

SEASON'S GREETINGS



Woody 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 25

This is another year when we have had to say goodbye to some old friends. In particular our founder, Brenda Lowe, sadly passed away in September and you will find a full obituary later in this Newsletter. We also lost the services of two of our Trustees – Pat Easton has moved down to Wiltshire and Pat Cooper now spends a lot of time abroad so both felt they had to resign. Both of them were Co-

ordinators at different times before becoming Trustees, so Rescue owes them a lot. We thank them for all their efforts on our behalf. We are hoping to appoint some new Trustees in the near future.

Our new website is well and truly up and running and I hope you have had the chance to have a look at it. The "Events" page gives up to date news of what is happening. We are also now on Facebook at "Golden Retriever Rescue Southern", with the web address <http://www.Facebook.com/GoldenRescue.Southern>

The Kent Fun Day was held in May and the sun shone on us, which was lovely. It was well attended and 35 dogs took part in the Parade of Rescue Dogs. The photo shows the Holly Trophy for the oldest Rescue dog attending on the day being presented to Jane Bannatyne's Bracken, who was nearly 16 years of age. Next year's Fun Day is on Sunday 29th May.



The Seminar in memory of Joan Lavender was well attended, and much was learnt about first aid for dogs. There was also some very useful information about bloat, which can often be a killer, and there is more information about this later in this issue.

We wish you all a very Happy Christmas, and please be careful your dogs don't eat the decorations!

Remembering Benji

Our wonderful Goldie came to us in the summer of 2005 aged 3, and quite stressed to begin with. However, he quickly settled and soon stopped pinching any unattended food, ranging from beetroot to a bacon sandwich! He proved a loyal, loving companion, wonderfully good-natured, especially with our grandchildren.



He always accompanied us on self-catering holidays to Devon, Yorkshire, Scotland and Southern Ireland, and for the last few years became a "caravanner". After an initial nervousness he discovered he loved water, especially the sea.

Sadly we lost our lovely boy at the end of last year when he died from cancer aged 12. How we miss the welcomes he used to give us with the inevitable soft toy. He has left a huge hole in our

lives and we will never forget him.

Martyn & Sue Harlow

Mrs Brenda Lowe

We were very sorry to learn of the death on 20th September of the founder of Rescue, Mrs Brenda Lowe. A service of Thanksgiving was held on 14th October at Brenchley Church, which was well attended by very many of her friends from far and wide.

Although Brenda had her first golden when she was in her late teens, Sandy stayed with her parents when she married Charles. In 1963 they bought a puppy of their own - Sutton Rudy whom they worked and showed, eventually making him up into a Champion. They had become hooked on showing and took out the Davern affix when they started breeding.

Brenda became a successful and respected breeder, with many Champions to her name, and had a big influence on the breed, always happy to give advice and encouragement to newcomers. She was keen to maintain the golden's delightful, happy personality and also its working ability. Brenda was a respected Judge at Championship level, both at home and abroad, including Crufts in 1990. She also served on the Committee of the Golden Retriever Club and was the Breed Correspondent for Dog World for several years.



In 1977 Brenda helped to found the Southern Golden Retriever Society and served on its Committee for many years. She held one of the Society's first Open Days at her home, and these later became the very successful annual Fun Days, which continue to this day.

Brenda realized in the 1970s that many goldens, for all sorts of reasons, needed to be found new homes, and in 1979 she persuaded the Southern's Committee to form a Welfare & Rescue Scheme. In 2003 this became the Registered Charity known as Southern Golden Retriever Rescue, although by this time Brenda had retired from active involvement. Since it began Rescue has found new loving homes for well over 3000 of the less fortunate members of the breed, so thank you Brenda from all of them.

Brenda's contribution to the world of Golden Retrievers has been considerable and wide-ranging. She will certainly be missed in many ways, but most of all as our friend.

Milo and Saren's Story

Back in 2009 when my beloved Bertie reached 13 I thought the time had come to think about another goldie. I also had Harvey who was 9, but didn't want to be left with just one dog. I decided my next



goldie should be a rescue so got in touch with Pat, then in October she phoned to say a 3 year old boy needed a new home due to divorce. Ian, my husband, who luckily for me goes along with my doggie plans, and I met Peter at the house where we were greeted by the sight of Milo standing with three little girls. We completed the paper work as quickly as possible, then Milo towed his ex- owner out to my car and he happily jumped in next to Bertie who was in the back with Harvey on the back seat. When we arrived home we took them all into the back garden rather than going for a walk as Milo was extremely strong, then after a while we let him loose and all was well.

I got him used to a halti before I ventured out. I was then in for a surprise when a young Old English Sheepdog trotted up to him and he attempted to fly at it. It became increasingly obvious that, for whatever reason, he was not good with other dogs. Nearly six years on he is much better, but I do have to 'think dog' when I am out with him. Much as I hated the idea of a goldie in a muzzle, for safety I muzzle him when he is loose in our big local field as it is strange dogs coming up to him that he cannot cope with. He is fine with dogs he gets to know, he then completely ignores them and will never play, but he is always pleased to see the owners. He most enjoys a good run in the big field with plenty of sniffing and he is quite settled and relaxed at home and enjoys lying in the sun.

Sadly my Bertie died in 2010. At the beginning of 2012 Harvey had to have an operation to remove a tumour in his throat area, then at Easter he suddenly became very ill and I had to have him put down a week later at the age of only 11. For the first time since 1968 I was after all left with only one dog. After a short interval another call to Pat, who said that she would look out for a bitch, as she quite rightly thought that would be best with Milo. Pat then learnt of an 8 year old bitch needing a new home, this was Saren. Ian and I arranged to meet Pat and Peter at the house. All four of us could hardly believe our eyes when this extremely fat and hairy goldie came waddling round the corner. It took both Peter and Ian to heave her into the car. We decided to introduce her to Milo in the back garden as walking was out of the question. We took her in the garden then brought Milo out. After a while we let him go, he first growled at her, mounted her and then appeared to accept that she was here to stay.

Over the three years we have had her, Saren now 31kg, has quietly taken charge. If she is lying across the garden doorway Milo will bark for my assistance to go in or out rather than jump over her. If he is lying on the front door mat, one of his favourite places, she will squeeze between him and the door and I get the look that says 'help', but they are very good company for each other, often sharing one of the beds. The first time Saren got in with Milo I held my breath but he was fine. Saren appeared not to know any words and to live in her own little world. I have attempted to teach her to come when called with limited success, but I let her off the lead in the big field. She gallops off at great speed and does not come back, usually in her own time. She is a sweet old lady and seems happy with her life here where she enjoys pottering round the garden most of all. Hopefully the two of them will have several more years together. Thank you Pat for finding them for me.

Liz Beech

Simpson – RIP



Our beautiful Boy, Simpson, came into our lives on 23rd October, 2010, aged 10.

We had been waiting for a golden retriever for some time and then here he was, the most gentle of dogs you could ever wish to meet. It was immediately apparent that he needed a bath and he emerged from the beauty parlour three shades lighter and smelling a lot sweeter.

From day one he settled in as if he had always been here. The family and all who met him immediately fell in love with him, he was so handsome and gentle and always wanting to please. He soon became the 'light of our lives'. Simpson had

obviously never been given much attention or toys, so he soon acquired a 'toy box' full of doggy toys that had all been given names by the grandchildren, all of whom adored him, and he them.

It soon became obvious that his walking was not too good and when taking him to the vet for overdue inoculations and a check over he was diagnosed with quite advanced arthritis. He was put on pain killers and started his regular visits to Jane and Kenny's One-to-One hydro at Fontwell, which he absolutely loved. His walking took a marked improvement but we realised he would never be able to do long walks.

After he had been with us a few weeks he suffered from sickness and diarrhoea, which the vet put down to the stress of moving etc and gave him some antibiotics, which cleared it up. He suffered a couple of similar incidents and then after 7 months with us he became seriously ill, and after spending two days on a drip our vet said there was nothing further could be done as they had no idea what was wrong. We were not prepared to give up on him and, asking for a second opinion, were referred to Anderson Sturges at Winchester, where after five days of tests he was diagnosed with Chron's disease. We are very grateful for the help given by the Rescue towards these costs. Simpson was put on special Eukanuba diet and his regular pain killers changed. He soon became his old self again, enjoying his walks, several holidays in Cornwall, the fun days meeting other retrievers, but always at his happiest being with us and the family, particularly the grandchildren. He particularly loved playing football with Jack, our grandson, who became his best friend. He especially loved playing 'goal-keeper'



After having Simpson for four and half years he was diagnosed with leukaemia, which quickly took hold. Finally everything had caught up with him and he died peacefully, at home, on 18th March. To say we were grief stricken is an understatement, but more than that we were totally overwhelmed by the calls, cards and flowers we received from so many friends. This confirmed to us the effect he had on everyone who met him, he touched our lives so dramatically, he was such a gentle and loving dog. We will always be thankful to Eileen and John for giving us the opportunity to give Simpson a home and the love and joy he gave us. Till we meet again, good-night our lovely boy, Simpson, RIP.



Roslyn & John Green

Bloat, The Killer

Bloat is a true emergency, which requires **immediate** veterinary attention. If you experience a combination of the following signs be prepared to drive to the surgery straight away. The chance of survival decreases alarmingly if you delay more than 60-90 minutes after the first signs.

Your dog retches from the throat but nothing is produced other than a small amount of frothy mucus

Your dog tries to defaecate unsuccessfully

Your dog adopts the "Sphinx" position

Your dog's tummy goes hard and/or swells up like a balloon and is as taut as a drum

Your dog is trying to bite, or worry, the abdomen

Your dog is very unsettled

So whether you're about to catch a plane, serve a meal or go to bed - DON'T. Take your dog to the Vet.

Fresh Fields - Revisited

It is with great sadness that I have to report that our 'golden boy' Shannon passed away on 19 June - one day before his 16th birthday. He had stopped eating much a few days before, he seemed distressed and, finally, he could no longer get up. There was nothing more we could do for him and it was with heavy hearts that we asked the vet to come to the house and we held Shannon whilst he was gently put to sleep.

Shannon was with us for just over 15 years - an amazing innings really. He first came to the family when we lived in Shirley, Surrey, and Pat Marchant helped us through the first, occasionally difficult, weeks when he had to adjust to life with us and our existing Golden, Rowley. As I have recorded before, they quickly became good pals. Shannon spent his last 8 years in the Welsh Borders, where he discovered bigger hills, forests, rivers and lots of rabbits - enjoying everything with great enthusiasm.

Latterly, although hills and forests were no longer possible, he continued to enjoy gentle strolls along the riverside, with the occasional paddle and a triumphant roll or two (on clean grass!) when we reached the meadow. We usually met friends - human and dog - and he enjoyed these moments very much. Despite his advanced years, he was in good health and heart (only needing the occasional 'lift' to assist his weakened back legs) right up until the last day or two.



Shannon was a dear, gentle and happy soul and he was much loved, not only by Norman and myself, but by family and friends who came to know him. He was patient with children and with our young 'golden' Harry, and tolerated his exuberance with good grace.

Thank you Pat for bringing Shannon into our lives - we didn't mind him stealing our hearts at all! We miss him very much.

Margaret Thorp

An Epitaph

(This is from a biography of Lord Hailsham who translated an ancient Greek poem on a dog's tombstone – probably written in the 5th century BC)

Laugh if you must,
But when you die,
Will you be mourned
As much as I?

Tribute to Oscar

Sarah Hills has sent this poem in memory of her beloved Oscar, whom she adopted in November 2002 when he was only 6 months old, and who has died in April of this year.



Mummy, please don't mourn for me
I'm still here, though you don't see.
I'm right by your side each night and day
and within your heart I long to stay.

My body is gone but I'm always near.
I'm everything you feel, see or hear.
My spirit is free, but I'll never depart
as long as you keep me alive in your heart.

I'll never wander out of your sight-
I'm the brightest star on a summer's night.
I'll never be beyond your reach-
I'm the warm moist sand when you're at the beach.

I'm the colourful leaves when fall comes around
and the pure white snow that blankets the ground.
I'm the beautiful flowers of which you're so fond,
The clear cool water in a quiet pond.

I'm the first bright blossom you'll see in the spring,
The first warm raindrop that April will bring.
I'm the first ray of light when the sun starts to shine,
and you'll see that the face in the moon-shine is mine.



When you start thinking there's no one to love you,
you can talk to me through the Lord up above.
I'll whisper my answer through the leaves on the trees,
and you'll feel my presence in the soft summer breeze.

I'm the hot salty tears that flow when you weep
and the beautiful dreams that come while you sleep.
I'm the smile you see on a baby's face.
Just look for me mummy, I'm **every place!**

Roslyn & John Green