

# SPRINGER SPANIEL RESCUE

# WINTER 2008 NEWSLETTER

## Hello and seasons greetings to one and all!!!

Hope this newsletter finds you all fit and healthy, and looking forward to the festive season. All those toys and goodies, awaiting under the tree - Bet you cant wait!!

Thank you so much, as always, for your kind donations, received throughout the year. I do hope no one is offended if we do not acknowledge you personally, but this is our way of saying a <a href="https://example.com/huge">https://example.com/huge</a> thank you to you all. Without your continued kindness and support - where would we be??

Also for your letters and photos (my message in the last edition, seemed to get many of you doggies up to speed on your computers!! Really chuffed!).

May we appologise for being unable to attend Peover Game Fair in August, I did put a notice on our news-page on the website, but appreciate, not everyone read it, so very sorry. Whilst it is only a one day event for the public, we usually go for the weekend, setting up etc. And during that period, 2 of our own doggies were not very well and it would have been too much for them.

But I'm sure, if you did go, you had a super day and god willing we will be there next year. As you can see, our front page girl (and Doggie of The Year 2008) is Prinny, a very special doggie, who, in her own amazing way, turned someone's life around (please read her story on page 6).

We would also like to say how delighted we are that Barbara & Paul are once again able to foster, they were unable to do so for a period, due to family health problems, but they are now back, which is absolutely tremendous. And we would like to say a very warm welcome and huge thank you to Keeley & Mark, also doing a fantastic job as foster parents. We cannot begin to tell you how grateful we are to you all. And many thanks to Joan & David, Eva & Joe & Derek, who also have given safe temporary homes to many doggies before sending them on their way to there new lives. Being a foster home, is something very special indeed, a wonderful quality, to be praised and admired......THANK YOU.

We hope you enjoy your newsletter, and keep sending in your letters and adventures! Thank you for your continued support and offers of help in so many different ways. Through our Springer network we have the most amazing life-long friends, both 2 legged and 4 legged alike, and that is something that is priceless!!!

Wishing you all a wonderful Christmas and a happy and healthy New Year for 2009.

From Wendy and Glyn and our truly terrific team - Joan, David, Timber, Barbara, Paul, Eva, Joe, Treyor, Craig, Keeley, Mark, Derek, Tom, Fiona and Judy.

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Visit our website and Sign our guestbook at www.springerrescue.org.uk



**DOGGIE OF THE YEAR 2008** 

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# **SUMMER RAFFLE - PRIZES AND WINNERS**

The response to our summer raffle was brilliant - Thank you so much.

Below are our winners "picked out of the hat". And thank you to everyone for their loyal support.

China Springer Wall Plate - Mr & Mrs Williams of West Midlands.

China Springer Wall Clock - Mr & Mrs Riggot of Cromer.

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Tomkins of Lancaster.

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Bull of Cheadle Hulme.

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Hickey of Hampshire.

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Schwaben of Gloucestershire.

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Winder of Preston.

Framed Springer Wall Picture - Mr & Mrs Chalmers of Falkirk.

China Springer Photo Frame - Mr & Mrs Sharp of Oxford.

China Springer Vase - Mr & Mrs croft of Ormskirk.

China Springer Trinket Box - Mr & Mrs Lovatt of Stoke-on-Trent.

Springer Bag & Photo Frame - Ms Clammer of Lancashire.

Springer Plaque & Springer Coat Pin - Mr Ward of Lancashire.

China Springer Coasters - Mr & Mrs Dawnes of Kent.

Springer Ornament - Mr & Mrs Whittham of Cheshire.

Springer Head Hanger & Springer Coat Pin - Mr & Mrs Shepherd of St. Helens.

China Springer Wall Plaque - Mr & Mrs Cooper of Buckinghamshire.



# **DEDICATED POEMS**

## THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

By the edge of the woods, at the foot of the hill, Is a lush, green meadow where time stands still.

Where the friends of man and woman do run,

When their time on earth is over and done.

For here, between this world and the next,
Is a place where each beloved creature finds rest.
On this golden land, they wait and they play,
Till the rainbow bridge they cross over one day.

No more do they suffer, in pain or in sadness,

For here they are whole, their lives filed with gladness.

Their limbs are restored, their health renewed,

Their bodies have healed, with strength imbued.

They romp through the grass, without even a care,
Until one day they stop and sniff the air,
All ears spike forward, eyes dart front and back,
Then all of a sudden, one breaks from the pack.

For just that instant, their eyes have met;

Together again, both person and pet.

So they run to each other, these friends from long past,

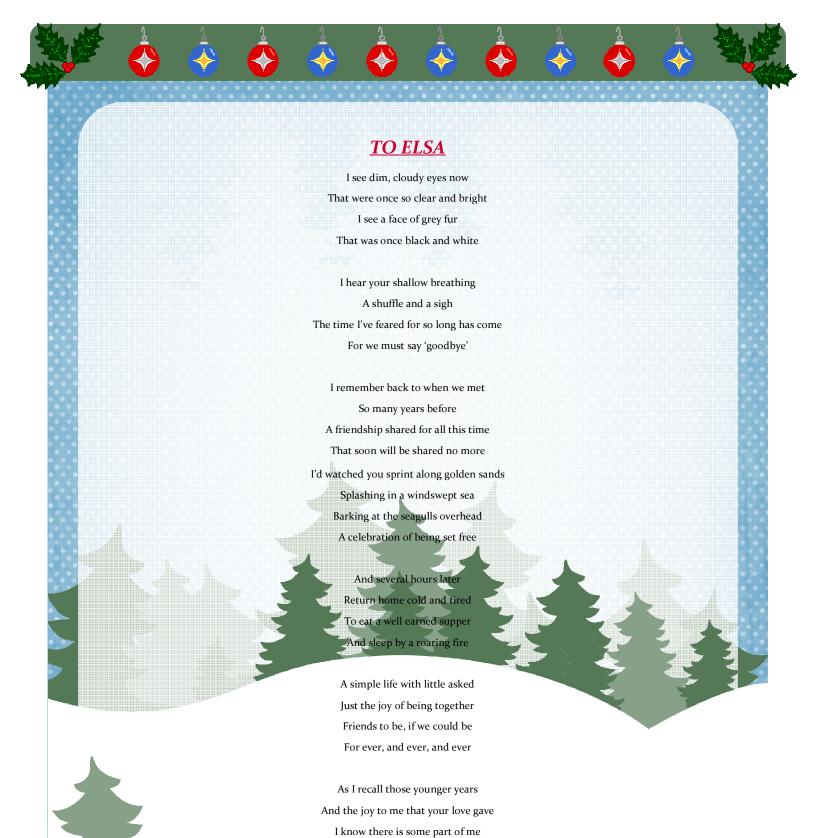
The time of their parting is over at last.

The sadness they felt while they were apart,

Has turned into joy once more in each heart.

They embrace with a love that will last forever,

And then, side-by-side, they cross over together.



That will follow with you to your grave

Now that your body is old and tired
Your lungs are failing, coughing and so
So I must say 'goodbye' dear friend
And set you free once more



## The Princess Who Saved My Life

Once upon a time, in the midlands, there was a young girl who was imprisoned by an evil demon called OCD. There aren't many fairy tales where the princess saves the damsel in distress. The hero of the story, however, is about 2ft tall, has 4 legs and liver and white fur. She also happens to be my new Springer Spaniel princess.

In August 2007, I was diagnosed with germ related, Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. It had me bound to my house, where I retreated into my head, and spend my days scared of everything I touched. I can only liken the feeling to being locked in a high tower where no one can reach you, and the world is a long way away.

Unfortunately whilst locked in my titanic battle with my demons, my family lost our old dog Tessa, an 18 yr old Cocker Spaniel, making 2007 one of the worst years of my life. She left a huge gap in our home and our hearts, especially that of our 3 yr Springer Bruce, who had been affected badly by my distress already that year and losing his best friend hit him hard, so in the spring we asked Springer Rescue to find us a companion. They found Princess, my hero and saviour.

From the day we collected Princess, she weaved her magic on me. Ifell in love with her from the moment she walked around the corner. She spend the journey home on my lap, after jumping over the back seats to be near me. Her eagerness to be near me soothed my fear and focusing on her helped me to forget that I was scared. She followed me everywhere for the first 2 months and even now she enjoys snuggling up next to me whenever possible.





She is such a mucky pup that she forced me to accept dirt if I was to be close to her. I had to confront my fear head on in order to be near her. It had taken me months to take small steps forward and she helped me to sky rocket to where I am now, much happier, and able to do anything I set my mind to. I am no longer scared to leave the house or cuddle a muddy dog. She has helped me to shock the doctors who expected me to still be struggling now.

She is my hero....my saviour.....and my best friend. I owe her my freedom and I cant imagine how I would have coped without her!

#### HEATHER X

**Springer Spaniel Rescue says:** - Well done Prinny!!, we are so proud to give you our special award and thank you to Heather, for sharing your story with us all. You are a very beautiful young lady, both inside and out.



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# PREVIOUS 'DOGGIE OF THE YEAR' WINNERS

We started 'Doggie of the year' back in 1999, here are our previous winners.



STANLEY &
MITCHELL
CHRISTMAS
1999



FRANKIE
SUMMER
2000



BEN
CHRISMAS 2000



JAKEY SUMMER

2001



ZAK CHRISMAS

2001



ANGUS
SUMMER 2002



TRAVIS CHRISTMAS



BAGGINS

SUMMER 2003



RÓSIE CHRISTMAS

2003



RAFFLES

**CHRISTMAS** 

2004



JACK CHRISTMA



CHRISTMAS 2005



STANLEY
CHRISTMAS 2006



WILLOW CHRISTMAS

2006



JAMIE CHRISTMAS 2007





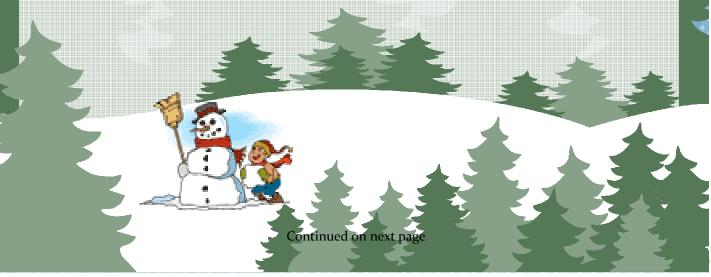
For many of our readers, you will remember that our own dear Jamie was D.O.T.Y 2007 (his story can be read online at www.springerrescue.org.uk). For newcomers who haven't read it, please take a look before you read on.

Well! It has been quite a "roller-coaster" year since his story was printed. Our precious boy was coming on leaps and bounds, full of energy; fun and much mischievous!! Then on 13th June (Friday 13th, as it turned out!) things went so dreadfully wrong. The evening before, he was usual bouncy, cheeky "full-on" self - we all went to bed - all was well.

Next morning Jamie just didn't want to get up. I had to carry him downstairs, he was literally like a "rag-doll". He wouldn't even look at his breakfast. I just didn't know what on earth was wrong. I tried to tempt him with some cheese (which he loves) but he just rolled it around his mouth. Immediately thought perhaps some obstruction in his mouth or throat, I opened his mouth and his lips and gums were pure white. I now know this is very serious, as I have seen this before.

I took Jamie straight to our vets, where it was confirmed as extremely serious condition known as Auto Immune Deficiency, in "layman's" terms the immune system is being attacked, closing down and the red blood cells are being destroyed. The next few days were a nightmare, Jamie obviously had to stay in hospital and was on a drip with allsorts of drugs being pumped into him. A normal blood count for a healthy doggie is between 39 to 45, our dear Jamie's reading was 12. He couldn't even get up to go for a wee. Sunday was the worst day, his count had dropped to 10, any lower and he would have needed a blood transfusion, a procedure which can hold serious consequences, if the body rejects.

Our vet, bless her, who is amazing, prepared us for the worst and the next 24 hours were crucial. How can one minute a "big" health bouncing, full of energy 2 yr old, become so quickly, so very ill.

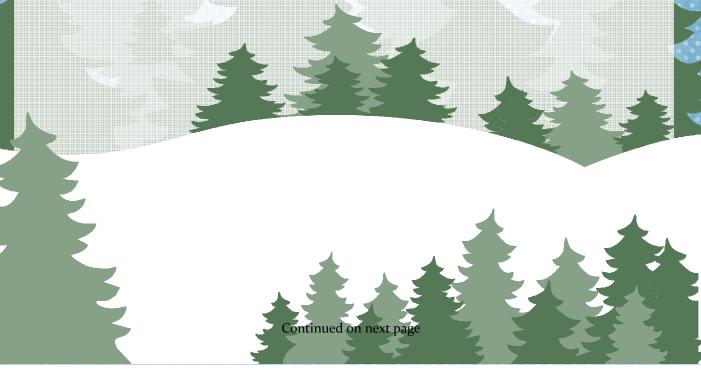




Each minute of that Sunday seemed to be the last for hours. Early Monday morning we got a call to say that his count had risen to 14. Thank god, he seemed to have turned the corner. Each day, therefore after his count would rise by 1 point and on Thursday evening we were able to bring him home - a very sick little boy indeed with virtually no energy, a shadow of himself, a week earlier. The next few weeks, each day he got a little stronger and eventually we were able to take him out for a walk (up to now, only the garden was all he could handle).

At first on a lead, something he had never been used to (running at 100 mph was what he had always done and loved every minute) and then we were able to let him run free - quite slow at first (well slow for Jamie!), but as the days passed his strength and speed improved. Obviously, Jamie still on a high dosage of steroids, which as many of you know, hold their own side effects - extreme muscle wastage, ulcers on his feet and joints and also on his mouth and gums, but he is such a treasure, he took it all in his stride and never complained. And he was back running in his woods and fields, and doing what he just loves.

Then the next "bombshell" one day, whilst out, running and jumping through bracken, he suddenly appeared lame on his back legs, practically dragging both back legs. After an x-ray we discovered he has hip dysplasia on his left side and severe arthritis in his back right knee - A condition he had obviously had from birth, but something had just triggered it, be it through twisting wrongly or an accumulation of the drugs which had brought it to the forefront. Our vet just couldn't believe it when she saw the x-rays. All that he had been through and now this. Jamie is now restricted to short, very short, walks on the lead, 10 minutes at a time, 3 times a day and due to him having to take a high dose of steroids for his other condition, we cannot give him any anti-inflammatory drugs, just high dosage of Glucosamine. He is such a trouper, and copes so very well, always so loving and happy. It just breaks my heart, when I take our other boys out in the fields, running and playing, and our precious Jamie cannot come along.

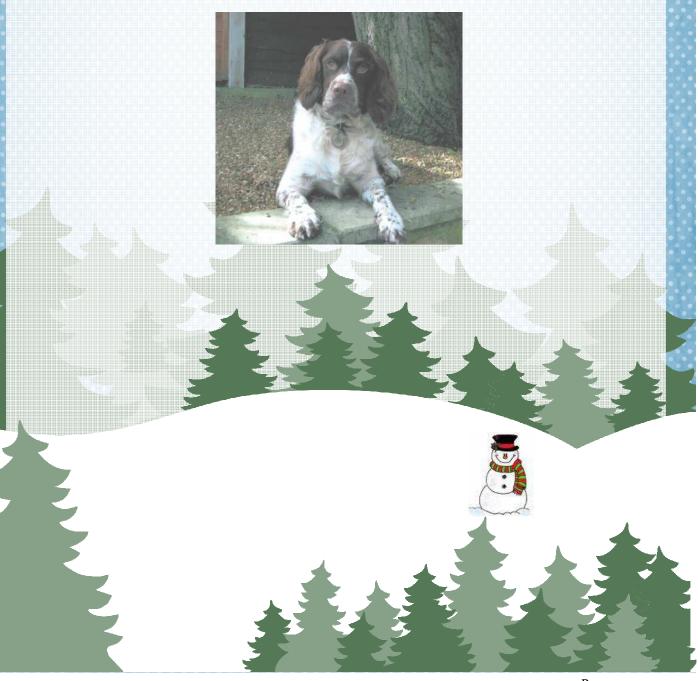




As we write this, it is beginning of November, Jamie's blood count is staying quite steady at 39 and hopefully soon he will be able to come off his steroids (this has to be done very slowly and gradually) and then we can concentrate on his hip/knee problem. Once off the steroids, we can consider a hip replacement, if necessary.

Whatever it takes, we just want him to once again enjoy his life to the full, he really does deserve this.

Bless him, his health issues have been a constant battle for him, but he's a real fighter and it's a battle <u>he will win</u>, please god.



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## TAILS OF A SPRINGER

Hi all,

Am really great so don't worry. Cant believe I have been here less than a year and have them completely wrapped around my little finger. I get to go to the seaside once a month and splash in the sea with the gulls, its really good fun. I go for two walk a day and get to play, chase my ball and swim. My favourite playmate is a cocker called Sachmo, he is mad, and he always pinches my ball. I don't mind thought because mum has taught me to share.

Mum took me to school, she said I didn't really need it and it was just for fun really. She was right because I got to show off how clever I was, and the got loads of treats. Also had a few girlfriends there. If the truth be known I am a bit of a dude with the female canines, as I am kind of the athletic type, but hey I'm just playing the field.

Mum has not been well lately so I have developed my helping skills. I bring the washing in off the line. Mum doesn't always appreciate it because its still wet, but she just fussy. I also carry the watering can, and help to water the plants, usually I get my head under the flow of water and cool off. I am really good at getting my head in the kitchen cupboards and moving things and if anyone is stupid enough to leave their slippers about, I'm really good at putting them away in my mouth. I love helping mum put the washing in the machine and I get to grab hold of the socks. On cleaning day I hide the dusters so mum doesn't have to do it. I hope she appreciates it

When mum cooks in the evening I sit right on her feet, she thinks its because I am giving her a cuddle but its so that I can catch any food that is dropped. My favourite is cucumber, broccoli and mushroom. I even fight for the frozen peas and manage to slip a few before they get cleared up. I love my food (and everyone else's if I had a chance).

At Christmas time I get lots of presents from a man called Santa. I thought he was very generous bearing in mind that he has never met me and doesn't know how cute I am. Anyway I managed to destroy most of the toys within weeks, but my old faithful is still around and I play tug every day. At 6.00pm I wait by the front door for dad to come home, and when he does I jump and get really excited because I know a new play time is just about to start. The children come at the weekends and we play footie in the garden, there good, but not as good as me.

I am going on holiday in September to Devon, and really looking forward to it because I can go to the sea everyday. I am really well here, very fit and healthy, and have company most of the time. Sometimes I mess around but its just for a laugh and I know my new family love me.

Thank you for everything,

Love Dexter x x x



Hi Folks,

I thought it was time I put paw to paper and told you what I've been getting and up to, since I left Aunty Barbara in Preston.

I had a long journey to my new home in the car on a hot Sunday in September last year. I was very confused and wondered where my new dad was taking me. I arrived here in Canterbury on the Sunday afternoon after a 5 hour ride, we had frequent stops for refreshments. My new dad had a kip, while my new mum took me for a walk around the service station, she said it looked like a picnic site, because it was packed with people sitting on the grass with their children. I even met another Springer, but he wasn't as handsome as me though!!

When I got through the front door, I seen the most beautiful girl Id never met, her name was Maggie, she is about the same age as me and we get on famously. After I had a drink and a bite to eat, Dad gave a look over, he said I was a bit thin but that would soon change. All the children were there to see me and fell in love with me because I am such an attractive springy. I can compare myself to Frank Sinatra when he was younger. Anyway, I settled in so well and went for lots of walks, I soon built up plenty of muscle, that I can run for miles like Maggie now.

My mum and dad both think I am such a character. I can get up to the computer and type, I can get up on to the dining room table and sleep next to the window. Oh, and I love to pose for the photos (that's the film star in me).

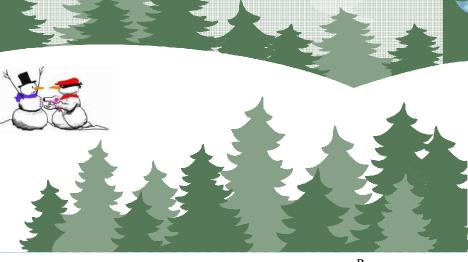
I was here about six weeks when dad drove down to Bristol and rescued a pup springy called Benji, he was about eleven months old. We play mum and dad up something rotten, we get into all the mud and spread it all over the furniture. Dad laughs and makes mum clean up the mess, when we go to bed with mum and dad I curl up as close to dad as I can get, and push mummy out of bed because she takes up so much room. My step sister Anita loves me so much as well, that she took me home with her and dad had to come and get me. Dad has us all sitting on his lap and takes us everywhere, he bought mum another puppy, a black and white one, for her birthday. He said it was to make up for not picking up the one that Aunty Barbara had because he didn't have enough money with him.

Christmas came and we had a great time, but I don't think the turkey agreed with me, the three of us had ate the whole lot while no one was looking, mum got to us just before we started on the bones. The rest of the family had to make do with beef and ham for the rest of the dinner.

Well I have to go with mum, Benji, Maggie, Polly the pup, and Anita for a walk while dad waits for his pigeons to come home from a race. Hope you enjoy my photos.

Love to you all and a big kiss for aunty Barbara.

Pierce xxx





#### Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Thank you for sending my mum and dad the summer newsletter, which they enjoyed reading, they were so pleased to see my photo was included in the gallery. I love having my photo taken and I'm always ready to strike a pose.

A lot has happened these past few months, mum was in hospital for nearly a month, but dad was ok as I kept him company and he enjoyed his walks with me. My auntie Jackie came and stayed with us and bought her two little dogs with her, they are a breed called Chihuahua, they run around very quickly and make funny little noises. Not big and tough like me. If they get too boisterous I put my paw on them. Dad says they are not proper dogs, but I had good fun with them and I was careful not to be too rough. I could never catch them as they were too quick and twisted and turned.

Mum is home now and has thanked me for being a good boy and for looking after dad. I have had to learn not to jump up at her, which is difficult as I am always so pleased to see her.

Thank you both for finding me this home, I am very happy here, I get a lot of love and cuddles, and I try to do the same in return. Mum and dad send their kind regards and tell people what a wonderful thing you do in finding homes for dogs like me, and also for keeping in touch with us all.

Time for a walk now so I will sign off. I will send another photo of me soon.

Love Bayley xx

#### Dear Glyn and Wendy,

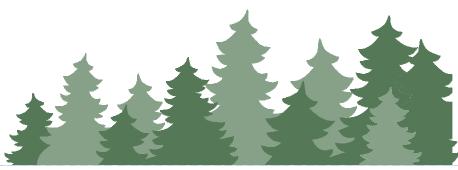
Thanks for our newsletter which my mum and dad read out to me, and then said it was about time I put paw to paper, so here I go. I must admit it is hard to find the time for this writing stuff when you're a 3 year old very active dog.

There's so much to do in a day, such as running, walking, playing, eating etc., and a chap has to get his priorities right. Its so lovely in my garden with birds, cats and squirrels to chase, and have the occasional mouthful of lovely green grass, and a flower head if mums not watching.

Mum and dad tell me they love me and I love them, although some days I do play up, but only a bit!, and because I'm so good in the car, they take me to another home called a caravan. Here I can chase pheasants and talk to my mates Daisy (a Saluk) and Lucy (a Yorkie).

Well that's all for now, I've just spotted a pigeon that needs to be chased.

Tom xxxx





#### Hi All,

I thought I would drop you a line and let you know what's been happening in my life recently. As you can see I had a lovely time on holiday when I helped mum and dad play tennis (they said I should be bellboy at Wimbledon – whatever that means) and I chased the seagulls on the beech and got generally wet and sandy. Dad said it was a good job he loves me as he was cleaning out the sand from the car when we got back from hols! I had trouble staying awake as I was so worn out, but it was worth it to get ready for the next days entertainment.

As we live in the south, the weather has been hot and sunny so far this year, so mum fills up the paddling pool for me to cool down in with my Kong (she says it also makes me smell nice?) and then waters the garden with it afterwards – not that there's much water left in it by the time I've finished.......

Sometimes we meet up with mum and dads friends who have dogs, and we go running about in the forest together which is great fun as my best friend, who used to be a very nervous chap, likes to chase me. He has trouble keeping up though as he is not as young and fit as me.

Must go now as it's time to supervise putting out the washing.

Lots of licks,

Charlie xxx

#### Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Hi there, Rupert here. Finally got my paws on the keyboard, thought had to break wind to drive dad out of the room. Barry, Sheba and I are all thriving here in sunny Norfolk. Still getting loads of walks in the woods every day and on the beech two or three times every week.

Below is a photo of yours truly emerging from the surf all suave and sophisticated looking like James Bond, while in the next picture Barny looks like a piece of flotsam being washed up. He's not a great swimmer, all splash and spray. I, on the other hand (or should that be on the other paw?), am the perfect doggie paddler, just nose and eyes above the water like a hairy crocodile. Sheba prefers to avoid the water, she says it plays havoc with her old bones. We would love to see you all at Pee Over (my little joke) but its just too far for us to come, maybe another time.

Anyway must go, the smell is dispersing and dad is coming back.

Bye bye.

Love Rupert, Barny & Sheba Riggott xxxx





#### Three little blessings and a funeral (by Meggie, aged 5)

#### Dear Glyn & Wendy,

Hope you are both well. Sorry we haven't been in touch for a while, but time just seems to race on by, and before you know it another few years have gone. Each one seems to be shorter than the one before. A sign of age I think !! There have been many changes in our pack since any of us last wrote to you, some happy and, unfortunately, some sad.

Its hard to know where to start, but I think the last letter you had was from my older brother Bobby who is still with us, and is well, albeit even slower than he used to be (and he was never an exercise enthusiast to begin with!).

The pack has swollen somewhat since Bobby wrote to you. We have 'acquired' three new members altogether. If you remember, when Bobby wrote there was himself (about 9 yrs old at the time I think), and Elsa (10 yrs old), and me (about 2yrs old I think). We were all rescued through the help of your good selves, and we are eternally grateful to you for that.

Since then, around two years ago (gosh has it been that long?), we were blessed with the first two of our additions to the pack. Mum and dad bought them as puppies at 9 weeks old. Dad had always wanted to have a dog from a puppy age just once in his life (something he had never allowed himself to do before now); an ethical dilemma with so many dogs needing to be rescued, but I think it's the only time in his life that he will ever do it. With having rescued all the rest of us, he had always missed out on that magical time of puppyhood, and wanted to 'treat himself', just once.

So they brought two Springer's from a breeder in Hampshire near his home town (NOT a puppy farm I'm glad to say, the conditions were very good and the dogs were bred at sensible intervals, and when they were old enough, we checked everything carefully first). They are sisters from the same litter, who have been named Willow and Star. They are brown and white, and though it grieves me to say it, they are almost as beautiful as I am, which gives you some idea. They are quite a small 'variety' only being about 14 or so inches high. They have a pedigree as long as your tail (or certainly longer then theirs anyway, which have both, sadly, been docked. Dad wasn't too happy about that bit, but it had already been done) and they are registered with the Kennel club.

I'm not overly impressed with that sort of thing really. They are forever boring the rest of us with stories about their great-great grandmother who won some prize or other, and whose owner owned half of Hampshire, but ask them how to do anything useful and practical, like digging a hole, and they consider it beneath them, or at least that's the excuse they use. In reality I don't think they've ever been shown how. Now they're getting a bit older I have start teaching them the basics; beginning with digging under fences, chasing the next door neighbours car, and breaking through hedges. They are coming along leaps and bounds (if you excuse the pun), although mum and dad don't seem to show much appreciation for all the effort I have been putting in to achieving this. Nevertheless, I think that behind all that blue-rinse and tweed skirt upbringing, they are 'proper' Springer's at heart.

Mum has even started taking Star along with me on my agility evenings.

Mum and dad seem to love them to bits anyway, and if they're happy, Bobby and I are too. About two months ago now, dad started working as a volunteer for one day a week at a local dog rescue centre close to where we live here in South Wales (its called Many Tears Animal Rescue centre). He enjoys working there and he says it's a good way of being able to help more dogs than he would be able to do by simply adopting.

It was during one of his working days there that the dog who was to become our latest addition came into the centre. Her name is Maddy and she is 3 yrs old. She is brown and white and has a very long tail, which makes us wonder if there may be a bit of something else in her (mum and dad think there may be a bit of 'hound' of some sort or another in her, as she also has quite a large head for her size). I haven't yet decided whether I like her or not, but as long as she doesn't start throwing her weight around I'll accept her only time will tell. She fusses around mum and dad a lot, walking up to them and throwing herself onto her back at their feet, asking to be tickled.

Continued on next page



So there we were, 6 Springer's and 2 humans, all living happily together. But now for the sad part, which is that unfortunately Elsa, who had been ill for some time on and off, finally died just two days ago.

I don't know how much you remember about Elsa. She came here about 6 years ago at the age of 7 (before Bobby and me). She was the first dog that mum and dad had got from you. Poor little Elsa was never a healthy girl and was plagued by problems during the second half of her life. That's not to say that she didn't have many happy years running madly on beaches chasing seagulls, as she had a very happy life here. However, she did suffer from liver problems from the age of about 8 years onwards and needed several trips in and out of veterinary surgeries, including the specialist veterinary school in Bristol.

Then about a year ago Elsa suffered a stroke, which left her with balance problems in the short term. With some exercise and perseverance, her balance made a 90% recovery and she was able to run and play the same as the other dogs. However, a more lasting condition of the stroke was that her swallowing mechanism had suffered damage, as the muscles in her throat had been partially paralyzed. The upshot of this was that although she could swallow food and drink quite happily, some saliva from her mouth would leak into her lungs. To begin with this was controllable with steroids. However, more recently the problem got gradually worse as the effects of long-term build up began to take their toll, and her lungs began to fill with her own saliva. Eventually we had to recognise the point at which she was no longer comfortable, and mum and dad made the decision to put her to sleep. She was 13 yrs old..

She is now buried next to Cindy, our other Springer friend that died 5 years ago, aged 14. We will or course miss her terribly especially dad, whom she followed absolutely everywhere, but also mum who spent many hours nursing her back to health from her many problems. She was a timid, gentle soul who showed only love to everyone she met. She leaves us with many happy thoughts of the times we all had together, and some sad ones of the future times that will never be.

As with Cindy, dad wanted to write a poem as a record of what she meant to him, and to all of us. So he has included it at the bottom of my letter. He wrote it two days ago before they took her to be put to sleep.

We all hope everything is well with you, and that we will meet up again soon (Elsa has left an enormous hole in our lives, and someone will need to fill it, one day when the time is right).

Love from us all,

Meggie, Bobby, Willow, Star & Maddy (& mum and dad) xxx





#### Hello Glyn and Wendy,

Daisy in Derbyshire here!

Well its just over a year since I went to live in Derbyshire with mum, Adrienne, my brother Mark. I also have a sister Jan and a granddad. I promised that I would write to you when I mastered the computer – I always sit at the side of mum when she is working and knew that, as I am very, very bright, I would soon pick up the skill. I really wanted to be in the summer newsletter but was too busy wallowing in muddy puddles and running through the woods and fields to get down to typing.

It seems ages since I was collected from the kennel car park, I didn't know whether I was coming or going! When the dog warden picked me up wandering the streets of Blackpool and my owners never came to claim me I thought I was going to that dog place in the sky. I was so glad when I was saved at the last minute by a kind couple who bought me lots of treats and toys, but then they said they couldn't give me what I needed, so after only a couple of months they rang you at Springer Rescue – phew what a relief that was – I knew you'd not desert me. When my new dad handed me over I wondered what was wrong with me – well '3 homes, if you count the dog pound, and me only a year (ish) old!! Almost immediately you put me into the rescue HRV and took me to the kennels and waited in torrential rain for Adrienne, my new mum and brother Mark, to arrive. I was very nervous as she hadn't even seen a photo of me and I knew I didn't look my best as I was very thin, my coat was poor, I had no feathers and looked more like a whippet cross. Oh what a relief when she gave me a big kiss and said "You're soooo pretty".

Well, I'm still here, living in the lovely Derbyshire countryside despite being 'a little' naughty on occasions! Like when I arrived at the cottage and thought that mum had bought me a lovely welcome present to chase. I didn't know that I should swing Poppy, her 23 yr old cat, round by her leg did I? Sunday morning became my 'be kind to the cat' lesson, with mum sitting with me on the sofa, a bag of cheese bits for me and a glass of wine for her! By the way I do like the odd finger of wine – dry white is my tipple! Every time I went for Poppy mum shouted "no" and pulled me back with the lead. When I sat quietly she gave me some cheese – I knew which I like the best and after only an hour I was off the lead and Poppy and I became friends. Sadly, she died 3 months ago and I miss her.

I've nearly got mum into trouble on a few occasions, like when I attacked other dogs when on the long lead; thankfully most people where understanding and luckily mum is intelligent – well, in an inferior human way! She thought Id had to fight for food on the Blackpool streets when only little and was a bit frightened, so she took me to classes so that I could see that all dogs aren't bullies. I passed my level one certificate and was given a blue rosette as 'the dog that made the most progress in the shortest time' – of course. Have I said how bright I am?! I don't do it now, but I did have to tell my collie friend Bob off on Saturday, as he knows that mum always has treats in her pocket for when I'm good and nudges her pocket and she always gives him something. He just had to be told that she is 'my mum' and they're 'my treats'; so although mum has been looking on your site for another doggie to be my friend, she thinks that I might be too jealous as I do like lots and lots of attention from everyone.





I can be a hot head sometimes though – "too clever for your own good" mum says. You see I know where I live so a few months ago I left mum and went across the main road from the woods to the field next to our cottage - the stream there is soooo good. Mum was upset and said she'd been calling me, but I didn't hear anything at all – "selectively deaf" she said, hey ho! Another time I left Mark and went home by myself and mum found me by the back door as my brother Mark had just rang her panicking – huh, people!!. On another occasion, when we were walking across the fields, I smelled a hare – oh joy! But when I ran, and ran, Mark started running after me – wow!, what a great game that was – until he grabbed me near the main road and told me that I could have been run over – Me?? Have I told you how bright I am? When we got home, mum told Mark off, not me! She said he'd let me know 'the secret' that gun dogs should never be told – that humans cant run as fast as them. Mmmm that's good to know!!!

Sometimes these humans are very unreasonable though! Like when I went into someone's garden at the far side of the wood – well wouldn't you if there was a lovely big pond just asking to be jumped into? The word "no" seemed meaningless when I went through the gate. I didn't understand what the man was saying, but his face was very, very red and the words "prize fish" kept cropping up!! The final straw for mum was when, a couple of weeks later, I took a short cut and jumped over the barbed wire from the woods to the field, where I love to run through the long grass, and got stuck – "OUCH" – I ended up with uncle Eric, my vet, putting 10 staples in my stomach and saying to mum, "well you will get Springer's". I don't know what he meant by that as we are such a superior breed despite the fact that he'd seen me 3 times to get grass seeds out of my ears! Anyway, mum put me back on the long lead and began what she calls 'recall' lesions again. I don't mind this as I get lots of treats when I'm good. But now I'm off running free again and loving it, especially chasing the hares and pheasants through the woods and field. I just adore laying up to my shoulders in the stream, especially when I get covered in mud – wonderful. I've caught 3 partridges and a rabbit so far, plus a sparrow and baby owl that I had soft mouthed and let go, but my biggest ambition is to catch a squirrel, and I will, I know I will. Have I told you how bright I am?

At night mum and I snuggle up in bed and 'I know' that she doesn't mind when I wake her up at 3 in the morning to tickle my tummy. I lean over her shoulder and lick her ear, then, if no response, I flip onto my back, kick her between her shoulders with my back feet – for the greatest impact of course – and I wait for her to turn over to me – which she always does, gorgeous – then back to the zzzzz's, relaxed and happy – perfect!

So Glyn and Wendy, I am very happy here in Derbyshire. I know I'm loved lots and have the fields and wood to run in every day. I've put on weight, I am now 20kg, my coat is lush and wonderful and I know I look beautiful 'cos everyone always says so to mum when they see me – what does prima donna mean?

So thank you for my new life and lots of love and licks until next time. Please visit us if you are in Derbyshire.

Love Daisy (not forgetting mum, brother Mark, sister Jan and Granddad) xxxxx

#### Dear uncle Glyn,

Can I just apologise for taking 2½ years to learn to write! Its not easy putting paw to pen! I have to say a big thank you too, as you found me some humans who I have managed to train quite nicely, and I want for nothing. I have even adopted their other two dogs, Rottweiler sisters called Tilly and Teo, who like to think they are in charge, but I know better!!

I am treated like a canine king here, and I regular go to the hairdressers and for a pedicure. I have grown used to having a chew of my choice every night, and although I have gained a few pounds, (of pure muscle, obviously) there is just that bit more of me to go around

I take my pick of who's knee I sit on, but it tends to be my dads knee that I favour. It also makes it easier to see out of the window.

All in all, life here is luxurious, but I most end here as I am off for another walk and then its tea time. Think I'll have tuna with my biscuit tonight!!

Thanks again.

With love Rusty Featherstone (& Frank and Maria) xxx



#### Dear Glyn, Wendy and Joan,

My new mum and dad said that I should pose for some 'pics' with my new pal Tag, and send them to you so you wouldn't worry about me.

I love my new home – a bit funny though, it rocks when I walk around. My new crewmate Tag, is ever so patient with me, he even lets me sleep on his bed sometimes (he's got a feather pillow you know). When mummy and daddy go to bed, I got a bit anxious at first but Tag told me not to worry, and they would still be there in the morning, so I took his advice and now sleep like a puppy at night.

Life here is very good on the whole. Mum and dad to me to see the veterinary lady last week and I came home with a chip thing in my neck and some bits of me missing that I would rather have kept intact. Everyone has said its for the best but I'm not so sure – the stitches are making me itch and I cant go swimming!!!

I managed to pinch one of Tags tennis balls while he wasn't watching and I'm ever so attached to it, I love teasing mum and dad with it. They keep saying this word "leave" to me, I know what it means really but I'm pretending that I don't, 'fessed up yesterday that I do understand what they mean and handed the ball back (spat it out actually). Mum and dad were ever so pleased so I might spit it out again sometime.

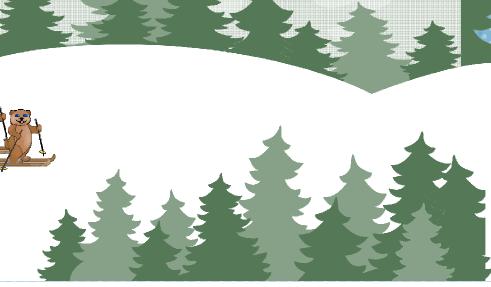
Next week we are moving house – well more moving our house, I'm not sure I really understand but I think the idea is that I can walk for miles and my home follows me – great, I don't have to wait too long for my dinner after my walk.

Mum and dad have said it is very good that I have a routine so that I know what each day brings because I am a bit of a worrier at the moment. Everything is so new to me but Tag said that my new mum and dad are lovely and kind and will look after us. Actually they are.....lovely that is.....I'm getting two meals every day now and I can eat everything they put in my bowl.....aren't I a clever boy.

Cant write any more, paws are too tired to type and its my dinner time in a minute. Promise though that I will write again soon and tell you all about Barney & Tag's great adventures on the canals (that's where lots of ducks live.....ace!!).

Lots of licks and paws

Barney xxxxx





#### Dear Glyn and Wendy,

Hello - Tom here.

Its been a year since you found me my new home in North Yorkshire and I thought I would write to let you know that I am happy and doing well. I am 20 months old now and mum says I am 'shaping up'. My family love me and I love them, although they have some strange habits; for example, soon after I arrived they started putting their shoes and slippers high up on a shelf in the kitchen and, at Christmas, they put an old fireguard around the tree. Is that weird or what?

I try to help around the house. I notice early on that mum comes downstairs most days with an armful of stuff for the washing machine, so, sometimes I go upstairs to fetch things for her. One morning I had brought down two pillows and a bathmat, and a dressing-gown cord, and I was half way down with the duvet when I got tangled up and tumbled to the bottom and landed with a thump. Mum must have wanted to wash the pillowcases etc because she put them all in the machine but she was not as pleased with me as I had expected. She did not say I was a good boy and she banged on a bit about vet's bills.

I live with Bell, who is a Lurcher and a very fast runner – she is good fun to play with chasing tennis balls. Bell and I got a good Christmas present – we got Pet Passports – and we have just been to France for a month. We went to see some beaches in Normandy. I first discovered beaches last October in Whitby. Mum said I would like running on the beach and I was keen to get going. I did not realise that you are supposed to wait for the tide to go out – I jumped into the water off a slipway and that is how I discovered surfing when I got washed up.

I like swimming - when we were in Normandy, I spent at least half of every day wet through. I brought back a lot of sand every day as well and left it in the car.

Anyway, we are home now and Bell and I got very excited about it. Must go - birds to chase, washing to bring down etc!!

Love - and thank you,

Tom (Finnerty) xxx



#### Dear Glyn, Wendy, Joan and David,

I really wanted to write (well actually mummy is doing the typing) to say a really big

# THANK YOU

Both from me for finding me a lovely new home and from my new mummy and daddy who say they love having me.

I am settling in really well. I have a new doggie best friend called Ellie. She is a Springer Spaniel too and she is very wise. She is my new big sister. She shows me how to behave and the best walks. She is showing me how to walk on a path and not trample on the farmers crops (even when I see a rabbit in the field!). Sometimes Ellie has a silly moment and challenges me to a game. The games are great fun like 'tug o war' with a toy, who can get the ball first and 'rough and tumble' (only I call it woof and tumble).

I have made lots of other doggie friends including Sam, Toby, Monty and Herby to name a few. They are great to be around and are teaching me lots. Their mummy and daddy and human brother and sister are fun to play with as well. When I was anxious about meeting different pet animals and birds, their human sister sat with me and stroked me until I felt safe again. They have chickens and rabbits too but I have been told not to chase them.

My new mummy and daddy are very kind to me. I have lots to eat and cuddles and walks and games. Everything I could hope for. When I walk I try not to pull on the lead anymore, and I try not to bark at the other dogs now that I know they are friendly.

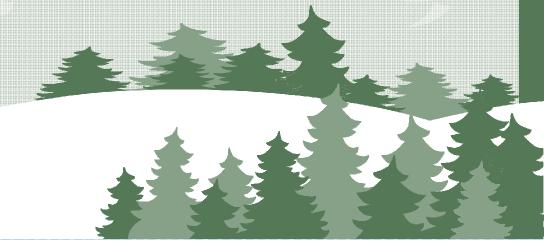
Mummy and daddy keep telling me about 'the beach' and how much fun we can have there. I cant wait to visit it but next weekend we are meeting lots more of my extended human family. I am not sure what the word 'extended' means. Perhaps they are extra tall or something!

I am feeling very sleepy now so I will stop and have a nap while mummy and daddy have their tea.

I miss you all and hope you keep in touch. Mummy and daddy are trying to take some photographs but they keep missing me and only photograph my tail. They tell me I have ants in my pants and will not keep still long enough. They keep saying the words 'wait' and 'stay'. Sometimes I think they are talking another language! Never mind. I just keep wagging my tail and they keep smiling and tickling me so I think we understand each other.

Wags and Licks to you all,

Charlie xxxx





### **Dearest Willow**

It is with great sadness, I have to tell you that dearest Willow passed on earlier this year. Willow was Doggie Of The Year 2006, you can read his story in the 2006 newsletter edition, and he is also featured in the Rescue book "Caring for your rescue dog", which had sales throughout the world.

A truly amazing doggie, who will always be remembered by everyone who was privileged to have known him, and no more so than his wonderful mummy, Judy, who adored him.

Here below is the letter I received from Judy.

#### Dear Glyn & Wendy,

I am sorry to have to tell you the sad and unexpected news that "our" darling Willow died peacefully at 1pm yesterday, Monday 12<sup>th</sup> May. I say "our" Willow because he was not only my very dearly loved boy, but he also was much loved as part of the wider Springer Spaniel Rescue family who brought us together – a match made in heaven if there ever was one! We both enjoyed a lovely life together, and I will miss my Willow dreadfully.

We had an idyllic day together on Sunday (11th May) spending a lot of time outside in our back garden, enjoying the beautiful sunny day. In the evening we went for our usual gentle walk, and had a quiet evening and were early to bed. At 2am Willow left our bedroom and went to lie down in the bathroom – It is nice and cool in there and he always went there if he wasn't feeling too good. I made him comfortable and sat with him, hoping he would 'rally round' as he usually did. But in the morning he was no better and couldn't really move around and was drifting in and out of sleep. Just lifting his head for a drink of water.

I phoned his vet (Helen) who knew him well and she came out with her vet nurse (Emma) to our home. He most probably had a cancerous mass around his spleen which would only get worse and more painful. So with me beside him Willow was gently given an injection and quietly drifted off to sleep peacefully.

So sad, but <u>so</u> good that he didn't have to be moved and could just be in his own home with his mum at the end. I cannot say anymore but will write later.



