



# PUPP NEWSLETTER



## July 2021

This month got off to a crazy start with Stewart's big adventure, but it ended with 10 PUPP dog adoptions! We still have a few graduates awaiting their forever homes in foster care, and we are hopeful they will be placed soon! We also said goodbye to an honorary PUPP participant. We know there have been a lot of changes recently and we hope you are hanging in there! Please continue to let the staff know if there is anything you need in order for your training to be more successful!



Stewart bolted from his foster home and was immediately hit by a car, then jumped up and sprinted off. He was on the run for 3 days before we cornered him in an elementary school playground yard and managed to catch him! It was a crazy few days, but thanks to the help of a lot of people, we managed to bring him home safe and sound! He's now back at his foster home, awaiting adoption!

Special thanks to Steve from Rico Pet Recovery for getting him cornered and setting up traps; to his foster brother Wynn (of the casino litter) for attracting him to us; to our volunteers Dani, Rachel, Kirsten, and Ashley for following him this morning; to his foster parents Kirsten and Jared for never stopping the search this week; and to all of our followers and volunteers who helped get the word out this week and look for him in horrible weather!



We're over the moon excited to share that Mae West found her forever home after over three months in the rescue!

As you may remember, Mae came to us from Gigi's, where she was receiving treatment for severe ear infections. Unfortunately, she was very stressed in the kennel environment and they felt unable to provide the care she needed without a suitable foster home. They reached out to us and we happened to have an amazing foster home open, who welcomed her with open arms. Gigi's continued to provide her medical care, while we kept her comfortable. Mae was in foster care with us for three months while she bounced back and forth between Gigi's, VCA Animal Hospital, her foster home, and the prison program. We can't thank everyone enough! Mae's ear infections have subsided and she's well on her way to a beautiful life!

After a brief stint in our prison program, she met her new mom, who is a veteran and was looking for a large breed dog to be her PTSD dog. Turns out, Mae is just the girl for the job! She's already met her new trainer and they will be working on both hand signals and verbal commands, just in case her hearing has been impacted. She's becoming very attached to her new mom already, which should bode well for training! We are so thankful to everyone who made Mae's happy ending as perfect as it could be! It really does take a village!

“Monty, now named “Chappo” or “Chops”, has been super cuddly and loves cuddling up with the neighbor’s cat when we go to visit. On the weekend, he loves to run and play with our three kids.”



Rowan fits in so well and is loving his backyard! He keeps his canine brother and human brother on their toes, and he's excited to continue working on his training with his new family!

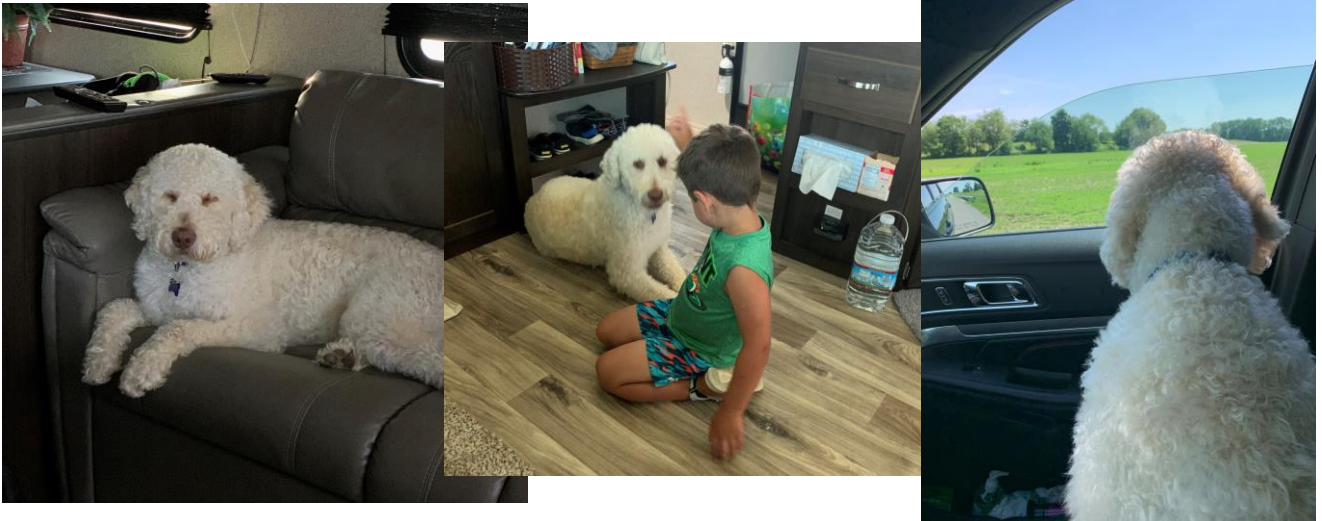


Gunner graduated our prison program back in early June and happily awaited his happy ending in one of our foster homes. It wasn't long before he found his perfect match and they are so excited to take him hiking! He has a whole backyard to himself and his parents work opposite shifts so you know he's spoiled already!

Oliver already had an adopter lined up before he went into the program, but he's been doing SO MUCH BETTER since he's been home from boot camp! He loves to play with his foster siblings as they come and go (his mom is a longtime foster of ours!), and he's finally stopped chewing his sister's bed into pieces!



Barkley, now named Scotty, is doing well with his new family, including the owner's grandson. His mom previously worked at FMC and was familiar with our program there, so she reached out to us when she was ready for a new dog!

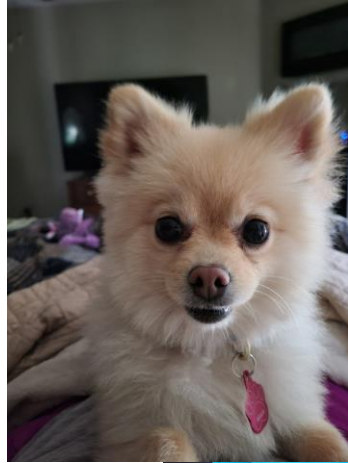


Finn is fitting in so well with his family already and they are quickly learning how to use his commands! His new mom is a friend of Barkley's new mom, and they happened to be talking about adopting dogs when the subject of Finn came up! She contacted us immediately and the rest is history! The two brothers will get to see each other occasionally for play dates, in addition to Finn's canine brother, Manny the pug!





Millie, who was initially adopted from Columbus Humane and returned, has become such a great family pet thanks to her training! Her mom is so in love with her, and loves being able to take her to work at the prison for spa days and to visit her trainer! We love these happy endings!



Moxie, now named Toast, was adopted by one of our longtime fosters! They had just spent the previous several months fostering a senior, incontinent yorkie with seizures, and they were so excited when we got a Frenchie in the rescue! Toast gets along great with her canine and human siblings, and has all the toys she can possibly imagine!



Update about Caesar's Family: "Ripken had a quick stop in our rescue, just long enough to get vetted and meet his new family, who had been approved and were awaiting a perfect match! This family adopted a dog named Caesar from our prison program in 2009 and he recently passed away, so they asked us to keep an eye out for a good fit. Ripken has been doing well with everyone so far and they love his adorable personality!"

We got an amazing update from a previous adopter and want to share it with you all! It warms our heart to hear how well our adopted dogs are doing, particularly those that were trained in our prison program!



"My girl Cali (formerly Magic) turns 13 years old this week and I wanted to share her story. I'm so grateful to PRO for taking a chance on this nutty dog and letting me bring her into my life. Learning how to love a rescue malinois came very easily. Learning how to live with one was another story!

I adopted Cali from PRO in 2009, when she was about 9 months old. She'd been kept with her siblings in a small kennel for her first 6 months and had not been socialized to the world at all, which left her with pretty severe fear issues. Cali went through PRO's prison program and I love going back through the handler's notes- he really captured her mischievous spirit! My mom, a dog trainer who helped out with PRO's prison program, kept Cali for five months to give her the space to build her confidence before coming home with me.

We bonded almost instantly. I built a relationship with her based on love, stability, freedom of choice when appropriate and structure when it's not, and giving her an environment where she felt safe even when life was turbulent. I mitigated Cali's fear issues with obedience training. It didn't make the fear go away entirely, but she was confident in obedience and anytime I saw her start to be fearful, we'd pop into a quick obedience routine and she'd relax. She was always busy-- taste testing the pillows, destroying stuffed toys, pulling all of the bedding off of my bed. She even broke my nose twice in the first 6 months that I had her! Totally my fault- I was bending over to pick up a toy that she wanted and her head smacked me right in the nose. You'd think I would've learned the first time! I realized quickly that what Cali really needed was mental activity. We did a lot of basic obedience training and impulse control training. We learned tricks, which were fun for both of us. She was most mentally satisfied once we started competing in rally and obedience. We went on to take classes in agility, nosework, and dock diving.

At the ripe old age of 10, Cali took on a new career as a wildlife detection dog, where she searches for bird and bat fatalities at wind farms. Watching her work for the first time, I saw her genes come alive. She was made for this- putting her nose to the ground and searching for target odors was the job she was meant to have. She's an intuitive, dedicated searcher who instinctively knows how to work a scent cone. And that tail that was so often tucked between her legs came out in a low slow wag while she worked. I've never seen Cali as confident as when she's searching. And she's good at it too! I was so grateful to be able to give her an activity that so completely fulfills her. She's partly retired this year, but we still go out on searches occasionally and Cali still loves the game-find a carcass, get a reward!

Cali turns 13 years old this week. She's been my constant companion and the love of my life and I try so hard not to think about the day when she won't be by my side anymore. Just writing that has made me cry. I hope she makes it to 16. I hope we live somewhere where she can jump in the river every day again. I hope she always wants to chase a ball and sniff out the next find. I hope we get to hike many more miles together. But I already look back and I know that I did right by this dog. I gave Cali a loving stable home and I enriched her life as much as she enriched mine. More than anything, I'm grateful to have been loved by one of the most trusting, resilient, and fun-loving creatures on the planet.

Happy birthday, monkey!"

A note from your "fearless leader":

Every dog that comes into the rescue affects me in some way and I feel personally responsible for every outcome, but when it's a late family member's dog, the responsibility is tenfold. With this particular cousin's dogs, this was especially heavy... possibly because she always had incredibly high standards for the people in her life that I rarely met, but also because I felt like it was my final gift to her. This is the one thing I could do to help with her suffering and I wanted to make sure it was perfect.

When I handed off Brutus to a couple in Indiana, not knowing if I'd ever see him again, I had so many doubts. He was so far away that I worried what would happen if his care became too much for them. Would they keep in touch? Would they call if they were in a bind and needed help? I knew I wasn't in any position to handle his needs with my full house and they had no pets, so it seemed like a great option. I'm not the praying kind but I talked to her a lot during that time - looking for any reassurance that I had made the right decision with his new family.

Well, I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, but I'm SO incredibly grateful that this was not one of them. The people who adopted Brutus gave him the absolute best possible last 3 years of his life that anyone could imagine. They spoiled him rotten, made him the king of their house, and treated him like the royalty he was. Last week, they let me know his journey had come to an end and he'd be joining my cousin. They wrote me the most beautiful letter and I felt compelled to share it, as one last honor to Brutus' amazing life. He was such a special dog and not many will compare to the love he brought to so many people.

"Ashley, I hope you are doing well. Attached here are Brutus's final photographs, taken yesterday when we went to the nearby park. I will spare you the couple of shots that captured an anxious expression and his dismal attempts at standing up by himself, images that convinced me again it was the absolute right time to put him down before he experienced anything truly horrible. We made arrangements for the vet to come to our home last night. Brutus barely even had to wake from his living room nap. His passing was quite peaceful, other than our crying into his fur. I know it was the right thing to do for him at the exact right moment in time.

The medical nutshell of the last year is this: After his bad fall and subsequent spleen surgery in March 2020, all the animal rehab places shut down for COVID for quite some time. Nevertheless, Bru made remarkable progress just healing on his own, and he was out and running around again in the late spring of 2020. By that September, though, we knew he needed some physical therapy to keep his legs functional. I know you've seen footage of that amazing guy giving it his all on the underwater treadmill. As loving as he was, I never really thought he was one to try to "please" us, but I realize now he tried new things because he knew that we wanted him to. He certainly looked at us for approval while he was splashing around. Veterinary consensus was that he actually was not injured as much as he was suffering from a degenerative spinal condition that would slowly paralyze him. The condition itself (degenerative myelopathy) was not supposed to be painful in the stage he was in then. But certain byproducts -- falling, dragging his feet across pavement until they bled -- could cause pain. Unfortunately whenever he lost just a little bit of progress, the cumulative damage began to happen more quickly. So if he had a weight loss (and muscle) setback one week, we would fatten him up but never quite recouped it all, which in turn made his legs weaker, etc.

It sounds dumb but I can't actually believe he's gone. It's so different when you start the journey assuming the dog will die soon. We invested so much energy into trying to make him better that I guess I was able to forget time and aging were happening in the meantime. We once believed we were providing him with a service, doing a good thing for an old dog, not realizing that this would be one of our great, intense loves. Someone who gave more to us than we could ever return, simply by showing us who he really was.

I've never met a dog who so genuinely loved all other creatures. He was the biggest hit at dog parks, especially when he had to start arriving in his "wheelchair" wagon, wearing his shoe-boots so he could feel his feet. We've also never known another dog who loved so much attention all over his face, his eyes...you could do anything to him. I kissed that rotten mouth and squid lips so many times over the past few weeks that I am experiencing withdrawal from his one-of-a-kind smell.

I am so sad that nobody else will ever get to know him. I am still so in awe of his life before we met him, and can't help but picture him socializing in prison or with his family in Ohio. It's so clear to us that the earlier people in his life really let him shine. I'm so grateful that he allowed us to really get to know him and adore him, our silly and stubborn old boy with his deadpan comedic delivery, on a mission to meet and greet the world. A couple years ago I looked outside my front window only to see him walking along the sidewalk as part of the "pack" with three other dogs, the owner visibly freaked and Brutus grinning ear to ear.

He was our Narcissus in the mirror, Gladiator Clown, Shower Stalker, Side-Wrinkle Smirker, Piggy Baby, Triangle Eyes, Squid Lips, and Hoagie Nose (warmed under various crotches and couch corners).

And I'm so honored that, as he needed help, he gave us his vulnerability and trust.

Thank you so much for allowing us the privilege of knowing and loving him."

~\*~ Rest in Peace Brutus ~\*~

