

How do you do it?

Lynne Grigsby

This is a question I often hear as I work adoption events. I have a lot of quick answers, or sometimes I just shrug and say "because of the dogs." I work almost every adoption event, so I am the face that people see. I also answer emails, so people know my name. However, my work is just a small part of what it really takes to "do" Smiley Dog. We have a number of volunteers behind the scenes who make it all come together. Without foster homes there would be no dogs, without dog handlers there would be no dogs at events, without volunteers processing paperwork there would be no records going out to adopters, without someone writing the newsletter and donor letters there would be no funds to rescue dogs, without someone to answer the voice mail there would be no responses—and the list goes on.

So, the real answer to the question is "I do it with a lot of help."

Can you help foster a dog or work an adoption event?
Call 510-496-3484 or email smileydogrescue@yahoo.com

Chocolate Puppies!

As usually happens, it started with a phone call from Sue. Sue works with the Martinez shelter and will call us when a dog (or two) is in need. This time she had been contacted by Bishop Ranch Veterinary Center – someone had brought in seven three-day-old puppies they had found in a dumpster by their work. The puppies were in amazingly good shape, so she must have gotten them soon after they were dumped. The vet had checked them and was caring for the puppies, but needed a rescue to take them and bottle-feed them. Not even knowing the breed mix, we agreed. The next day we met Sue and picked up the puppies – seven chubby little ones with their eyes closed and needing a mom. They looked like



Dobie mixes, but who knew until they got bigger! With feedings every two hours they learned to take a bottle like pros. They went everywhere with the foster – to work, to adoption events, anytime she had to be gone for more than two



hours. They grew and they thrived. Before we knew it they were eating puppy food and starting to play. And did they look like Dobies! They were calm, sweet puppies – very used

to being handled and held. The Chocolates (named such things as Nestle, Lindt, Hershey, Cadbury, Godiva, Dove, and Ghirardelli) were posted on the website and soon placed. All are now in their new homes and doing well. It was with mixed feelings we saw them go – very proud that we could save such a wonderful group, but sad to see our babies move on. But then that is why we do this: so we can answer the next phone call and say "Yes!"



THE SMILEY SENTINEL

S M I L E Y D O G R E S C U E

SEPTEMBER 2007

Greetings from the SDR Board of Directors

Hello from Smiley Dog! Smiley Dog Rescue is in full swing these warm summery months, and we've had a wonderful and productive year so far, thanks to the dedicated efforts of our volunteers, dog handlers, foster families, and of course, adopters. We are so grateful to all of you who have donated your time, finances, love and support to our organization, and we hope you have felt your gifts in the wet nose of a new companion, the warm snuggle of a foster, or simply the joy of seeing our happy gang of rescues milling around the East Bay Pet Food Expresses, grinning and wagging for a pat on the head.

We've had great success with batches of rescued puppies graduating from their puppy pens to their own doggy beds as members of new families. Miles, a loving and goofy five-month-old shepherd puppy, was found with a

front leg too badly injured to save. He and now gets along happily on three legs, looking forward to a long and healthy life, with a world of love to give.

One of our most touching stories this year, was the rescue of seven three-day-old Doberman puppies, crying in a dumpster. A passerby discovered the hardy little canines. They were delivered to her vet, who in turn called upon us to raise the litter. We took them in and dubbed them "the Chocolates." They needed to be bottle-fed every two hours which meant their foster had to bring them to work for their countless feedings. Now the batch of abandoned newborns is a rough-and-tumble gang of beautiful, healthy Doberman puppies living in their new forever homes.

We also had an enjoyable day staffing a booth at the annual Bay to Barkers at the Berkeley

Marina, where we showed off some adoptable pooches and schmoozed with hundreds of dog lovers and hopeful soon-to-be dog owners. We also got to partake some of the world's largest dog bone!

We take pride in your efforts, which have helped us save many dogs from lonely and painful lives. Please continue doing all you can to promote the healthy and hopeful futures of our most wonderful companions. We are delighted to have you as a part of our extended family of rescue relatives. All the Smiley Dogs send their hellos and their thanks!

SDR BOD

"If you think dogs can't count, try putting three dog biscuits in your pocket and then giving Fido only two of them." - Phil Pastoret

THANK YOU TO ALL THE DONORS WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE TO SAVE THESE AND MANY, MANY MORE DOGS THIS YEAR!

We do our best to include all of our wonderful contributors in this list but, if we omitted your name, know that you're not forgotten. If you'd like, you can send us an email and we'll be sure to get you in the next edition!



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Visit us soon at smileydogrescue.org

Smiley Dog Rescue
 PO Box 2728
 Oakland, CA 94602



Pogo Sticks: *A Love Story in Black and White*

Let me make one thing perfectly and abundantly clear. I can't stand dogs. They're smelly, spitty, messy, hairy, destructive and annoying. I've never understood why in God's name anyone would have one by choice. When I was in high school, a dog found its way into my family's embrace after being rescued from the nearby hills. This was the sweetest, most loving creature ever and I certainly didn't dislike him, but nobody would have written sonnets about our relationship.

I've lived most of my adult life tolerating dogs, primarily because people around me have always had them. I'm the person who tries to be polite when mauled by a crotch-sniffing wet nose upon entrance into a friend's home. I wonder, sometimes aloud through gritted teeth, why some dog owners can't figure out how to keep their mutts from jumping up on me, leaving claw-shaped welts on my skin and dirty paw prints on my clothing. I am baffled when people ridiculously and obnoxiously elevate a dog's status from animal to infant human, then sickened when the spectacle is made worse by baby talk and references to "Mommy and Daddy."

Last summer, my husband and I moved our family of four from the city to a small town, where our home comes complete with a big 'ol yard and a feed store down the road. The kids had been asking for a dog for years, and we realized we had run out of excuses as to why we couldn't accommodate their request. For the first several months of our relatively rural life, we dangled the "do your chores consistently and then we'll see" carrot. Not terribly effective, but it put the conversation off for another little while and it (sort of) compelled the kids to be helpful. Then,

it became the "we'll see after the holidays" brush-off. When January rolled around, the kids reminded us of our afore-mentioned promise and we had to admit that they had us where they wanted us. We had run out of excuses. We had to convert "we'll see" to "yeah, I guess we have to look into getting a dog."

My main reservation, to quote my poetic sister, was that adding a dog to our household would simply mean that there would be one more thing living in my house that I would need to keep alive. I would nag the kids about feeding and poop-scooping, but I would end up doing it. I would remind all family members of the importance of keeping the water bowl filled, but I would end up doing it. I would encourage my loved ones to devour books about dog training, but I would end up doing it. And I already have plenty of jobs to keep me busy – adding to my already long list of responsibilities simply in order to contribute to the health and wellness of an icky, stinky dog was not my favorite idea.

As part of my ongoing attempt to put off the inevitable, I decided I would begin by doing a bit of research on the subject. This, I figured, would at least delay the pulling of the puppy trigger. I found out about a nearby facility that shelters rescue animals, and made an appointment to visit ... just to check it out and familiarize myself with the process. Do you see where this is going?

It was a chilly Wednesday morning when I wound my way up the meandering and muddy drive leading from the main road to the area of the "farm" where the various species of animals are kept. On my way to the dog yard, I passed potbellied pigs, goats and horses. It occurred

to me that these farm folks may have made the conscious choice to lay the property out this way to make skeptical visitors like myself begin to think that a dog, by contrast, would be a piece of cake. They must adopt out a lot of dogs using this strategy, I decided.

Finally, after many bends along the way, I reached the end of the road, so to speak. I stopped my car in front of a large wire fence, behind which were what appeared to be thousands, okay it was probably twenty, dogs. Big, small, spotted, striped, lean, husky, bouncy, barksy, Good God Look At Them All dogs. Boy, oh boy, were there a lot of dogs expressing themselves on the other side of that fence. Gee whiz, if that fence gave way just a little tiny bit, some of those dogs could come right on over and jump on me. Eat me for lunch, even. I wondered for a moment if it would appear rude for me to observe the dogs from the safety of my car.

As I scanned the fence line and sized up these potentially vicious, certainly loud, definitely jumpy creatures, I noticed one extra little face. It was a kinder, gentler face and it was attached to a dog body that was sitting quietly, patiently amid the chaos that surrounded it. This little face featured slightly sad but welcoming eyes, and stood atop a black-and-white torso that looked just like a little doggy tuxedo costume. Sure enough, as the freak, killer dogs continued to hurl their freak, killer bodies against the wire fence in a mix of desperation and excitement, the friendly dog in formal wear just looked at me, as if to say, "Geez, can you believe these guys? How about if you and I get out of here and go someplace a little quieter where we can get to know each other?"

A terrifying and wonderful thing happened. I fell in love. On the spot. With a dog.

I became frantic about solidifying my chances of adopting this dog. I needed to know, without a doubt, that no other family would have any chance of snatching my dog from me. He was mine, and we were meant to be together. I learned that he was a six-month-old border collie black lab mix, and that his name was Pogo, which I really thought was a dumb name but I would worry about that later. The important thing was to make sure he could become MY Pogo. What in the world was happening to me?

Rather than waiting for the weekend to bring my family to the farm to see Pogo, I drove both of my children there that same day after school. My husband was out of town, so he'd have to wait. My strategy was to introduce my kids to Pogo, then watch as they got weak-kneed just as I had. It worked. They fell head over heels. All we had to do was finalize the paperwork and arrange for a house visit. A house visit. Are you serious? What is this, Child Protective Services? You've got to be kidding me. But we agreed to present ourselves that Saturday as a loving family, capable of nurturing an animal and worthy of The One and Only Pogo.

After an unintentionally humorous interview conducted by Pogo's caregiver, during which we had to apologize profusely for our slippery hardwood floors and promise never to install an electric fence and swear we would treat this dog as if he were the Canine Gandhi, we finally signed the papers and welcomed Pogo into our home. At first, he was quiet and tentative and nervous and stayed mostly to himself. He continued this low-key behavior for a while, but we watched happily and protectively as he revealed a bit more of his character and friskiness every day.

The rate at which Pogo unveiled his puppy personality was in direct proportion to the rate at which I developed a deep, unflinching connection with him. Within a shockingly short amount of time, I stopped minding the musty wet-dog smell of my hands after I petted him. I began to carry on long, heartfelt conversations with him, often audibly verbalizing his half of the dialogue via a special Pogo voice. I discovered, in horror, that I occasionally refer to my husband and myself as Mom and Dad while speaking to the dog. When I took him to his first vet appointment, I took along my list of questions just like a new parent does when going to the pediatrician, and was absurdly proud – as if I had anything whatsoever to do with it – when the doctor reported that he is healthy and strong.

I had become That Dog Person.

With two full months of dog ownership under my belt, I can say that it's only getting worse. Although I am aware of how filthy my carpets are now, I sort of think it's entertaining that they're filthy because of Pogo's quirky habit of taking his food from his bowl on the laundry room linoleum floor and moving it onto the family room rug, where he spits it out and dines happily. I even considered it a little bit humorous when he found the torn-up carcass of a throw pillow that he had devoured, because the look of guilt and shame on his face when we stumbled onto the scene of the crime was so incredibly funny it was worth it. Most surprising of all, I don't even get upset about the section of the kitchen wainscoting that has his teeth marks on it, since it's proof of his existence in our house ... similar to the stains on the counter caused by the blackberry pie explosion that occurred when my daughter was going through a baking phase last summer. All of these spots and imperfections are just evidence

that this is a home where a real family lives. We even ended up keeping his name, since – hey, he's Pogo and the name just stuck.

Indeed, Pogo is now a member in good standing of our family. He has his own personality, and a unique relationship with each of the four of us. He is loving and gentle, yet playful and interesting. At some point, he will be the dog that annoys a non-dog-loving visitor to our home or a passerby on the street, but I can handle that because I've been there. Thanks to Pogo, I now know what it's like to be on both sides of the dog fence. And I like it over here.

Mary Adam Thomas
March 2007

Smiley Dog Rescue's 5th Annual Family Reunion

Sunday, September 30th, 2007,
Noon to 4pm

Joaquin Miller Park, Pinewood Picnic Area,
Joaquin Miller Road, Oakland

Please bring a potluck dish to share,
your "Smiley Dog" dog on a leash, and
if you can, a donation to help future
Smiley Dogs.

**Fosters will also be coming and
they love to see their graduates!**

Please RSVP by Sept. 15th to
smileydogrescue@yahoo.com
or call 925-243-0535



Anabelle was rescued from the Martinez Shelter where she was very scared and very pregnant. You can see in her eyes how special she is and how much she deserved a happy life.
Adopted: June, 2007
She now makes her home in Oakland, CA



Franny was rescued from a crowded shelter in Northern CA, her chances were slim there. She was such a happy, calm puppy we knew she would make someone the perfect pet.
Adopted: January, 2007
She now makes her home in Walnut Creek, CA



Hermes was rescued from the Oakland Shelter. He was so matted he needed to be shaved completely. He gets all the love and care he deserves in his new home.
Adopted: August, 2007
He now makes his home in San Francisco, CA



Chance spent months waiting in the Hayward Shelter with no takers. Smiley knew with our help Chance would have a chance.
Adopted: July, 2007
He now makes his home in Lafayette, CA



Ribble was rescued from the Martinez Shelter, with his six littermates and Mom, when he was just days old. He is as cute as a puppy gets. A true bundle of joy.
Adopted: June, 2007
He now makes his home in Richmond, CA



Jelly was found running the streets thin and pregnant. She gave birth to 6 puppies within hours of getting to the shelter. She slowly came out of her shell and became a champion lap dog.
Adopted: May, 2007
She now makes her home in Corte Madera, CA

Get your own "got dog?" T-shirt!

Visit our new Cafepress store @ www.cafepress.com/smileydog