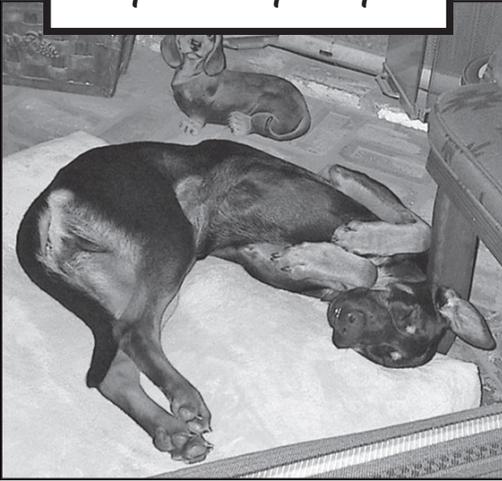


"Cody" Woolley of Sylmar



**"Vegas" DeGroof
of La
Crescenta**



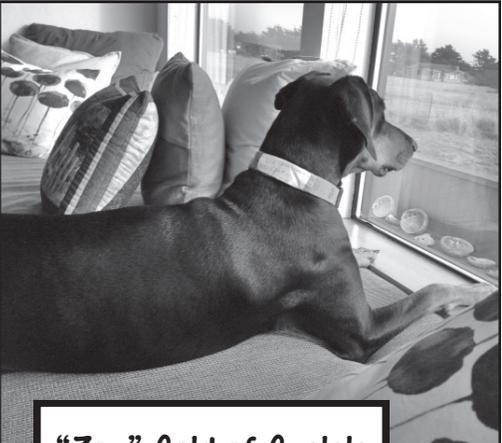
**"Raider" Hale
of Menifee,
with Anthony**



**"Layla" Taylor-Smith of
Redondo Beach**



"Zoe" Gold of Gualala



**"Houdini" Bernard of
Sylmar**



**"Coal" and
"Olaf"
Rice of
North
Hollywood**



"Boris" Black of Ramona



TALE OF THREE HAPPY DOGS

We're complimented frequently on our newsletter, which we appreciate, because we enjoy writing it and sharing the love that is such a part of doing rescue. At times I've asked people what they enjoy most about our newsletters, and usually they say "the centerfold," "Colleen's articles," and "the happy endings." So happens we really enjoy the happy endings too, so here are a couple more of them to give you your smile for the day.

BOSCH has had a number of names, but this is the name he ended up with, named after a detective in a series of Michael Connelly novels. He was impounded at an animal shelter with a badly-smashed rear leg, and he had stayed by his Rottweiler friend when a car hit them both, killing the Rottweiler. His picture appeared on our message board, and we committed to him immediately because we knew he'd need urgent care. Fractures, if not treated promptly, are difficult or impossible to repair because, among other things, the nerves leading to the injured area cease to function. This leaves the dog with a sort of "yardstick" appendage.

The day we were legally able to rescue Bosch, he was taken immediately to our surgical vet, who tried for 3 1/2 hours to save the leg. It wasn't possible. The bone fragments and nerve damage were too severe.

Then we needed a foster home for Bosch for a couple of weeks where he could be comfortable and dry



while the amputation site healed. I called our wonderful volunteers, Mitzi Roberts and Tanya Ware of Simi Valley - who were all set to foster a different dog - asking them if they could foster Bosch instead, short-term. We can't recall that these ladies have ever turned us down for anything, and they readily agreed.

We didn't know if Bosch would have any upper

respiratory infection or other disease, having come directly from a shelter where this is prevalent, but Mitzi and Tanya didn't keep Bosch separate from their other dogs for more than a day. They couldn't bear for him to be isolated. By the third day he was part of the family, getting along with all the other dogs and not appearing to be having any trouble rehabilitating. During this time we kept checking with them to make sure Bosch was still available for adoption and not a "keeper." We were assured he was available.

Finally, on a Saturday open-house adoption day, Angela and Christopher Stead of Moorpark, adopters of a lovely girl Doberman named Mia a few months earlier, came to visit to choose a companion for Mia. They decided to adopt Bosch. When we delivered the news to Tanya, she looked shocked and far less than thrilled. There was some back-and-forth conversation, quite a few tears, and ultimately Mitzi and Tanya concluded they couldn't give up their foster boy; they had loved him too long...and Angela and

Christopher chose another special-needs dog, Rex, who has neurological impairment in his hind quarters but is otherwise



about as perfect as a dog can be. As is Bosch; both wonderful dogs!

KISMET is the name Colleen gave to another dog that lucked out recently. Colleen was on her way to Fresno to pick up dogs delivered there from upstate shelters by volunteer driver Jim Hill, when she desperately needed something to drink and exited the freeway at a rest stop to buy a cup of coffee. As she pulled into the parking lot, she observed a small dog running around and originally assumed he belonged to one of the many customers. She ran into the mini-mart, and the cashier said the dog was left there a week ago and concerned people had been providing him with food and water but no one could get close to him.

Colleen followed him around for about 30 minutes trying to get close enough to catch him until he tried to hide in a corner by the door of the mini-mart. Thankfully, the cashier opened the door, which trapped him, and Colleen was able to slip a leash over his head.



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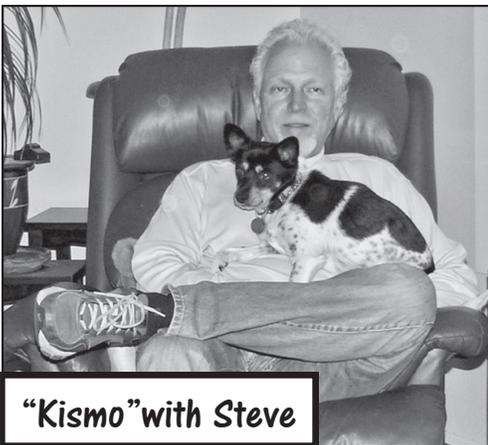
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Though the little guy was terrified and did offer to bite, he finally realized that no harm was intended and that he was about to experience the luckiest day of his life. Kismet turned out to be a fairly young, placid, Rat Terrier mix who was very dog-social and easy to own. While Colleen sheltered him, he was well-fed, got vaccinated and neutered, and traveled to the rescue ranch every Saturday for viewing, resting comfortably on the front seat of her truck while waiting his turn for a home of his own. He totally looked like he belonged there and deserved to be there!

Karl Kraves of Woodland Hills, a several-time adopter of our Dobermans, knew that his brother Steve was about to be in the market for a dog, though he required a smaller dog because of his living situation. Just before Christmas, he called to say he'd like to buy his



"Kismo" with Steve

brother a gift certificate for a small dog of his choice at our rescue, and of course we were only too happy to oblige!

Steve came three times to look at our little guys

before deciding that Kismet would be the right choice for his home in Santa Monica. He was concerned because on occasion he needed to be away from home for 8 or 9

hours, but we assured him that no one is home 24/7, and that Kismet would be absolutely fine and happy to see him when he returned.

We received a recent e-mail from Karl, who said: "My brother is madly in-love with the newest member of his family (he changed the name to 'Kismo')"...but is "treating Kismo like a piece of priceless china. I think after a week or so Kismo and Steve will be enthralled with one another and will be inseparable."

The picture pretty much tells it all.

We call these chance outcomes "kismet" or "serendipity," but there are probably lots of names for it; it's about a great dog being in the right place at the right time, and ending up with a well-deserved place to land in luxury... loved, wanted, and - maybe a little - spoiled.

THE POWER OF SILENCE

by Colleen Anderson

It will come as no surprise to those who know me and those of you that regularly read our newsletter that I love "special needs" dogs. I would choose an old, deaf, blind, 3-legged pooch with a bad coat over a perfect beauty any day, and I think most people in rescue feel the same. I started being drawn to these dogs mainly because I felt sorry for them, since they are usually overlooked and left behind. However, I've recently realized that I love them for entirely different reasons. Yes, they can be challenging at times, but they are also far more interesting, and oftentimes, more fun. With every new case I learn something new, and my most recent lesson



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came from some very special deaf dogs.

When working with dogs, people usually have verbal commands for everything. We tell our dogs to sit, heel, stay, down, and come. We also feel the need to constantly give our dogs verbal praise when they're good and tell them "no" (or something far worse!) when they're bad. So what happens when you can't use words to communicate with your dog? Well, that's what living with a deaf dog teaches you.

I have had an almost 2-year experience with my deaf and mostly-blind Australian Shepherd mix, Petunia, but she is such an easy girl and didn't give me a lot of trouble. It wasn't until I started fostering a young deaf Dobie girl named Brisa that I really learned the power of silence.

In the beginning, I caught myself still giving her verbal corrections just like any other dog, forgetting for a moment that she couldn't hear me. However, when I said "no" to her, it was usually accompanied by a finger point and a stern stare that I like to call "the stink eye." After feeling silly one too many times saying "no" to a deaf dog, I dropped the word and just did the point and stare. Bingo! It worked like a charm. I got my point across with absolutely no sound, and the surprising thing was the effect that dropping the word had on ME. Working with Brisa in complete silence had such a calming effect. Taking words out of the equation made the connection I had with her stronger. I became more aware of my moods and my body language. I actually felt more in control, less stressed, and far less frustrated. There is a freedom in working with dogs in complete silence

because you end up relying on your instincts and communicating with them more like they do with each other. Brisa knows whether I'm happy with her or upset with her in a heartbeat, and no words are ever necessary.



"Brisa"

I really believe that most of the sounds we use with our dogs are more for our benefit than theirs. Even though Brisa and Petunia have never heard me tell them that I love them, they absolutely know. It's said that silence is golden, and with the help of Brisa and deaf dogs like her, I'm starting to know why.

***"Every step you take, every move you make,
 I'll be watching you."***



"Zorro" Goodman of El Segundo