

Lifesaver

Save a GSP, change a life

newsletter of German Shorthaired Pointer Rescue of the San Francisco Bay Area

February 2014

Despite doubtful beginning, Mudcat finds a happy home

by Catherine Berryessa

I was asked to write a little something about one of the dogs we rescued last year.

In May of 2013 we got our standard call from Stephanie who is our lookout for dogs to rescue. She coordinates with NorCal GSP Rescue about who has a bed available, and who the dog would do best with depending on what we know.

This guy was up in Ukiah, and the shelter there was hot to unload him. His owners had surrendered him, and the neighbors had put pressure on him with the shelter to give him up.

Not a pretty picture at first

Animal control had been out one too many times about this dog. He was an unaltered three-year-old male named Brody. He was jumping the fence, terrorizing the neighborhood, growling and snarling. Well, it wasn't a pretty picture. We had a conference call, and decided we would take a gamble on this guy.

We arranged for transport and he was due to hit Dr. Han's for a little neuter session, and then on to our home for more evaluation.

We braced ourselves. The first report we got was from the transportation volunteer who LOVED this guy. We got a photo of this pointer lounging in the back seat of what looked like a very nice vehicle. Could this be the terror we heard about?

He showed up to our house after his surgery and walked onto the property with I



Mudcat, AKA Muddy, formerly Brody

swear a little swagger, and promptly settled in. Another dog (Believe this, his name was Bodie!) showed up the next day and they became fast buddies.

Quickly runs up a rap sheet

Well, he spent two weeks doing his escape thing, I got a call from some neighbors having a BBQ who called to let me know where he was, and he found a hole in our fence he could actually fit through.

He's as much of a fence jumper as I am an Olympic long jumper (NOT), and we think he was just a bored dog who always wanted to be around people and dug or wiggled his way out. We boarded up the hole, and he hasn't looked back.

He loves to play, play, play, which may have had some growling and noises that

went with it, but this dog doesn't have a mean bone in his body.

Wins our hearts

His name officially became Mudcat, AKA Muddy, and I adopted him on July 4, 2013. With all of the dogs that have come through our rescue, this was the first one who 'claimed' me.

They all LOVE Brian, who takes them for their runs, does a lot of the training with Mary, and feeds them. But this guy would sneak on to the bed with me in the evenings (He does sleep in his crate, Mary), and curls up on my pillow when I am not there.

Yes, he's my dog. One final odd note. He is a purebred dog, and his papers came down with him but I didn't look at them too closely until he'd been with us for a while. The sire in his breeding, well, his name was Flash.

We had a male named Flash we had gotten from Laura in 2000, and had to put him down in January of 2010. Mudcat was born July 2010. You draw your own conclusion!

The only reason I was able to adopt him is that he gets along with all of the dogs, is the official greeter, and his fantastic temperament makes him a part of the rescue team.

So there, I have confessed, and I am unabashedly pleased that he is my dog. Laura always said we deserved a normal dog, and I finally got one.

Thanks, Laura.

Featured in this Lifesaver

Meet some of
GSPSF's recent stars



Mudcat the Greeter



Outlaw Josie Wales



Bad Boy Tuco



Sweet Chuey

The Outlaw Josey Wales is doing swimmingly well



BILL FENSTERMACHER

Outlaw Josie Wales

In December 2012, we got word from our friends over at NorCal GSP Rescue that there were two GSPs in a shelter in the Fairfield/Solano area. They could only take the older one and asked if we could help with the younger one. Of course we were happy to!

The dogs had come in as strays, the GSP and his Labrador buddy. The owner had been notified, but after a month of waiting for him to get the dog, the shelter released him to us.

He was a nice dog, under three years old and gorgeous. He knew several commands. His lab friend was going up for adoption at the shelter, but the shelter wanted to make sure the GSP got into a rescue group specific to the breed.

A shelter volunteer delivered the dog to Dr. Han in Richmond (Thank you, Ed!). Brian picked him up a few days later. Catherine and Brian were smitten instantly. This dog was going to be an easy placement. Mady and Brian, who share a love of the movie, *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, crowned him Josey – a fitting name for a dog that had been sprung from lock-up!

In fact, we already had someone in mind. Bill Fenstermacher and his wife had bravely taken on the challenging Tuco, but Tuco had landed himself right back in foster care with Mady when he picked a fight with Bill's female, Isabella, over something he perceived should be his and his alone. Isabella thought otherwise, and poor Bill's wife got caught in the middle of the brawl.

Understandably, Tuco wasn't a good fit there. But Bill and his wife provided a great home and we decided we wouldn't let them get away without adopting a dog from us. You see, Bill has a great set up. He's got a high-end cabinet and interior business that provides work for the likes of Restoration Hardware and more. At his business, there are two big ponds and he has a huge dog run to

keep the dogs safe. At home, he has a huge swimming pool.

Brian and Bill talked about Josey, and Bill was very interested. One of his questions: Does Josey like to swim? Unfortunately not, Brian responded.

Twenty-four hours later, Brian had Josey out with his dogs behind the SeaBreeze in Berkeley. Josey, the "non-swimmer" dove into the water and starting swimming...and made no sign of coming back. As Brian was ready to strip down to his skivvies to retrieve the dog (thinking, I'm getting to old for this s*#!), a young couple came over and tentatively inquired, "Mister, you're not planning to go in after that dog, are you????". They started to dial 911. Luckily, at just that moment, Brian called Josey one more time, and he did a 180 to swim into shore.

Today, Josey and resident dog, Isabella are fast friends. Josey loves the pond at Bill's work and has turned into a great family companion and hunting dog. At first, Josey had been afraid whenever Bill would pick up anything in his hands — much less a gun, but after a few months of trust-building, Bill shared that Josey had obviously been field trained and was really enjoying being out in the field. Isabella and Josey make a great team! Happily ever after!

Josey is one lucky dog.

Chuey is gentle, sweet and ready for his forever home

Chuey is 100% sweetheart. He's loving, connected, gentle and sweet, sweet, sweet! Inside the house, he's relaxed when you're ready to settle down, active when you want to be, happy to play if you invite him to, and always up for a game of ball. After spending a few months with our professional trainer, Mary Ingerson, Chuey knows a variety of commands: sit, down, come, crate, and "go to your bed". He is already potty-trained and excellent with other dogs, both large and small, and tolerant of annoying puppies, setting appropriate boundaries as needed. Once he understands that the cat in your home is off-limits, he will leave her alone and rarely needs to be asked again.

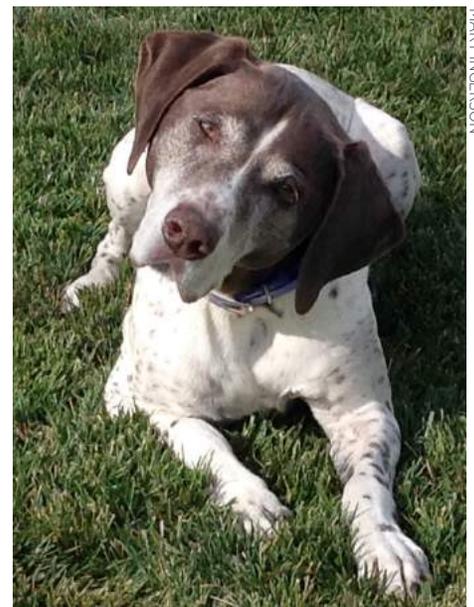
Chuey is just one of those amazing dogs that make you wonder how on earth he ever ended up homeless. He's never met a person he didn't like and he has a wag for every person he meets. He's probably between five and eight years old. It's hard to tell because he

has some white markings on his face, but acts very much like a three to five-year old.

Chuey is at the perfect age for a short-hair. He goes to work with his foster mom, but is happy to stay home in the yard during the work day. He doesn't chew, dig or try to go over or under the fence. He loves to lounge in the sunshine and would be happy with a home with a yard and dog door, but when you are home, he definitely likes to be in the house with you most of the time. He is used to sleeping indoors, either on a dog bed or in his crate. Chuey does not get on the furniture unless you decide that's where you'd like him.

Come meet him for yourself to see how wonderful he really is. Being fostered in Oakland, but coming to work in Milpitas makes it easy to figure out a time to come see him!

If interested, call Stephanie at 510.282.1596 to discuss how easy it would be to add Chuey to your family.



MARY INGERTSON

Gentle, sweet Chuey

Tuco James takes on a dastardly rattlesnake

by Honey Eloise, Queen of Cali

This is not just the story of how my idiot brother, Tuco, got bit by a rattlesnake.

It is not only about the way my mom and my "Fairy Godparents" at GSPSF rescued him from the (pun intended) jaws of death. This is mostly the story of how I, the brilliant and spirited rescue/therapy/PTSD service dog, ended up as the big sister to a miscreant like Tuco.

Mamma-Jamma-softy-sucker for bad boys takes in Tuco

Really, I should have known from that first month with mom that in spite of her credentials as a bad mamma-jamma, she is at her core, a huge softy and a real sucker for bad boys. I saw her eyes when she first saw Tuco while he was still in lockup as a GSPSF foster flunk out.

Brian tried to tell her, "He's crazy." He said, "A resource guarder with manic squirrel obsessive disorder." Mom just smiled and said quietly to herself, "I like him." For months after that first fateful meeting, the humans would join my friends and me for runs at Wildcat Canyon or behind the Seabreeze in Berkeley.

Back then, Tuco was always going out "cured" and coming back with new stitches and some cockamamie story about how it "wasn't his fault" and "you should see the other guy." He would trot along the trail, tongue hanging out, screaming at trees and cows and who knows what else —totally oblivious to the loving eyes of my mom practically drooling over his inane nuttiness.

I am literally rolling my eyes as I write this just remembering her cooing at him, trying desperately to get him to hold still long enough to even see her. Sheesh.

Finally, my mom was able to convince Brian and Catherine that, in spite of the fact that we live in a tiny one-bedroom apartment, she was a suitable foster parent for Tuco.

Frankly, I think they were just relieved to have a brief reprieve from him. I haven't told my mom this, but honestly I am the ONLY dog that Tuco listens to. That boy is putty in my



MADY BRODHEAD

Tuco outdoes himself with this \$3,000 adventure.

paws. As I predicted, Tuco screwed up again with a PERFECT possible home and landed back in our apartment. (See Josey Wales story in this same edition.)

Restless bad boy chills out until one day...

Then, the strangest thing began to happen; he chilled out. That restless energy that seemed to torment the poor fool began to wane and, though I hate to admit it, I started to see him as my mom does. There I was, devoting my life to helping my mom manage her day-to-day struggles, and suddenly I didn't have to work so hard. I began to show Tuco how to lick mom's hand to taste for stress levels. He's really is too crazy to manage my specialized tasks, and we have had a couple rows (I always win, of course), but now I just can't picture a day without him around.

This brings us to that awful day at Lime Ridge. It was hot and sunny, another long run with mom racing along the trails, doing the best she could with only two legs, bless her heart, when Tuco started to slow down. If you've met Tuco you know this — he never stops running outside. Right away mom checked him out and, deciding he was just dehydrated from a recent bout of the runs (that boy and his bowels...anyway) turned us around and headed back to the car.

Long story short, mom scooped up the breathless and burning hot little body of my brother and ran to the SUV. Once we got there I had a sip of water and supervised

as mom looked him over. And then, we both saw it at the same time — blood. Just two small dots side by side right next to his, ahem, prepuce.

Mom slammed the back hatch and drove about a zillion miles an hour to the vet and carried him in. She was a hot mess. The rest is a blur. I was focused on managing the crisis with mom. I just remember going in the back room of the vet. Tuco was hooked up to a bunch of machines and tubes. He looked terrible.

I heard mom cry a little. That sucked. I heard Brian on the phone telling her it was going to be ok. It cost almost \$3,000 to save Tuco that day. He had to stay overnight and we both ended up getting new rattlesnake vaccine shots.

I heard mom whisper into Tuco's ear when he came home, the same words she said to me on our first night. "Don't ever worry, I will be your mom for the rest of your life. You will never be alone again."

But, mom and I both knew, we could never afford the adoption fee for Tuco, even with both of us working.

Maddie's Fund® makes makes miracle possible

Then a miracle — GSPSF granted us adoption rights for Tuco using "Maddie's Fund®." I couldn't believe it. The day mom signed the papers for the little guy, I was so proud of her. The next day, for the first time in his life, Tuco had a tag with his name on it. Mom gave him the middle name "James" and even wrote him a song (eyes rolling again).



Now we are a real wolfpack and every night we fall asleep like three spoons in a drawer. I, of course, am the biggest spoon.

Follow @mady339 and #honeythewonderdog #adoptgspfs #tuco #gsplove on Instagram for great pics and stories of the adventures of Honey Eloise and Tuco James.

Add your dog's name to Pointer weathervane memorial left by Laura



CATHERINE BERRYESSA

Laura's beautiful weathervane is brought back to life

When Laura Hansen passed away in 2010, her family invited us to Laura's house and asked us to take a memento. Brian went into her garage, found the pointer weathervane, and promptly put it in our trunk. It was in a state of disrepair, but he saw something there. It patiently sat out on our deck for a long time.

Fast forward to last summer. Brian grabbed it off our deck, handed it to Mady and asked her to bring it back to life. In December, Mady brought it back, refurbished and glorious.

Mady noticed small rocks and shells in the base. She thought they must have meant something to Laura who put them there.

Though she had never met Laura, Mady thought it fitting to write the names of the dogs we have rescued on the rocks. She put in as many as she knew. There have been 482 dogs, and we have added to it.

If you have a rock or a name you would like to add, please send it to us. We have plenty of rocks that need a name. It's a nice tribute to our dogs and our deceased founder and inspiration.

Send your name to gspssf.org@gmail.com with "ROCK" in the subject line and the name of your dog. Or send a rock or shell with your dog's name on to 1814 9th St, Berkeley, CA 94710. We'll add it to the rest!

Give. Save Lives.

All contributions to the German Shorthaired Rescue of the San Francisco Bay Area go directly to saving the lives of German Shorthaired Pointers, and are [tax deductible](#).

Send a check or visit our website and pay online through PayPal. Go to gspssf.org/support_us.html and click on the Donate button.

German Shorthaired Pointer Rescue of the SF Bay Area is a non profit organization with 501c3 status.



Got Love? Foster!

You provide the food/treats, bedding and leash, lots of love and structure, exercise and mental stimulation.

We provide vet care through a previously arranged agreement, medications, heart worm and flea prevention, crate and training equipment, if needed.

You care for the dog until he or she is adopted, but should vacation coverage be needed, we can help. Most dogs remain in their foster homes a few weeks to a few months.



Contact Us

Catherine Berryessa and Brian Parker
email gspssf.org@gmail.com
web www.gspssf.org
call 510.843.2099

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