

# SPEAKING OF OUR DOGS

## My Girl Patty



*Patty and "Mom" loving their road trip time together.*

**by Lorraine Houston**

"It's a bit of a weird case," said the supervisor of animal services as we chatted on the phone. I pondered the situation, trying to determine if the rescue would be able to help any of the dogs we were discussing.

Speaking of Dogs is an "all-breed" rescue, which means we take in dogs of any heritage or lineage. Our friends who run "breed-specific" rescues generally take the purebred or single-breed dogs. In this case, the supervisor was talking about German Shepherds, quite a number of German Shepherds, in fact.

She was calling our rescue since we often take in shepherds.

I agreed to accompany her to the residence of a man who was housing seven adult shepherds, two older beagles, and an adult cocker spaniel in a one-bedroom apartment.

The man was known to both animal services and the community mental-health agency. He could be surly, uncooperative, and unreasonable; he didn't trust people, and even after repeated attempts to remove some of the dogs, he had refused to budge. Animal services had been called

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## JULY 2021

### THE OFFICIAL SPEAKING OF DOGS MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

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#### About Speaking of Dogs

Speaking of Dogs is a Toronto-based organization that launched in 2001 and is dedicated to educating and enlightening people about dogs through seminars, workshop forums, outreach and rescue. Our goal is to end cruelty, abandonment, mistreatment and homelessness of man's best friend.

*Speaking of Dogs Rescue is the operating name of Speaking of Dogs Rescue Program, a Canada Revenue Agency—registered charity based in Ontario.*

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#### Newsletters

If you no longer want to receive our newsletter, email [newsletter@speakingofdogs.com](mailto:newsletter@speakingofdogs.com), with "unsubscribe" written in the subject line.

# Dogs Looking for Homes

## A friend in need is a friend indeed

Without a doubt, a dog is a real friend. Our dogs come in all shapes and sizes, but they have one thing in common—they all need loving forever homes. Open your heart and your home to a rescue dog. You'll be glad you did. For complete information about the adoption process, please visit [www.speakingofdogs.com/adoption-process](http://www.speakingofdogs.com/adoption-process). For more information on each dog, simply click on their name.

## Maggie Mae

WHEATEN TERRIER MIX  
MEDIUM / SENIOR/ FEMALE

### FEATURED DOG:

Maggie Mae is a 13-year-old Wheaten terrier mix who has lots of energy despite her age. She's a happy dog who is always wagging her tail and even greets her people with a little dance!

Maggie was a hit at the vet office and was easy to handle when she went in for her exam and blood tests. She's also always a groomer favourite!

She thoroughly enjoys her walks and runs to the door with her tail wagging whenever the "W" word is mentioned. She also loves going on road trips.

Maggie doesn't have much experience on leash, but her leash skills have already improved. She's not good with other animals (dogs or cats), but she's getting better and no longer barks at every dog she sees. She can't, however, live with another pet – Maggie needs to be an only pet.

She also needs a forever house with a fenced-in yard – Maggie's always had a fenced yard, and we want to ensure that she always has one. She does have difficulties with stairs but can use them if they are not too steep and have carpet. She's an older lady, so steep, hardwood-type stairs would be too much for her.



Maggie would be okay in a home with older children, but she would need to be given time to adjust. The adults in the household would need to supervise all interactions, and the children would need to be patient and allow Maggie to go at her own pace.

Could your house be the forever home of Maggie Mae's dreams? She would be your only pet, but this queen of her castle would happily return all your love – and perform a sweet dance to say thank you!







**Baker**

LABRADOR RETRIEVER  
LARGE, SENIOR, MALE



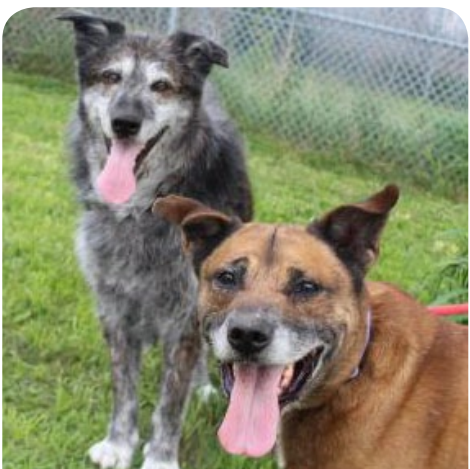
**Albert**

POODLE / TERRIER MIX  
SMALL, ADULT, MALE



**Oscar**

PUG / BEAGLE MIX  
MEDIUM, ADULT, MALE



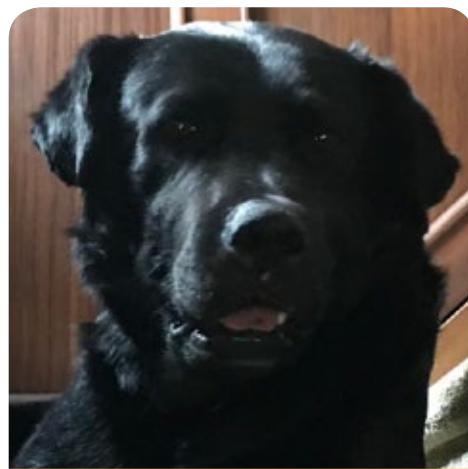
**Ace & Moose**

SHEPHERD MIX / BOXER MIX  
LARGE, SENIOR, MALES



**Hulk**

GERMAN SHEPHERD  
X-LARGE, SENIOR, MALE



**Max Quinn**

LABRADOR RETRIEVER  
LARGE, ADULT, MALE



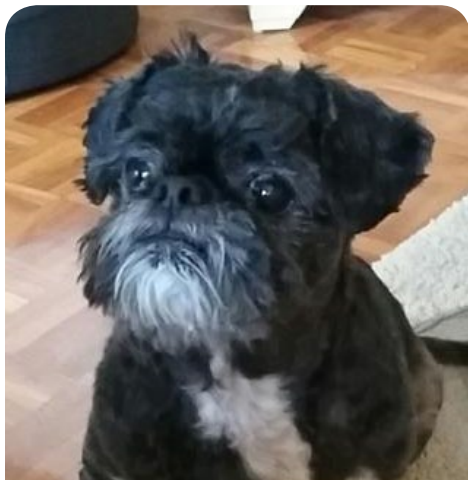
**Diamond**

LABRADOR RETRIEVER MIX  
LARGE, BABY, MALE



**Diego**

YORKSHIRE TERRIER  
SMALL, ADULT, MALE



**Jack**

SHIH TZU  
SMALL, SENIOR, MALE





**Willa**

TERRIER / CHIHUAHUA MIX  
SMALL, YOUNG, FEMALE\_



**Betty**

CHIHUAHUA MIX  
SMALL, YOUNG, FEMALE\_



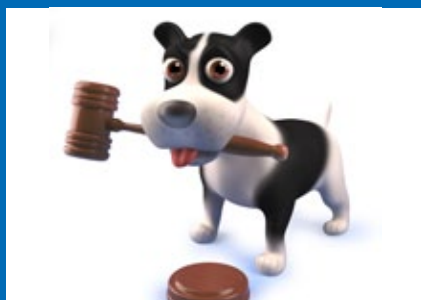
**Happy**

POODLE / MALTESE MIX  
SMALL, SENIOR, MALE

## THE ONLY THING HOTTER THAN THE TEMPERATURES IS OUR FACEBOOK AUCTIONS!

Speaking of Dogs Rescue's Facebook page not only includes lots of info about all of the amazing dogs we're helping, every week we auction off different items – all for the dogs! Visit our [Facebook page](#) regularly to see what's on the block and to place your bids.

Good luck to all of the bidders, and most enthusiastic wags and wiggles to all of our supporters who have donated auction items.



## WAG FOR THE CAMERA!

Have a great photo of your furry best bud you'd like to share? We'd love to include it in the 2022 Speaking of Dogs Rescue calendar!

It could be a photo of your pup having fun in the sun, chilling out at home, or any other shot that makes you smile. Ideal photos don't include people but can include any four-legged friend.

Photos should be 300 dots per inch (DPI) and at least 5 inches by 7 inches in size, either colour or black and white. Please email your favourite snapshots to [lorraine@speakingofdogs.com](mailto:lorraine@speakingofdogs.com).



## RECALL

Click the link for details  
on this month's recalls:

[Freshpet Select Small Dog  
Bite Size Beef and Egg Recipe](#)

[Various brands from Sunshine  
Mills, including Sportman's  
Pride, Sprout, Intimidator,  
and FRM Gold Select.](#)

## A BARK AND A TWEET!

Speaking of Dogs is now on Twitter!  
Check us out at  
<https://twitter.com/speakingofdogs>.

Many thanks to Jen for volunteering  
to manage our Twitter account!



[\*Continued from page 1...\*](#)

out because many of the residents were complaining about the number of dogs he had and the harsh way he handled them, and a few of the dogs were lunging at passersby.

We arrived at his apartment and were met by a man in his 50s with long, shaggy, thinning hair. He greeted us with a wary eye and a forced smile. The supervisor explained the purpose of our visit, which was to invite a private rescue into the ongoing conversation.

He looked me over suspiciously and told me his dogs would be going into a shelter “over his dead body,” but he was willing to listen and learn about how dog rescues operated.

He motioned to us to have a seat at his kitchen table. There was no furniture other than the table and a couple of chairs, but there were blankets and various balls and toys strewn about, and wooden boxes were stacked up (one proud shepherd was perched on the top box, much like a lounging cat).

We waded through the dogs who were sniffing, poking, and jostling around us and had a seat at the table. In a booming voice he told the dogs to lie down, and all but a couple quickly hit the ground. The ones that didn’t immediately lie down were stared at and pointed at with a rigid finger. I looked around and saw an enormously obese beagle who had her head and nose up and seemed to be air scenting but then lost interest and plunked down with a heavy thud.

We chatted for almost an hour, and I answered all his questions thoughtfully and knowledgeably, but we ended up going around in circles. He then suddenly stood up and announced the meeting was over and he’d think about it. He had my number and would call me if he decided to surrender any of the dogs to our rescue. The supervisor reminded him that he had outstanding orders to resolve and she’d be in touch. He then ushered us to the door and basically closed it in our faces.



*Here is Patty on the day she came into the rescue.*

We stood in the hallway and looked at each other: “That didn’t go at all as planned.”

As I drove home, I figured I’d never hear from him again.

Weeks past, and then a strange message was left on our rescue line. I listened to the voicemail and had trouble understanding it, so I played it again. Good Lord, it’s the shepherd man!

I composed myself and dialed his number. He picked up on the second ring: “I’ve been thinking about your offer to help find new homes for some of my dogs. I’ve checked you out. You might be trustworthy.”

I had a pen in hand and a notepad ready to gather information on the dogs. I started to ask a question, but he abruptly cut me short: “The dog I am willing to surrender to you is Colours, but I need you to promise me you’ll keep her.”

I was taken aback by this requirement and explained that I already had several of my own dogs as well as a foster dog. I told him that I could not, in good conscience, make that kind of commitment. I reminded him that our rescue had many incredible and compassionate foster moms and dads who would take very good care of Colours (not knowing which of the 10 dogs she was).

He seemed to be mulling that over and said he’d give it more thought and hung up on me without another word.

I called him back a few days later, hoping to talk about Colours, and, thankfully, he was in a much better mood – a chatty mood, in fact.

Colours was the severely overweight beagle. She was around 13 years old, and, reading between the lines, he’d chosen to rehome her because she didn’t like the shepherds much, couldn’t hold her urine, and ate all the food.

I arranged to pick her up the next week, after my current foster dog had gone to her new home. I maintained that she would be my foster dog and made no promise to keep her as a forever dog. I was confident that we’d be able to find her a loving home.

I arrived and rang the buzzer several times, but no one responded. I was getting frustrated. *Had he changed his mind about rehoming Colours and not called me? Did he forget the day and time we were meeting? Had he fallen asleep?*

I was about to call when I saw him coming around the corner with the lumbering beagle sporting part of a clothesline as a

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leash. Her old, worn collar was more like a necklace and hung down to mid-chest. It would have taken her only one step backward to slip it over her head.

Colours looked at me disinterestedly and despondently. Luckily, I had brought some collars, freeze-dried treats, and a leash. I handed the owner the surrender form and asked him to read and sign it. I knelt down, offered Colours a small treat, and nearly lost part of my hand in the process. *Youch! Lesson learned and note to self: Use a flat hand next time!*

The owner handed me the signed document, and I popped it into the glovebox. I was nervous about the loose collar and wanted to gently put a better fitting one on her. As I moved my hands toward her, I saw her eyes harden and a flash of teeth. I stopped and moved back. I asked the owner if he would please put the new collar on her and he said, "No. She should be allowed to keep her own collar, and you are mean for wanting to give her a new one."

*Okay, I thought, I'm not rocking the boat. When I get her home, I'll use a slip lead to get her from my van to the backyard.*

I asked the owner to please put her in my van, and he again refused. I was putting two and two together now.

I sat on the ground and hand-fed her some more treats, and then I took a handful of treats and tossed them into my van. As she turned to follow the treats, I lifted her ample buttocks up and into the vehicle and slid the door closed. Done and done!

When we got home, we had the dogs meet in the backyard and things went well. Colours plodded around the backyard, did her business, and kept to herself. Once inside she lied down under the kitchen table.

We all went about our business and put no social pressure on her to engage or interact with us. I noticed that she barely gave a second look when dogs walked by,

but she tensed up and her eyes became hard and focused when a human walked by. We took to tossing little pieces of freeze-dried chicken bits her way, which we hoped would help bridge the gap.

When we called her to go out to the backyard, Colours didn't respond. We started luring her out with the chicken, and a few times I forgot that she had one heck of a snatch and lost the sensation in yet another finger.

The next morning, I came down and she was fast asleep, still under the kitchen table. We hustled and banged around and even dropped a spoon, but she continued to saw logs. Strange, indeed.

I put our dogs outside and took two metal serving spoons from the drawer. I walked closer to Colours and gently clacked the spoons together... nothing. I clanged the spoons louder, and she continued to snore peacefully. The spoons rang out a third time – with authority – but Colours didn't move a muscle. I realized she was deaf or at least significantly hearing impaired.

With this new information, I figured that since she couldn't hear anyway, we should give her a new name to commemorate her new life. We christened her Patty.

More than a week passed, and Patty was still spending most of her time under the kitchen table. We were, however, making headway with hand signals paired with treats. Her body posture also seemed less rigid, and her eyes were a tad less leery.

The next challenge was a trip to the veterinarian for an exam. I noted she had started scratching her ears and shaking her head, so she needed to get to our vet sooner rather than later. Her previous owner called me often, but when I started questioning him about her ability to hear, her wariness, her possible ear infection, and her obesity, his calls became less frequent.

On visit-the-vet day, I was able to get her into the van as I had done the first time, but I had a feeling that once we got



*Patty went to the Furry Friends 5K walkathons to help "man" our booth.*



*When we moved from the city to the country, we brought Patty with us to be sure she could handle the stairs.*



*Patty loved to catch the sunrays in our living room.*

into the exam room, it would be hard for Patty to understand what was going on.

When we arrived, she hid under my chair and air-snapped at vet staff who offered welcoming greetings and treats. Poor Patty was overwhelmed and frightened.

We decided that Patty and I should go into a quiet exam room to give her time and space. I sat on the floor with her and, to my surprise, she sat closer. I gently touched her back, and she winced

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but didn't move away. I put my hand back into my lap and just sat quietly until our vet came in to meet her.

He got on the floor, and we sat chatting as I told him about her background. We weren't going to press her too much today, but he noted that one of her eyes was red and he wanted to check her ears. I was able to gently slip a cloth muzzle on, and he checked her ears and eyes, which were infected and needed drops. We weighed her (almost 65 pounds!) and called it a day.

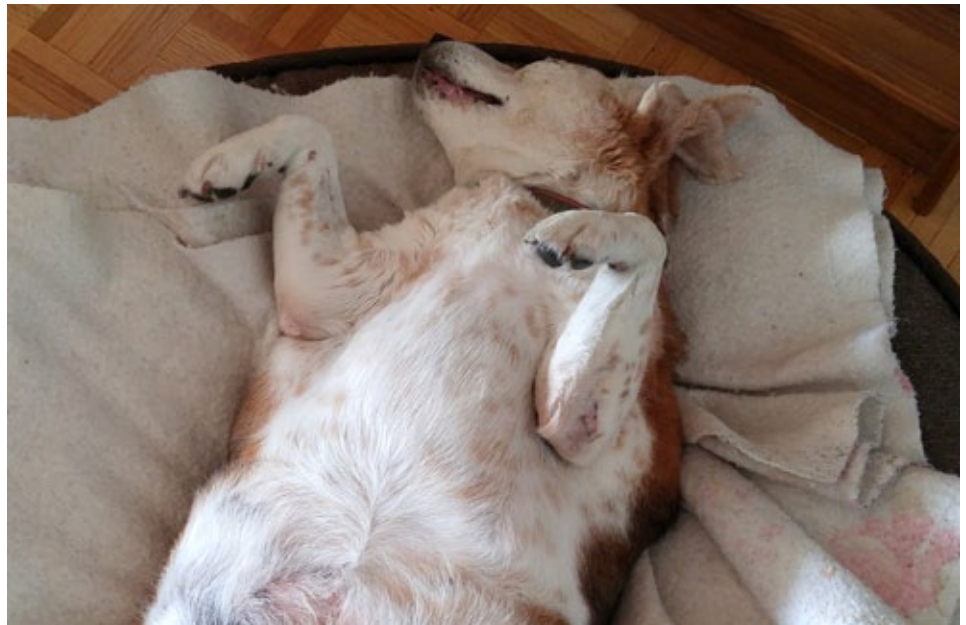
As I was waiting for her ear and eye drops, she gave a big shake. When I looked down, she was looking up at me and her face seemed different. Her eyes were somehow softer. I smiled at her and blew her a kiss.

Later that night, my husband and I were in the back room of our house watching a movie when, to our astonishment, Patty walked in and stood looking at us. We both smiled at her but didn't make any attempt to pet or pressure her. We went back to watching the movie, and Patty came deeper into the room and sat against the couch I was sitting on. I gently and carefully stretched my legs out to get more relaxed, making sure not to jostle her. I had one arm hanging comfortably along the side of the couch when something remarkable happened: In a split second, Patty made a pivotal decision that would become life-changing – she nudged my arm.

That one nudge was the start of a profound and meaningful journey of learning, dedication, and trust that lasted just over two years.

Patty learned that I respected her limitations and tried not to push her beyond them. She realized that (low-calorie) treats rained from the sky when she behaved in a particular way, ensuring a repeat performance. Getting the weight off her was not an easy task, but she eventually lost about 25 pounds.

However, she always remained wary of certain situations and people. It also took



*In her last year, Patty felt safe at last and could sleep like this.*

her great courage and renewed coping skills to be handled and restrained for medical exams. I learned to watch Patty's face for signs of stress and, in particular, her eyes – for Patty, the eyes really did have it!

It took a while, but Patty was able to accept hands coming toward her as a positive experience and interaction. Patty also loved going in the van for road trips and would almost skip along our walkway, constantly looking back to make sure I was coming. Her face had also changed from tense and tight to soft and “smiley.”

My heart was always so full when I was with Patty. It was so rewarding to see her demeanour change over our time together and experience her transformation from guarded, distrustful, and detached to animated, interactive, and relaxed.

One morning we woke up to find Patty huddled under the dining room table. We hadn't seen her under a table for over two years, so we knew something wasn't right. In all the time we'd had Patty, she'd never once refused anything edible, so I went to the fridge and pulled out a piece of hot dog and offered it to her, but she turned her head away.

We had just moved to the country and had been in the new house for less than a month. I had checked out a few veterinary

clinics before we moved and had homed in on one but didn't expect to meet them in an emergency situation. I called them and explained our situation. They couldn't have been kinder or more understanding. They were going to call our regular veterinarian while we made our way over.

Patty couldn't walk, so my husband carried her to her beloved van that held so many fond road-trip memories. When we learned Patty had a ruptured abdominal mass, we knew her journey to the bridge was imminent. We said final goodbyes to our cherished “fat cat Pat” that day. We stayed with her until she took her final breath, but not before she gave my hand a last little nudge.

*Patty was brought into the rescue on July 23, 2014.*

*She passed to the bridge on December 31, 2016.*

***All dogs are special, but some affect us in extraordinary ways. They may be forever dogs or foster dogs, but they change our lives forever. “Speaking of Our Dogs” is an occasional feature that tells these stories.***



# Speaking of Flashbacks



We were super busy in 2011 and helped 150 dogs that year!

We needed big fundraising efforts, so we knocked it out of the park by joining and hosting no less than a dozen fundraisers!

We joined Pet Funfest, Petapalooza, All about Pets, Slobberfest, Woofstock, Barkham, and Pawsitively Christmas! Our own fundraising events included the spring and holiday online auctions, yard sale, and Petopia Halloween party!

We also hosted two educational seminars that year!

Looking back, we sure were lucky to have the energy, volunteers, passion, and drive to get so much done! Our mantra was – and still is – all for the dogs!

Here's to 2011! We were celebrating a decade of helping, saving, and loving dogs. Did we know we had another 10 years ahead? We sure did! And here's to yet another 10 years!









# Updates

## Help Your Dog Cope with Hot Weather Hazards!

Heatwaves have been affecting various parts of Canada, putting people and pets at risk. Click on these resources to learn how to help keep your dog safe and healthy this summer!

- ["Is Your Dog Extra Sensitive to Hot Weather?"](#) from BCSPCA
- ["Hot Weather Tips for Your Pet"](#) from Petfinder.com
- ["8 Tips to Cool Your Dog on a Hot Summer Day"](#) from PetHealth Network
- [No Hot Pets](#) from the Ontario SPCA and Humane Society
- ["What Happens to Dogs in Hot Cars?"](#) from Vets Now

**WANT TO LEARN A FEW MORE TRICKS? CHECK OUT THESE RESOURCES!**

- ["Good \(and Bad\) Ways to Help a Dog Afraid of Fireworks"](#) from Scientific American
- ["How to Fit Your Dog for a Lifejacket"](#) from the Ontario SPCA and Humane Society
- ["The Complete Guide to Traveling with Your Dog"](#) from the American Kennel Club

## WAGS AND WIGGLES FOR EVERYONE WHO STEPPED UP FOR THE PUPS!

Huge thanks to everyone who supported, sponsored, or participated in our 2021 Step Up for the Pups walkathon! The event was very successful, and the funds raised will help many dogs over the next few months!

We are certainly looking forward to meeting together in person in the future, but Step Up for the Pups has been an incredible fundraiser for our dogs during these unusual times. We are extremely grateful to all our walkers and supporters!

**STEP  
UP FOR THE  
PUPS**





# Adoption Update

**To: Speaking of Dogs Rescue**

**From: Leah**

**Subject: Sheba**

Dear Speaking of Dogs Rescue,

Sheba is such an amazing girl. I just love her so much. She's incredibly smart. She uses her word buttons to ask to go outside or for a hug, treat or ball. She will get the hose off the reel and bring it into the backyard if

I'm not going fast enough for her. She absolutely loves daycare, and she's protective of the kids I look after and her sisters. The anxiety is still there, but we have learned to deal with it better. My favourite time is in the

mornings, when she gets up on the bed to snuggle. She rolls over for a belly rub, so I know I have built some trust with her. I honestly couldn't have picked a better pup for the family!





# Happy Tails

## RECENT ADOPTIONS:

A big thank you to our foster parents and our new adoptive guardians for helping give these loving dogs a second chance.



*Barnum & Bailey*



*Boca Loca*



*Daisy Chi*



*Jett*



*Luna*



*Marley*



*Molly*



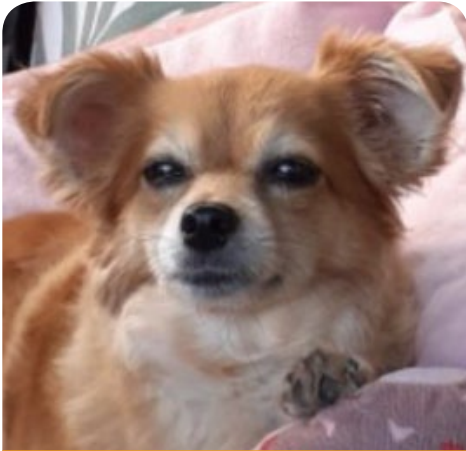
*Ruckus*



*Simba*



# More Happy Tails



Suzy



Tiffany



Toby



Puppy



Puppy



Puppy



Puppy



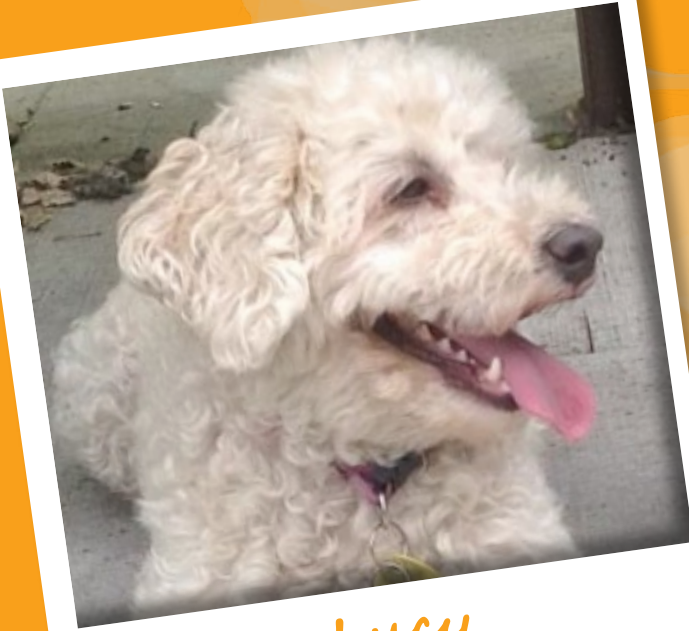
Puppy



Puppy



# In Memoriam



*Lucy*  
LOVED BY CATHY AND IAN  
ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 2013



*Ginger*  
LOVED BY THE ATHERTON FAMILY  
ADOPTED SEPTEMBER 2014



*Coco*  
LOVED BY ERICA AND FAMILY  
ADOPTED JANUARY 2014



*PeeWee*  
LOVED BY CAROL  
ADOPTED MAY 2020



# In Memoriam



*Prince*

LOVED BY KRYSTIN AND MATTHEW  
ADOPTED DECEMBER 2011



*Zeke*

LOVED BY ANGELA AND ZOE  
ADOPTED 2017



*Nala*

LOVED BY MORGAN AND FAMILY  
ADOPTED 2019



*Sarabi*

LOVED BY LAURA AND FAMILY  
ADOPTED DECEMBER 2018