. Tufts gave him 3-6 months to live. He went down in weight losing 10 lbs. We tried to feed him with special food purchased from the vet which he did take with his meds. It all got to be too much. I should have let his vet put him to sleep, but I tried and tried to save him! Jakie had a good time with us. He was groomed at Petco in Auburn, MA where he got all his toys. He knew the word Daddy when Bud came home, and the sound of the garage door opening. He did have a good life, never to be forgotten. We will love him forever.

Barbara and Bud Sheahan

Nara





Just a quick note to let everyone know who followed Nara's story that she crossed the Rainbow Bridge early AM on Friday March 20th with both of us with her. She was playing one minute and gone the next. No time to hug her or say goodbye. I guess in some ways that is good but for us humans it leaves a very big hole in our hearts.

Her life started out pretty rough as you can see by the picture above - she was originally from Kuwait arriving here in the United States in February 2008 and shortly thereafter moved to northern Vermont with us. In May she would have been with us 7 years, not nearly long enough. Our plan was to retire and grow old together.

As all Doberman she gave us challenges especially with the medical issues she had - but we learned to work through it and around it with love and the help of a great vet Dr. Steve. Nara was patient with us, allowing us to poke, prod and constantly check and medicate her. She never complained just moved forward in her day.

She had a great life - we had a great life with her. There wasn't a person she didn't like, but there wasn't a cat, squirrel or small dog that she did! She loved her stuffies even though

some never lasted more than 5 minutes; it was a challenge to find something that would squeak more than a week!

Our life without her is sad and too quiet - that is why we have hung her collar on the door so every time we go in or out we hear her greeting us even if it is from the other side of the bridge.

Lilli **(May 12, 2003 - February 12, 2015)**



DRU:

Flights of angels sang and transported my beautiful and precious fawn girl -- Lilli-putian, to her eternal rest across "The Rainbow Bridge" 3 months shy of her 12th birthday. As one of 11 pups born at DRU three days after being left at DRU on Mothers Day in 2003, her litter was aptly named the "Mothers Day Pup Litter."

Lilli was predeceased by: her beautiful mother, "Jewels;" her handsome father, "Thunder;" her wonderful siblings Cobey, Jessie Mae, Liam, Tia, Tonka, Tucker, Rubin and Zane; and her two "DRU step brothers," Laddie, and Sticky James. Lilli is survived by her lovely, much accomplished sister, Gracie Jane - and possibly by her brother Levy.

My sweet princess leaves a hole in my heart that will never heal, tears in my eyes, and wonderful memories far, far too numerous to count. Her kind, soft, gentle and loving nature will always rest gently on my mind, and will always occupy a special place in my heart. Lilli was a most special pup from a most extraordinary litter.

Thank you DRU for lavishing such genuine love and care on Lilli, her parents, and her siblings. Without you I would not have had Lilli's abiding friendship and companionship, nor known the boundless joy she brought me for the better part of 12 years.

Connie Gordon

Diesel



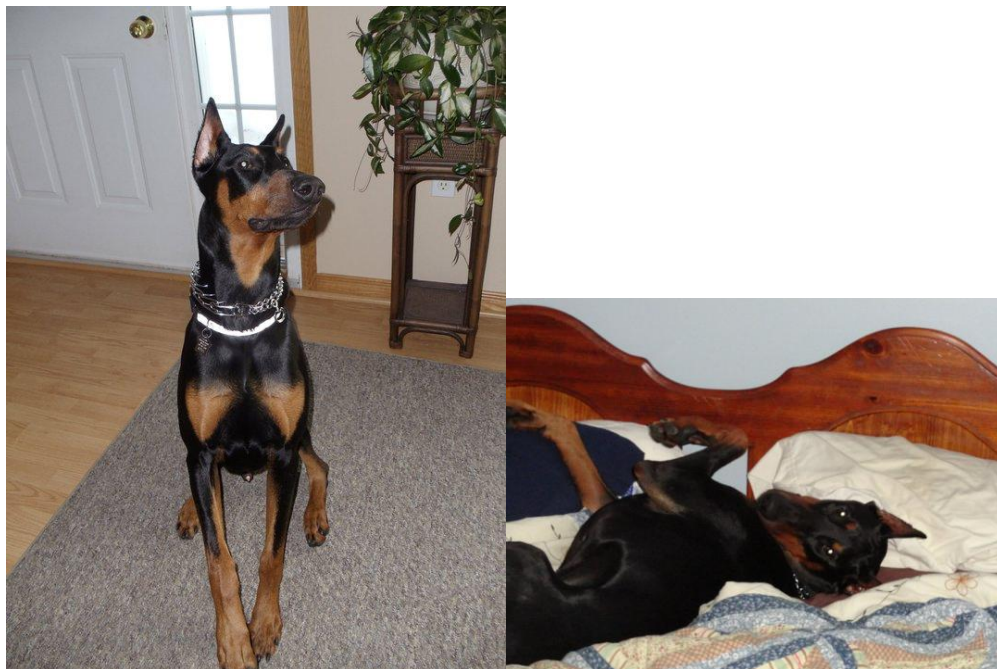
Diesel,
You were a very special boy! I grow to accept all your hobbies, like easting everything! My glasses, TV controller, pillows, bed sheets, etc. I hope I gave you the love you were looking for. I know you gave it to me. A piece of my heart will always be with you and I was blessed to have known you.

Love,
David Allen Gestay



Wanted to let you know Shylah crossed over yesterday morning. There are no words that can express our sadness. We are so very grateful that we had her in our lives even for a short time, 2 years was not even enough! We were blessed to have had her to teach us to love again. She was my world and it is now forever changed. DCM is a terrible illness and we fought as best we could, but yesterday we surrendered as it was time, by her choice. You my girl will be very missed by all of us, each and every day. Run free I will see you again someday.

Love you always,
Adam, Rosemary & Andrew



Dear Sylas

March 13th, 2011 you entered our lives. We were so happy to be taking you home because you were exactly what we needed; young and vibrant. The first moments we were together you were rolling around on the floor being goofy and we envisioned a long happy life. We thought we would have more time to play, hike, snuggle and destroy tennis balls. We thought we would have many more car rides where you would cry the whole time only to realize we were at your friends house or the park for you to run wild. We imagined that you would grow old and be our children's first pet and best friend. We saw you playing ball in the yard with them and protecting them from the bedtime monsters by sleeping at the foot of their beds. You were that family dog that was supposed to be around for many years.

Our time was cut short, all those dreams gone now. I have never met a dog with more personality than you and now you are free in doggie heaven doing whatever you want, probably eating TONS and TONS of socks. We will always cherish the most memorable time spent with a dog. Love you always...

Sylas passed away on February 12th, 2012 after complications with a bowel obstruction surgery. His love of eating everything was the most challenging struggle we have faced with a dog and I just wish there was more we could have done to protect him. In the 11 months he was with us he was loved more than anything and he truly was a blessing in our lives. I am just very sorry that he didn't get to live the life we had planned for him and the long life he deserved.

Tom and Cassy Worster



It was February 2013 when Cindy called us and asked us if we would consider taking Vegas in as a hospice rescue. He had just been diagnosed with DCM. Having lost another Doberman just 7 months prior to the same disease, we were a little apprehensive. But we had met Vegas before on one of our trips to DRU and he was such a sweet old guy we just had to say yes. Vegas was not the most handsome dog at DRU. He had lots of lumps and bumps, his muzzle was a mix of gray. He walked like an old guy... at the time we figure he was about 10. But he had a heart of pure gold. Vegas was a friend to everyone he met, young and old. He got along well with our other two Dobermans, Rocco and Lexie. And besides a little separation anxiety in the beginning, it was like we had him forever. He was a perfect fit. Our big goal was to have Vegas healthy enough to enjoy our lake house in Maine. Well, Vegas made it up in May, and another 5 trips as well!! He loved to sit by the camp fire, or walk up to the garage with Jimmy and you could always find Vegas down by the water taking a drink. I even built him some steps out of block so he could get to the water easier. Then in March 2014 we welcomed DRU's Freda and Caesar to our home. Two more SSNAP dogs. We then became known as the Fabulous Five!! We did notice Vegas was slowing down even more. And although he never exhibited symptoms of heart failure, I could tell his DCM was getting worse. Louder murmur, and more frequent VPC's. The last few weeks of Vegas's life, he was acting like a puppy. Playing with his ball, barking with the other dogs. The day we lost Vegas, May 7th was just like any other day. And then his poor little heart, that same heart that was made of pure gold just couldn't keep going. Vegas left this world with Jimmy and I at his side. It was very calm. We just kept petting him and telling him "good boy" and "we love you" as I watched the tears fall from my eyes and onto his face... then he was gone. People ask me how do you do it? How do you take in dogs at

the end of their life? And yes, it does hurt but in time, the tears and sorrow turn into so many fond memories and smiles. Yes we gave Vegas a home, but WE were the lucky ones. Jimmy and I have been blessed to have these beautiful dogs touch our lives and our hearts. Thank you DRU for everything you do and especially for the SSNAP program!!

Jimmy & Lisa Gardner

Ombra

In June of 2013 we received the call from DRU that they had a couple of Dobies they thought we would like to meet. We made the 4 -1/2 hour drive to New Hampshire and met the Dobies who could not have been happier to meet us.

We immediately bonded with Ombra a 7-year old rescue; she immediately proceeded to give many kisses and had a great temperament. Lexus, the other Dobie, was a 4-year old who had a very high-strung temperament and we knew immediately that Ombra was " the one" for our family.

She arrived at Juniper Count and immediately settled in and from then on she was our fun-loving, mellow girl who would jump up, from whatever she was doing, to greet us at the door and bestow kisses upon us. We just loved being with her and she with us - if we even mentioned the car in conversation ... she was ready to go!

Unfortunately, she was not blessed with longevity and in February 2014 she was diagnosed with a mass in her small intestine and lymphoma and her fate was pre-determined. We did all we could do for her including a holistic treatment of acupuncture, all to no avail.

We loved her unconditionally as she did us - her "people" and for that we will be eternally grateful. We know her soul will go straight to the "rainbow bridge" when she will wait for us to come and find her. We will always love you Ombra you were our gift from God.

May you rest in peace - March 31, 2014

Love and kisses your "people".

The Diehl Family



It is with tear filled eyes and a heavy heart that we lost out "boy" on Sunday, March 30, 2014 to Bone cancer.

He adopted us in March of 2012 and was then called "Bravo" and he was 4 years old. We had a rocky start with him, he just plain didn't like our cats! We tried many different tactics but nothing was working. I called DRU and told them we would be returning him the next Saturday. Saturday came and I took him outside for a walk before we left. I sat in the driveway with him to "talk with him. When I looked into his eyes or should I say he looked into mine my heart melted, there was NO way he was going back! He had so much love to give and I knew then that I hadn't given him a fair chance, how could I expect him to change his way so fast. We have always had Dobermans, but I guess up until then we were extremely lucky with our dogs fitting in so fast. My wife looked at him and told him to stop

being such a big brute and he whipped his head around to look at her and she decided then that his new name would be "Brutus".

We made the trip to DRU to tell them there was no way we were giving up on him and ask for their recommendations. They offered to let us use their trainer to help him with the cats and his manners. We used DRU's trainer for a couple of weeks and then decided that their trainer was needed more for the dogs there, so we searched out a trainer. We found one that we liked and she came with great recommendations so we sent him to "doggy bootcamp". Ten days later emerged a completely different dog. He had completed advanced obedience training and was eager to show us how well mannered he could be. There would be no looking back!

He fit in so well and although the cats were sometimes a thorn in his side, they all comingled and got along as best as they could. Sometimes I thought it was all a show because on numerous occasions when I came home for lunch and Brutus time I would find them all laying in front of the French doors sunning themselves all together!

He was such a loyal and loving companion, he had a bed in our garage where he would spend Saturdays with his Mom & Dad while they worked on whatever they had to do that day, he loved camping with us in our RV, it was the only place he was allowed to climb into bed with Mom & Dad. He had his own quilt to lay by the fire pit with us.

The beginning of March of this year he was playing in the yard and slipped and fell on some ice. He started limping so we kept him calm for a week and when it didn't get better we took him to his vet. They agreed that he had some swelling so they put him on some medication and we were told to keep him calm. After another two weeks not much had changed so we took him back to the vet. Brutus had a large scar on his left upper leg when we got him but there were no records of what it had come from. The vet took x-rays and we found out that he had a rod, a plate and twelve screws in his left leg. They were concerned that the x-ray showed what could be bone cancer. Less than a week later his leg swelled to 5 times its size, he had almost stopped eating. We took him to the emergency hospital where they took more x-rays and more tests. We were told that it was bone cancer and it had started to spread to his lungs and his heart was enlarged and engorged with blood.

We sat there crying trying to figure out how he could be in this condition so fast and how he could have endured this without showing us his pain. The doctors told us that there was no cure and that he was in a lot of pain, the decision was made to let him go. We had to think of him and not us.

Brutus who had such a rocky start had become our best friend, one of the best friends we had ever had. He is missed and loved and we will never forget him. I will miss rubbing his ears until he falls asleep on my feet or with his head on a pillow in his mom's lap. We will miss you "you big goofy guy"!

DRU's Paisley Blue
August 24, 1999 - November 30, 2013

Adopted and forever loved October 2004



I could go on forever about you; how that strange phone call on an August afternoon introduced us, the way Tina left a week later; how I transported you to DRU. None of that's important. What matters is that you brought love and joy to so many...

Thank you, my beautiful blue angel, for nine years of magic, beauty, courage and love. Run free among the stars with your beloved Dad and your loving siblings. I love you, forever and always...

Love knows not it's own depth until the hour of separation... Kabil Gibran

Leslie Michell-Young

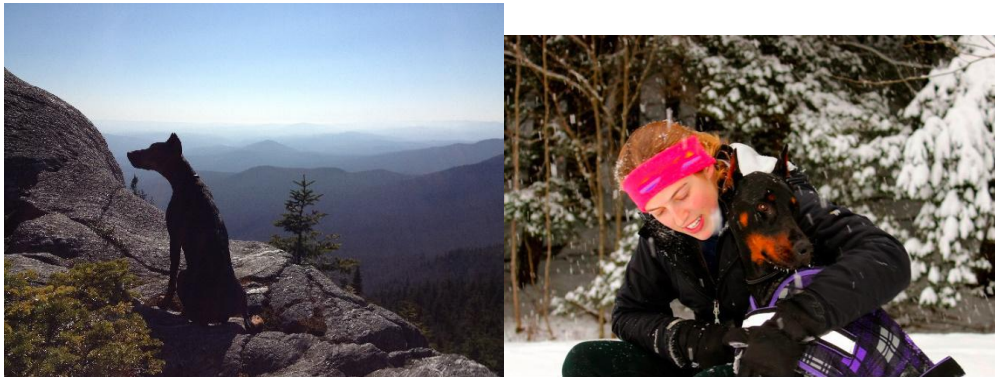
Amber Rose 2/25/2000 to 8/8/2013



Today I want to tell you, with a heavy heart, that we lost someone special, our little girl. We rescued Amber Rose 12 years ago from DRU and fell in love with her the moment we met her. She was hyper, lots of work, and demanding, but she also was a sweetheart. She was part of the family and also a sister for our other dog (a black lab). Over time Amber's body failed her but her mind never did. She was always a great dog, good natured, and close to us at all times. She passed away on August 8, 2013 and crossed that "rainbow bridge" to go play in the field with her brothers. Now the house feels empty, especially the day after when thunder and lightning used to send her running to the bathroom. Today it was quiet.

Thank you for letting us adopt her and we look forward to adopting again... soon.

Ellie



It's taken me almost four months to sit down and write this. I met Ellie a little over a year ago. I had kept pestering Cindy, asking her, "how much longer until you have one for me to meet?" Cindy kept reassuring me to be patient, that the right one would come along. I wanted a young female with good social skills. Then I got the call, "Yes! I'll be there tomorrow to meet her!" I said. I knew I wouldn't be able to bring Ellie home that day, she wasn't spayed yet but I went anyway. Ellie was in the crate in Cindy's office. Claire met me and could barely get the collar over Ellie's head she was so excited to come out and play. I took Ellie out front (Claire had a turn-in that day too) for a little walk and to get to know each other. Ellie rolled around in the grass and chased bugs. She was perfect! This was the one! I played with her for hours, got to watch her with other dogs and just hang out (sort of, Ellie didn't spend much time ever just hanging out). I should have known when she wasn't tired after several hours of playing that she would be a handful. And a handful she was! Ellie was 8 months old when I got her. She was a Virgo, like me. Ellie and I spent the summer getting to know each other, hiking, swimming, playing, and being around horses.

In the winter it was time for my yearly migration to Florida. I packed the car, saving just enough room for my precious baby and off we went! The car was the only time Ellie would reliably sleep so it was a seamless trip. In Florida, Ellie had a blast, we went on morning runs and spent the rest of the day at farms riding horses and playing in the pool.

Without going into too much detail, in February Ellie got very sick and spent 24 hours in the ICU at the University of Gainesville UF's emergency care hospital. Ellie was given the best of care and every effort was given to save her. After an agonizing night and day between the waiting room and Ellie's room, Ellie, who was already neurological with uncontrollable seizures, aspirated into her lungs. The vet told me that Ellie had less than a 5% chance of survival and that she had been seizing for so long he was certain that even if Ellie survived, she would never walk, let alone run again and that she would be blind. To me, quality of life is what matters with these amazing creatures. Only hours before Ellie would have been 17 months old, I said good night for the last time. Every night before bed, I would say, "Good night my Ellie, I love you more than anything." That night, she knew I meant it. I held Ellie while she passed. I like to think that those 9 months Ellie had with me were amazing enough that she got to live a full life in that time. Now, I say good night to my Rosie the same way and every time I say it, I think of Ellie. Good night my sweet Ellie, I will see you

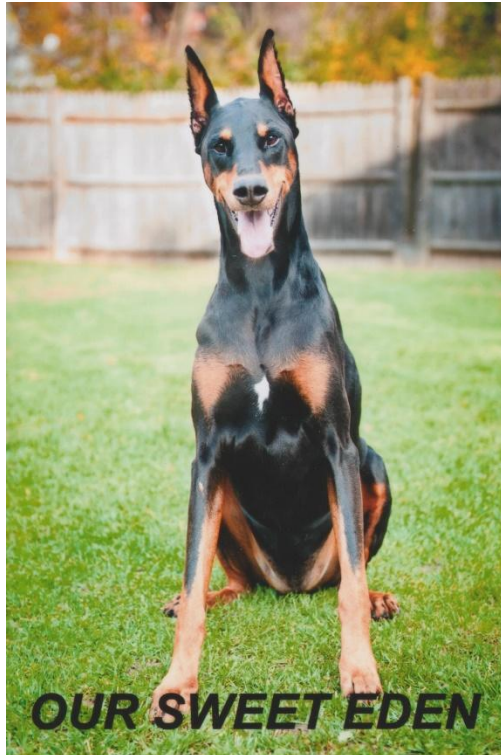
at the bridge one day, but for now, run free and chase all the horses and eat all the horse poop you like!

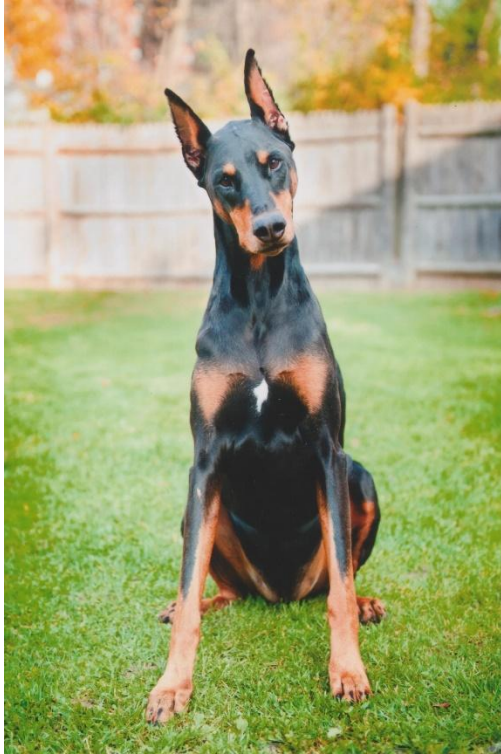
I should add that we never found out what was wrong with Ellie. Her blood work was normal all along and so was her spinal tap. The necropsy results showed nothing.

Thank you to Cindy, Claire and everyone else at DRU, you are truly amazing. As much as I miss my sweet girl, I am ever grateful for those 9 months.

With much love,
Mollie

Eden





IN LOVING MEMORY OF EDEN

Deceased 3/14/2013

August 2, 2004 was the day we met Eden - a Doberman girl who would bring endless joy to our lives. The day we brought her home to NY and she left DRU, she looked out the back window of the car, laid down on the back seat of the car and never looked back. She seemed to know she would be loved and safe with these new people, and off we went for what would be a love affair for all who met our sweet Eden.

Unfortunately, shortly before her 8th birthday she had to have a knee mass removed and the diagnosis was not a good one. The tumor was a fast growing cancer and within a very short time a tumor appeared on the right side of her muzzle. After a consultation with veterinary specialist we decided against the horrific pain and suffering she would have to endure and let her remaining days be happy ones.

I am so sad to tell you that Eden has left our family and gone to a better place without any more pain and disfigurement; she has gone, and is waiting at the Rainbow Bridge. The pain we feel of losing her will eventually diminish but we will always remember the joy she brought to us every day and thank God for bringing us together with sweet Eden.

Every Doberman is beautiful but Eden was so special - enclosed are a few pictures for you to enjoy.

God Bless all of you at DRU,
Eden's Family - The Diehls

Katie



How do you start Rainbow Bridge story about a creature that was pure as good as Katie? It's difficult, but here goes.

About 6 months after getting my Jake, my big red 125 pound uber-protective Doberman, I received a call from Cindy at DRU (Doberman Rescue Unlimited) that she thought she might have found the perfect companion for him, a little Doberman girl named Katie. Cindy called her a "china doll" doberman as she looked so delicate and fragile, but over the years she would show how her spirit and drive for life far exceeded any expectations for any dog I'd ever seen.

I made the 5 hour drive up to DRU with Jake in the back seat of my club cab truck rolled up like a ball; he always slept like a rock, but one eye always open, and ears that heard the drop of a pin. We pulled into the DRU compound and proceeded to meet Katie.

She was a little skinny thing (45 pounds), about 1.5 years old with a cocked ear, and the cutest little stub of a tail that didn't stop wiggling from the moment we met. She was all about kissing and affection to me. Jake wasn't sure what to make of her, she approached him a few times, but always came back to me. I knew she was the one right then and there.

We brought Jake and Katie out back to see how they would play together. Katie would run, Jake would run after her, both their little tails going a mile a minute the whole time. I knew this was a match made in heaven, although when we went back inside Jake again was kind of standoff-ish with Katie.

I said to Claire or Cindy, I hope they will be OK together for the 5 hour trip home in that backseat are of the club cab. They said "For your sake, I hope so too". On the way home three times I think, Katie tried to come over to the side of the floor Jake was lying on, Jake would just give her a look like (no, I'm not ready for that), and Katie would go back to her side.

We got home pretty late and after an hour or so, I was ready for bed. We headed off to bed and I had already set up a nice bed for Katie on the opposite side of Jakes. I showed Katie the bed, and she laid down on it...for about a minute, then she was on the bed, standing on the bed staring at me with that cute little tail going a mile a minute. I thought it was funny, laughed, and helped her off my bed to her bed. This happened 4 more times that night, before I finally gave up and let her sleep topside. Strange thing was she wouldn't lie down; she would just jump up, and stare at me.

The next few days the routine would be the same Katie would jump on the bed, I would escort her off, and eventually I would tire of it and let her sleep on top. The fourth night was a bit colder so I broke out a comforter, which I found out later was what Katie was waiting for. I was to find out Katie not only liked sleeping on a real bed, but she also wanted to be under covers. As soon as a blanket or comforter was on the bed she would burrow under it to find her comfort spot for the night. I eventually found out that's why she would just stand on the bed and stare at me, the Queen was waiting for her blanket.

It was funny, I think I had Katie about a week or more before I heard her bark. I thought she must have had lost her voice before I got her, then one day she heard a noise, and I heard this bark that sounded like a rusty starter of a car, that funny sounding bark would keep me smiling for the next 12 years.

One Halloween the trick-or-treaters came by and rang the bell. Katie ran to the door with her little size and funky bark, and the Mom with the kids at the door said "I'm not afraid of you, you're too cute and have the cutest bark", about 30 seconds later Jake the big red 130 pound Doberman, with a bark that could melt ice, came to the door and the same woman said "Now you on the other hand I'm terrified of". I'd come to see that Jake saw Katie as his Queen as well, and would never let any harm come to me, her or our home.

Over the years if there was a Doberman who could change any negative stereotypes about Dobermans it was Katie. Never once in the 12 years that she was with us did she ever growl at a human, another dog, a cat or just about any creature (except a chipmunk). She saw every child, adult, dog or cat as a friend. She put every person she met at ease, and could win over ANYONE.

We were having an addition put on our house at one point when Katie was about 4 and the contractors couldn't wait every morning to see Katie (they could care less about the rest of our household). I remember the foreman of the group told me that the lead carpenter (a big burly 50ish year old guy named Fred), couldn't wait to get his morning kiss from Katie, he also told me he worked with Fred for almost 15 years and was lucky to get a good morning from him, he said "I don't know what that dog (Katie) has, but she brings out the good in people". How right he was!

Katie was the favorite 'child' everywhere she went. Kids loved her, she loved them, old people loved her, she loved them. She never asked for more than a scratch on the head. Once you gave her that scratch, her head would always move under your hand, she was your new best friend until you left the house, no matter who you were or why you were there. I used to love to bring her along on visits to friends, as she thrived on it.

She was the consummate escape professional though. First few years she was over the fence, then after we reinforced that she was under the fence, then we staked the bottom, and eventually found the invisible fence the only way to contain her. I truly believe to this day the reason she broke loose 4 or 5 times over the years was she just wanted to meet new people.

When we went away she stayed at our local kennel where she was treated like the princess that she thought she was. Her big brother Jake would watch over her like a hawk whether at the kennel or home. Jake would eventually leave the greeting of guests to Katie, while he would stand behind her about 10 feet making sure no harm could ever befall his love. Over the years Jake was attached to Katie. Jake would cry and whine if separated from Katie, and ALWAYS had her in sight, night and day. Katie was more of a free spirit, she would go

where the attention was, and since she believed herself to be a lap dog, it was usually on my lap or anyone sitting on the couch. Jake seemed much more attached to Katie than Katie attached to Jake.

At 5 years old Katie experienced a ruptured disc in her neck, the specialty vet suggested surgery but said prognosis wasn't good for recovery, but with some luck she might walk again. After the surgery the vet called and said everything went well, and would be a few days before she could stand, but she was already trying to get up. The second day she was getting up and walking, vet said he never saw a dog with so much determination and recover like that, within 6 months she was running again.

At 6.5 Katie experienced another disc problem, more surgery, another grim prognosis, another miracle, and she was running 6 months later.

At 8 years old Katie was diagnosed with Wobblers Syndrome (the brain and back legs lose their connection), and started falling flat on her face. Prognosis wasn't good. The vet (the best Vet neurologist on the East Coast), said best we could hope for is to stabilize her. She had the surgery and the next day the vet heard her yelping with pain in her kennel. He went over to see what was wrong. He opened the door, she stood up and waddled over to him, her tail wagging a mile a minute. Turned out it wasn't pain, it was a cry because no one was paying attention to her. She never ever would allow anyone to help her. She was so stubborn. She would rather fall flat 10 times and get up herself on the 11th than have you help her.

Three times she beat the odds, each time being told a slim chance she would walk at all again, and she ran 6 months later. I guess it was good she never let words and people telling her she couldn't do something stop her. Lesson learned for me. Don't ever give up, push yourself even when logic tells you otherwise.

As the years went by and they got older Jake developed a tumor and had to be put down. Katie didn't eat for four days, barely drank water, and learned she was much more attached to Jake than I had realized. About 1 week later we got Cash, a black German shepherd puppy that Katie would take under her wing as her pupil.

At about 11.5 years old Katie was starting to slow down, she wasn't able to get up the stairs to the bedroom and wasn't happy sleeping alone in the living room. So many nights I would set up a bed in the dining room and sleep with her. Some days I would be sitting at my desk upstairs with Cash, and who would come waddling in but Katie. It might take her 10 tries to get up the 7 stairs but she would. Eventually I would put up a child gate, as I was afraid of her falling down the stairs. Never ever would she give up. If it took her 20 tries to claim her spot on the living room couch, she would keep trying till she finally had her coveted spot.

By about age 12-13 years, the poor girl was having a harder and harder time, the back legs were slipping out from her routinely. She never got a gray hair though on her pretty face or delicate body. We had carpet runners everywhere since hardwood and tiled surfaces were just un-manageable for her. She would still find the strength though to lift herself up with the front paws and get outside on her own. If you tried to help her you would get the "LEAVE ME ALONE" stare and then she would continue.

Spring of this year we had a 70 plus degree day and for the first time I saw Katie breathing like it was 100 degrees out. I realized then for the first time that this little angel that had

brought me nothing but joy for 12+ years was suffering. Hard as it was I made the call to the vet to bring her in one last time.

Everyone in the vet's office treated a visit by Katie as state visit, she had to socialize with everyone, so I know this visit was difficult for them as well. Katie gave me about 100 kisses in the waiting room, and I almost sensed she knew. They gave her the first shot and she slowly closed her eyes, and stopping giving me kisses, then fell asleep. They gave her the second shot, and that little abdomen that I had seen pulsing for nearly 12 years stopped.

Katie was the one dog that I ever experienced that truly was 100% giving from the day we met, till the day she left. Never found a drop of aggression in her for anything. She lived to give and receive love. She'll never be forgotten by me, or many of the people that met her. She touched my heart at the core like no other. She showed me by example that giving up is never an option. I love you Sweetie.

John Tolliver

Johnson



Johnson Rollie Sullivan and I said good bye this afternoon at Central Animal Hospital in New Haven, CT. After a courageous battle with advanced DCM, he let me know it was time to go.

Johnson's history, before he ended up in rescue, is largely unknown. Suffice it to say, it could not have been pleasant. Despite his tough puppy-hood, He remained a true comedian, able to make people laugh be it with his suggestive first-name, a funny trick or just his spastic energy. His makeup was complex to say the least, he loved many things--- even though those same things scared the crap out of him sometimes.

Our time together began on January 17th 2005. He was two years old, when I adopted him from Doberman Rescue Unlimited in Sandown, NH. His name at the time was Johnson, and I had no intention of keeping it until my then 12 yo nephew, Joe, gave the name the comedy (that only a 12 year old can) to make the it stick. That joke paid off immeasurably over the years.

When I brought him home, He was a dog without a purpose, lacking self-esteem and an outlet for all his raw energy. Through my many mistakes, his will to keep trying to work with me never waned. When we met the wonderful trainer Jennifer Bridwell, we quickly found our groove and within 4 months under her gentle guidance, we passed our CGC and TDI tests. Johnson and I went on to enjoy Rally, Obedience and Agility. Jen remains a good friend and confidant for all things dog and life. Without her kindness, this dog would not have lasted the 8 years that he did.

As he entered middle age, we were blessed to meet Dr Sue Ann Lesser DVM, CVSMT. Who's wonderful chiropractic technique kept JR highly mobile and active, even though his joints had other plans.

Johnson never met a tennis ball he didn't love, was quick to play ball with anyone who would tolerate it. He liked to curl up in front of the fire on a cold winter night, and would lay in the hot sun any chance he could.

His favorite place to be was with me on Martha's Vineyard. He learned to swim, liked to kayak with me, run in the woods and would never resist the chance chase a cat- or to go a couple rounds with his Fur-Cousin Miles.

He is pre-deceased by his Fur-Brothers; Patches and Rollie Sullivan. And is survived by his Fur-Cousins Frida Sullivan, Miles "el Tigre" Diaz and his girlfriend Siena Marie Gray. Besides the obvious sadness I feel, He will be dearly missed by his human family and friends but most of all by His grandad Jack Sullivan.

I'd like to specifically thank Dr Leyenda Harley and her assistant Ashley Hurlburt at Central Animal Hospital for helping me get the maximum of quality time with my guy. My boss, Michael Loffredo for his understanding and flexibility. And all the other cheerleaders of the past 3 months.

In lieu of any "stuff" please consider making a donation in memory of Johnson Rollie Sullivan to the [S.S.N.A.P. Program](#) at Doberman Rescue Unlimited.

Raisa

December 10, 2000 - December 17, 2012

Adopted October 20, 2005



Hi Claire,

It's with sad news that I have to let you know that Rasia has crossed over the Rainbow Bridge and now is with Jake. I remember the day (10-30-05), Tony and I drove to DRU with Jake and met with you. We were introduced to a few Dobies and then you brought out Raisa (the big farm girl) you said. She was a sweet girl, five years old. She took to us and then the big test to see if Jake and she would get along. I remember walking up and down your property with Jake and her and they hit it off. Raisa then became part of our family.

Jake would put her in her place all the time and she would respect him for being the King of the house. In 2010 we had to put Jake to rest; the cardiomyopathy caught up to him. He was almost 18. The next day Raisa took over as Queen of the house. She took over Jake's spot on the side of the bed. She was an awesome part of our family. She enjoyed every day even when we went away and got to spend time with Audrey and her staff at Freemont Animal Hospital where she loved to visit.

On Jan. 27, 2011 she had torn both of her ACLs. I brought her to see Audrey. Due to being 11 yrs old, it was decided not to operate. She would've not been able to recover properly. She was given laser treatment and was on supplements and medication. She was a trooper though it all! She was then diagnosed with cardiomyopathy. She went on more medication and never complained. As summer came and her legs could not keep up with what she wanted to do. She was falling down and was not able to get back up. Tony and I had a long discussion and then I had a long discussion with Audrey. There was nothing more that we could do for her. It became a tough decision on what to do and how her quality of life was. On Monday, December 17, 2012 I called Freemont and asked if I could bring her in it was time, they said yes see you at 530pm. That 20 min ride from my house was the toughest ride I have ever made. Raisa was just happy to be in the back seat of my pickup and had an idea where she was going. She only cared that she was with Dad and going

for a ride. I cried the whole ride there. I pulled in the parking lot and sat there for ten minutes. I then got out and opened the back door and helped Raisa out the back seat. I stopped on the way in and talked to her and told her that I loved her and please don't be mad at me, she gave me that Dobie smile and kissed me. We walked in the front door of Freemont I could not talk at all. We entered a room where I was able to make her comfortable and say my goodbyes to her. Audrey came into the room and we both immediately started to cry. She gave Raisa all the cookies she wanted. We both said our goodbyes. I took Raisa in my arms, held her head, patted her and talked to her letting her know that she was a good girl and that it was ok. That she will be with Jake soon and tell him I said hi. She kissed me and we looked at each other in the eyes until she was asleep. I heard her last breath. I kissed her and told her how much I loved her and how much I will miss her. I hugged her and placed her head down. She has now crossed over the Rainbow Bridge. This was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. This is the first time since I was 24 that I don't have a Dobie in my life.

She will be missed so much. Audrey and her staff are great. When I came home from work on Tuesday, December 18, 2012 this was the first night coming home from work and my girl was not here to greet me. I would pull in the garage and hear her pacing back and forth on her bad legs, falling down and whining like she always did when she was happy to see me. She would go out do her business and then come in to a half a cookie with peanut butter on it and then fight me for the peanuts I would eat. I miss you Raisa. I know you passed over the Rainbow Bridge and you're with Jake now running around. A huge part of me is missing right now! RIP.

Sincerely,
Dave Granese and Tony Santos
Derry, NH

Deb



Dear DRU,

It is with a tremendously heavy heart that I am writing this for my girl "Debbie" who will be so sorely missed by us and those who knew her. After losing our beloved Inga to the pet food recall we were so empty inside. I will never forget the day that we decided to drive up to DRU to, "just look" – Upon entering the office the staff informed us of a few available females however the one that I locked eyes with sucking on her blanket in the front, melted

my heart immediately. Honestly, the bond was instantaneous to say the least. She, Deb was the one who helped heal our broken hearts and gave us nothing but joy from the moment we brought her home. Funny how the DRU staff listed her with that "farm girl build"! She was a powerhouse but it didn't matter she was our baby! Deb had been "de-barked" which at first was a challenge but she was the best girl and what a talent at playing frisbie! Sadly our time with her was not enough, although she was possibly 5 when we adopted her she in the past few months started showing signs of wobblers which seemed to progress quickly. Again, we are heartbroken to lose such a wonderful girl and at some point will adopt again. DRU I want to thank you all from the bottom of ours hearts for gracing us with such a wonderful dog. On November 16th, 2012 we said our farewell to our girl with tears flowing. Again, thank you DRU for all you do for these wonderful canines as they are to become the heart and soul for families who love the breed. God bless my sweet Deb as farewell is just that, a farewell never a goodbye – we will see you again I know it.

Love forever –

Adam, Andrew and Rosemary

Jenna & Rocky



Cindy,

I am writing this with a very heavy heart, Not sure I can even get thru this but I am gonna try.

For Rocky & Miss Jenna is what we always called her because she was always queen in this house. Allan & I have lost both of them in a total of 3 weeks time never expected this to happen. But it did. We have lost the 2 most precious things in our lives and having a really hard time coping with it. Well enough about us, this is for them,

Allan adopted Jenna (aka Jiggles). Stupid name, but DRU changed that in a hurry when she arrived and Jenna just suited her so well. Allan was told she wouldn't be able to walk on her own by the time she turned 5. Well she did and was loving every minute of it. She would play ball for hours on end couldn't keep her down. Nope, she beat all odds and she lived to be 12 years old, god love her. Don't get me wrong, she could be a bitch when she wanted to be just like me. As Allan always says, she is just being like her mom, lol. I take that as a

compliment because I wasn't always her mom but she took to me like glue. She was just so sweet and had the biggest heart. But if you came into this house she was the boss and if she felt she could scare or intimidate you she would so funny to watch her in action. She had a personality that no dog could ever replace. Well, she lived and strived to be 12 yrs old until yesterday when we had to make that difficult decision. Wobblers had taken over her body. She no longer wanted to play ball. Although, she tried so hard to keep us happy because we had just lost our other beloved 3 weeks prior. But she kept us going and didn't want us to be sad. We will miss you pretty girl. Always in our hearts and never forgotten. Now go play with your brothers and be happy. RIP Baby GIRL xxoo.

As for her brother, Rocky, who we lost 3 weeks prior to her, he was the biggest baby dog you would ever see. But if Miss Jenna and I were here alone he was the man not to be reckoned with. When we adopted him, he was afraid of everything because he had been crated so much. He really didn't even know what outside was. But we changed that, and he would rather be outside chasing a squirrel or try to catch a bird out of the sky than to be indoors. He had grown and changed so much and he was so a momma's boy. He sat in the recliner every night with me and just followed me everywhere in the house, even to the bathroom. I couldn't do anything without him. That is why Allan calls them velcro dogs. Wish I had them right now. Missing them so much. losing one is hard but 2 of them in a 3 wk span is just killing us we are so heart broken don't know how to mend these broken hearts. I could go on for hours on end because they were the best 2 dogs anyone could ever ask for. But I know I can't so I will just say, RIP guys until we see each other. Make sure you take care of one another. And you will see us again in time on the Rainbow Bridge. Until then, Mommy & Daddy will always love you xxoo.

Thank you Claire and Cindy for giving us 2 wonderful puppies that have changed our lives forever.

Allan & Darlene

ARNIE



To our friends at DRU:

Arnie lost his battle with degenerative myelopathy and it has taken me a couple of days to write this without breaking down.

Little did we know when we sat in the training center in September 2002 with Claire and Julia, meeting a line of potential companions, our daughter would settle on Arnold the Big

Red Dog. What that decision would mean to our lives when Claire asked him if he would like to be hyphenated and we drove home with Arnold in the back of the Explorer.

For those who don't know his story: Arnie had been chained up and didn't even have a name until a concerned person convinced the owner that it wasn't a good life for the dog and to give him up. He was adopted out but was returned to DRU after he bit the owner of another dog in a non-DRU training class. We had first seen him at the Annual Open House with Rick working him. During our adoption visit we met a variety of candidates and we noticed Arn's name on the white board. When we asked about Arnold Claire and Julia both responded "you're interested in Arnold?" like we were crazy. That should have been our first hint of things to come. Arnie was a punk in his youth and prime. You could almost hear him "Are you lookin' at me? Are you lookin' at me?" with other males. We spent years attending training at DRU U, weekend workshops with trainers that specialized in tough dogs and got him to a point that he would be okay with other males as long as they were minding their own business. I learned to be very vigilant whenever we left the house until he mellowed in his golden years. But he liked the ladies, especially black and rust with cropped ears. I remember one class, we had downed the dogs facing each other in a circle and we were on one side of the room and Julia told me to call Arnie through. He stopped to greet Mayday and I think we all sucked wind at the same time. So we added females to our pack and at our max we had 4 girls and Arn, lovingly known as Arnie's harem. And his favorite - Charm, a petite black and rust, cropped and docked. She tormented him and he loved it.

For years I was first call for the headquarters of the credit union where I work and Arn would take the ride at 11 at night 2 in the morning, Sundays, whenever we needed to go clear the alarm. I had to do a walk through and I would send Arnie through each of the departments on three floors to check. One Sunday I walked into the Executive Suite and Arnie was standing at attention to the side to the seated President, which meant Arnie's head was level with his. All the president said was "I set off the alarm, didn't I? I'm not going to move." After I recalled Arnie to my side the president finally started to breathe again. He never set off an alarm again. I guess one "find 'em" was enough.

And we had our other challenges along the way. Arn was an "indiscriminate dinner" as our vet described. He ate pantyhose, comforter filling, stuffed animals, soft and fluffies and consequently had many visits to the vet - until our vet figured he was just hungry all of the time and reduced Arn's thyroxine to the very low end of normal and upped his rations.

Arn had learned to be a stabilizer dog for me as my back problems increased. He would stand in place and I would place my hand on his shoulders to support myself getting up from the floor in the house or the ground if I fell walking in the woods. He would always turn and check on me during our morning walks. Ironically, after I had surgery and was improving he was diagnosed with degenerative myelopathy two years ago. Our 1 1/2 mile walk through the woods got a little slower over time. I would wait for him to catch up now as he had done for me for years, but our vet told us to keep walking. At the stage of the disease where he was there was normally no muscle left in the rear legs but Arn was still going. We even made it to this past DRU reunion.

This past Thursday we did our normal walk, he was trotting ahead for some of the way and then home for breakfast. Friday, after the first 1/4 mile his back feet weren't flexing back into position after each stride and he was walking on the tops of his paws. We headed home but he kept stopping to look back down the path and into the woods like he knew it would be the last time. As soon as we got to the front door his back legs gave out and John had to help me get him into the house. We were so unprepared for the dramatic decline. We had

read and talked to the vet about a long, slow decline and the difficult decision we would have to make at some point. Within 4 hours he was barely lifting his head or moving his front legs. There was no doubt and after crying a river we made the final journey. His favorite vet even returned from her long weekend to help us through that process and the self-proclaimed Arnie Fan Club of vet techs were crushed.

For this first time in over 10 years I walked the woods with my first cup of coffee of the morning without him. I have to admit I stopped and turned out of habit to check where he was. I took a shower without my guardian laying on the mat beside the tub and put on my makeup without straddling that big red dog. I face coming home from work tomorrow without him sitting at the top step waiting for me and will miss patting that big old head and long floppy ears while watching TV.

Rest well our companion, guardian and teacher. We'll be looking for those floppy ears bounding towards us on the other side. Good Man.

Jeanne Dupre and John Flores

SPIRIT



Dear DRU,

It is with a heavy heart that we write to let you know that Spirit has passed away.

Three years ago my husband and I wanted to adopt a second Doberman. We had been watching DRU's website, and we both came home excited that we saw this adorable, 7 year old, red Dobie girl. Claire drove Spirit to our house and she ran immediately to the door. We always felt that she wanted to get into the house to make it her home and complete our family.

Spirit was a "foodie". This girl could eat! Maybe it was the days she spent on the street before DRU saved her or maybe she was a pig hiding in a dog's body. Second day in our house, she stole a bag of treats off the counter and hid them under the covers in her crate so she would have them for later. Third day, she stole a bowl of kibble off the table and hid the evidence (empty bowl) in a spare room. She was making us smile right from the

beginning. In time, she knew she would never go hungry. She knew she would be loved and cherished every moment with us.

There were so many things she did that it is not possible to share them all. She had a special way of wagging her stubby. We would call it her little "egg beater". She would sit pigeon-toed looking up at you and it made you smile. She loved her stuffies and had a toy box filled with them. She also knew how to use pillows and made herself very comfortable. She loved the sun and would often jump up on a lounge chair and spread out to catch some rays. If not relaxing on her chair, she would be in her yard just waiting for a critter to move so she could go on the hunt. My husband had a special bond with Spirit, and I would often joke around that I wished he loved me as much as he loved her. She was such a pretty, regal, and happy girl.

Spirit was 2011 cover girl for the DRU calendar. We were very proud that she made the cover and would tease the other dogs that everyone saw Spirit as the "diva" we knew her to be. Yes - she was spoiled and she deserved it.

Spirit was a fighter and her name fit her perfectly. Spirit was diagnosed with DCM about two years ago, then diabetes 8 months ago. She never complained about the pills, injections, holters or tests. She went into congestive heart failure for the first time in August 2011, again in October 2011 and a third time in February 2012. In February, we thought it might be time for Rainbow Bridge, but she still was wagging her little "egg beater" and wasn't giving us the signs that it was time.

Recently, the girl that had loved food went on a hunger strike. She would no longer go outside to enjoy the sunshine. Her heart disease was progressing and she was going blind from the diabetes. We kept hearing "quality of life" ringing in our ears and knew hers had greatly diminished. We took another trip to the vet but this time Spirit didn't bounce back. By her 4th day of not eating or drinking, we decided the kindest thing was to help her on her journey. She was tired of fighting and wanted to be at peace. She went to Rainbow Bridge on August 11, 2012 at 1:06pm.

We are thankful to all at DRU and feel privileged that we came to be Spirit's family. We hope our little Dobie girl is soaking up some sunshine, chasing frogs, and squeaking stuffies. Spirit had brought many smiles to our faces and wonderful memories that will live on. She will be forever loved and always missed.

Kim and Patrick Donahue

BUDDY



Most of you at DRU know about Buddy's five month battle with lung cancer and that he succumbed 4 weeks ago on May 3. He was 10 yrs old.

My husband ,Dave, and I went to DRU on January 5th 2004, a month after a beloved Dobe died suddenly. We were looking to adopt an older, black/rust Doberman and several wonderful dogs were presented and there was one 8 yr old, Bear, that we were interested in.

Then, Claire & Alissa said "oh we have someone special we want you to meet". Alissa trotted out this movie star. Big, handsome, red, full of himself Buddy. And a certified DRU bad boy. We were given instruction as to how to introduce ourselves to him. It went well. Then Alissa put Buddy through his obedience paces... he was a champion. Oh, and his BOUNCE. He would bounce up from a stand still and his head would reach the top of a door jamb.

I professed to being shallow and fell in love with the red movie star. Claire,Alissa and Julia then proceeded to put the fear of God into us regarding Buddy, his bad boy tendencies and having him around other people (or rather, not having him around them).

Driving home I turned to Dave and said "oh my God, he's going to kill us"! Well, long story short. Consistent and firm rules (well, we did let him on bed and couch) continued obedience and adhering to the rules for having him meet new people all paid off and Buddy became a loving member of our family.

For the rest of his life he was wary of strangers but once you were accepted into his home you were his friend for life. But he did not suffer fools. He had an awesome sense of humor and always made us laugh.

Four months after bringing him home we brought home an 8 week old female Dobe. A pistol who immediately had Buddy under her paw. Buddy let her be the boss for the next 8 yrs. He and Raina were fast friends and the best of playmates right up until the day before his death.

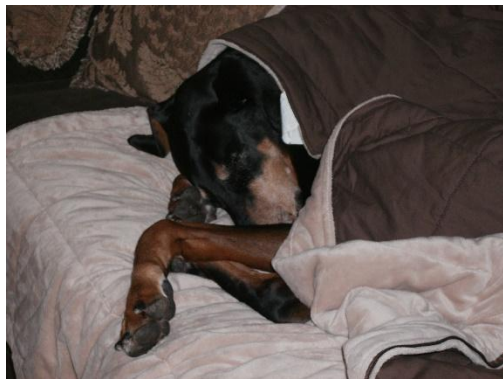
A couple of years ago my daughter, her husband and my 2 very young grandchildren came to live with us. Buddy took it all in stride. Although we would never have the kids with him without supervision, he loved to be petted and fed cookies.

The diagnosis of inoperable lung cancer was devastating. To see this once strong, vibrant dog waste away was heartbreaking. Here was my world class counter surfer, food stealer having to be hand fed . His heart was so strong and he would not give up. He loved his beach walks and was still going into the water. Playing with his jolly ball. But finally my beautiful, strong, amazing red boy became too weak and I had to make that awful decision.

I miss him so much and so does Raina, she is so sad without him. There will never be another Buddy. Everybody loved him and everyone who ever met him will remember him. I thank Claire, Cindy & Alissa for trusting me to be the person for Buddy. He was a gift beyond measure.

Kathy Maurice

DUBLIN



Cindy,

Finally over a year later I am sending DRU one of the many pictures I have of Dublin from his last year. I wanted you all to know how grateful we were and are that we were able to adopt him from you. He had enriched our lives in so many ways. He was a true gentlemen, a soul mate with a phenomenal intuition. He was my partner that went with me to work every day. We enjoyed our walks and enjoyed just being in our garden and watching birds. He loved all creatures in our household. He always knew automatically what to do and had perfect timing. Truly, we miss him terribly, but are so fond of our memories of him.

He was so tall, 32" and weight most of his life over 110 lb, but was never overweight. People often were scared of him, because of his size, but his personality made people change their mind quickly. He was sensitive and still had a soft masculine side.

In the end he fought so very hard. His heart was failing and his lungs became truly bad. We all shared the hard moment of saying good-bye. He trusted us as we trusted him until the last moment. The memory of him and the memories we shared will always be with us.

Truly, I will never forget my first moments with him at the foster home. He was special from that moment on. We gave him our all and would do it all over again for and with him!

Thank you DRU!

Fondly,
Bob and Erny Isabelle

THUNDER



Hello DRU,

It is with great sadness that on June 20, 2011, Thunder passed away due to a cancer illness. We were very thrilled the first day that he became our adopted dog. His looks and charm won us over the instant that Claire brought him in to see us. From that day on the deal was sealed and he became part of our family.

It took only 3 months for him to bond with us and a lifetime of memories were formed. He enjoyed watching TV while leaning into us as much as he could. This was typical routine after eating his favorite treats. He loved going to the state park, especially and always had a smile when he knew he was going for a ride in the car. In the summertime he hung out for cookouts and was always keen to keep the property protected from suspicious persons or other animals. He was always on the lookout for any threat to our family or us. Inside the house he liked to look out the window, climb on the bed with permission or just relax on his own bed.

Thunder became somewhat of a celebrity in the community due his charm and excellent obedience. He was the only Doberman in the neighborhood, so gained a lot of notice from all of the neighbors. Passersby would watch in awe how well he sat at the curb anticipating the command for the ok to cross the street. He loved the attention he received from adults and kids when they asked if they could pet him. He also enjoyed his daily walk and run in the park often chasing squirrels. He was well loved at The Revere Pet Clinic, and they hung his pictures proudly, along with the Yearly Doberman Calendar.

I want to thank DRU for introducing us to such a wonderful dog as Thunder and for your helpfulness and guidance in being there for us every step of the way. He has brought so much joy and loving memories to the family. Even at DRU his legacy lives on through his family of pups and nicknamed "Poppa Thunder". I don't think we will ever have another dog that has been as loyal, smart, and unique as Thunder. He is missed and very much loved by the Negron Family.

Rick and William Negron

DARCY

May 30, 2000 - December 30, 2011



Today we had Darcy put to sleep. It was such a difficult decision, but one that had to be made.

In September, she was diagnosed with osteosarcoma (bone cancer). The tumor on her front leg was growing almost daily. The only treatment was amputation. Given the arthritic condition of her two hind legs and an earlier surgery on one of them, plus the fact that she is eleven and a half years old, we chose not to proceed, opting instead to make her as comfortable as possible with pain meds.

She is such a trooper, refusing to give in to her problems. She would make herself get up and walk, sometimes all over the backyard. It was painful for us to watch her hobble along on her weakening legs. At times, she would lose her footing and splay out all fours spread-eagle, and wait for one of us to help her up. But she never showed us any signs of being in pain.

Several more tumors or lumps became evident in the last few weeks, most noticeably two in her throat making it difficult for Darcy to breathe. On Wednesday as her breathing became

more labored, we decided we were not doing her any favors keeping her alive, and called Bolton Vet.

They arranged for one of their doctors to come to our house this morning. The doctor and his assistant could not have been more compassionate. She went to sleep in her own home, on her own couch with Joe and me by her side. As hard as it is, it was the right decision. And she'll get to meet Thor.

Darcy was born a red Doberman dog, and she died a courageous beautiful lady.

Joe & Kathie Pirolo
Coventry CT

BLAZE

April 29, 2002 - December 14, 2011



Blaze came to us as a puppy almost 10 years ago. Our time with him was cut short due to a brain tumor that was diagnosed only 6 weeks ago. He deteriorated way too quickly over those six weeks, even though the vet thought we may have 2 to 12 more months with him. We had hoped for 12 more, but that was not to be.

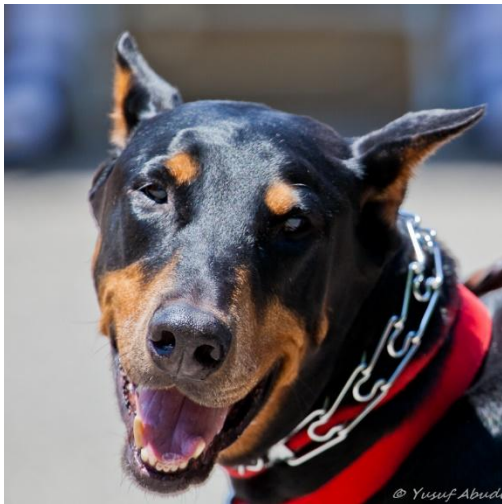
Blaze loved his walks along the trails in the woods. He would chase squirrels and chip monks and even deer from time to time. He slept with us in our king size bed and even took up most of the bed most times when he decided to lay horizontally from one side to the other. But we didn't mind - he kept us warm and we loved him more than words can describe. Our hearts are truly broken. The house seems so empty without you - we feel lost

without you. Yesterday was a week since he passed and what a terrible week it has been without him.

Mommy and I miss you so much Blaze! You were the best dog in the world and we have so many great memories to remember you by. We will never forget you. I wish you could be with us on Christmas and be there to open your presents which lie beneath the tree still, but in my heart I know you will be there in your own way. We love you and miss you and know that one day we will see you again when we cross the Rainbow Bridge. I hope you're there waiting for us with that little nub of a tail wagging like it always did whenever you were with us. Good bye my boy - don't forget us! We won't forget you!

Till we see you again in heaven,
Our love always and forever,
Mommy and me
(Robert and Martha DeMaio)

KATO



Dogs come into our lives,
leave footprints on our hearts,
and we are forever changed.

Dick & Jackie Shaw

LEIA



To our Friends at DRU,

It is with a heavy heart that I'm writing to give you the unfortunate news of Leia's passing on November 3, 2011. She became ill during the rare Nor'easter in the end of October that hit our area. Unfortunately there was limited veterinary assistance in our surrounding area, so we traveled to Tufts where we learned the bad news. She was diagnosed with a septic abdomen due to a Cancerous mass.

We are devastated that our beautiful girl is gone, but she will remain forever in our hearts. She has left such a huge mark on lives in the short time she blessed us with her love. She was a special girl. When she came into our lives in 2008, she quickly became a part of our family not just a pet. She gave her love and adoration to us completely and with out hesitation.

Leia- we will always remember you as the defender of our family and home, your photogenic poses, your love of trying to catch frogs around the pool in the summer, chasing squirrels and chipmunks in the yard, trying to "help" us unhook the fish while camping, and sneaking on to the couch when no one was looking.

We miss you girl and will see you again someday.

Love,

Shawn, Laurien, Anthony, Anden and Ashten

SPIKE
8/1/2001 - 7/9/2011
Adopted Febuary 2008



February of 2008 was a great day when Spike came into our lives and today is the saddest day. Spike lost his battle with Dialated cardiomyopathy yesterday. He was the sweetest thing, He was a nervous boy when we first met him. but that soon went away, once he was home with his new friend Shadow(our husky/mix).

He was such a goofy character once he settled in . He loved his blanket (or blankie as we often reffered to it) If you asked him if he wanted his blankie, he'd jump on the couch and wait for you. Then we would wait for the moaning to begin, as he let us know how comfy he was.

He had so much personality, He had a great life, he got to play everyday with Shadow, go for walks. He made his first trip to Florida in 2009 to visit his grammy and grampa. He loved to go camping with us and play in the lake. We will miss the nose nudges he'd give so you'd scratch his neck or rub his ears. He loved to be the center of attention, he'd even push Shadow out of the way , so he would have your undivided attention. He loved the light from the flashlight, if you'd shine it on the couch, his nub of a tail would wag so fast it made his body shake. He loved to chase the light. It was his favorite game. It would take forever to tell you all the great qualities he had. He brought us so much joy and is missed so very, very much. Our home feels as if a huge part of it is missing.and very empty without him and all his antics.

Spike was diagnosed with Dialated cardiomyopathy in January of this year. We started medications and they were working great. But he started to fail a couple of days ago. We brought him to the hospital hoping they could help him again, but his heart was too weak, the medications did not help this time. They tried very hard in the ICU to bring him back to us, but it was not meant to be. He left us on Saturday morning . We are heartbroken he went so sudden and we weren't able to be in there with him. We laid him to rest on Saturday with his blankie and toy elephant (Ellie).

He will forever be in our hearts. Thank you for bringing him into our lives.

Spikey we love you and miss you so much..Until we're together again at the rainbow bridge.

Thank you for all that you do for all the dobies at DRU. We will be back when are hearts are healed from losing Spikey.

With fond memories.
Karen & Phil Lanouette

CHESTER
1999 - 2011



Dear DRU-

It is with a very heavy heart that I am writing to inform you that Chester had to be laid to rest due to osteosarcoma that moved rather rapidly. While Chester was his official name from DRU, many called him Buddy or Big Boy due to his affable nature and charismatic personality. He was truly a unique companion to us and to all in our circle of family and friends.

As newlyweds, we decided to adopt a rescued Doberman and spent time with many before coming upon this bright eyed, yet extremely well mannered boy. It's hard to imagine that the first two years or so of his life left him beyond emaciated and the victim of an at-home docking of his tail. Despite such a horrific start to his life, Chester's desire to please and be with people was evident from his very first introduction to us. He clearly had received terrific training while recovering at DRU and now healthy was more than eager to absorb all the training and love we were willing to give him. His only interest was being with us and doing whatever we were; unless that was riding in the car or taking a bath. Yet, he continued to tolerate both and as you can see, was even protective of the family cat.

He seldom if ever barked and responded well to training and hand signals. Until arthritis started to set in about four years ago, he ran dutifully at one of our sides many days of the week. That and countless hours of fetch with a flashing ball were his favorite past times. As we started a family and he slowed to walking beside their carriage, we will always remember that he continued to wiggle his "nub" and have that unmistakable "smile". Frankly, he adopted our children from the day they were born and went everywhere they did.

In his later years, he loved to lie by Merrymeeting Lake and chew on a bone while watching the kids swimming. He moved around the yard all afternoon chasing the warm sun as it moved from cloud to cloud. We think he lived another year just so that he could continue to sit by the water and be taken for walks on Shore Road. We are devastated by his passing and will undoubtedly miss his presence both there and at home. He was a huge part of our life and we were blessed to have shared our time with him since March of 2001.

Thank you for introducing us to our what can only be described as our loving guardian and the most unconditional friend I have ever known. He will always be cherished, but never forgotten.

Our Dearest Chester, we miss you and love you always.

Laurel, Lexi, Emma, and Curtis Simard

DAVEY
Adopted Sept. 7, 2000
Passed Feb. 14, 2011



It is with heavy hearts that we are letting you know of our beloved Davey's passing on Feb 14th, 2011.

When we made the trip from the Connecticut shore to DRU back in 2000 we anticipated meeting several Dobies that were up for adoption and we thought the choice would be difficult. So we planned on spending a night in the area to sleep on our options before making a decision. We would then possibly return home with our new friend the next day. That plan proved to be unnecessary. When Davey was brought into the waiting room we felt an immediate attachment. He came right to me as if to say "There you are. I've been waiting for you." It didn't take long for us to get acquainted and after a thorough interview we left DRU with Davey to begin what can only be described as a wonderful, loving relationship.

Davey was one of a kind and there are many stories to tell but we'd like to share just a couple of them with you here.

We took a trip to Pennsylvania to compete in the Quarter Midget (kids racing) Grand Nationals that our grandson qualified for. I went to PA. with our grandson ahead of time and my wife Debbie was to follow the next day with Davey. This was about a 200 mile trip. The electric window buttons on the car were located on the center console. Several times during the trip Davey would startle my wife by opening the windows with his paw while he stretched from the back seat to in-between the two front bucket seats. It took a bit for Debbie to realize it was Davey who did it. When she got to PA I sent her on an errand. It was a hot day so she chose to leave Davey in the car with the AC running while she made a quick trip into a store. Thinking she was unlocking the passenger side door she unknowingly locked both doors with the electric lock button. Davey was now locked in with the AC running. Trying not to panic, Debbie called a policeman who came and unsuccessfully tried to unlock the door with a pry stick. While waiting for a locksmith to arrive, Debbie mentioned to the officer that on at least three occasions during the 200 plus mile trip that Davey had opened the windows with his paw and said "Do you think he could do it now?" Well Davey must have heard her because as if to say "Is that all you want?" his paw hit the button and down went the window. The car was now able to be unlocked and everyone went on their way none the worse for wear.

Davey was also an escape artist. On our 25th wedding anniversary we went for a stay at a pet friendly inn. We invited two other couples to join us for dinner one night. We left Davey in our room knowing we could trust him to not misbehave. About half way through our meal I looked down to see Davey standing at my side. He had pushed the lever door handle of our room down, pulled the door open, and decided to join us for dinner! I took him back to the room and told him to stay there and be good. I then went back to join our guests. At about the time we were finishing up I looked to my right and saw the bartender from the adjacent room bringing Davey to us and asking if he was our dog. I guess he decided that if he couldn't join us for dinner, he would just go to the bar. We all decided at that point that Davey would join us at the fireplace for coffee and desert.

Davey was two years old when we adopted him from DRU. He gave us over ten years of unconditional love and devotion. And he was my best buddy. Not long after we brought Davey home Debbie taught him how to bring in the morning newspaper. This was his favorite job. Every morning he would walk with me to the end of our drive, pick up the paper and bring it all the way into our kitchen where he would then give it to me at the table. He loved to perform this task and did so proudly up until two days before his passing. It's a long, lonely walk for me in the morning now to the end of our drive and back.

As I said, Davey was one of a kind. There are holes in our hearts now and an emptiness in our home. I look out to the top of the hill where he used to proudly lay and I can still see him there. We miss him dearly. Thank you for bringing him into our lives and introducing us. He was a kind, gentle boy who will be missed by all who knew him.

I tried to put into words what I think Davey would write if he could:

I run in fields of green under skies of blue
Mine was a good life because of you
I have no more pain
Let there be few tears
For you kept me safe and warm all through the years
Unconditional was my love for you
And I could tell that yours for me was too

I'll wait for you at the Rainbow Bridge
And again we'll be together my friend

As for me,
I could have missed the pain but I'd have had to miss the dance.

Alan & Debbie Anderson
Clinton, CT

CLINTON

Adopted 11/4/03 - 8/8/08



Hi Claire and staff of DRU,

I adopted Clinton in fall of 2003. I had waited one year since the passing of my previous Doberman, Mufasa. Clint had big shoes to fill, and he did the job very well. We bonded right away on my 2nd visit to DRU, after seeing him at your open house. He was so stately and well mannered I couldn't believe it. All 100 pounds of him.

My family and friends all grew to love him, despite his initial growling at people in the driveway. Once he figured out that the visitors would play ball or give him neck and ear rubs, he was all about the attention, and not the growling. He loved his car rides with the roof down and got very excited every time we took him to the nearby beach in Wells (even though he would not go in the water past his ankles!).

His Kong toys were his favorite. He loved to try to destroy those, along with the giant Jolly balls made for horses. Forget stuffed toys...they lasted about an hour with him. Thankfully he was never destructive in the home, and was the king of his castle. He was a great warning device whenever the mailman or stranger, or cat, or just the wind came a knocking.

He got arthritis in the past couple of years and also some lick granulomas. Getting a sitter to take him out midday and lots of acupuncture really helped him out. He was doing very well this past summer, at age 10 or 11. (his real age was not known upon adoption as he was a stray). He had many overstuffed large dog beds and also loved to climb into my bed for

some attention. He was always wanting to be covered up with a blanket, sometimes with just his eyes peeking out at you.

Unfortunately in late July he developed atrial fibrillation, along with what appeared to be a large liver tumor. Many vet visits, and meds did not seem to help him out and he was kept comfortable and loved and petted up until Aug 8th. We had to make the terrible decision to do what was best for him, and not for us. He gave so much love and attention to us in the 5 years we had him, that it was impossible to not give it back. He was stately and stoic right up to the final breath, with all the petting, loving and kisses he deserved. He is sadly missed by all of us who knew and loved him, especially myself, Paul, Jeff, Mary and Frank (his surrogate parents/caretakers).

Thanks for all you do at DRU and we look forward to adopting another Dobie (or 2?). Despite all the heartache it takes to put a beloved dog down, they are so worth everything you get in return.

Al Bauters and Paul Kirk

BLUE

June 2000 - December 2010



We lost Blue yesterday, December 26th. I am still devastated. He was a true Dobe - Stoic. No matter what the circumstance, he wouldn't complain.

When we adopted him from DRU three years ago, we needed a mate for our highly aggressive female dobe. Blue was a perfect match. He let her run the show, but didn't take any crap either. Like any good marriage, I guess. Anyway, we lost Delilah very shortly afterwards to cancer and Blue was such a loyal trooper. He quietly sat by waiting for us to mourn Delilah so he could fill the hole in our hearts. That he did, but he didn't try to fill her shoes. Not much of a guard dog, he was friendly to all who visited. I never saw him growl or show teeth.

I tried to bring in a cat a few years ago, but he wouldn't have it. He wanted the sole attention of his family. Although not crazy about squirrels and birds in the yard, he would run the opposite way to "catch them." He avoided confrontation whenever possible. However, when confrontation came, he would stand his ground and settle the issue without incident. I guess he had his way of calming the other animal down.

He loved to walk (especially on the beach), eat (anything), and sleep on my pillow. Blue had very simple tastes and preferences. Of all the dobs we have had, he was the only one who didn't mind getting a bath.

Finally, my least favorite attributes were he liked to dig, dig, dig...and recall was not in his vocabulary unless food, treat, snackie, lunchie, or cookie were attached to his name. He still missed his original dad (of 7 years) and would run whenever he got loose, probably to find him.

His nicknames were Blue-blue, B, BB, Boo, Boo-Boo, and Blue Baby Boy and he answered to any of them. He will forever be missed.

Thank you DRU for such a great friend.

Caroline Caswell
Jamestown, RI

JESSIE
A DRU SERVICE DOG
JULY 4, 2003 TO FEBRUARY 2009



As much as I did not want to admit it, my Service Dog, Captain Sinbad, was now 8 years old and would eventually be unable to continue working in his full capacity. While at the DRU annual picnic I mention to the DRU staff that I was looking for another Dobe to start training as a Service Dog. This new dog had to be very special to face the challenges that lay ahead. She would be expected to get along with my present male service dog, Sinbad, and to learn her job of helping me to get around on my own. It was a challenge for the folks at DRU, but they chose the perfect dog, Jessie.

On the way home from the shelter, we stopped for ice cream. Jessie passed the first test. Both dogs were sharing and eating out of the same dish. Jessie would have to share everything with Sinbad, even me. She learned her new job watching Sinbad. She learned to back up and to come to me at the sound of what I call the cricket and a whistle. Jessie caught on quickly and worked happily for praise.

Just nine months after adopting Jessie our beloved Captain Sinbad died. It was now Jessie's turn to perform the tasks she had been trained to do. On several occasions she has prevented me falling down stairs. She has been trained to brace herself to help me get back up on my feet when I do fall. She uses the famous "Doberman Lean to push me against the wall or a check out counter, when I need more support to prevent me from falling. She also recognizes hazards and leads me away from them. On days when I am in a lot of pain she will either be by my side day and night or she will get up from her own bed and check on me every hour. Needless to say she will not get much sleep for days but doesn't seem to mind. She has unquestionable loyalty and commitment to me.

Dobermans are working dogs and Jessie is no exception. When she sees her harness come out she knows it is time to work, she loves it. She knows she is going out to strut her stuff. There are a lot of restrictions for her also when she is wearing he harness, such as, no eating, no reward cookies, no relieving herself, no interacting with other dogs or people. She is working and she knows it, she is showing everyone why she is special, and the sacrifices she is making to help me.

Thank You, DRU for bringing Jessie into our lives.
Steve & Dianna B.

FARLEY
2005 TO SEPTEMBER 25, 2010
ADOPTED JULY 23, 2006



Dearest Farley,

We met you on July 23, 2006, and knew immediately that you would be coming home with us to join our family. We were told that you were found as a stray in Maine, that you loved to eat and then play with your empty food dish, that you could possibly be the sloppiest water drinker that they had come across in a long time and that you loved pulling the stuffing out of your bed...over and over again. They knew you very well. How you loved to eat and had an internal clock that let you know when it was 5 am and 5 pm. You would come and wake me up so that I could feed you. If I didn't get your food fast enough you would bring your food dish over to me. And then you would play and chew on your food dish when you were done eating. We had to keep the bananas out of your reach or you would devour the whole bunch of bananas (peels and all). You loved to lift the cover to the garbage can and look around for anything that you thought would be interesting to eat. However, you listened very well when we told you to leave it. We were lucky to get a free floor wash every time that you had a drink of water. However, that became less frequent over time. You were an ace at pulling the stuffing out of your bedding and any stuffed toy that might come your way. You could have the stuffing out in a matter of minutes.

You were also very agile, sleek, and had a very long neck. If you were lying down in front of us you would bend your neck backwards to look at us instead of looking from side to side. You would climb into our bed without barely any movement. One minute you would be standing on the side of the bed with your head resting on the bed and in the next minute you would tuck your feet up under your body and be in the bed.

The first year that you were with us, we would have what we called puppy hour every night. Out of the blue you would get up and run around the living room. You used the furniture to make your own agility course. You would run around, over and in between the furniture at warp speed. We were amazed at how fast you could run through really tight spaces that you barely fit through. It was pure joy watching you, you cracked us up. Then I took you to agility classes. It would only take you a couple of tries to figure out how to do the obstacles.

Then you would want to do them over and over again. Your favorite obstacles were the tunnels and the A-frame. At the end of the class you had to perform a trick that I taught you. You learned to circle three times to the right, circle three times to the left, weave through and around my legs three times, come front and sit. You were amazing and did an excellent job.

You loved rough housing with your dad, lying on the decks in the sun with your dad by your side, going for rides in the car, going up north, walking and running through the woods, going on long walks and playing with your best friend Dillon. You taught Dillon basic survival skills just in case he ever got lost. You taught him to eat snow, grass, sticks, leaves (dried leaves over fresh leaves), and whirly birds. For a real delicacy you taught him to eat acorns.

You would always see us off in the morning and run to greet us when we came home. You were always by our side no matter where we were. You were a wonderful companion and an excellent watch dog. You were such a happy boy who loved life.

We are truly blessed to have had you in our lives even though your time with us was way too short. You were a very smart, kind, gentle, and loving soul. You loved everyone you met and they loved you back. You filled our home with unconditional love, joy, laughter and entertainment.

We miss you so very much. You will always have a special place in our hearts and live on in our memories.

With all of our love,
Your Mom, Cathy, and your Dad, Hugh

DRAKE



My heart is breaking as I write this but it is only fitting, I'll start the story with our first rescue.... Molly. Man was she the queen of the roost. and she was our first rescue from DRU. The story we were told is she was/is dog aggressive. That was fine with us because we had only wanted one dog. Silly us for thinking one dog could be enough. You see Molly was attached at the hip to my husband... which was fine but after much discussion we wanted a second dog.

The process goes pretty easy at DRU to adopt a second dog. We pick a dog we introduce our choice to Molly and if all goes well we go home +1. We got to hear the stories of a few

dogs and then got to meet them. Well, in walked Drake... he immediately plopped down at my feet and rolled on his back as if to say "please take me home". In that moment I knew that he had my heart. He got to meet Molly and everything went well. We also got to hear the story about how his name had been changed from Max and why... I'll leave that story to the ladies at DRU.

There we went plus 1 and so happy...

We figured out pretty quickly that Drake was a very smart boy, I mean a really smart boy. No matter where I tried to hide the garbage he always figured out where it was and how to get into it. He even figured out how to get into the plastic food bin with spin top... I mean he was a genius. And he figured out how to make Molly LOVE him. It was so funny, if we separated them they would cry for each other... I finally started taking them on duo dog vet visits and car rides because they didn't like to be apart. Drake knew that the house was Molly's domain but his domain was the back yard. He would run with her and torture her... and then inside was her domain again... He lived to chase her.

Drake was an older dog when we rescued him. He came with his own very sad story and medical condition. Over time his health deteriorated. Nerve problems, Cardio Myopathy and finally tonight, August 3rd, his heart finally gave out.

I miss him dearly. I thank you all for helping me pick such a good boy. Ultimately he was such a good match for Molly and for us. I don't think there will ever be another dog that could be willing to allow Molly the control she needed. Drake gracefully allowed her Alpha.

Sincerely,
Chad and Lisa Chodkowski

TUESDAY

Adopted May 15, 2009



On the day she entered our home, we never believed that she would also enter our hearts so deeply. Having always owned Dobes from pups, Tuesday was not only our first rescue dog but also a Senior dog. When I picked her up at DRU, she had just had a giant tumor surgically removed. So, she came home with a large T-shirt on and a 10 inch scar across her back. She didn't seem to care. She hopped out of the car and said to all of us, "Here I

am - You are going to love me". Little did we know how much. And with that, the shortest year of our lives began.

She fit into our group of 2 Beagles, a Papillon, horse and of course people as if she had been there all along. She and Molly, the small beagle, became fast friends, with Molly believing that Tuesday was her own personal pillow to lie on. Tuesday never once made her move. Tuesday's favorite pastime was waiting for the horse to show himself in the paddock. She would spend hours looking out the window and when she saw him she would bug me until I let her outside. Every time, she would run out the door with her fur raised, barking and chasing him along the fence, as if, it were the very first time she saw ever him. The horse acted as if she wasn't even there. But she didn't care. She was such a happy girl. She made friends every place she went. People made a point of coming over to pat her, saying what a beautiful girl she was. Her tail didn't wag. It rotated in circles. If he let her, she would stand there for hours, while my husband gave her neck and back massages.

We lost this sweet girl on July 31, 2010, after a short illness. Though we will miss her, we will never forget the joy, entertainment, and love she brought to us. She was an old soul with the gentlest of eyes that made you feel as if you were the most special person ever.

We want to thank everyone at DRU for bringing her into our lives. She made it fuller, if only for a short time, with memories that will last forever.

Sincerely,
Kathy, Bill and Greg Lee
Tuesday's friends,
Molly, Louis, Cowboy, Gent and Angel

TASHA



Dear DRU

I wanted to thank everyone at DRU for uniting us with Tasha in the summer of 2003. She was about 6 years old when we adopted her. We were living with our parents at the time and they had adopted dobermans before from DRU but this was OUR dog! From the moment we met her we knew it was a perfect match. She was the most loving dog anyone could have asked for and boy did she like to lean on your legs and squeeze out every last ounce of attention she could from you....before moving on to the next person. She was a bit

overweight and had a belly from having pups. We use to joke that she needed a tummy tuck! But after shedding about 12 pounds from daily walks she soon got into shape! Unfortunately Tasha took a turn for the worst last week. Starting with a bloody nose leading to seizures and before we knew it unable to get herself up without help. With an extremely elevated white blood cell count and the antibiotics not touching her ailments it was concluded she had cancer. Who knew how long it had been or how bad and before we could even approach getting the answers it was too late. She was brave in showing no signs of pain or fear of her illness, but her eyes said it all. Yet that didn't make it any easier on us and we had to make the worst decision imaginable.

About 4 years after her adoption we finally bought our own house. It was a bitter sweet for her because even though she now had her own lawn to dive into and roll in she was confused at why the whole family was not living in this new place. She expressed her anger with us by no longer taking her biscuits from our hands and we had to put them on the floor (unless it was from her Grammy). She also had to leave her friends Daisy (mini-pincher) and Cloey (cat) back at Grammy's and Grampy's. Soon she realized she would visit very frequently, even overnight sometimes and returning to her own space wasn't so bad. She loved roaming free and laying in the sun until she was hot to the touch which she would then dig under the deck or wonder into the woods to cool off. We would take daily strolls down the dirt road where cars were rare and she was able to walk freely by our side. Tasha would usually greet our arrival home with a diagonal run because her nub was wagging so fast or with her stalking walk because she knew that was her Dad's favorite game. She never would turn down a ride to the dump or to our favorite ice cream stand and was always a warming face at the door after a hard day at work.

She has the most amazing personality and really just enjoyed life and people. She would only play with specific stuffed giraffe which she would destroy like a puppy by pulling all the stuffing out before tossing it to the side to start on a new one. She would have the worst smelling gas only to sleep through it but if anyone else did she was instantly on her feet leaving the room. Tasha thrived for every bit of attention she could get, so strangers were taken back by her sweetness and eagerness to be loved.

I will never forget the constant nose nudges for her ears to be rubbed, wiping up the puddles of water she made across the floor after she drank or her frantic behaviors when it thundered such as jumping in and out of the bath tub and wearing a hole in the floor from pacing. She has now joined the rest of her pals at Rainbow Bridge doing things she loved to do such as chase bears and deer. Hopefully there are no cats because she is scared of them! hehe :) Tasha is very loved and lived a full happy life and we are going to miss her greatly. Her memory will live on and we couldn't have asked for a better dog to help us start our new lives here in Sanbornton. Thank you again for bringing her into our lives and I'm sure we will be adopting again in the future.

Tom & Cassy
Sanbornton NH

HANSA BEVACQUA
November 19, 1998 - July 14, 2010



We will always be grateful to D.R.U. and Claire, for letting us adopt such a wonderful dog. HANSA, a DRU girl numbered 5134 arrived in our life in October 1999. We drove from New York to pick her up, and little did we know that in 2003 we would all be driving to our new home in Mexico. What a change in Hansa's life. Today I have to, very sadly, inform you that our beloved Dobe has left us.

Letter to Hansa from her Mommy July 14, 2010

My beloved HANSA:

It is very hard to say goodbye, you have been such a great puppy, such a joy in our life.

We have to learn again how to live, without you, waking up as your big fat paw comes down on my pillow, asking me to go out, or wanting to be covered.

We will have to learn how to forget worrying whenever it is raining hard, or whenever a thunderstorm is coming, as you were always frantic with both.

We will have to learn how to forget to rush home, as 5:00pm is coming, and it is time for your dinner...You went from being a picky eater, eating home cooked meals, to a "Gavone" devouring your dry food, with a hungry passion!

How I am going to miss washing you as often as I did, as your skin needed it, you did not even like it but were so docile about it.

How much are we going to miss your constant presence? At the computer, your big fat snout "sneaking" on my lap: << pet me Mommy, pet me Daddy...Is it time for my treat? Is it time to go to bed? Would you please shut the TV, and come to bed with me? >>

<< Hey...Mom.... Where is my toy?... And why is Dad mad at me?? Is it because I took all the filling out of it??But it was so much fun while I did it! >>

<< ...Remember Cats, mommy??...how I loved them, especially when I could run after them... but every time you called me! And I had to come back to you! Mom, you never yelled at me....you always thanked me to come back and showed me how much you loved me....>>

This is why my beloved PUP, it is so hard to say "Goodbye"... you are part of me... and you have been in my heart every moment of your life. How difficult is it going to be? How long it will take until life can resume? I doubt that it will be soon, beloved one, so many minutes of the day evolved around you. So many things were done, just for you...

Dad and I are very sad now, but we know that you have crossed your rainbow bridge, like the champ that you always have been, one way... two speeds...Fast and fastest...

Sweet dreams my ZAZA, and I do wish that wherever you are you know that you took my heart with you.

Goodbye my Beloved. Farewell my Puppy...

Your Beloved Parents
Joe & Evelyne BEVACQUA,
Playa del Carmen, Mexico

JULY 17, 2010



"BYE MOMMY & DADDY"

I CAME INTO YOUR LIFE LIKE A FLASH,
AND YOU GAVE ME MORE LOVE THAN I DREAMED.
I LOVE YOU BOTH MORE THAN YOU KNOW!
YOU TOOK CARE OF ME AND YOU NURTURED ME.
I LEFT IN A FLASH. GOD, I' M SORRY I HAD TO GO,

BUT DADDY AND MOMMY DON'T WORRY
MY SPIRIT IS WITH YOU AND I WILL BE WAITNG FOR YOU!
I PROMISE, I PROMISE, I PROMISE!
ETERNAL LOVE,

HANSA

MAGGIE

July 12, 2008 - May 26, 2010

Adopted - January 2, 2010



Dear Friends at DRU,

It was a short 5 ½ months ago (January 2, 2010) that we took our much loved Maggie home with us. We were quite an entourage that day, the five of us and Boss, my daughter's adopted beagle. We arrived at DRU a family of 6 and left as a family of 7.

I was amazed at how eagerly she jumped into our car on that snowy Saturday, and left her friends at DRU. On the ride home, Maggie took turns looking out the back window - looking at where she had been - then looking out the front window to see where we were taking her. We were told she was unsure around males but this didn't stop her from resting her head on my husband's shoulder for an ear rub during the 2 ½ hour ride home.

She wasn't home for long before she took on her job of guarding us from the people walking by or the ever mischievous squirrels in the yard. She loved her yogurt filled Kongs, car rides and even her trips to the vet.

Every morning we had to set aside time for Maggie's sock game. Getting dressed for work was a challenge because she would quickly grab a pair of socks, tease you with them - tail wagging the whole time- and refuse to surrender them for nothing short of a treat.

Another favorite pass time were her romps in the backyard with Boss. We often laughed that Boss was teaching her how to act like a beagle - nose to the ground - while she was teaching him to act like a very regal Dobie!

As winter turned to spring, our Maggie found herself on yet another adventure. She had to travel with us to our cottage every week end. Once there, she found herself having to protect us from the pesky ducks and geese that had the nerve to swim by HER house!

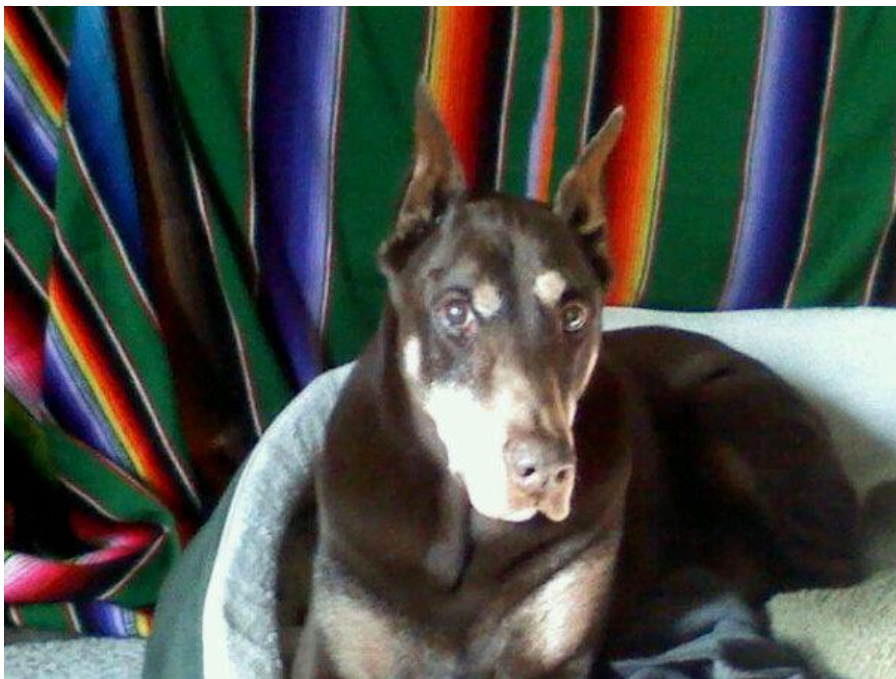
Maggie became sick in May and surgery was recommended on May 26th. What the doctor found was unexpected and we made one of the hardest decisions a dog owner has to make. We did what was best for Maggie even though she broke 6 hearts that day.

We want to especially thank Diane B. and Cindy for their kind words that day and for talking us through to the decision we had to make.

The Ancelli Family

RUSTY

April 17 1996- June 5, 2010



On Saturday June 5th we lost our best friend and beloved family member Rusty at the grand old age of 14. Rusty had been a little under the weather for a day, so he didn't suffer long. He had just recently recovered from a bout of old dog vestibular disease and seemed to be fine with the exception of the usual old dog ailments. He was truly a member of our family and after almost 14 years in our lives will leave us with many lasting wonderful memories.

When I first introduced Rusty to Chris he was in the back seat of my Ford Probe- and took up the whole back seat, I should add- barking wildly at all the birds he saw outside the window. Chris's comment "Is he always going to be like that?" My response "Yup, 'til the

day he dies." Rusty held true to that, still playing furiously with his favorite toys up until the end.

I had Rusty for about a year when we moved to Jamestown, RI. Being surrounded by the beach, I decided to take him down to Potter's Point, a small rocky beach, which runs along a seawall- sure enough Rusty loved the water and as he was frolicking in the waves at the end of a very long leash I noticed a person walking by on the sea wall staring at this big rust Doberman playing in the water. I looked up at him and said "Bet you've never seen this before." Rusty loved to swim! But he hated baths- just another quirk of his personality.

He had so many quirky things about him- his fondness for scaring cats, and tearing apart all but the strongest of toys. He also, as most Dobermans do, loved to follow me everywhere in the house. He would groan and smile when you rubbed his ears. We taught him how to make the "ugly face" by tapping on his nose and telling him to make the ugly face, which was a fierce teeth baring pose. But that was just it, a "face" he would make when asked. His "nub" was always going like crazy. Rusty was anything but fierce...only in appearance. I often wondered if he wasn't docked how many coffee tables he would have cleared with his tail. We also taught him to "say goodbye" when Chris would leave for work- which was a good deep "fierce" bark or two.

Rusty's best friend was a 100 pound pit-bull- mastiff mix named Ronnie. Rusty used to walk so close to Ronnie that their bellies would touch as they swayed side to side on the walk. What a sight to see the two of them walking down the main street with chili pepper bandanas or silver raincoats on!

Rusty loved to counter surf and get in the trash any chance he got which wasn't too often as we were wise to his ways. He seemed to always be hungry and would gobble up any treat offered to him if he wasn't made to wait and go "easy". He loved to sit and watch us eat and seemed to be fascinated with the refrigerator and the wonderful things that used to come out of it. We will miss him greeting us when we came home and watching us out the window when we left.

Rusty had been through a number of health issues during his life including a bout of leptospirosis as well as surviving extreme temperatures when he was lost overnight at a local park, and recovered the next morning. We often joked he had nine lives.

He was such a big part of our lives and daily routine that there is definitely an emptiness that will not be filled again....an emptiness in our hearts and our lives. He left us quietly in a fierce thunderstorm Saturday morning. He was cremated with his favorite toy and I know his presence is still here with us in our hearts and memories of him.

We miss you so much Rusty!
Andrea and Chris
Jamestown, RI

UDINA



3/19/2010

Forever Daddy's Girl

I will always cherish the time that we had together.

You were one of a kind.

Love and Miss You,
Dad

CASPER & PLUTO



Dear DRU,

We have recently lost our beloved boys, the happiness and joy they have given to us over the last 13 years has been the greatest gift we have ever received. We have no words to express our heartache and pain with their passing. They both were overcome with bone cancer, just 5 weeks apart. Casper (black) was a mere 35lbs living on the streets of Springfield Mass. We picked our new baby up right from your vet, just off his IV and held him tight for the past 13 yrs. Pluto (red) was kept out of the way in a basement for his first 9 months of life and about to be put down because the very young man that bought him thought it would be "cool" to have a doberman! He later felt he was a burden.

Casper and Pluto loved each other dearly, as we loved them! They had a wonderful life together and were the best of friends. We know in our hearts that they are together again at the Rainbow Bridge, playing and waiting for us all to be together again.

God Bless you DRU! And our sincerest condolences to all who share our pain and have been blessed to have been given such a beautiful gift, if only for a moment.

Rest in peace our sweet babies, we'll see you soon enough.

Sincerely,
Kevin, Renee, and Raymond

ZACK



Dear Everyone at Doberman Rescue Unlimited,

I had so wanted to write you on January 18 to celebrate Zack's 13th adoption anniversary. Instead, it is with a very heavy heart that I write to tell you that this wonderful wonderful boy passed away in his sleep in the early morning hours of December 30, 2009. We loved him so and miss him terribly.

I know you will understand when I say that I find it almost impossible to put into words what this dog meant to us. We've always reveled in his company. And especially since he had what appeared to be a small stroke in September of 2008, we did not take one moment with him for granted. This last year he was taking several heart medications and was doing very well despite a recent bout with pneumonia. This proud and tenacious friend of ours was high-spirited till his last day, and we delighted in everything he did; his insisting that all meals be served right on time, woofing at us for treats, barking at the critters and people who walk by the house, the way he always knew it was Sunday – hiking day, dismembering stuffies, snatching our socks or gloves to prance around with, stealing our seat on the couch, and of course, following us most everywhere. Such an enormous presence in our lives, followed now by such a huge silence.

Zoe (adopted 2004) feels the loss too; she adored him. Zack couldn't be taken anywhere without her, their bond was intense. What a tremendous gift it was that he died in his sleep. We know what a blessing it was to not have to come to that moment that calls for the awful courage it takes to decide that it's time to end a dear friends suffering. I try not to speculate about what ultimately caused his departure, but content myself that at the age of at least 14 and ½, he was my little old man dog who died in his sleep of old age.

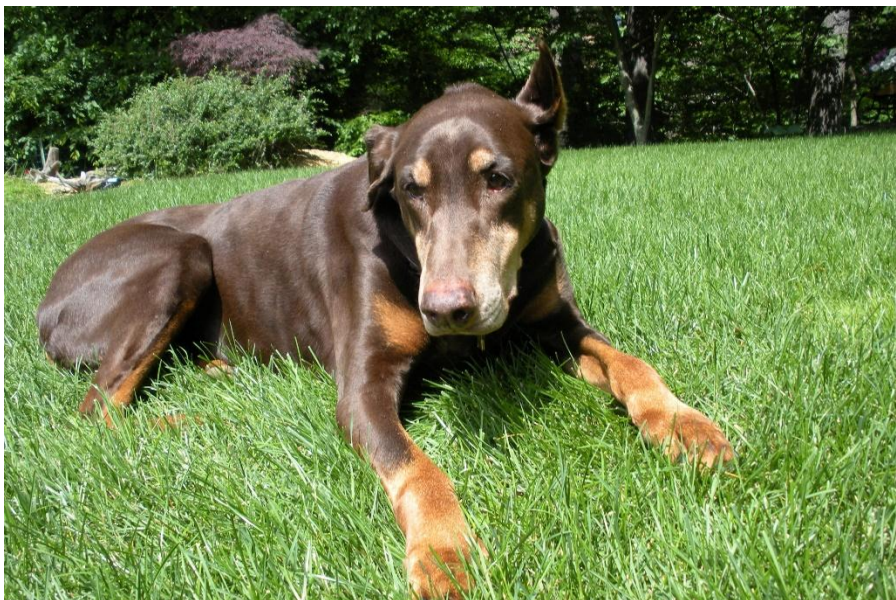
It was so important for Zoe that he was here. Throughout the day of the 30th she tiptoed into the bedroom to peek at him lying so still in his bed, and she seemed to understand. We've had none of her frantic meltdowns that always occurred when they were separated before. Instead she spends way too much of her time curled up in a tight ball sleeping on the couch. We're trying to keep her as busy and as engaged as possible and little by little she seems to be coming out of her shell, but I know she must dream of him when she sleeps.

January 18, 1997 was the day we brought home this handsome 18 month old very smart brat. Zack wasted no time announcing his presence and his plans to take over, showing major attitude and his teeth within hours of his arrival. He challenged us frequently but was so intelligent and learned so quickly and had such a goofy sense of humor that we were completely smitten from the get go. There were many people along the way who helped with advice and training and friendship, making our story one of success, and we thank them all. We especially thank our Vet, Dr. Mark Berens, whose patience and skill saw Zack through these many years. Beth Ostrowski-Parks for the all the early training, guidance and encouragement. And our friend Angie, for those long afternoon doggie play dates and the warm and handsome jackets she made him.

Thanks especially to everyone at DRU. Without you we never would have known this amazing dog. We would have missed out on 13 incredible years with the best companion anyone could hope for; 13 incredible years with Zack.

Sincerely,
Diane Brawn and Family

JEDD
Adopted January 7, 2005. Passed on January 3, 2010.



Dear Claire and the folks at DRU,

Jedd had been with us since January of 2005. We first met him at DRU when he was about 5 years old, and he had a cone on his head and staples in his belly as he managed to tear his stomach open in a crate. This might have scared some folks but not us. He jumped on my husband's lap and instantly we knew he belonged with us.

These five years with Jedd have been a gift, and we have enjoyed every moment with him. He was so gentle and everyone that met him remarked on how kind hearted he was. He loved his stuffies and would take them for walks and then poke them with his nose to get them to squeak. He loved to be patted and would plop right down on your lap and if that didn't work he would throw his huge paws on your arm and look at you with his expressive eyes to say, "Hello, I'm waiting". He enjoyed lying in the sun, rolling in the grass and just hanging out in his yard. He had a bit of anxiety and hated vacuums and even got nervous when he heard his own stomach growl. We nicknamed him "Velcro" as he had to follow you everywhere. He slept in this cute doggie ball and we always wondered how an 85 lb. dog could get himself so small. He also had this habit of bunching up a blanket between his paws and would fall asleep with his mouth wrapped around it as if it were a security blanket.

Our "gentle giant" had responded wonderful to chemotherapy when he was diagnosed with Lymphoma in July 2009. He went into remission and was doing great. Ironically, it was not cancer that took our boy after his 10 years. We rushed him to emergency in the early hours on January 3, 2010 as he was struggling to catch his breath, and we were told that he was experiencing heart failure. It was advanced and they were not very hopeful. The vet tried a few different things but Jedd did not respond. His heart was enlarged, beating irregular (at 250) which was causing blood not to flow correctly to the rest of his body. His lungs were filling with fluid, he was having fainting spells, and he was clearly uncomfortable.

For those that have never been faced with the decision to put a dear friend to sleep, we can tell you it is terrible. We know it was right but yet we can't stop second guessing ourselves. We loved him so much - was there more we could have done? The vet assured us that we were making the right decision. He was completely unresponsive to the drugs they tried. We could keep trying different things but we were prolonging the inevitable as his heart had given up. We made the most difficult decision of our lives and decided that he deserved to go peacefully to the Rainbow Bridge. Jeddie had a way of looking at you that you that could melt your heart, such soulful eyes with so much emotion. He looked at us this way as he passed on in our arms. He appreciated that he was given a second chance and loved us all the more for it.

We both struggle with not hearing his paws plopping around the house. Jedd was never the most graceful of dogs so you always knew when he was coming. Our house and our hearts will be empty without our "big guy". Adopting him was an extremely rewarding experience. Even though we are heart broken and the tears won't stop, we would do it all over again. We truly enjoyed every minute with him and feel that we were blessed to have been given the opportunity to adopt him and to love him.

Jedd - now that you have crossed over to the Rainbow Bridge, we hope you are rolling around in the grass on a bright sunny day with as many toys as you want. You were loved more than we are capable of expressing. We thank you for bringing joy to our lives. You will forever be in our hearts. You will be missed my dear friend.

ROMAN



Dear DRU,

On the day before Thanksgiving, November 25, 2009, we had to say goodbye to our beloved Roman. Not even two months ago, Roman was diagnosed with bone marrow cancer. We didn't realize how aggressive it was. We weren't prepared to say good-bye to our gentle, laid-back giant who, as our vet said, didn't have one aggressive bone in his body.

DRU blessed us with Roman on Memorial Day weekend in 2003. He loved playing with our other Dobie, Creemee, and didn't mind that she was the boss. Our only problem with Roman in the beginning was that he was an escape artist. He loved to run and, if there was a chance that he could slip out the door, he was gone. The rule in the house was "two closed doors between Roman and the outside". Still, he managed to escape at least four times over the next six months. The last time he escaped there was a snow storm in full force. He was gone for four hours before we found him. I am not sure who was happier to see the other. That was the last time he attempted to run away. By the end of his first year, he would patrol our perimeter or lie on the grass at the bottom of the driveway and watch the world go by. He would bark at bikers or walkers but he always stayed in the yard.

One of his favorite activities was riding in the truck. Saturdays were special - Dump Day. While my husband would go around emptying the trash cans, Roman was right at his side. He wanted to make sure he didn't get left behind. At the dump, he would stick his head out the window when my husband paid because he knew the kind man would give him a milk

bone. He was always so gentle taking it out the giver's hand. Even that last week when he couldn't get around too well, he would still get up to go for a ride.

We lost Creemee a year ago to Diabetes and now cancer has taken our wonderful, gentle Roman. I miss him lying next to me or putting his head in my lap. I loved watching him back up to a couch and sitting on it, his hind legs folding under him with his front legs on the floor. We were so spoiled by him.

My family just wants to thank DRU for a wonderful 6 1/2 years with Roman. You matched us up with such a great friend who is so missed. He gave us so much love and made us laugh, and he was always up for a cuddle. We know that he is not in pain any longer and we have beautiful memories, and he is playing again with Creemee. This all gives us comfort.

Thank you for your gift to us.
Tom, Susan, and Laura Blair

MARS
1999-2009



Mars came into my life while volunteering at a local NJ shelter. My friend Steve and I had just delivered another shelter Doberman to DRU. We returned to the shelter feeling relaxed and pleased that we had taken a Doberman out of a bad situation and given it a good chance at life. Then I was told that another Doberman had just been brought in by Animal Control. Knowing how poorly they adjust to shelter life, my heart just sank. When I first saw him he was a scared and very skinny dog. I took him outside to the exercise pens and discovered what an extremely nice dog he was. Within a few minutes, he was calm and leaning on me as Dobermans do. He quickly decided that he was my dog. He knew it, but at the time I was not aware of it.

Over the next 2 weeks, we tried desperately to find him a home. There were a few good possibilities with Doberman experienced people, but they all fell through. It was a busy Saturday afternoon at the shelter when a seemingly unsavory character with Rottweilers showed an interest in Mars. It was then that I decided I was adopting him myself.

Mars fit right in with the rest of my family of pets. Louise the Pitbull absolutely adored him. They would play tug of war for hours with a huge rope toy. They would also delight in stealing toys and bones from each other. Louise used to trick him by running to the door barking knowing Mars would be right behind her. When he did, she'd race back and grab the last bone he was working on. I often wondered if Louise had outsmarted him or if he was in on the game. Then there was their nightly wrestling on the bed. I would allow it to go on for about 15 minutes. They enjoyed it and I loved watching them. When it was time to stop, I'd say an assertive "no more" and Mars would lie down at the bottom of the bed and Louise would go to her spot next to me.

Mars behaved himself initially around the cats, but after the first two weeks of almost ignoring them, he decided they were fun to chase. He learned quickly with the help of an electronic collar that cats have mystical powers and should not be messed with. Most of the cats eventually forgave Mars for the chasing and would rub against him and cuddle up with him at night. Cats are very smart and in spite of Mars' size, they knew he would do them no harm. Speaking of Mars' size, he grew taller and larger. He went from a smallish, skinny dog to be 100 pounds and very tall. He wasn't overweight, just big. He was often mistaken for a Great Dane.

Mars loved people, but especially children. . Every where we went, if there was kid there, he had to go over to visit. He was very gentle with them and seemed to have a smile on his face whenever he was around them. I'm convinced he came from a family with children. We once did a pet education program at a grammar school in Jersey City. Most of the kids in the class were afraid of dogs. Within a short time, Mars had changed their minds and they were happily petting him. My 6 year old granddaughter, Nicole, adored him and called him Uncle Mars.

It was at the end of January 2009 that I felt a small lump on both sides of Mars' neck. At the time he seemed well, but had showed some signs of slowing down. He was at least 10 years old. A needle biopsy came back positive for lymphoma. I decided not to put such an old dog through chemo. I just wanted him to enjoy whatever was left of his life. I remembered the Tim McGraw song, "Live Like You Were Dying". So, (in lieu of skydiving) I took Mars to the park as much as I could and let him do his favorite hobby, chasing geese. I hoped I would be able to have him for at least 6 months more, but after two weeks he was having a breathing crisis. I rushed him to my Vet and he went unconscious. The Vet said his stomach was distended, possibly from a bleeding tumor. I decided it was time to put him to sleep. I held him as the euthanasia fluid went in, after a second or two he lifted his head up and put his face right up to mine touching me with his nose. I told him he was a good boy and then he was gone. As sad as it was, I will always be grateful for his final gesture of devotion. Mars was one of a kind and I was fortunate to have had such a wonderful dog in my life.

Denise Villasana
River Vale, NJ

REINA



Dear DRU,

On August 25th, our much loved companion Reina passed on at the age of 13 1/2. Reina entered our lives and hearts seven years ago, in August 2002, just as we were beginning a several years-long renovation of an old house. My partner Dan brought Reina home from DRU, much to my surprise and concern. He had grown up with a Doberman, but up to that moment, my knowledge of Dobermans had been limited to only the 'guard dog' stereotypes depicted on TV. And I was worried about all the remodeling work that lay ahead of us . that a dog would just get in the way. But it did not take long for Reina to bring me around. That first night, as we turned out the lights, Reina proceeded directly to the bed, jumped up onto it, and nestled into her newly chosen spot . We knew then that Reina would quickly make her home with us and endear herself to us in countless ways.

Reina was so well-behaved, a lady through and through. She did have her moments though. We remember hearing the dirt hit the side of the house as she dug her den in the flower bed, being shocked when she briefly showed her teeth over a cupcake not meant for her (a challenge she did not win!), and countless times waking up in the middle of the night to find ourselves half off the bed because Reina had slowly rotated herself practically across the entire width. But in those moments, it was impossible to stay angry with her for very long. She only had to look up with those deeply expressive brown eyes, and all you could do was simply love her.

Reina was a shy dog, much preferring the company of her own human pack. Not one for car rides, jaunts in the park, or just hanging out as we visited with neighbors, when she had enough, she looked you straight in the eye, and you knew she was saying 'OK, let's go home now'. She was happiest when we were all together, at home, where she could look forward to licking the remains of a finished bowl of ice cream at the end of a long day.

Over two months ago, Reina endured an inner ear infection that stripped her of her balance and appetite for several weeks. We were relieved to see her bounce back somewhat from this debilitating illness, but her recovery was short, as she began to lose weight and become increasing weaker. Our walks got shorter, meals lay untouched, and we could see the signs that she was in real physical distress. Another visit from the Vet, with tests revealing

probable liver cancer, and we were confronted with the very difficult decision to bring to an end her discomfort.

Reina's favorite chair in the living room sits empty now, and we can no longer watch with amusement as she lies dreaming in it, barking softly with her legs kicking gently as, we imagined, her sleeping mind envisioned running through some field or chasing some squirrel. But we know that she is free now from all the pains that an elderly dog endures stoically. And she leaves us with loving memories.

Chris and Dan

SCHUYLER



Dear DRU,

This week we had to put down our beloved Schuyler, due to degenerative myelopathy. When we adopted her in July 2000, she was known as Cheyenne, and on your website, she was described as "a hound dog with an attitude." What we realized is that she was just a sweet, scared dog who would bark at anything that moved. When I asked my husband, after looking at so many dogs the day we visited, why he chose her, he said, "Because she has kind eyes."

She rode home in the back seat of our pickup with her snout on my husband's shoulder. When she got home she actually tiptoed around the back yard as if afraid to put a foot wrong. She had a few bad habits to break--she loved the couch a little too much and chewed a hole in every couch pillow. But she came to us well trained and with firmness and consistency she learned her boundaries quickly. She became a veritable genius when food was involved and moved like lightning to her spot for a treat. As she became more comfortable with us she also began to show an engaging personality. She loved to play "attack" and would nudge anytime she wanted a touch. She loved her "blankies", chewed them to bits, and was the only dog I know who actually liked to lie down and be completely covered by a blanket. She loved company and was already for a cuddle and a pat.

When my husband had major surgery and faced a difficult recovery, he spent many a sleepless night in a chair with Schuyler's head in his lap. I truly believe she helped him through this time and was instrumental in his healing. Schuyler always seemed to know when we needed some TLC.

When we retired two years ago, she came along with us to our winter home in Florida. She grew to love the beach and the water and chasing the seagulls. As my husband said, "She could run like the wind." It was last November we noticed that she was slowing down, and in January she was diagnosed. It was heartbreaking to watch her struggle to get up and to see her legs slide out from under her. Throughout this time she never lost her sweet disposition or her personality, but unfortunately the time came when we had to make that most difficult decision

Schuyler was just the best dog. She gave us many years of fun, love, and devotion. We only wish we had her longer.

Sincerely,
The Bourgeois'

COCOA

1999-2009



DRU (formerly Xena #5175) adoptee & Canine Cancer Awareness Inc beneficiary

A.K.A.: Cocoa-nut, Cocoa Nuttter, Cocoa-a-Mok, Cocoa-a-Poke, Sweet Pea, Pumkin, Little Buddy, Stumpy, Chicken Hawk, Snake Hunter

Cocoa passed over the bridge to Doggie Heaven yesterday. Her bone cancer had come back in her front shoulder at the beginning of last month and she lost her mobility on Sunday. Her spirit was still strong and even though she couldn't walk she still wanted to get her dog biscuit and go for a ride in the car on her last day. She is at peace now and will be romping with her old Dobbie buddy Bandit, chasing squirrels and catching big snakes in Doggie Heaven.

I will fondly remember her happy-go-lucky spirit and her determination to continue normally even after one leg was removed. She was always at the door to greet me and any visitors whether she had 4 or 3 legs. She demanded people touch and pet her in her own unique way and never acted like she was missing a leg. Mostly she was good friend for 10 years. We went through some good and bad times and she always was happy through it all. Her little stump of a tail never stopped wagging. Nothing made her happier then a daily walk or a trip to the pond for SWIMMING! A lesson for us all.

She lived a full additional year plus some after the original diagnosis. While that seems so short to us is was another 7 full years of life to her. She will be missed and fondly remembered at the same time.

--Nancy

ZACHARY

7/5/99-5/29/07



Our Darling Zachary,

We had no idea what we were getting into when we decided to adopt a Doberman. We sat on the office couch with great anticipation, and you came bounding out of your crate and jumped onto us. My first thought was "WOW, this dog is crazy". You were just jumping around, happy as could be, showing off your beautiful smile. You had been there for so long. No one could look past your health issues to see how sweet you really were. We didn't really have the money, but we had all the love you would ever need.

So, after 3 hours at the shelter deciding what to do, you came home with us, just hopped right into the car like it was yours all along. You never cared that we lived in a tiny apartment with no real yard. You had us and that was plenty. All you ever asked for was love, and god knows that you gave back a hundred times as much in return.

You were obedient, gentle, and loving. We never really had to yell at you. Everything we asked, you did. It just amazes me that a dog with such a rough start in life would have such a rough end to life. When we adopted you, you were allergic to almost EVERYTHING, and you had to be on thyroid medication. You got allergy shots every 3 weeks and had to be on a special diet. None of this mattered to us. You were our little boy. You were our gift and everything was better when you were with us.

We had you for 8 months when you developed a lump on your leg. It devastated us to learn that after everything you had been through, you now had to live with bone cancer. The first couple of weeks you declined rapidly and your prognosis wasn't very good. You gave us 5 more months of wonderful love. On May 29th we took you in to the vet and had you put to sleep. It was the hardest thing either of us has ever had to do. We woke up the next morning and prayed that it was a dream. We miss you every day and love you with every ounce of ourselves. You were the perfect companion, best friend. We will always love you. Rest in peace our handsome man.

Love Always and Forever,

Mommy and Daddy

DUKE and ISABELLE



Dear Claire,

Pam and I want to take a moment to express our sincerest thanks to you and the rest of the DRU staff for your heartfelt notes and cards of sympathy at our sudden loss of Duke and Isabelle. A wise person said that God doesn't give us any more than we can handle. Another said, we will find the things in life that mean the most to us are the ones that are the most difficult to achieve. And yet another, what doesn't kill us will make us stronger.

Right now Pam and I are not quite sure about the first and third thoughts. But Duke and Issy were among the purest of gifts Pam and I have given to one another, albeit with a lot of Dobie insanity and challenges thrown in. As deeply as their loss hurts, Pam and I could not imagine our lives without them. Someone else's loss was our gain when Duke and Issy

checked into to the DRU Hotel. These pups gave back to us something wonderful and irreplaceable on our best of days, on our worst of days, and every waking moment in between.

Despite a questionable start in life, Duke and Issy both earned their AKC Canine Good Citizen certificates. Each could have easily gone on to other "titles" had Pam and I redirected our training efforts to a test. But we considered our true reward wasn't formal recognition. Our titles came in the form of two solid, loyal, affectionate, and balanced dogs of whom we could be proud out in the real world.

If Pam and I had one single word of advice to any prospective adopter of a DRU Dobie, it would be this: train. Train to a pup's strengths and, more important, train to their deficiencies and your own fears. But train, and keep training. At every opportunity, formally and just hanging out at home. These Dobies, regardless of their start in life, don't just improve with structure and leadership. They thrive and eagerly keep coming back for more. Given the choice of a rib eye steak and the prospect of training, Duke and Issy would gobble down the steak in ten seconds instead of thirty and then be impatiently waiting for the real treat, the opportunity to work, to discover, and to be with their people.

Pam and I would be sorely remiss if we did not mention the dedicated DRU staff and volunteers, past and present, and other DRU adopters who in no small way touched us and the lives of Duke and Isabelle, who stood side by side with us throughout Duke and Issy's wonderful journey through Doberman Rescue and beyond. To all of you, we will never forget what you did for us and for Duke and Issy.

First, to you Claire, for rolling up your sleeves over a decade ago and molding Doberman Rescue Unlimited into what it is today, a bastion of hope and promise for countless Dobermans who had no hope. And to Marilyn Burris, Liz Cleaves, Tom Fale, Dave Ferragamo, Donna and Tony Fioretta, Cheryl Greenhalgh, Paige Kendall, Cindy Knapp, Julia McDonough, and Christine Stewart. Julia first convinced and then showed Pam and I that through training ourselves and our dogs anything was possible; then she stuck with us until Duke became what she refers to as one of her training anchor dogs. And Liz, an AKC CGC evaluator, planted another seed. Obedience and temperament titles after a DRU Dobie's name represent far more than the recognition of the owners and their dogs. The titles serve as encouragement and a testament to other DRU adopters: through training, the only upper limitation to what our DRU Dobies can become resides solely in our mind, nowhere else. Liz went directly to the American Kennel Club and secured Duke's Canine Good Citizenship certificate posthumously since he passed unexpectedly at the time of the test.

Where else in a cynical world could one find such an unrelenting chain of true caring and support? In a word, nowhere.

When you and your staff go to sleep tonight reflecting on the day's disappointments, with your minds mired in the inhumanity, cruelty, or gross indifference represented by man's callous treatment of your orphans.....remember the other side of your endeavors that is reflected in the happy pictures of Duke, Isabelle, and the thousands of other DRU Dobies who found their final home, a wonderful life, and peace across the Rainbow Bridge. Because of you.

Pam and I will leave you with the touching and uplifting thoughts of Lord Byron which were posted by a selfless champion of Dobermans as a tribute to our Duke:

Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And All the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

R.I.P Big Duke

Jack and Pam Scheid

CASEY MAE



She came to us in August of 2003. She left us 5 years, 2 months & 7 days later. We joked that she was only here for the food ~

Her first 4 years are pretty much a mystery to us, tho she made her way from metro-suburban New Jersey to the sticks of New Hampshire through the wonderful folks at Doberman Rescue www.dru.org

She found everything in her new home strange..... there was woods everywhere, the driveway wasn't paved, our home was lacking wall to wall carpeting. The only thing she recognized in those first few days was the drive-up window at the Bank. There, a drawer opened and presented a bisquit!!! Thank goodness, something familiar.

She loved having her ears rubbed, and she would lean in and close her eyes when you did. She loved having her bum scratched, and she would sway back & forth with delight when you did. She appreciated the Bone box that was strategically placed in the living room so that she could access it at anytime. She would get 2 or 3 out at a time. What fun! Stuffed toys she would destroy, she just couldn't help herself. She would tilt her head sideways when you talked to her. She learned that she could walk along freely, with no tether, on our daily walks, as the road to & from our home hardly ever had vehicle traffic. She learned to drink from brooks on our walks. Who knew there would be water readily available? We have a bowl, which sits on top of the antique cook stove, that is usually kept full of apples. She would intently gaze at the bowl, raising a paw as if to point, indicating that she would like one, when ever I would arrive home.

She loved Apples. She learned that Fall was the best season of all, as the Apples began to drop from the many trees in her neighbor Ann's big "yard". After the first Fall here, she came to realize that our neighbor's Orchard was full of her favorite fruit. She looked forward to our daily walks in the Fall with extra enthusiasm. During the non-fruit bearing months of the year, she would look up at the trees and sigh. We have planted 5 apple trees of our own here since she arrived, and she will be buried close to one of them.

She left her mark on one side of the stairs, always going up & down on that side, and the wood is marked & worn. She was to this day, still nervous about the sound of the Vacuum, and would scurry downstairs when I insisted that I needed to collect the gathering riot of dust bunnies. The ringing phone made her howl, as if singing to the tone. The resident Beaver in the pond on the power-line walk route made her uneasy, and she would run as fast as she could to get thru that part of our walk. She would fake Tuck out everytime with the dishonest "look, who goes there" bark. He would abandon his toy, bone, or choice bed nearly everytime she practiced the deception, much to her delight.

She loved my folks property, with it's manacured lawns & gardens. She would help herself to the tomato's out in the garden, but the netting covering the Blueberry bushes kept her from enjoying those too. Their house was as comfy as could be, and she loved to spend the night & was perfectly content hanging out there. She loved her human friends Ann & Steven & Georgia, who always brought cookies for her, as they undoubtedly had no other reason to visit than that. She loved the window - trough, with it's window facing the sunshine and the driveway, which is piled high with dog pillows. She loved the day beds which are placed perfectly near; the stairs - so she could monitor everyone's comings & goings, the Pellet stove - that was warm & cozy in the cold weather months, the big windows - which was the best place to catch a breeze when the windows were open. She loved her double stuffed bed, where she found comfort like she had never known before. She loved to go to bed at night, and the only thing worth leaving it would be sounds of food prep coming from the kitchen.

The Four Footed Five has now been reduced to 4. On what appeared to be a routine after work / before dinner romp, something fell out of step. All seemed normal, as she sauntered up the driveway along with Tuck. We headed down the road, and paused in a neighbors yard for a quick examination of their one apple tree's offerings. Nothing terrible tempting here, so we continued down to the far end of their yard and picked up the woods trail. She ran as fast as she could go, which was a pleasure to watch. She almost took the summer short-cut route to the Orchard, but was coaxed to go a little further by me. All the while Tuck was galloping this way & that. She stopped and sniffed many points along the way. After crossing the trickling brook, she headed for the main Orchard connector trail. I paused at the bottom, scanning the forest for Tuck, he was still darting about, and I could see flashes of his Fall vest within the tree trunks. I spoke to her again, asking her to join us on one more short connecting loop before heading to the Orchard, but after looking over her shoulder at me, she sprinted up the short hill to reach the edge of the Orchard clearing. Tuck & I would often take the one additional connector loop, and then join her in the Orchard for an apple or two, and we did this today. When she decided it was time to head for home, she took the usual route on what Ann calls the low - road, which connects the Orchard to the pond on our road. And then, about 100 yards away, she collapsed, and was gone ~

We'll certainly miss everything about her. She puzzled us at times, she tested us for certain, but she was Casey Mae the crayzie ~ bitch. A very special girl indeed.

(Casey lived with Tuck (formerly Tank), and 3 Cats: Arzy, Big Guy & Neo. She was the last to join the crew, and she unfortunately has left us all too soon.)

BISMARCK



Dear Claire,

I had to put down Bismarck, f/k/a Furious, a couple of weeks ago, at 15 ½ years. I arranged for a traveling vet to come to my house, so that Biz could comfortably pass on in his own home. We lived together for 10 ½ years after I picked him up at your Sandown home in February of 1998. I remember when I first met him, as you were telling me about how much Furious loved to run. There he was, trotting around your backyard, as handsome and proud as ever. He was 5 years old at that time. I had been told by the DRU personnel about Furious a couple of months after the passing of my dearly departed Gretchen, a/k/a Theory, whom I'd picked up at your home in West Roxbury years earlier. She had enjoyed working with me in group homes in Central Massachusetts as a therapy dog. Both were Blue and Rust Dobes.

I changed Furious' name to Bismarck immediately, as he was anything but furious. He was the sweetest boy that anyone could have ever asked for. Biz brought so much love, joy, loyalty and companionship into my life. He moved from Massachusetts to Toronto, and finally to Delaware with me, where we'd been since 1999. I am attaching a photo of Biz taken at Christmas a couple of years ago. He lived each and every day with me in a proud, protective, dignified, loving and caring way. Biz courageously battled with cancer over the past couple of years, slowing down substantially in the last year. He appeared to enjoy his life up until the very end. Bismarck will always live on in my memory. The thoughts behind The Rainbow Bridge have helped me in my days of mourning and grief, and I hope to see Bismarck and Gretchen down the road, when I pass on, so that we can all be at peace, as we cross The Rainbow Bridge together.

Best regards,

Bruce Dean Campbell

JAKE



You never really listened all that much, at times I wondered if you really knew what the word "No" meant. You were never a picture perfect dog, a big clunky red Doberman, whose ears never stood up straight, and ate like every meal was your last. You always could sense that people were afraid of you, and used that to keep them at bay. Even with me, I always had the feeling you tolerated me, rather than liked me for many years.

In the 12 years you were around, I don't think you ever slept with both eyes closed, you heard everything and your mission was always to keep your home and family secure. Doberman Rescue was right when they named you Jake the Ear, you could hear the FedEx truck a block away. Even when you were playing, you would stop in a heartbeat if anyone approached your turf.

You never hurt anyone in the years you've been around, although you scared so many people from even approaching. The only exception I guess was me. Two days before I was leaving for Australia, you took a hunk out of my wrist, you seemed more upset than I was, but I realized right after it happened, that it was all my doing for invading your safety zone.

I remember the day I brought you home from Doberman Rescue. I went there hoping to return with a young black & tan female, instead I came home with you a red male 5 years old. From the first day you were home, I could tell you were not thrilled with the situation. Looking at it from your view, I'm sure you didn't know what to expect.

In the old house we used to have two couches in the living room facing each other. You would pop up on one, I would be on the other and you would just stare at me. I always had a feeling you didn't have a very pleasant life before we met. It took a few years for you to learn to trust. After a while you knew I wasn't ever going to hurt or desert you but took time for you to understand that. That being said, from the first day you were at home, I

never felt safer, your self appointed mission, to protect your house and family applied from day one.

You were never a huggable dog, you wanted attention occasionally, more as the years went by. Generally a few minutes of massaging your ears was enough then you would go back to your post listening and watching.

When I brought Katie home from Doberman Rescue, she was the opposite, she lived to be the center of attention, she was adorable, acted the part a of a 55 pound lap dog. The vet called her a china doll Doberman, so pretty and not a protective or aggressive bone in her body. You didn't know what to think of her at first, she wanted to sleep next to you, but you would have none of that. Over the years she's softened you a bit and you tried to show her how to be a protector, it's been fun watching you both change and learn from each other.

I think in a lot of ways we were alike buddy. I rarely let my guard down with people either. A psychologist told me years ago that it was because I was afraid of being hurt, and if you don't get involved with people you don't get hurt. I always thought that you were the same. You rarely let your guard down long enough to let them know what Jake the dog was like . In the time we were together I've only seen you trust seven people, everyone else you watched like a hawk.

Katie misses you a lot, she didn't eat the first two days after you didn't come home from the vet. She's still sad, and you know she's never been sad before. I cried a lot. those first two days, I wish I knew why, you were just a dog. You took a little piece of me with you to heaven Jake, but I will always have a little piece of you in my heart. You never said a word, but I understood you more than a lot of people. You were genuine in an in genuine world. You were the white knight that protected the castle, and am just blessed that I had a chance to know you.

KOBI



Dear Claire,

It is with great sorrow we inform you that Kobi lost his battle with rheumatoid arthritis one week after his 7th birthday. After months of visits with specialists, physical therapy, acupuncture and lots of meds, we were forced to make the decision we prayed we wouldn't have to make. Life for Kobi wasn't fun anymore and it was time to let him go.

Kobi was a great ambassador for the Doberman breed. Everyone who met him fell in love with him. Strangers would approach to comment on how beautiful he was. Friends knew he was as beautiful on the inside as he was on the outside.

Kobi was nature's child. He loved being outdoors hiking, boating, swimming, chasing the Frisbee, playing soccer and his all time favorite digging for rodents. He also loved riding in the car and he went everywhere with us. He was a bright light that passed through our lives much too quickly. Kobi is with the angels now; how lucky they are.

Carl and Elin Dolle

ZEUS



11/1998 to 2/2/2008

Zeus was put to rest today. He was suffering from Lymphoma. He will be sadly missed by us. He was the greatest dog we ever had.

Robert and Brenda Delphia

PRINCE RED



Dear DRU,

MY NAME IS PRINCE RED

I RECENTLY HAD TO LEAVE THIS WORLD AND GO TO DOGGY HEAVEN. I GOT DIAGNOSED WITH CANCER AND HAD 5 MONTHS TO LIVE. IT TOOK ALL THE LIFE OUT OF MY DAD. I FOUGHT AND I TRIED TO BEAT IT BUT I GOT TIRED AND WEAK. I'M GONNA MISS MY DAD AND THE FAMILY AND ESPECIALLY MY LITTLE BUDDY, PACHUCCO. THEY WERE SO GOOD TO ME AND STUCK BY ME THROUGH THICK AND THIN. HAD A LOT OF GOOD TIMES AND SOME SAD TIMES, BUT THEY NEVER GAVE UP. MY DAD USED TO TAKE ME TO THE BEACH, THE PARK, AND JUST A REGULAR WALK.

WE USED TO CHASE EACH OTHER AND WRESTLE EACH OTHER. HE USED TO COME HOME FROM WORK TOTALLY EXHAUSTED AND TAKE ME OUT AND PLAY WITH ME. I KNOW HE'S GONNA MISS ME IN BODY BUT NOT MIND AND HEART. I'LL BE WATCHING OUT FOR HIM UP HERE TO MAKE SURE HE'S OK. WELL I DON'T WANT TO TAKE UP TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME. I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE AND GO TO MY PLACE IN HEAVEN.

Sincerely yours,

PRINCE RED
BELOVED SON-DEVOTED PET

YOU WERE LOVED AND WILL BE MISSED BY
RICO, SUE, DESI, SYLVIA, PACHUCCO

JAKE



I searched on Petfinder.com for about a year before I found and fell in love with Jake! He was nothing like what I thought I was looking for....he was a boy, I wanted a girl, he was large I wanted a medium sized dog, he was older than I was looking for but none of that mattered when I saw his picture.....it ws love at first sight literally. Jake was my first dog as an adult (after growing up with many animals as a small child into teenage years) and he was the absolute best dog in the world! Jake was a happy boy, he loved people, welcomed them into our home. He had the sweetest face and loved to be kissed, hugged and adored constantly which for me, was perfect!

I brought him home as a 7 year old and had him for 4 wonderful years, I wish it could have been forever. I was completely in love with Jake, how could anyone not love this breed....intelligent, loving, protective, playful, energetic, sweet and regal. Jake loved his basket full of babies (stuffed plush toys), he'd choses a different one to go for car rides (which he loved) all the time - he'd play with them, bite them, clean them and NEVER ever break them - he was a great daddy to his babies! He'd love it when we brought him home a new baby, for which he'd play only with that one for the first week then put it into his rotation! He was amazingly funny! He made the funniest "snappy" noises with his muzzle - always to tell me he wanted food or a treat - another great Jake memory. He would get a baby in the morning and push it into our bed to wake us gently and share is prized possessions. We took him everywhere with us - to the beach, to the lake, to the mountains....he loved to swim and looked forward these trips which over the 4 years were constant. We took him into our lives and gave him a life I could only wish for other dogs.

Jake was diagnosed with a malignant lung tumor that was in-operable. His breathing was labored and all of his happiness seemed to drain from him except for wanting to be with us. I believe he would have with stood incredible pain to stay with us and in our lives but I could not stand to see my baby in pain and sad. I reluctantly made the hardest decision of my life - to let him go with dignity. It is by far the greatest gift I have ever given at the greatest cost.

My beautiful baby boy - JAKE.....I will love you always and never ever forget the joy you brought to me and daddy! Until we see each other again over the Rainbow....

Michele Kanatous
Millstone Twp, NJ

NICHIA



Hello to everyone at DRU,

I'm writing to give you the unfortunate news of Nichia's passing on April 15, 2007. Last summer she was diagnosed with what our doctor believed was Lymphoma. Hearing the news was tough to take. Then hearing that our options were few for a 12 year old Dobie; even worse. After having her in our family for six years she will be greatly missed, especially by our two children whom Nichia watched over and protected. Having to lose another family member to Cancer / Lymphoma is dreadful, but those two words will only make us think of her as Caring and Committed / Loyal and Loving. She survived 9 months after her diagnosis and passed just a few weeks shy of her 13th birthday; quite an accomplishment. She will live on in our thoughts and hearts. Our family wanted to thank DRU for matching us up with such a great girl. We will always remember her.

Nichia- you came into our lives when you were 7 we can only wonder how it would have been having you from a puppy. You were strong, alert, and playful. You watched over Anthony since he was three and Anden from when he was born, while always keeping an eye on the rest of us. We know now that you watch over all of us with Alysheba, Kallie, and Nicky from up above. The house seems so empty with out you, especially when you are not there to meet us at the door or checking out what's coming out of the refrigerator. We will always remember you and how special you were. Please remember the message Laurien gave you to deliver. We miss you girl and will see you again someday.

Love Shawn, Laurien, Anthony, Anden, Dianne, Maria, and Til

INGA



I adopted my Dobie through the Doberman Rescue that was once in New England (Haverhill Area) and has since closed. I am hopeful that you will post our tribute to our best friend as Inga was a rescue dog and we are truly grieving at this moment.

On Saturday December 16, 2006 it was the normal weekend day with our family sleeping in a bit, Nuzzling in with our best bud in bed and enjoying the day. However something was different this morning. Inga did not seem o.k. which concerned me. Her gums seemed so pale and she seemed unsteady. I immediately phoned the vet and brought her in, they ran blood work took x-rays and sent us home to await the findings. Things quickly headed down hill from there - she became very weak, anemic and as an end result could not walk, was very lethargic and would not eat. We all stayed with her throughout the evening and on Sunday awaited the vets call eagerly. The vet had no conclusive findings. By now she was so frail I was terrified ~ the end result was so clear and on December 17th, 2006 we parted with our Inga, a truly unexpected loss of our best friend, companion, family member, our families hearts are truly hurting at this time- our time together was not nearly enough.

Inga we love and miss you as you know ~ we all stayed until the end as you deserved as much from us as you provided such joy to our lives for 10 years. Live on in peace and know we will never forget, please do not forget us. I cannot understand why things like this happen, however I know someday we will all be together again and cross the Rainbow Bridge.

Love Mom, Dad & Andrew Kisses & Hugs forever..... my sweet girl

The Coulombe Family Salisbury, MA.

ZOE



Our awesome dobie, Zoe, that we adopted 6 yrs. ago today had to be put to rest due to cancer. I am again (3rd DRU dog), broken-hearted and there is such a void that only a dobie lover could understand.

Zoe was nearly 6 yrs old when we fell in love with her and she nearly made it to 12 if it wasn't for cancer of the mammary glands. She was strong til the end and we knew it was time to let her go to a better place. She was a wonderful girl that stole everyone's hearts and was so well behaved that she even boundary trained herself both here in NH and in Florida too.

I will miss her nuzzling to be patted and how she loved to be kissed - she could never get enough, and neither could I. She was able to communicate with her eyes as to what she wanted, time to eat, to go outside and time to go to bed or most loved - for a WALK! I will miss this companion and will try to remember all the love and good times with her to help me heal. No doubt there will eventually be another "just right" dobie for us again. But NEVER another ZOE!!

Thanks to Cindy of DRU for choosing her for us, and all the volunteers that make up DRU.

The Mathus Family
Meredith, NH

- Marsha

ZEKE



Dear DRU,

We wanted to let you know that my beloved Zeke, otherwise known to DRU as Black Zeke was laid to rest on February 20, 2006. I wanted to thank you for bringing this amazingly sweet, loyal and loving dog into my life.

Although I only had 4 short years with him, they were the best that any dog owner could ask for. I would be honored if you would post this tribute on your Rainbow Bridge.

Dear Zeke,

I'll never forget that Sunday afternoon when I met you. You walked up to me, smiled and then climbed up on the couch next to me and placed your head in my lap. I knew in that instant that I was going to be taking you home.

You adapted very quickly to your new home and life. You were more than my dog; you were my friend and a member of my family.

I miss the way you used to put your head on my arm or lap when you wanted my attention. I miss the way you always knew when I was sad or sick and how you used to nuzzle me and give me kisses to make me feel better.

I miss your bright shining eyes and the way you used to tilt your head from side to side when I talked to you as if you understood every word.

Even during those last few months when you could hardly get around and having so much trouble, you were still there to snuggle me and make me feel better. You were always there when I needed you.

I know that letting you go was what was best for you, but I miss you so much. Your loss has left a huge hole in my heart. Until we meet again, I miss you and I will love you always.

All My Love,
Mommy



1997-2005

Dear DRU,

We would be very appreciative and proud to have our Jessi put in your rainbow bridge section. Our names are Carla, Arnie, & Josh & Jessi, and we are from Johnson City NY.

To my best friend / "other" son,

The Memories are many, we had so many special moments together. Watching you run like a deer, all the walks and talks. You were always on my mind, when I would be at work thinking of you brought a smile. Coming home from work and having you waiting at the back door for me made coming home all the better. The day we first brought you home as a puppy you were scared but quickly felt at home. It was a big trip for you coming from the Catskills [101 Miles] not knowing where you were going. How I was so lucky to have you in my life I'll never know! My life is better because of you & I'm a better person because of you. I often told god thank you for Jess. You were meant to be with us and us with you. Remember I'll see you again someday, this is only a short goodbye!

ALL MY LOVE, DADDY

My dear Jessi boy, my loyal friend, my "other" son,

No words can fully express the love and joy put into my life because of you. From the day we got you at 3 months old up until now, it was non stop unconditional love. You not only were a pet to us, but to our whole family and friends. I'll always remember our special moments that we had with each other, how you would walk through my legs, eat certain things only out of my hands. I'll miss buying you treats, watching you go through our grocery bags and watching that little tail of yours wag. I'll miss seeing you out the window when I pulled in and you greeting me at the back door, but most of all, cuddling with my "cuddle bug". I loved my Saturday & Sunday mornings laying next to you & just knowing how content you were with your groans (MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmm) was

music to my ears. Please know that a piece of my heart will be with you until I see you again. You have touched many lives, and I was very proud of you for that. I Love You Jessi.
ALL MY LOVE, MOMMY

To my friend/brother,

Jessi, words will never be able to explain how such a good boy and protector you were. It was great to have you near when no one else was around (what I miss most). I loved talking to you because you looked as if you could understand what I was saying to you. Dad brought you for your runs in the cemetery, but I miss going on long walks with you and watching your reactions to the surroundings. I loved watching people stare at you in amazement of how big and scary you looked, but when they actually met you, you made them melt. watching you freak out when you seen a kitty or squirrel was the funniest thing, you would give your everything to try and catch one, and I will never forget when you actually got the one kitty!!!! I miss the long sessions of tug and watching you run around the house like it was a racetrack. I could always tell when you were about to get a burst of energy cause you would start pinching us with your funny front teeth. I miss trying to teach you new tricks, and I still can't believe I taught you to jump up and give hugs. There were also many memories at the lake with you. Seeing you run into the lake and jumping through the water trying to catch the geese, you were also mom and dads campfire buddy, sitting there in between their chairs all wrapped up in blankets. It was funny seeing you in the boat too! People would stop by the campsite to see only you sometimes. Because of you I now know what it really means to love someone.
ALL MY LOVE, JOSH

GOOD BYE FROM ALL YOUR FAMILY & FRIENDS

AMBER



Dear DRU,
We just wanted to let you know about Amber's passing. We adopted Amber in 1996 when

she was four. We were told that she was a show dog who started "grinning" at other dogs so she was placed in another home. At this home there was a small child and the parents didn't feel comfortable with such a large dog.

When we adopted her it was after 3 years of healing from losing our previous doberman, Rusty. We welcomed Amber into our home and she fit in immediately. She got along really well with our other dog, Wickett, a small shi-tzu mix. In early 2004 Amber started coughing a bit and was diagnosed with an inoperable lung tumor. She was given only a month or two to live. But with medication and her strong will and great disposition she lived happily (with just the cough) until November. The cough got worse and one morning she wouldn't get up. We knew this was it. On November 8, 2004 we brought her to the vet and said goodbye. She is buried in our backyard next to Rusty.

She is buried in our backyard next to Rusty. We miss her so much. The house is so empty now. Little Wickett still looks for her. Thank you to DRU for finding Amber for us, and for helping so many Dobermans.

Sincerely,
Richard & Maryanna Foster, Deerfield, MA,
Lynnette Foster Poe
Rebecca (Foster) Dejnak

APOLLO



Dear DRU,
I regret to inform you that one of the best dogs to be born on this earth passed away on Monday, October 18, 2004. Apollo was his name, and I adopted him on April 17, 1998. Thank you to your staff for letting me adopt one of your dogs, I cannot thank you enough

Let me tell you a little of what Apollo and I have done together in the last seven years. Well, when I first got Apollo, he was a bit on the thin side. The DRU facility in Sandown, NH was not built yet and all the Dobes were in foster homes waiting to be adopted. I was on a waiting list after a volunteer checked out my house and where Apollo would be staying, if I was approved to adopt from DRU. I have so much respect that DRU takes the time to inspect where their dogs are going to live and the environment they will be in, plus a background check to find out if the applicant has had any prior problems with other pets.

About a month after I was interviewed, I got a call from Lisa Witham. She had just gotten Apollo a few days before she called me. I remember that day perfectly. Lisa called and said,

"Mike, I think I found a great match for you, would you like to come and see him?" I told her I would be able to come see Apollo the next day. So, Sunday my sister, her boyfriend, and I drove to Cambridge to meet Apollo. Lisa told me to walk him down the street and get used to him a bit, so I did. I knew then that I wanted to take him home with me that same day, so I did. After I got back to Worcester with Apollo, I stopped into Petco and got him everything he would need for a good new start with a new owner. I was very proud to have him. We quickly bonded. I walked him every day and we would go on day trips to Sugdun Lake in Spencer and at Buffimsville Dam in Oxford. Apollo learned to swim and couldn't get enough after that - we even went to Nantasket Beach in Mass and Point Judith Beach in Rhode Island. Apollo loved the beach and we did a lot of camping, too, at Woputuck State Park in Hingham, MA.

Apollo did so much for me, more than any person has done. One month after I got Apollo, I stopped drinking alcohol and smoking cigarettes. I didn't feel the need to do those things after I got Apollo. He seemed to fill an empty hole I guess I have had for a long time. Since I got Apollo, I started school at Becker College and I am only seven classes away from getting my degree in Animal Care and Management. Then I want to go and get certified with the Animal Rescue League of Boston.

As you can see Apollo changed my life forever, but only in good ways. Because of him there will be many animals saved and not neglected anymore. Apollo helped me realize what my purpose was on this planet and now I will make him proud just like he made me proud every day.

Apollo and I also went through a program called D.o.g.b.o.n.e.s. Therapy Dogs of Massachusetts. Apollo passed without any problems and he became a certified therapy dog for the state. We were in the newspaper. The reporter that wrote an article on the Dogbones program wrote an [article](#) about Apollo and how just because Apollo looked menacing didn't mean he did not care for others. He could show compassion and be gently as a Labrador Retriever.

I cannot thank DRU and their staff enough for what they have given me and my best friend through out the years. DRU gave me Apollo, which gave him a good home and me a reason to live. I am grieving very much and I cry every day. I miss my dog, Apollo and I loved him more than anything in this world. But I must be strong and finish doing what he wants me to do, which is be happy and help save as many of his animal friends as I can. Thank you, DRU for letting me adopt Apollo, he made many others happy! He will be missed!

Sincerely,
Michael (Inangelo) Molinari

ANNA



1994-2004

Anna was born on June 1st, 1994 and past away on Sept. 16, 2004. I picked her up from a breeder at 6 weeks old and she instantly became a huge part of my life. I worked with her daily on her obedience and getting well adjusted to society.

As she grew up I became amazed at the depth of her emotions and understanding of people. I had never been around a Doby before so I did not know very much about this side of them. Someone had suggested the breed to me.

Anna was with me thru alot of good times and bad times. We took care of each other throughout. She loved sitting in the sun and being on the couch under a blanket. She learned how to swim from a lab mix and loved to swim after ducks in the river. She smiled on cue or when she felt it was appropriate.

I moved to the Maine coast, where she learned to love the seagull chase, when she was about three years old. At ten she developed wobblers type symptoms and underwent acupuncture therapy. Eventually she started having seizures and I had to let her go. I felt like I lost a leg the first few months without her, but I know she had a good life and she made my world a better place. Unconditional love and loyalty.

I miss you Annadog,

Jeff Monkman

WHITLEY



1994-2004

Whitley came home two days after our first and only child Jessica was born, over 10 years ago. He was just 4 months old. Jessica and Whitley grew up together, and Jessica never knew a time when Whitley wasn't around. They were like a brother and sister. He was always gentle with Jessica, and extraordinarily patient.

Whitley also loved our cats. He particularly enjoyed giving them baths with his tongue. He never hurt or barked at "his" cats, but if a neighborhood cat walked through our yard, he would bark and run after it. We were always amazed at how he could distinguish between his own cats and those that didn't belong to us.

Whitley was a loyal friend, and always well behaved. We have an empty spot in our room where his bed used to be, and an empty spot in our hearts as well. Whitley was a part of our family for over ten years, and we miss him dearly. We thank the DRU for placing him with us.

Remembering Whitley with love,

Paul, Sylvia and Jessica W.

TINA



Love is forever, and forever you are loved

Dear DRU, What follows is a small collection of our memories of Tina. While it is impossible to convey with words how much we love and miss her we feel that this small tribute will help others who visit DRU's Rainbow Bridge Page learn how deeply she continues to effect our lives; as all the other beautiful Dobies she will share the Bridge page with. We were so honored to have her in our lives and so devastated her stay was so brief....DRU's Althea Michell-Young July 7 1996- Adopted January 13 2003 -Among the Stars August 13 2004 Beautiful, Sassy, Exuberant, Fast and Oh so Smart After our dear Sapphire passed away in November 2002, we decided to bring another Dobergirl into our lives. It was a bitter cold January day when we visited DRU and were introduced to Tina. When Cindy brought her into the room, I was thunderstruck by Tina's beauty...she was tall, elegant, flashy. We were sitting opposite Cindy on the sofa as Cindy spoke; giving us her history...saying Tina would be a little shy. I asked Cindy to let Tina off the leash. She instantly barreled over to Frank and buried her head between his knees. It was one of those rare moments in life when something like a flashblub goes off inside you. We belonged to each other in a heartbeat.

We have two other dogs, Bosco a Dalmatian, and Demijen, a young German Shorthair Pointer; wonderful, affectionate, and happy boys who simply worshiped our Sapphire. Introducing Tina into this mix got off to a rocky start. She was dominant, snappy and dangerously jealous - not out of control, but clearly a threat to their safety. We made a second trip to her vet and had a thyroid panel done. Tina had put on a few needed pounds since her adoption and consequently was not getting the proper dosage of Thyroizine. We also contacted Julia who immediately made several recommendations that led both Tina and I down a path of joyful adventure and discovery.

Formal Obedience training proved to be the key that unlocked the door. I had never gone above beginners in formal training; all my other Dobies (with the

exception of Sapphire) were single dogs in the household and did well with the basic commands...most of the time.

We were very fortunate to find a very talented and dynamic trainer, and joined her class. There were 23 other dogs in the class of every make and model. Tina was the eldest. And so, every Tuesday night through the long Maine winter, Tina and I would bundle up and load ourselves into the Jimmy. Within days of her first lesson the change in Tina's behavior was nothing short of stunning. It all seemed so natural and easy for her; she would glide through her commands as if there was a spotlight trained on her. She became a physical part of me; an extension of myself. We became reflections of each other. Tina earned her CGC this past April, passing the test flawlessly. After her evaluation, Kim, her teacher, approached us. Kim told me "I don't often say this, but Tina is a true star. She has to be among the most intelligent, talented and flashy dogs I've ever worked with...she's a natural, and I'd expect she'll go as far in the obedience ring as any other dog that's been training their whole life." High praise, coming from a gifted trainer whose own dogs have been invited to the Westminster Dog Show.

Shortly afterward, we had a visit from an old family friend-an elderly gentleman whom we had'nt seen in a few years and who never met our Tina. We spent the day talking in the livingroom. When Tina climbed up onto the couch, I mentioned that Tina always claims the spot by the window... stay where you're sitting, and if she bothers you, tell her 'off'. Tina proceeded to plant herself beside Perk and put her head in his lap. She had never done this before...not even with us!

We started weekly visits to TallPines Rehab and Living Center where she was so well recieved by the residents and staff that she had a list of patients-some of whom she hadn't met-requesting a visit. When I would return home from work, Tina had a signature greeting for me. She would meet me at the door, frozen in erect, motionless posture...with the exception of her wagging nub...and wait until I stepped into the room. Suddenly, she would launch herself up high into the air, vaulting in place five or six times then erupting into a happy dance, bounding through the house with happy abandon. Tina died after an undetected tumor on her spleen ruptured.

It was a gloomy, miserable night, and it has been raining ever since for an entire week. Last night we visited a friend, just to get out of the house. While returning home in the early evening, the clouds were breaking off to the west and the sun was setting. I was feeling very down; coming back into the house without seeing my Tina dancing is unbearable. Just as my thoughts brought tears, we crested a hill bounded by vast hayfields...and there was the most vivid and vibrant rainbow I have ever seen. Horizon to horizon, not a house, fence, car or anything else to interfere with the landscape. I can't say how, but I know it was Tina. Thank you, Tina-Bird we will forever be proud of you and all you taught us Always our joy, inspration, and happiness.

Love is forever, and forever you are loved
Les and Frank, Northport, Maine

SHEBA (Beebah)

06/28/00 - 07/03/03



Loved cookies, her binky, walks, acorns, and us.

Sheba was a happy, spunky little girl. She wouldn't let a broken leg, no teeth and a horrible abuse get her down or make her lose her spunk! She came to us ready to love and be loved. She only had about 5 teeth in her head but loved her cookies! She loved to be covered with her binky at night. If she became uncovered during the night she would bark for someone to come cover her up again. She always let you know exactly what she wanted and expected from you. She wasn't shy or afraid like you'd expect an abused dog to be. It was as if she knew she deserved better and demanded it. If her true age was 12 when she was rescued then she was more than 15 this July.

Sheba loved to dig under little hemlock trees. She would stand under them and look out, her white face peaking out through the branches. She would come out covered in needles. She had an obsession with acorns. She would pick one up and find the perfect place to plant it, press it into the soil and push dirt over it with her nose. Then she would dig it up and look for a better place to plant it. We probably have dozens of tiny oak trees planted by Sheba.

Sheba was rescued by a policeman who found her outside her owner's trailer home with a gunshot wound to her left rear leg. Her owner had shot her and left her in the yard for 4 days hoping she would die. She was determined to live. The policeman took her to a vet and she eventually ended up at DRU. She was too old and crippled to stay at the shelter so we took her in as a "foster" dog. Right....she was a foster for all of 5 minutes then she was "ours"! She was in a cast for 12 weeks. Her leg was always a little weak and had a funny bend but she got around with no problem. Even with the cast on she would tear around our yard chasing chipmunks with cast bumping along behind her!

Nothing could slow Sheba down.

Well, Sheba did finally slow down but I can't say she lost her battle with life. She was a fighter. We loved her spunk!

Cindy B and Dave A.

DAMIEN



- T'was Heaven Here With You -

Damien, my handsome boy. I never understood how you spent over a year waiting to be adopted unless it was because you were waiting for us. We saw your smiling Dobe face on the internet and we would rub your picture and say 'Good Night, Damien. We'll see you soon! Be a good boy.' 'No home for the holidays' no longer applied when on 12/22/01 you came home with us. Annie Dobe, Joe Dane, and Pumpkin cat welcomed you as their new brother. How they loved chasing around the house with you and stretching out together in front of the fireplace.

Your absence leaves a hole in our lives. We miss your Dobe snappies, your firm pawshake, your beautiful ears and your Lion's heart. You brought joy to so many! You loved our rides together. Especially those special days, the Reunion Picnic and the Open House where you were given a hero's welcome. Your friends were so glad to see you happy and loved. Now we are again left with your picture. We still touch your face and say, ' Good Night, Damien. We will see you again. '

"Much is taken, much abides! Grieve not nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk of me as if I were beside you."

I loved you so. T'was Heaven Here With You.

Bill H. and Nancy F.

CALI BOWN



- From Heaven you came, and to Heaven you return -

Dear Cali,

We did not let you go because we no longer loved you...we let you go because we loved you too much to force you to stay. From the first time we touched your mahogany head, to the last time we kissed it and held you in our arms, we knew we were the lucky ones.

When you walked into our lives, with that inimitable gait, onlookers called us the "rescuers." With Goebel and Milo, we gave you the home, the love, and the companionship you so desperately needed, and in return you gave us something divine and everlasting - your unquestioning love and the chance to gaze into your soulful eyes.

It will never be clear to us why you were so willing to forgive humans for the mistreatment and misfortunes that filled your past. But you did forgive, and forgot, when you started your new life with us. Most importantly, you let us ensure that when you left this earth, the only family that would stay in your heart was ours, and the only environment you would remember was one full of love, laughter, warm blankets, and "burgers."

When we think of you, we will remember your head nudging insistence on being petted over, and over again, your Dobi smile, your silly bark, and the way you simply could not stand to be apart from your daddy for more than 5 minutes --- how he got that 5 minute grace, and then you got up and started your eager searching.

You are in our hearts forever Cali-Girl.

You will be loved and honored always, and could never be replaced. We will celebrate your life, and all of the beauty and joy you brought to ours. You made us better people, made us love each other and all creatures much, much more, and taught us about patience and unabashed kindness. Forever more, when we look towards the sky we will know you are smiling down and watching over us from that warm, peaceful place where your body can

never
fail you again and where all of the creatures are kind to each other.
We will never be without you, nor you us.
We thank you for spending nearly three years with us on this earth,
and for the eternity of angelic protection you will cast upon our family,
human and dog alike.

Born: ~1990;
Adopted: 18 April 1999, CA
Left in Peace: 9 March 2002, MARebecca R., Chad B.

SAMPSON



Sampson, The Doberman That Loved Stuffies

I was one of Sammy's sponsors, although I just recently met him. He was such a sweet precious guy. The first day I met him, he was in his "room" surrounded by a mountain of toys. He became excited as Jill handed him a bag full of stuffies that I brought for him and a few of the other Dobes. He chose his stuffy from the bag. It was a lamb. He stood there with it hanging out of his mouth and wagging his little tail. I fell in love with Sammy in an instant. My heart broke for this wonderful creature. He was dealt a bad hand from the start. I thought how sad the majority of his life had been. I could see from the moment I set foot into DRU, that Sammy was loved and treated with the kindness he so deserved.

My last visit with Sammy was on Saturday, April 12, 2002. I brought him a new toy and a box of IAMS biscuits. Sammy showed his usual enthusiasm with his new toy. Sammy and I spent the entire afternoon in the Memorial Garden. The

hours that I had with him seemed like moments. We walked around a little at Sammy's pace and we sat around and talked. Sammy was a great listener. Every time I told him what a sweet precious guy he was, he would put his head against my chest and look up at me with his sad eyes. I loved to scruff him behind the ears. It felt like velvet. Sammy was too cute. Several times we walked over to my car to check my cell phone to see if there were any messages. Each time Sammy climbed into the car and made himself comfortable in the back seat. I thought how great it would be to say, OK Sammy, let's go home. Unfortunately, my home was not suitable for him because I have several cats and a Dove by the name of Taz. This would not have been the ideal living situation for Sammy.

As our visit was coming to an end, I told Sammy that I would be back on Saturday, May 4 to see him again. I was planning to have a little picnic with him in the Memorial Garden. This outing was not meant to be. On April 16, 2002, I received the dreaded phone call from Liz. Sammy was gone. I felt my heart break. Words can not express the sadness I felt. Sammy did not get to live his life his way, but he made a grand exit. He went to heaven on his own terms. He went for his walk; he came back, lay down on the grass and closed his eyes. He was surrounded by the awesome DRU staff as he crossed the Rainbow Bridge. Run free Sweet Sammy and God Bless you always. Thank you for allowing me the pleasure of knowing you. It is a gift that I will always cherish.

Joann N.

TINA



Tina, the dog that had to learn how to love

We didn't want another "old dog", or so we thought as we arrived at DRU in 1996 to meet our new girl. We had 5 wonderful years with Heidi, our DRU senior Dobe, and the few days since she had been gone seemed like an eternity with just the two of us in the house. With tear-filled eyes, I tried to focus as Cass, our adoption coordinator, brought out a jumping, bouncing, slobbering, wheezing VERY young female Dobe. This dog needs to run and play, I thought, and with both of us working and living in a townhouse without a fenced-in back yard, I immediately had my doubts. I looked at Randy and I knew by the look on his face, he was thinking the same thing that I was- it just wouldn't be fair to this dog. Cass, sensing our reluctance, quickly said, "I have another Dobe in the car that I'm transporting, but she's an older dog" and out of the car came our Tina. I know in a second that this was going to be our girl- she was a Doberman version of Jackie Onassis- quiet, demure, a lady. Although she was a senior, and a red girl with natural ears (we had wanted a young, black and tan with cropped ears)- she was just perfect!

We quickly came to realize that Tina had no idea how to be part of a family. She sat in a corner for hours. She went downstairs to the garage to go to sleep. She didn't play with toys or even ask to go outside. Our hearts ached for a dog to fill the empty place that Heidi used to fill. Summer turned to winter, and with all of the holiday activities, she began to wag her tail. Good things came out of the oven and into the dog dish. Other dogs came over to play. Blankets on the beds were toasty warm to curl up in. And once her little nub tail started wagging, it never stopped. Her big back-end would sway back and forth with delight.

Tina loved to lay in the warm summer sun, watch fish swim under the dock and take walks around the lake. Being a senior never stopped her from enjoying every day. We had our beautiful Tina for six wonderful years. One cold night in February, I wrapped her in a blanket and took her for one last ride to see her vet. I had waited too long, but we just couldn't bear to say that final good-bye.

Cards and emailed came from our many friends at DRU and our neighbors who missed seeing Tina out for her morning walk. And although we have the pitter-patter of four little paws in the house again (another red girl with natural ears), our hearts will always have a special place for our Tina, the dog that had to learn how to love- and gave us a lesson on love every day of her life.

July 1996- February 2002
Laurie G. and Randy S.

BO



My protector- Now my guardian angel.

How I wish your body could have been as strong as your spirit or your love for me. Because I never had a brother to run with, to play in the snow with or play ball or with the water hose, or to go fishing with, you gave me what I never had had before. You were always more brother than dog to me. You were an excellent brother to Annie too. How you would take her leash in your mouth and guide her to the door. We miss our Big Brother. I found a poem. It speaks to me about you.

Ode to I Ching

Close your eyes now my dear friend, and let this time of suffering come to a peaceful end

We'll walk together soon, I'm sure, as winter turns to spring
When snow gives way to budding leaves, and the birds begin to sing
The gentle breeze shall call your name along the water's edge.
For what we shared and what you meant shall never be forgot.
Your friendship spans the years ahead, your memory ahead.
You will always be there next to me companion and good friend.

Bo - Adopted March 4, 2001- Crossed to the Bridge December 11, 2001 age 13+

Sadly missed everyday by your loving family,
Bill, Nancy, Annie, Joe, and Pumpkin the Cat

VAL
February 14, 1992-September 10, 2001



Time to rest sweet Valentine

August 2nd 2001. started out like a fine summer day, so sad it did not end that way. My sweet Val is dying from cancer. My rationale brain tells me again and again she's only a dog, but my heart tells me she always been more than that.

Val was born on Valentines day in 1992, so she seemed to name herself, such a friendly little girl from the day we met, she was 10 weeks old and I was 35. Dobermans can be such noble creatures as they mature, but for now she's just too cute to be noble, just a puppy that wanted to explore and be loved.

>> From that first trip in the car together on the way home from the breeder, I just had a feeling we were a perfect match, she didn't stop moving the whole trip, had to seek and explore everything my little Dodge had to offer, when I was a boy my Mom called it being "high strung", when she was referring to me, now I think I know what she meant. Mom had warned me, puppies are a handful, but of course I knew much better than that, or at least at that point I think I did.

>> This had already been a busy week, our Australian friends who are interested in gems like us are coming to town, they think we did a pretty good job with it and want us to come join them in a good merger of people and ideas. That happens on Friday, today the only thing on the agenda is a quick trip to the vet to see why your leg hurts. I met them through my friend Ron, he too has a doberman pal *Lady*. She carries her ball everywhere like you do and whenever I visit them in Australia, his *Lady* eases my missing you a bit.

>> I noticed your normally proud gait wasn't the same last week so we went to see your *Doc* and after a good exam said it was probably nothing more than a bruise on your upper leg (drivers side rear, as I explained to the Doctor). He had given you some anti-inflammatory pills and told us to come back next week if it wasn't any better. He knows you pretty well and knew you just wanted to get the heck out of that vets office, you weren't going let him know that it hurts, but now it's been a week so we'll see what he finds.

>> He wasn't in when I picked you up after the X-Rays, but the nurse told me words I didn't want to hear. She has a tumor, it's in her leg and we think it's already spread to her lungs. The doctor called later that afternoon and confirmed the news. Not many options to choose from my sweet Valley, just glad you don't seem to know. Yours is a physical pain, I feel the emotional pain, just somewhat glad you don't have to bear them both.

August 6, 2001. The strongest tool that I've learned in life, living one day at a time, has now just become as important part of both of our lives not just mine. I see some changes in you already. Your normal 40 minute run of boundless energy has been replaced by a three legged trot around the perimeter first thing in the morning. When we completed our walk last night and returned home I noticed you examined the best way to navigate the steps instead of your usual leap to the top of them.

August 10, 2001. Well yesterday wasn't one of our best days, but it was another day together and grateful for that. I'm hoping it's just the heat and humidity, but I see you using that leg so much less yesterday and your breathing still remains heavier even when we are cool inside. Three sets of visitors came by and course you had to greet them all. Even with the pain you always come to my side and give up the comfort of your bed for my companionship. The last three nights you sleep on the floor right at the side of my bed, just like you always do during a thunderstorm, instead of using your own little bed.

>> I remember the struggles we've been through together, my coming to terms with being alcoholic, although our friend Guy told me the words I needed to hear to seek help, you helped more than you'll ever know, but in a different silent way. When Nannie passed on a few years back, I shared my thoughts with you before even my friends at AA knew, and it made it a bit easier to share it with them.

>> It still makes me laugh when you *demand attention* and start pressing your head into my knee until you get it, the whole time, that little stub of a tail wagging away, knowing you'll get what you came for, and determined not to leave unless you do.

>> You do seem to be far more adaptable than I. Unlike myself you always seem to live for the moment not the days past or the days ahead. You try so valiantly to do everything you've always done, and never seem to mind that you just can't do it as long as you have before. We don't smell every blade in the grass in the park, just the ones that we need to. We don't chase the ball endlessly, just enough till our body says not to.

>> Two things that have always scared you a thunderstorm and the dreaded vacuum cleaner, still do, but always the brave bold dog, you're determined not to let this be added to that short list. I wish sometimes I didn't think about what's ahead and feel guilty I've already contacted the doberman rescue people for when that sad day comes, I know I can never replace you but maybe by giving one of your brother dobermans a good home, I can take the sad event and balance it with one of positive meaning.

August 19th 2001. Your signature gestures seem to be leaving you my friend, and that makes me sad. No longer when I go out for the evening do I find my sneakers in your bed. They stay right where I left them in the living room now. When we retired for the evening the tupperware that I left out was always piled, in a little corner of your bed by the morning, now they just sit in the sink.

>> Received the nicest compliment about you this week, two friends told me they could tell how much we care about each other just by the way we sit when we're in a room. Small gestures I always took for granted were seen by others in a different light.

>> I fear death Val, I do wish I lived more for the moment like you do. When my Dad got sick years ago I ran away hoping not being there would make it stop. He like you, was a much braver soul than I. It scares me I think, because I don't understand it. I want so much for there to be a heaven with

endless green fields for you to run in, and pray every night that there is one for both of us, but not knowing makes my mind race with endless possibilities, but no answers. I know something has watched over us for many years together and continues to do so, but don't understand why or how.

August 26th 2001. Good days and bad days have come and gone this week, I'm just so happy when I see the good days. The little puppy moving this week at warp speed (on three legs none the less) chasing her ball or hearing the diesel of the FedEx truck from a block away and warning me of it's imminent arrival. On a daily basis I think of the good times we've shared together, but now after a day of activity I see the hurt in your eyes, and it pains me as much as it does you.

>> You still make me laugh though. Finding you this week snuggled in your bed after I made a quick trip to the store, with an unopened pack of cigarettes in your bed with you made me smile, although I question your new found decision to take up smoking, a terrible one.

September 8 2001. I try and figure sometimes what the bond is between a person and a dog. When I was a child we had cats, dogs, gerbils, hamsters, and even a hawk but the only one I ever felt a bond with was Frostie, our West Highland White Terrier. She like you feared no one. My feeling is that you two would have been best of friends had you been around together. I think her feisty Highland nature would have intimidated you at first, but you too would have balanced well. Two firecrackers of life whose light was dimmed far to early.

>> My thought is that dogs and people share a special respect for each other, but on different levels. You become dependent at first for physical needs like food and water. Over time though that changes as you learn to trust and respect us and we you. You in return give back endless devotion and loyalty, and in your case your instinct to protect and watch over us.

>> Men probably don't cry as often as they should , but today I did. I went to sign papers at the vet. Next week I think will be the last we'll share together. You're strength seems to leave you a bit more each day, and even on the cool nights of September, it seems harder for you to fill your lungs with air. After running at full power from 5AM to 11PM for ten years, your little body seems to say it finally needs to rest.

>> The one thing that no one can ever take away from us is our times and memories together, and those I promise you I will treasure forever. It's a legacy a great writer can't duplicate or a feat far beyond the scope of Lassie, but ones we shared and enjoyed.

September 10th 2001. After a weekend of pain that her codeine medicine didn't help to alleviate, I made the decision to end the suffering for my best friend Val, she was put to sleep this morning. She'll always be part of me and is already missed more than she'll ever know.

-Time for you to finally rest sweet Valentine, there are no vacuums to scare you in heaven.-

John T.
Wappingers Falls, NY

BUBBA JESS



At my saddest time I found you, like an answered prayer,
And now I can't remember, when you weren't there,
I needed to be needed, like you needed to be held,
You knew this in a second, and you played your part so well,
You made me think I saved you, when it was I that had been saved,
And from that first moment, your love to me you gave,
You cuddle on my lap, and you always keep me warm,
In your eyes I know, I can do no wrong,
Of all the things I love in you, I think it is your eyes,
That show your sweet goodness, without ever having to try,
Eyes that go on forever, so innocent, so shy,
I love the way you sigh, to let me know that you're okay,
And how wherever I am, is always where you'll lay,
I know that someday Heaven's, gonna want a dog like you,
But more than anyone could know, I still need you too,
I don't know how to say goodbye, I pray you always knew,
How so very very much, I have always loved you,
What I'll do someday without you, I can't even guess,
But what I know for sure, is that there will never be another

...Bubba Jess.

January 31, 1991 - September 19, 2000
Gina E.

GRANDPA



Grandpa

My dear, old gentleman. You fitted into our lives like a favorite pair of old slippers. Your courage and dignity during your battle with cancer, taught us much. You were so determined to enjoy every day, every meal, every ride. That tail was never too tired to wag a greeting and those big eyes never reflected the pain you were bearing, but always love. When those sweet eyes grew tired, we knew you were ready to cross The Rainbow Bridge. Chessie was there to take you home. Mizpah. "May God watch between me and thee until we meet again."

Adopted July 5, 2000. Entered into Rest January 31, 2001
Bill H. and Nancy F

TRIBUTE TO CHESSIE



Chessie

Your many friends at D.R.U. knew and loved you so much. They described you as a feisty, affectionate, strong-willed curmudgeon. You were waiting at the fence at Claire's when we arrived as if to say "Where have you been? I have been waiting for you." Even though we knew you had a lot of pain, your enthusiasm for life, your loving Dobe nudge, your search for the Fig Newtons you could always find in my back pack, your love and devotion to us, your visits to elderly shut-ins, will always be remembered. Pumpkin cat still looks for you. Your corner in the office is empty. The day you left a piece of my heart went with you. I miss you every day.

Adopted May 13, 1998. Entered into Rest, July 5, 1999.
Bill H. and Nancy F.

JAGGER



Dear Jagger,

Not a day goes by that Mommy and Daddy don't think about you and remember what a special guy you were. From the very first moment we saw, or rather heard you in that whole pack of dogs, we knew you were one of a kind. What a big mushmellow! We have constant memories of you running to the refrigerator to get ice every time you saw us near. Or, how about the day you stood proudly on top of the 6 foot wood pile? We'll never understand how you made it up there or better yet, how you managed to get down without disturbing the pile. What an impact you have had on our lives.

It's such a terrible misfortune that you had to be taken from us so soon. You were only a baby, 6 years old. If we had only known that such a terrible disease like cardiomyopathy existed, we would have taken precautions years ago.

Roxanne misses you terribly. She lays around on us, instead of you. She lost her man, her pal, her best friend. If God would grant us only one wish it would be to be reunited with you once again. With deepest love, Mom, Dad, and Roxanne

KEEFE, MY GENTLE GIANT

June 26, 1995 - August 13, 2000



How do you say good-bye to a friend
Who stood by you, right till the end?
A tiny life you watched be born
An untimely death, tears like a thorn.

A pup that was hidden, out of sight
But entered the world with sheer delight
A work of God so divine
AKC name, Meant To Be Mine.

A fitting call name if I must say
He lived up to it in every way
Keefe was sent from up above
His name means; Handsome, Cherished, Noble and Loved.

Here I find myself again
Not merely saying good-bye to a friend
But a partner that brought light to my life
Taking away many days of strife.

He balanced me when my legs were weak
He kissed me gently when I could not speak
He warned me before the pain would come
Being with him made life truly fun.

My gentle giant, brave and true
Only God knows how much I will miss you
Run free my sweet into the night
Where "Chelsea" is waiting in the light.

With love and sorrow,
Your Mom

By Ann Sava
Copyright 2000
More Rainbow Bridge Stories

MARIA, AKA GOOFHEAD

Our Girl June 23, 1999 - June 6, 2000

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

Maria was 12 years old when we saw her picture on the DRU website. We already had two "senior girls", ages 10 and 8, and were thinking of adding another to our family. We resisted making the inquiry, but when a special appeal went out, we finally called and told Claire that we would like to give her a try.

Maria's history was one of being given up when she was no longer able to be breed. She had lost her figure many years ago, "wobblers" was starting to take its toll and she had her share of "lumps and bumps".

We had tried fostering other dogs before with poor results. It seemed that our alpha female, Ashby, would not tolerate a new member to our family. But Maria quickly found her niche. She would play when called upon or in the mood and when Ashby challenged her she would just ignore her, choosing instead to start a play session or just lie down.

Maria was the first Doberman we had who would let you hug her without trying to back away or squirm like a child being hugged by her great aunt. If you asked her she would eagerly give you kisses and on more than one occasion my wife or I would wake up from a nap on the couch with Maria kissing our face. It was startling, but would always make us smile and laugh. Every evening when I got home from work Maria would greet me with a wiggling stub, lots of kisses and would lean on me for several minutes. It became one of the highlights of my day. We gave Maria the nickname "Goof Head" because of the way she would lie on her side and stiff leggedly paw at the ground and air until she got some attention, or pound the floor with her front feet, demanding cookies or to be let outside.

We have a large back yard which abuts a wooded conservation area. Our yard and the conservation area are separated by a branch and brush barrier. Maria was always looking over the barrier to the other side and trying to figure ways to get to it. On more than one occasion we would catch Maria carefully working her way to the other side by stepping on branches (the equivalent of stepping on the rungs of a ladder to cross a chasm). Several times Maria escaped her home and yard, each time as I chased her she would turn to look at me with bright smiling eyes. It was all a game to her and when we realized this my wife would walk the other way and sure enough Maria would follow.

When last December we suddenly lost our "sweet Lydia" to wobblers, having Maria made the transition much easier. We transferred all the love we had for Lydia to Maria.

One day in April we noticed that Maria seemed to be coughing quite a bit and when she lay down, her breathing sounded raspy and gurgly. Thinking that Maria might have a cold we took her to the vet and

found out that she was in the early stages of congestive heart failure and was given 3 to 6 months to live. Poor Maria, when it came to Dobie genes she seemed to be blessed with all the bad ones.

As the weeks went by and the disease sapped her of energy and stamina, Maria still found ways to play with her sister, by play fighting and challenging her while she lay on her side. And of course she would still charge out into the yard to scare off any birds and vicious squirrels, not wanting to miss anything that Ashby might find first.

The biggest change in Maria was that while we would still catch her looking over the fence, to the conservation area, she no longer tried to escape and would actually come back into the house when called.

Early in June, less than 8 weeks after her diagnosis, we found Maria dead in the corner of our kitchen, where she would go to hide during thunder and lightning storms or when stressed from being left alone.

Maria finally got her greatest desire fulfilled as we took her ashes and scattered them in the conservation area, on the other side of the fence.

While Maria was only with us for what seemed a very short year, we loved her very much and she loved us.

We miss her kisses.

Dave A. & Cindy B.

GRETTA

1985-May 4, 2000

That gray November morning our eyes met and it was love,
Together we danced the dance of life, now you dance from above.
Through grassy green fields we sauntered in the sun's golden rain,
You lapped at life's cool waters, taking each day as it came.
We would climb those craggy mountains covered in delicate pure snow,
And on top you would smile at me with inner peace that only a dog can know.
Your stance was proud and strong as you wore your shiny black coat,
But your eyes remained so kind and giving, not a dog to gloat.
As I sit here now feeling life flowing in breezes and the tree's sways,
I know that your spirit flows through me and I feel your gentle loving ways.

Julie and Jonathan C.

GRETA AND FRIEND

This is Greta, she was my best friend through many good and bad times. I paid \$100.00 for a skinny half-starved dobe on a chain in a back yard in Spokane Washington. When she got home she ate and ate and that night she jumped in our bed and slept there for the next 9 years. She helped raise my two girls and she was their friend and protector. She got along with everyone, even cats. I never "trained" her, but because we were always together she did anything I asked. People often said she was better behaved than their kids. She passed in October, 1999, and I miss her so very much. It's almost April, 2000, now and I tried to write this several times - this time I made it through the tears. They can be such a big part of our family, many can't understand.

So this is for Greta

With all my love

Jay F.

RAMSES

Dear DRU,

Ramses was born April 11, 1989. We picked out his name weeks before he was born. We loved him so very much. He grew into a big, beautiful, strong adult. He was very protective of his yard and made no bones about how he felt about stray dogs roaming into our yard.

I taught Ramses to sit and give his paw on command. He also liked to play fetch. He learned new commands and games very quickly as he was a very intelligent Dobie. He also would invent a few games of his own.

Ramses also liked puppies. As big and powerful as he was, he was so very gentle with puppies. We have acquired 3 other dogs since Ramses. Each new dog (puppy) we brought home, Ramses was always interested in helping out with puppy business. He would lie down on his back and let the playful puppy chew him up. He loved every minute of his new friend and was the gentlest of giants. He never lost his patience with puppies.

Ramses was also a blanket baby. He loved to suck on his blanket and pillows. He would also sit on the couch human fashion. On the weekend he would start singing out by 7:00 am if we weren't up. Soon the other dogs would join in and we would have an early morning serenade. Also when I came home from

work, the serenade would be in full swing before I got out of my car. I would chuckle to myself and think how fortunate for me that I live in the country. I don't think the city folk would appreciate this.

We noticed that around age 8, Ramses' gait had changed due to wobblers syndrome. He was also hypothyroid, which we were treating with a prescription from our vet. Then over the next 2 years other health issues surfaced which we took care of.

The summer of his tenth year, we discovered he had cancer. Apparently he had it for a while, but took some time to show its ugly face. We opted for the operation, as we loved Ramses so much we were not ready to say good bye. The operation went well and he had some more months of quality living.

The cancer returned. The symptoms were there. Wobblers syndrome had taken its toll too. Both front and back legs gave out. The second day, things grew worse and we called our vet. We said goodbye to our dear old friend on Jan. 18, 2000. It was a difficult decision, but love should never be selfish. It was time to let him go. I think a piece of me went with him. I have an ache in my chest that doesn't go away.

Then a friend of mine gave me a copy of the Rainbow Bridge. I always knew I would see Ramses again. I think when we meet again, the ache in my chest will dissipate, because I will have that piece of my heart back again.

Karen & Leo J.

STAR

In Memory of Star

I remember when I first saw Star. I had gotten a call from someone who was referred to me by her veterinarian. She needed to place her 7 year old Dobie and wanted to find a good home for him. DRU said they could place him if I would foster him. So I met Star at a local playground. He was the biggest Dobie I had ever seen. He seemed very sweet, so I met him again, this time with Erica (my 4 year old Dobie) and my kids. Things went well so I brought Star home. I sat down to observe and all 105 pounds of Star crawled up in my lap. From that moment on, I knew that I would keep him. Star was wonderful, although he loved to sleep under the covers and got mad at us when we left him home. He lived to be 12 and we had 5 wonderful years with him. We laugh when we think of how he could hold a basketball in his jaw - and he loved to play "keepaway" with the kids and our other dog. Despite his size he was the gentle giant, truly a love. We had to put him down just after Christmas in 1997. It was the hardest thing we ever had to do. But he's at peace, now. He's been gone now for a year and we still miss him. His picture hangs on my wall at work and reminds me of what a wonderful boy he was.

Kathy V.

GRETCHEN

Dear DRU,

I recall vividly the first time I saw and met Gretchen (aka Theory) on a warm sunny June day in 1988. She was staying at Claire K's, with other Dobes at the time and in need of adoption. There she was, standing alone in a yard filled with other Dobes looking for a more permanent home. Gretchen had blue/rust coloring, with a beautiful face and a personality to match. It was a pleasure accepting Gretchen into my life and home. Of course taking the time to get to know and trust each other was crucial.

Gretchen became a very important part of my life. She grew into a wonderful companion for me, accompanying me at home and work. She passed away on December 23rd of 1997. Since I am single, and don't have any children, Gretchen became my closest friend - I miss her dearly. Please use my donation to help other Dobes in need of a good home. As a matter of fact, I am now looking to provide a home for another homeless Doberman Pinscher. Please send me all upcoming DRU Newsletters as I've enclosed my annual membership dues. I am also interested in donating money in memory of Gretchen towards building the new DRU Shelter.

Bruce C.

CHELSEA

May 23, 1986 - September 23, 1994

Dear DRU,

For all my life all I wanted was my own home and a Doberman. That all came true in 1986 when I moved into my little house on my dead end street and brought "Chelsea" home. Chelsea became very well known all over the state and later, all over the country. She made many homechecks with me, visiting those who had applied for a Doberman through DRU. She won their hearts over. As many know, Chelsea died at the age of 8 years and 4 months to the day from liver disease - a disease she battled for 15 months because her work on this earth was not done.

Chelsea was not only my best friend but my partner. She was my service dog, trained to aid me for the limitations I had from my disability. Over her short life, she made many friends and helped many DRU Dobes get adopted. She appeared in magazines, newsletters, on cable TV as well as national TV, and did much to soften the image to those who did not understand our breed. Although she has gone on to Rainbow Bridge, my home is filled with 3 Dobes of my own, one a DRU rescue, and often, foster cares. We still do homechecks and somehow, I think Chelsea comes along, just to check the people out. Although there is not a day that goes by that I don't long for her, I know that my heart will always belong to this breed. I also know that someday, Chelsea and I will find each other, as we cross Rainbow Bridge, together.

Ann & Dobes

With "Chelsea" waiting at Rainbow Bridge

To own a Dobe is a privilege, to be owned by a Dobe is an honor!

Have you ever been given a second chance? If so, please consider Dobe rescue!

SAMANTHA - AN ANGEL AMONGST US

Dear DRU,

Samantha was my first Doberman. Prior to getting to know her, I was petrified of Dobes. Samantha was living in the partially constructed condo development my family moved into. In fact, she was living in our unit before we were. The first day after we moved in, she followed me from the car to the door and back as I brought in groceries--I was scared to death! The construction workers tried to assure me that she was friendly and I soon came to realize they were right. Samantha would spend her days playing with the construction workers, stealing their lunches, and sunning herself on my patio. When I returned from school everyday, always at a different time as I had no set schedule, she would stop whatever she was doing (including eating the workers lunches) and go sit on my patio -- 10 minutes before I arrived! She always brought me gifts...2x4 boards, rocks, tin foil balls, bulbs, and even a dead mouse.

We discovered that Samantha actually had an "owner". He had been letting her roam after she kept chewing the rope he tied her with and had been feeding her by occasionally filling one trash can with water and one with kibble. On a cold and rainy day in November, Samantha was invited into our home. We realized that Samantha had "adopted" us so we went to her owner and asked if we could officially adopt her. He agreed with the provision that he could see her once in a while. On the first visit we brought her over and he tied her with the hemp rope. Before we arrived home traveling on the roads, she had arrived back traveling through the woods. I do not like to think about what she was thinking as she gnawed through the rope and raced home to greet us....her home...it was now clear. We never again allowed a visit.

We had Samantha from November to July; the nine months seemed like 9 years the way she adapted to our home. She died on the table during exploratory surgery. During her short stay, she taught us the wonders of this noble breed. She taught us about unconditional love. With her sixth sense and intuitiveness, it seemed like she was truly an angel. The day she died, we looked for our next Dobe, not to replace her, but to continue on her legacy. We found Sam, Surrogate Son of Samantha, whom we had for 11 years. We now have Rosie, our third Dobe. I cannot imagine being without a Dobe ever again.

Mary, Terry, and Kelly O.

HEIDI

I can't say her name, or look at her pictures, without tears filling my eyes. Oh, Heidi, how we miss you! How we miss petting you, your sweet doggie kisses, the feel of your sleek black coat. How you suffered; so feeble and still so full of life and love.

Heidi, there will be a memorial to you, a brick with your name on it when the shelter is built. We can never, ever, begin to repay Claire and everyone who gives so much of themselves and who give so much to others. Beautiful, sweet, Heidi, we love you and we miss you.

Randy S. and Laurie G.

IN MEMORY OF KIYA – December 1989-June 1997

Dear DRU,

My best friend, Kiya, came to me in December 1989. I was living in North Salem, NY. I was in search of a shelter to adopt a Doberman from, and I called and called all the local shelters, but to no avail. I then got a phone call from a man in New Rochelle, NY who worked for the animal shelter in that town. He told me that at his home he ran a separate shelter for Dobermans and what they considered "hard to place dogs", because of reputations for viciousness. I told him "great", and asked what he had available. He told me he had 1 female Dobie, and 1 male Dobie as well as a few Rottweilers. I asked if I could come and see them, and I proceeded to make the 1 hour trek down to New Rochelle.

When I got there I found 2 Dobies, one the picture perfect Dobie - male, big, strong, muscular. He also happened to be cropped and docked, but definitely didn't get along with other dogs. This was a problem for me since I worked on a horse farm at the time.

Then there was Kiya. She was the female and also cropped and docked. She weighed in at a measly 38 pounds when her frame said she should have weighed 50 or 60. I found out that her story consisted of 18 months of abuse. She didn't show an ounce of it, except what the starvation left behind. I was concerned about taking her home but the man assured me that she was the dog for me. So off we went and on the way home Kiya put her paw on my shoulder from the other seat and that was it - our relationship was sealed.

She went through 9 years with me, traveling to horse shows and living in so many different places. She also suffered through many illnesses. After the starvation, she had difficulty digesting food and had to be on many supplements to aid her. In the winter of 1997 the illness to top all illnesses got her. Cancer

struck her tonsils and no one saw the tumors until the Spring because of where they started. By then we were beyond any kind of radiation, chemotherapy or surgical hopes.

I consulted a holistic veterinarian, as I had many times with Kiya, and we tried a treatment straight from Germany. It seemed to slow things down, but in June of 97 it became evident to me that Kiya wasn't going to beat this illness and I had to make the most horrible decision of my life. I had to choose to end Kiya's life in a humane way. I called my vet and made the appointment. I was with her the whole time and let her spirit leave with peace.

Kiya was my best friend and I don't think I'll find another dog like her, but I hope in the future, through DRU, to find one who can be a friend like she was.

Kris B.

A TRIBUTE TO FREDA

When everything that could possibly go wrong has and you sit in your chair in frustration there is a head on your lap and soft shining eyes looking at you and saying "it's ok, I love you".

When you have broken a piece of valuable china and you think that nothing else can go wrong, you sit in your chair in frustration and there is a head on your lap with soft shining eyes and saying "it's ok, I love you".

When your friends are mad at you and you don't know why and your children don't call or write and you feel that all is lost there is a head on your lap and soft shining eyes saying "it's ok, I love you".

When you feel that no one in the world understands how you hurt there is a head on your lap and soft shining eyes saying "it's ok, I love you".

When the sands of time have expired for your beloved friend and the vet says there is no hope, as you sit on the floor with a head on your lap and soft cloudy eyes look at you saying "it's ok, I love you". You have been blessed with unquestioning love.

Until we meet again.

Art and Joyce S.

NICKY

A POEM FOR MY DEAR SWEET NICKY

April 2, 1987-May 27, 1998

I contemplate your life as my heart remembers,

All the beauty you brought, love that I sought.

True to my soul, you sang me sweet whispers

As my mind raced madly, forever in turmoil.

Black silk, my hand misses your touch, oh I miss you so much, your warmth.

Your kind almond eyes gazing upon me in the sweet sunshine,

You are all that is fine, true to your kind.

As I finish my days walking this earth, living my life, healthy or sickly,

I shall know that I am the fortunate one, my canine son,

Always with me, dear Nicky.

Thanks to Nicky, I found DRU and adopted a wonderful friend, Sammy. We now share our lives together.

He is his own dog, of course, but not a day goes by that I do not look at Sam and remember my dear friend, Nicky-they are connected, as we all are.

Julie C.

MACHEN

Empty spaces in our house

Grieving places in our hearts

For we have set our Machen free.

Missing...

Her sweet face, cradled in hand,

Caressing silken ears.

Beautiful eyes affixed on us,

filled with such devotion.

Dearest friend.

What a gift she was to us!

Empty spaces

Grieving places

Tearful faces

For we have set our Machen free.

Dan and Nancy C.

DAMIAN

September 26, 1991 - June 18, 1998

Damian was the start of my love for the sport of purebred dogs. Rescued from a shelter at 13 months of age, he had been to three prior homes and was emaciated and totally untrained. A lot of time and love brought out his full potential. We started obedience "just to live with him" and from there I got hooked!

He earned his CD with either high scores or being a total clown, making the crowd laugh. Damian was a wonderful therapy dog, making many visits to area nursing homes. Later, he became canine actor with a local theatre group, loving every moment in the spotlight. He was a part of the cast, even taking a bow at curtain call.

Damian died of a heart attack at just 6 years of age. We'll meet again at the Rainbow Bridge...

Holly J. Goldman and the Goldman Family

In Loving Memory Of Macos Cobra CD, FDX

"QUINCEY"

September 22, 1984 - January 8, 1994

We spent quite a few years together

And boy did that time seem to fly.

When I think of the places we've been to
And the things we've done you and I.
You were there when I needed compassion
Always waiting when we we're apart.
Then you'd welcome me home when I looked in your eyes
I could see all the way to your heart.
Other friends say "don't drive yourself crazy"
'Cause you know it was time to let go.
But our bond was so deep and so loyal
And my God they can't possibly know.
Now I feel so close with my sorrow
It's hard when things come to an end.
Others say "it's OK it was only a dog"
But I know you were more than a friend!

Quincey was my very first dog I ever owned, he came to me as a neglected dog at the age of 16 months, he was afraid of everything. He showed me how to have fun, as well I was teaching him he didn't have to be afraid. I was only 15 years old when I got him, I taught him agility and his most favorite dog sport, flyball. On Wed Jan 5 my sister, whom I was living with at the time, took Quincey into the vet for a check up and that's when they found the problem, he had a heart murmur, they wanted to do tests and put him on a special diet. The next day I took him into the vet, as I had to go to work, they kept an eye on him and did some tests. I did this for 2 days and on Saturday we were getting ready to go, I called Quincey, he didn't want to get up, I kept calling him finally he came, he went downstairs and out the door, I went to the car to open the door and he collapsed right in front of me. My best friend just died of heart failure. I had him for 8 wonderful years and I will never forget him. He was my best friend, as I was growing up I didn't have any friends, we learned together and for that I will never forget. I miss you lots Quincey and I will see you at the Bridge.

Bonnie