

SEASON'S GREETINGS



Goldie in the snow

*With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year
From the Trustees and Co-ordinators
of
SOUTHERN GOLDEN RETRIEVER RESCUE
(Registered Charity Number 1098769)
PO Box 112, Cranbrook, Kent. TN17 3RB*

Golden Moments Issue 31

What a wonderful summer we had! I hope you and your dogs survived the heat. I think the darker ones suffer more as their coats absorb the heat. I wonder if we shall get snow in the winter again. The holly is full of berries but is that really a sign of a hard winter. We shall see!

As you are all aware the new General Data Protection Regulations came into effect in May. These caused a great deal of work as everyone had to be contacted to ensure they were happy for the Charity to hold their details. The bulk of this work fell on the new Administrator, Rachel Clark, so thank you to her and her team for sorting it all out!

The SGRS Fun Day this year was held in a new venue – the Horton Kirby and South Darenth Village Hall. It seemed a popular choice, there was plenty of room and parking was much easier. It was a scorching hot day but there was a good turnout of Rescue dogs and their owners, with a total of 35 dogs parading round the ring. The Holly Trophy for the oldest Rescue dog present was awarded to Toby, owned by Lucy Komoneski.



During the year we said goodbye to one more Co-ordinator. Myra Corpes had covered the north west Surrey area for several years and we thank her for all her hard work during that time.

As always we hope you have a great Christmas. Please be careful with the decorations which can be very tempting for our four-legged friends, and please no turkey bones or Christmas pudding!

We wish you and your dogs a happy and above all healthy 2019.

Ollie's Story

Ollie, who was then just turned 10 years old, first came to my attention in the early part of the summer of 2018 with a phone call from the dog sitter who was very concerned for Ollie as his owner was terminally ill and was very worried what would happen to her beloved dog Ollie. The dog sitter had known Ollie for many years as she had looked after him during holiday periods and latterly when his owner became ill and had to spend time in hospital. I told her that we would do our best to find him a lovely home and she was not to worry. Ollie's owner had always thought that her son would give him a home should anything happen to her but unfortunately he felt that he was not now in a position to give him the best sort of home as he had a family and a new baby on the way. He obviously did not want his mum to know this.



Not long after my initial conversation with the dog sitter, Ollie's owner went into a hospice and sadly passed away. I arranged a visit to meet Ollie and we went for a walk in Hayesden Country Park. He was a lovely sweet dog who just wanted to potter around in the park, sniff in the grass, chase the odd squirrel and yes have a swim in the lake. He just dived in, put his head under the water and came up with a large stone!



As luck would have it, a retired couple had contacted me as they wanted to give a home to an elderly dog. Rachel very kindly did the home check for me and reported back that everything was just perfect. A bungalow with a nice safe garden and a home for Ollie with two people who would love and cherish him.

Ollie has settled in so well in his new home and is very loved. He is taken to the park every day for his walk and some days meets his old friends. As you can see from the photos, he is very happy and contented. I think he looks like a puppy !

Pam Murphy

News from Mollie

Hello, Mollie here. Plenty to tell you since my last article so here we go. In April we went to the Tea Rooms in Dorchester again for the weekend. I do like it there with some different walks and things to catch up on. Dad did some work in their garden and I adopted a more managerial role also described as snoozing. Back home, I seem to have gained a new fan, Alesha. She is the daughter of one of Dad's friends and isn't keen on dogs. Over a period of time, I helped overcome her apprehension by sitting calmly and letting her stroke me. Now Alesha comes to call on her way home from school.



In July I gained a new companion. That lovely lady Joan, found us another dog to come and live with us. She is called Taisce and is 3. Quite a bundle of energy I can tell you. At 10 I'm a bit more sedate so it was quite a shock to my routine. Taisce has settled in well and has become really at home, always keen to go on a walk and explore her new surroundings. She really is quite territorial and any cats, squirrels and pigeons quickly sent on their way. She is a very good traveller who likes to see where we are going.



In September we went away to Dorset on holiday; a nice cottage with a large garden to explore. We had plenty of exciting walks and visited various pubs and cafes. Taisce and I are well behaved and settle by the table. We also went on the steam train, what fun that was and Taisce wasn't bothered at all by the noise. Dad has started to take us both to work which is great fun and better than being indoors. Unfortunately I now have to share the seat in the van with Taisce but we get on very well and don't argue about it.

It's been a busy and varied time with plenty of walks together. Taisce has perked me up and has also started to bring post in. We both like to greet with a cushion or cuddly toy. It's good fun here enjoying each other's company.

Mollie & Taisce

My life

My name is Cesar, although my family have nicknamed me Billy Bob – something to do with being silly apparently as they sometimes say I'm a “silly billy” which I think is a compliment as they are always laughing when they call me it! I live with my adopted brothers and sisters – Abbey, who is a bit like me in that we're the quiet, calm ones and then Ziva and Tali who are completely and absolutely bonkers!!

Every morning we go for a walk. I love this time of year as my favourite thing on the walk is puddles!!!! We go to different places but my all-time favourite thing is to find a puddle and lie down. For some reason, my Dad doesn't approve - I think humans must shrink if they touch water as they seem to cover



themselves up with ridiculous clothing including these huge rubber shoes at the first sign of rain!! The funniest thing is if I climb into a stream, Dad has to come in after me cos he thinks I can't get out but I just like us to have fun splashing around together. Earlier this year Dad lost one of his rubber shoes in the stream. It was really muddy with a little bit of water and I did get a bit stuck so he climbed down but when we both got out, he only had one shoe! I don't know what all the fuss was about, I don't have shoes, but apparently it wasn't a comfortable walk back to the car for him with only one shoe on. Lots of the other dog walkers found it hilarious and to be honest he did look very funny. We've been back many

times to look for the missing shoe, I'm not allowed to get in to look but Dad gets down in there (one rule for him...) I think it's lost forever which I think he's a little upset about. Humans – they make no sense!!!!!! Dad thinks I'm deaf as I like to wander off but I can hear him, I just pretend. That way he has to go my route rather than his. And they think I'm silly!!!

After the walk we have breakfast. My favourite thing ever!!!!!! Apparently, I'm "very food orientated". Talk about people in glass houses, they all seem to love food too!!! When they have their food, I've worked out that if I put my head under the knife arm, I can get a really good sniff of their food and invariably manage to persuade someone to give me a little piece of bacon. Again, they think I'm silly!!!!!!

Most days I go out in the car with Mum and Dad – this is fun but I often fall asleep in the back. We have trips to the beach, or to the park but I don't mind where we go, I just like to go for the ride. I love to play with my brothers and sisters, we have these blankets that we play tug of war with. Mum gets annoyed with us and keeps putting them back in our beds but we get them out again and carry on. Tali and I play wrestling, she's smaller than me but surprisingly strong!

The other day we went to a fete and I entered the dog competition. I had to walk round and round in circles – and then do a little run and back. Not sure what the point was but it was fun even though I didn't win – the judge was impressed apparently and said "I didn't look 11!!". Tali came with us and she entered a different category but she wasn't as well behaved as me, she kept jumping up and trying to run under the rope which made everyone laugh! I liked it because I got lots of treats!!!

We have dinner about 4 o'clock every day. If mum and dad forget the time (which they often do) I just bark at them. I've discovered I like barking – and I think my family likes it too cos they all start talking to me and paying me attention – so I just carry on. Sometimes I bark for no reason, it's fun to see the human reaction! It can get quite noisy cos Abbey and Tali sometimes join in – which is brilliant! If this happens, Mum and Dad make us go into the garden to 'calm down'. Our garden is great. We've got a pond but Mum and Dad have been spoil sports and put a cover over it. Apparently they didn't want me to keep climbing in it, I don't know why but Dad got fed up with having to lift me out and apparently I was scaring the fish!! (I didn't even know there were fish in there!)



Auntie Lisa often pops by – I love it when she does cos I'm her favourite!! She says I'm really handsome and gorgeous and she whispers that I'm her favourite! She always gives me a treat when I bark at her and she comes on the walks with us at the weekends. Auntie Karen visits too, she loves us but I've heard she's more of a 'cat person' so I can't get round her quite like I can all the others.

At night, we all sleep downstairs in our big beds after Mum tucks us all in. I sometimes go in the kitchen as I like the cool floor and I sometimes want to go in the garden so I just bark until Dad comes down to let me out. In the summer I liked to sleep out there but Dad wasn't as keen, apparently being awake at 3am isn't something that humans are keen on!!!!

So I have a very happy time. My human family is very well trained and my sisters are loads of fun. I don't remember much about my old life but I do know that I'm safe and loved in my new one. Life is good!!!!

The happy Cesar story goes on for us. He continues to provide all members of our family, both human & canine, with a lot of fun & love on a daily basis. We are very fortunate.

Without wishing to tempt fate we are pleased to report that Cesar's epilepsy has been very stable so far this year. In his first year with us he had 16 seizure's- in the second year 17- with two months to go he has

had only 5! thus far in his 3rd year. His latest blood results were good with no changes required in his levels of medication. We are delighted that he is able to enjoy his life.

Recently we have had a further example of the great work that SGRR [Joan Coppin] do on behalf of our breed. A puppy that we bred in 2017, sadly, needed to be re-homed due to a change in the owner's circumstances. It is, of course, our responsibilities as the breeder, to help the owners solve this problem. A telephone conversation with Joan resulted, very quickly, in Henry being re-homed to a wonderful family as a companion for a 3yr old Goldie. The photos and feedback make us very sure that he is a very happy, much loved boy in a wonderful home.



Untitled

Treat me kindly, my beloved friend, for no heart in the world
Is more grateful for kindness than the loving heart of me.
Do not break my spirit with a stick, for though I might lick your
Hand between blows, your patience and understanding will more
Quickly teach me the things you would have me learn.

Speak to me often, for your voice is the world's sweetest music,
As you must know by the fierce wagging of my tail when your
Footstep falls upon my waiting ear.

Please take me inside when it is cold and wet, for I am a
Domesticated animal, no longer accustomed to bitter elements.
I ask no greater glory than the privilege of sitting at your feet
Beside the hearth.

Keep my pan filled with fresh water, for I cannot tell you when I
Suffer thirst. Feed me clean food that I may stay well, to romp and
Play and do your bidding, to walk by your side, and stand ready,
Willing and able to protect you with my life, should your life be in
Danger.

And, my friend, when I am very old, and no longer enjoy good health,
Hearing and sight, do not make heroic efforts to keep me going.
I am not having my fun. Please see that my trusting life is taken
Gently. I shall leave this earth knowing with the last breath I draw
That my fate was always safest in your hands.

Anon

We can now be found on Facebook at
www.facebook.com/Golden.Rescue.Southern

Where did the Years Go?

As you will have read in the last Newsletter I first became involved in Rescue soon after it started in 1979 as a sub-committee of the Southern Golden Retriever Society, and became Rescue Secretary in 1981. As the person who had been the prime mover in getting Rescue off the ground, Brenda Lowe took the lead in general organisation but when she retired in 1998 she passed the mantle on to me. In 2003 when Rescue became a registered charity I changed my name to Administrator, and continued to be responsible for all the paperwork.

Apart from the duties of Administrator I was still a Co-ordinator, and it is that part of my work I would like to recall here.

Being a Rescue Co-ordinator is very rewarding, but it can also be extremely frustrating, particularly when dealing with some members of the public who see their dogs as “accessories” rather than part of the family. You learn a lot about human nature! I remember there was one case where the people wanted their dog re-homed because he was the wrong colour for their new three-piece suite! However, the “ups” have hugely outnumbered the “downs” and I have some many happy and interesting memories. Some of the people who adopt rescue dogs are quite lonely, and like to have frequent contact. You have to be a bit of everything – bereavement counsellor, training advisor, feeding advisor, general supporter etc.

I and several others represented Rescue at Discover Dogs and also at Crufts, by invitation of the Kennel Club. Our dogs were very well behaved and great ambassadors for the breed, taking all the petting by strangers in their stride.

Of all the dogs I have dealt with one or two stand out in my mind. We received a phone call on 1st January 2000 (Millennium Day) from a vet in the Maidstone area. A youngish bitch had been brought in, having been found wandering with no address tag. We went and collected her and brought her home, then put the word about that we had got her. Not knowing her name, in view of the date we called her Millie. She fitted in very well but as she was at the end of her season and we had an entire dog she stayed with Gordon and Yvonne Bennett for a couple of days before returning to us. After about a week her owners turned up. She had gone missing on the sea front on the Isle of Sheppey. As they turned into our drive she obviously recognised the sound of their car engine and ran to the door, so we had no doubt they were her real owners!

The following year we were asked to re-home a 5 month bitch from a family where the daughter was allergic to her. “Charlie” as she became was a real whirlwind and was fostered for a couple of weeks while we looked for a home that could cope with her dynamic personality. Fortunately she was adopted by someone who was experienced with goldens, did obedience and agility, and eventually taught Charlie heelwork to music, which she actually performed at Crufts one year.

The other dog which really stands out is another “Charlie”. I was contacted one day in 2006 by a kennels which had taken in a dog found wandering near woods. This dog was clearly in a very poor condition and the kennels wanted an opinion on whether he was worth saving. Robbie and I went to visit him and this poor old chap walked towards us. He was a kindly boy, very thin, but his testicles were so swollen they nearly reached the ground and he had ulcers round his anus. We certainly felt he was worth a chance, so he was castrated whilst at the kennels, his ulcers treated and some teeth removed, and while he recovered we looked for a suitable home for him. On release from the kennels he was fostered for a couple of weeks but during that time it seemed clear that nobody was prepared to take him in so we adopted him ourselves and gave him the name “Charlie” which seemed to suit him. At that time we had 7 dogs of our own but he settled down amongst them quite happily and they accepted him. However, the first time we fed him (which fortunately we did away from our own dogs) he became like a raging lion, probably because he had been a stray and forced to fend for himself for a while. One day our big dog Jos



managed to get his nose round the stable door while Charlie was eating, and got his nose bitten, fortunately not badly! We had him for about 9 months but then he became ill and eventually had to be euthanased. We had him cremated and buried his ashes in our shrubbery.



Rescue has been part of my life for so long that it will be very strange not to be so involved. I have been fortunate always to have a good team around me and I am sure they will continue to give their time and energy. I shall still have an interest as a Trustee, and wish the Charity every success in the future.



SGRS Fun Day 2018 Rescue Parade

