



# The Sheltie Spin

Newsletter of Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue  
“Giving Shelties a New Leash on Life”

Summer 2023

*Happy summer to all our Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue friends! Here's your new Sheltie Spin. It's full of letters written by adopted Shelties themselves—they are SUCH smart dogs! You will enjoy reading about their lives with their forever families. In this issue, we've also included some suggestions for summer reading and for keeping cool. Don't overlook the offer of a summer cruise!*



*Me and the camellias*

Hi, Lexi here! I was 8 months old in 2010 when I was adopted, after fostering with the O'Sheas. I'll skip the first years with my Mom and cut right to my greatest accomplishment! Benny (NVSR 2006) and I trained a new husband for Mom, turning him into a “dog” person!

Until 2014, it was just me, Mom, and Benny. Then when we were fostering Gabby, Mom invited a man friend over to “socialize Gabby.” He had lost his wife of 44 years, and Mom thought he was a dog person—but then she learned that he had never wanted a dog because he didn't want to be tied down! Well, Benny and I had our work cut out for us. He was talking marriage with Mom—and Mom, Benny, and I were a package deal. We had to help him be a “dog” person! He started tagging along on Benny's

therapy dog visits to the U. of Richmond—seeing Benny with those college kids worked miracles. And seeing me as the official greeter to Outer Banks vacationers helped, too. Benny (30 pounds) woke Dog Dad up every morning by standing on his chest and licking the top of his head—who could resist that? We charmed our way right into his heart!



*Benny waiting to be served*



*Me and Lance*

Sadly, we said goodbye to 14 year old Benny in July 2020. We still miss him so much. One month before that, Lance (a/k/a Lancer the Dancer) came to live with us. See, we bought a new house in 2018, and Lance (a Sheltie) belonged to David, the previous owner. We got to know them, and when David could not take care of Lance anymore, he asked if we would keep Lance permanently! Lance became a therapy dog, following in Benny's paw prints. Like Benny, he knows no strangers. He immediately bonded with Dog Dad. The transformation of human to “Dog” person was complete. Lance and I are both 13 years old, so we want to add a younger Sheltie to our pack who could take on Lance's therapy work. That dog will find its way here, as each of us has.

We know we were successful training our Dog Dad! Mom and Dad participated in a Kindness Pod, and several prompts were about animals and paying forward kindness. Dad wrote, “I could never pay back David for the gift of Lance. I'm not sure how to pay this forward, but I'll be paying attention!” There is no higher praise for my work turning Dad into a “Dog” person! Mom adds: “I could never pay back NVSR for the gift of my Shelties: Bandit, Benny and Lexi!”

With love from my Sheltie heart to yours,  
Princess Lexi (O'Shea—keeping my foster heritage) Racheau Schlosser



*Bella*

This issue of the *Sheltie Spin* is dedicated to several Shelties who have written us personal letters. We hope you enjoy reading about their new lives. One NVSR goal is to keep in touch with adopters. We can provide support for inquiries about health, behavior and training; among our volunteers are veterinary and training specialists. But even more important, we love to hear about the Shelties' lives with their new families. We share this information with our volunteers.

We have a team of "shepherds" who contact adopters at least annually. They welcome your news, photos, and questions. Below are the shepherds with the year(s) they each follow. If you send news, whether it's happy or even sad, email to "[shepherd@nvsr.org](mailto:shepherd@nvsr.org)." Include the dog's name, your name and the year your Sheltie was adopted. We want to hear from you!!

Donna Martin	up to and including 2012	Anne Burke	2018
Cindy Foreso	2013	Linda Lott	2019
Karin Trice	2014	Carol Carr	2020 & 2023
Janie Robertson	2015	Pat Quinlin	2021
Melinda McKenzie Hall	2016	Tara Slesar	2022
Sharon Daussin	2017		

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**It's time to collect photos for the 2024 NVSR Sheltie calendar!**



*Molly*

We've published a beautiful annual calendar since the early 2000s, and we're looking forward to another great one. 2024 will be NVSR's 25<sup>th</sup> year rescuing Shelties in need, and we want to make this calendar a very special one.

If you have some great photos of your adopted



*Smoke*

Sheltie(s), send them to "[calendar2024@nvsr.org](mailto:calendar2024@nvsr.org)." We'll need them by August 10<sup>th</sup>, 2023. Each photo must have at least one rescued Sheltie in it. Sorry, no humans. Please send photos in as high resolution as possible. Those are the ones that make great large calendar photos.

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**Check our website (nvsr.org) page "Events and News" for our next event. Our picnic will be on October 7 and we hope to see you there.**

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*I look at my dog and think, "If you were a little smarter you could tell me what you're thinking." But, he looks at me like he is saying, "If you were a little smarter, I wouldn't have to." -- Fred Jungclaus*



## Calvin and His New Family

Hello from me, Calvin. I love the new home NVSR found for me last September. I live with my mom, my dad and big sister Gracie. Life is GOOD!

Mommy and Daddy tell me all the time that I'm a clever boy. I'm learning new things all the time: how to sit, when to get off the bed, how to walk nicely on a leash. In return, I'm teaching my new family how to play, Calvin-Style.

I can turn anything into a toy – shoes, socks, hats, Mommy's gardening gloves, Kleenex, and even an old hose. I love all my favorites in my toy box – a green raccoon, a big, bushy squirrel, a squeaky ice cream cone, and a worn-out hedgehog. I rummage through and leave them in random places around the house. Outside, I have a Holy Roller ball and a Flying Squirrel frisbee, and I've trained Mommy and Daddy to throw it for me.

My best playmate is my sister, Gracie, a white shepherd mix who runs very fast. We love to chase each other around the yard. We also keep our house safe watching from our posts at the back fence and front window – barking at any and all passers-by. We howl in unison when we hear an emergency vehicle nearby. We're never on key, but we're always in stereo.



Gracie puts up with my antics, but occasionally will remind me with a loud bark that she is the big sister and in charge. We share the couch and watch our favorite TV show, "All Creatures Great and Small."

I'm still a little shy around strangers, but I'm gradually gaining confidence. Mommy and Daddy have decided that I will come out and be sociable when I'm ready – especially since Gracie loves all the attention she gets from friends and family. I love having my tummy rubbed and snuggling at Mommy and Daddy's feet late at night.

I hope to see everyone at the next NVSR event, especially my foster mommy – Nancy – who has stayed in touch with us and hears all about my adventures. Love and Tail Wags from ...

Calvin Coolidge Almasi (My sister and I are named for the 30<sup>th</sup> President and his wife.)

**GAM Printers of Sterling, Virginia, and the Grant Family dedicate the printing of the Sheltie Spin in memory of their Shelties and Honorary Shelties: Cady, Cody, Cookie, D.O.G., Dutchess, Duncan, Heidi, Hunny, Lynus, Maddie, Rose, Rocky, Sassy, Spirit, Shelby, & Tigger and in honor of Ace, Chewie, Joe, Music & Quincy**





## Murphy's "Tale"

Murphy here! Mom and Dad adopted 11 month old me in 2009. They had all girl Shelties and thought they would be safe fostering a boy. I was upset when they met me, trembling and drooling. My previous family returned me to the breeder, saying I was "good for nothing." But Mom told me I was safe now and I knew she meant it. They fostered me – and flunked!

I was 15 years old in March, with pretty good health, weak eyesight and not much hearing. When Mom needs my attention in the yard, she waves her arms and makes a high pitched "whoop whoop" sound. It's like she is directing a 747 into the gate at the Atlanta airport.

I was obsessed with tennis balls and chased them until my tongue was hanging out. Mom and Dad thought I would be great at flyball so I went to a class. Well, I refused to jump the jumps, ran away with the ball, and became the class clown. Mom picked me up, jumped all four jumps, kicked the box to get the ball, and hopped over four jumps back to the starting line. Mom, Dad and the whole class laughed hysterically as I flopped like a limp rag in Mom's arms.

I was a certified therapy dog for 12 years. I loved visiting folks in hospitals and assisted living homes to cheer them up. They always wanted me in bed with them, and I got lots of pats and hugs. My favorite part was dressing up in holiday costumes. I also have a strange attraction to e-collars. If other Shelties in my family had to wear an e-collar, I wore one proudly.

My family used to be really big. Dad went to his Rainbow Bridge a couple years ago. We were so sad but knew there to greet him were: Skye and Abby (Golden Retrievers), Skyler, Regan, Holly, Misty and Savannah (Shelties). Since then, Petey, Gracie and Kayla (Shelties) have joined them at Rainbow Bridge. That leaves me, Bella, Sunshine, Bonnie (Shelties) and Mom (Hooman). Bonnie is the "baby" at 10 years old. Mom is the oldest, but I won't tell her age. We are a house full of senior citizens. Love to all my NVSR friends.

Murphy Robertson and Typist Mom (Janie Robertson)

P.S. Pics are of me by myself and with Misty (Mom's and Dad's first flunks of many)



*From Murphy's Mom, Janie:* Murphy went to Rainbow Bridge on June 19, 2023, following age-related health problems. As his "Mom" since he was 11 months old, he had my heart from the first moment I laid eyes on him. Now he is once again with his sisters, one brother and beloved pack leader, my precious husband, Al. Rest in peace, my sweet boy.



## Cool tips for the summer ...

Summer is a great time to enjoy the outdoors with your Sheltie! Here is how to keep your furry companions safe during these warmer months.

Schedule outdoor activities for early morning or late in the day. Check the pavement (especially the black pavement!) to make sure it is not too hot for tender paws. Place the back of your hand on the surface for 5 seconds. If it is too hot for you, it is too hot for your pet's paws.

Be mindful if you have animals with light or white fur or nose, ears, tail – they may need specially formulated sunscreen or a Sun Tee to protect against sunburn. Darker coated dogs may absorb heat faster than lighter toned dogs.

Find some shade! Visit your local park on hot days – it's cooler with tree cover and fresh air.

Carry plenty of water for you and your Shelties, or make sure water sources are available.

Freeze food or treats—a great way to allow them to replenish and also keep them occupied.

Do not, under any circumstances, leave your pets in the car on even moderately warm days! The temperature inside a car rises rapidly to 140°F with deadly consequences!

## River's Run



## Boat Tours

*Sunset Cruises  
Sightseeing  
Dolphin Watching  
Fishing  
Custom Cruises  
1-6 Passengers  
Pets Welcome*

*Cruise the Delaware Coast with Captain Wes aboard Pamlico, a 40' Chesapeake Bay Deadrise. When not volunteering for NVSR, I operate a cruise boat based in Rehoboth Beach, De. We cruise the Delaware coast from Memorial Day until late October. Book with us directly and a portion of the fees are donated to help NVSR help shelties in need. Pets (especially shelties) are welcome aboard!!!*

*Contact us at*

*bwmarks@msn.com 804.654.1626 www.riversrun.net*



## How Frankie and Charlie Came to Live on the Mountaintop!

### My Journey to a New Home by Charlie

My name is Charlie, and I got saved by love. Miss Martha, what is the president of da Northern Furginia Rezcued Shelties (I is one of those) askt me ta wryte my story. So here goes.

I lived in at leest 3 homes before I comed to NVSR. I was passd round like a bag of Fritos! Dats what Miss Nancy said, but she comes lader in the story. I lived with a sweet girl dog, my best frend. We were both cumin to NVSR, but she dyed just before we was rezcued. I waz so sick with all kinds of things wrong with me. I almost died! I was taken home by Sharon and David who know lots bout dogs. They was reelly worried about me cuz I had a fever and diarrhea and I dint want nuthin ta eat. Miss Sharon, she werks at a sick dog place where I got lots of tests and food in a tube. I was in reel trouble so I got took to a city called Charlotsfill with Miss Nancy (she werks healin humans and dogs!). More tests! Once they knew I dint have nothin bad I could give to nobody, I was allowed to be with Miss Nancy's two girl dogs. Little by little, Miss Nancy noticed I started to want to eat and do things with her and dem nice dogs. She didn't know it, but all this kindness was mending my heart just like the medicine was helping my body.

Miss Nancy was reelly good bout helping me get used to stairs and slippery floors. Yu kin see in my pitchur dat I was a liddle too stout and round lyk da punkins. So Miss Nancy desided I needed ta lose some wait. She took me on long walks which I liked, but she didn't feed me as much as I wanted. I dint complain. She helped me lose 9 pounds! She took me to lots of places and helped me make new friends. She said I was the perfect gentleman and all the peeples what seen me said I was beautiful. I guess it showed on my face that I was starting to feel the luckiest dog in the world.



But my life got even better! See, Miss Nancy and the other people at that Furginia Rezcued place looked for the best furever home for me. Just the right people came along who had another Sheltie, Frankie. He had been saved by love, too, at Miss Martha's house! We tell each other bedtime stories about our days getting rezcued and how we came to be together. I sometimes give a big sigh of relief just before I go ta sleep. I never dreamed I cud have such a good home lyk I gots now. I hope my story giffs hope ta all da dogs what need it!

Love, Me a dog, Charlie (a/k/a Charlie Bear, or just Chuck)





### The Rest of Our Story by Franklin, Frankie for short

I want to tell you my story and why we love living in our Forever Home on the little farm on top of the little mountain in the Blue Ridge. Our humans love us so much and call us their playful ranch hands!

Aunt Martha brought me here to my new humans and Gabbee, the black Labrador matriarch. My new mom and Gabbee showed me all around the house, barn, workshop and corral. This is a big place! The first night I picked my sleeping spot – Mom and Dad’s bedroom!

Gabbee taught me about our three fenced acres and how to check the perimeter in the morning and before we turn in for the night. I learned to play fetch with my favorite orange squeaky ball (I take it with me everywhere)! We love to go to the big barn and sniff out rabbits, field mice, and opossums! The rabbits and deer are fast and we love to chase them, even though we never catch them!

I’ve learned that the chickens are our friends and not to chase them! My morning job is going with my dad to let the chickens out of their coop and collect the eggs. In the evening, I help Dad herd the chickens to the coop. I always count the chickens! Dad says my eyes get wide and my head moves as I look at each one on their perch or their nest at sundown to be sure we aren’t missing one.



I am always finding new things to help with. When it’s time to cut the grass, I help Dad pick up sticks, but Mom and Dad chase me when I have a stick that I decide to keep. After Dad cuts the grass we have fun chasing the grasshoppers! We have a cow, Mama, her little baby, Squirt, and a new bull!

One day we took a long ride to meet Aunt Nancy and Charlie. Charlie is bigger and older than I am. We visited for a while, but when Dad put me in the car, he put Charlie in, too! We sniffed each other and we became friends right away! When we got home Charlie

met Gabbee and, in my brave way, I showed Charlie that she is my best friend and we would help him settle in. Gabbee is older than Charlie and she knows more than I do—maybe a little more than Charlie.

Mom and Dad show us every day how important, loved, and special we are. We are learning what family means. We are all so happy here—there is so much love, so much to explore, so many things to learn. Charlie joins me in saying “thank you” to everyone at NVSR for our perfect forever home!





## A few good reads for your summer Sheltie education ...

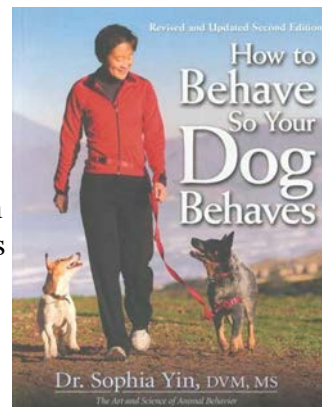
### **How to Behave So Your Dog Behaves** by Sophia Yin, DVM, MS

*Reviewed by John Marlette, assisted by Sparky and Abbie*

Dr. Yin's book is about behavior and communication, not just our dogs' but, just as important, our own. With a light, humorous style, her message is a no-nonsense approach to understanding how we can best connect with and guide our canine friends. The first two sections of this easy to read, informative book focus on understanding how dogs learn, how to communicate with them effectively as guide and teacher and, just as critically, what to avoid.

The middle section of the book is a practical tutorial on how to teach manners and specific behaviors that make the relationship with one's dog more enjoyable for both. Plenty of examples and "how-to" advice lay out even the more complex behaviors in understandable, enjoyable language.

The book concludes with an entire section on common canine behavior issues: separation anxiety, resource guarding, unwanted barking (good luck, fellow Sheltie lovers), and much more. An entertaining and valuable addition to any doglover's book shelf, "How to Behave So Your Dog Behaves" is well worth the reading time.



### **Lucky Dog Lessons: Train Your Dog In 7 Days** by Brandon McMillan

*Reviewed by Sparky and Abbie, assisted by John Marlette*

Brandon McMillan's *Lucky Dog Lessons* is a step-by step introduction and trail guide for new and experienced dog parents alike. Based on a lifetime of training animals from the smallest mammals to apex predators, McMillan's book is full of useful tips and techniques. He addresses the basics for happy coexistence with dogs in general and delves into the qualities and training challenges associated with many purebred dogs.

In addition to providing a very readable, enjoyable foundation for undertaking any training program, the author lays out a step-by-step "how to" guide for teaching seven essential behaviors: "sit - stay - off - come - heel" and others. He goes on to address "fix-it" techniques for behavioral snafus such as door dashing, digging, separation anxiety, aggression and more.

Whether you are new to training or an old hand, struggling with a problem, or just interested in learning new approaches to educating yourself and your dog, this book will entertain, educate and guide you. Every dog's home should have a leash, a collar and a handy copy of *Lucky Dog Lessons*.





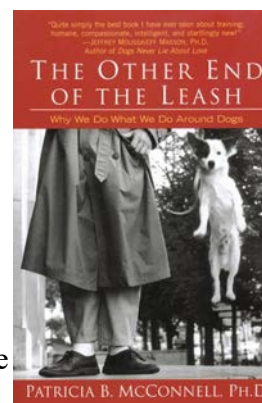


## **The Other End of the Leash: Why We Do What We Do Around Dogs**

by Patricia B. McConnell, Ph.D.

Reviewed by Marta Miranda, assisted by Annabelle

Patricia McConnell's first book, *The Other End of the Leash*, is a classic, easy-to-read primer on dog behavior, why humans misunderstand their dogs, and how we can get better at "Doglish." In her engaging prose, McConnell interweaves stories about her dog/human clients with animal behavior research (did you know that handlers across cultures use the same tone and pitch to communicate with their animals, regardless of the handler's native language?), and practical tips for addressing problem behaviors. For instance, to get your dog to stop pestering you and your guests (for more play, attention, treats), say "Enough" and give two pats on the top of the dog's head. Apparently, dogs hate being patted on the head.



Most of all, I was touched by McConnell's sensitive and empathetic treatment of the humans who consult her for help with their "problem" pets. She never chides nor judges the humans on the other end of the leash, either; if I had a dog whose behavior was challenging me, I'd want her in my and my dog's corner.

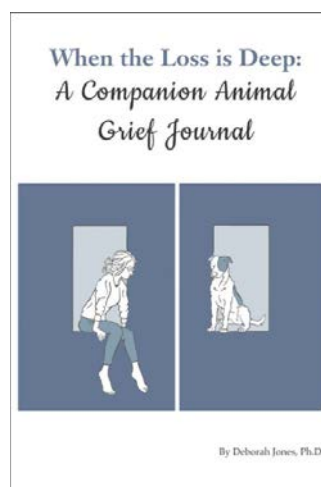
## **When the Loss is Deep: A Companion Animal Grief Journal**

by Deborah Jones, Ph.D.

Reviewed by Martha Heisel, assisted by Skylar and Max

Losing a beloved companion animal can be excruciatingly painful. We can feel isolated in our pain in a world where animals are sometimes by others considered replaceable objects. People may not understand the depth of your grief over such a loss. You may even surprise yourself!

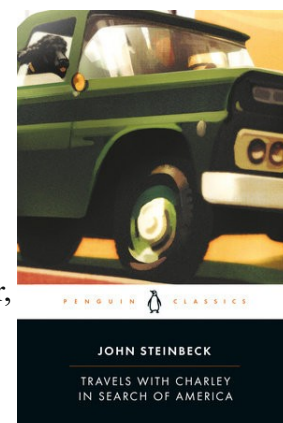
Finding a way to navigate the grief process, particularly when the loss is a companion animal, can be difficult and lonely. This journal is designed to give you structure and support through this experience. The 14 prompts, each with a set of reflection questions, are designed to help you thoughtfully process your reactions to your loss.



And, a classic: **Travels with Charley** by John Steinbeck

Reviewed by Ridgeley Holmes, an avid Labradoodle reader

With Charley, his French poodle, Steinbeck drives the interstates and the country roads, dines with truckers, encounters bears at Yellowstone and old friends in San Francisco. Along the way he reflects on the American character, racial hostility, the particular form of American loneliness he finds almost everywhere, and the unexpected kindness of strangers.





## Wilson (January 1, 2007-February 19, 2023)

*By Joyce Arndt*

Back in April 2013, my male Sheltie, River, needed a playmate. His sister Sheltie was a “miss priss,” not about to chase and catch balls with him. Why not rescue a Sheltie? All the forms were filled out and soon my daughter and I drove a couple of hours to a house at the foot of a mountain where we met a foster mom named Louise Cortright. Louise said the sweet dog we came to see was recuperating from surgery but was ready for a new family.

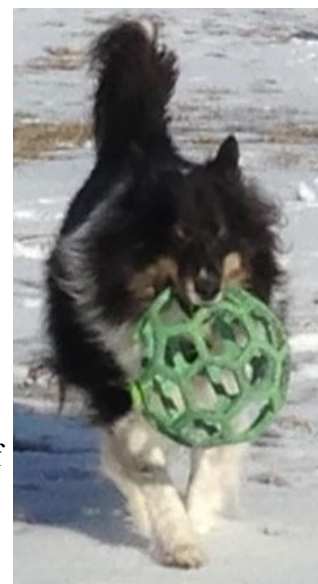
We met this black and white Sheltie, took him and my dog River for a walk, and learned all about him. His former owners couldn’t afford expensive surgery to help him walk again. This little dog proved everyone wrong. He walked and ran, even retrieved balls. So, as you have already guessed, the little black and white Sheltie went home with us.

His name was Syllas, not a name for a sweet dog, so on the ride home we ran through hundreds of names. At Louise’s house, he had picked up a tennis ball. My daughter loves sports and Wilson makes tennis balls, so Syllas became Wilson.

For the next several years, Wilson retrieved a ball for as long as someone threw it. His favorite was the skeleton ball called “holey roller.” My dogs competed at chasing a ball and River would sometimes get to it first. Brother Kirby didn’t share; he just grabbed the ball and ran for the porch to hide the ball behind a chair.

This year, Wilson’s hind legs got weaker. We bought rubber booties for him, put them on, and away he went. Getting up and down was now a breeze. Wilson would trot around the house tap, tap, tap on the wood and tile floors. If I close my eyes now, I can hear that tap, tap, tap following behind me.

We learned a lot from this little black and white dog. Wilson loved everyone and was always ready to play, especially with children. His favorite treat was cheese. I discovered this because I shared a bite of my lunch with my dogs and I noticed Wilson stood by me at lunch time. If I ignored him, he would bark. It didn’t take long for the others to catch on. The middle of the day became cheese time. Over the years we discovered he had been obedience and agility trained, but because of his weak hind legs, he couldn’t do jumps. But he could do tunnels, a dog walk board, and, oh my, did he like a car ride. He would sit quiet as a mouse till I came to a stop, then he barked at whatever was outside the car.



Wilson’s adoption paperwork said he was 6 years old at that time. Now, 10 years later, we helped him over the Rainbow Bridge. He couldn’t get up, refused his favorite cheese, and his eyes no longer shone. His sweet heart gave up after a wonderful life.

Sleep well, dear friend. We will see you over the Bridge.



## I am Schmitty, a Shetland Sheepdog (not a German Beer!)

I am Schmitty, and I got people who Luff me! Their names are Pat and Kevin and I comed to their howse bowt three yeres ago when I was five cuz my furst person cudnt keep me no more. See, Pat and Kevin are fallenteers with NVSR and they was jest gunna keep me a few weeks. But I liked their howse right away, and so I did their fun games and cuddled in their laps so they would never want me to leave! Peeples, they lyke dogs what cuddle and look up adoringly! They can't resist us whin we do that!

It werked and I got ta stay! Now I am in charge of keeping unknown humans, dogs and squirrels out of their nice fenced yard, and I'm reel good to their favorite toy Mr. Duck and bring him to them to play with. I go to the backdoor when I gots ta go pee, I am lerning to eet more slow out of that puzzle bowl they put my food in, and stuff lyke that. They say I es very smart and really fast! I hear them talkin about taking me to agilitee classes where I can lern all kinds of fun stuff.

Ma, dat es Pat, says I am verry food motifated and I would eat lots more but Ma, she gives me green beans, carrots and bananas as treats to keep me slim & trim! I still aint learnt to lyk hardwood stairs so I wait at the bottom (sometimes with my cousin the Westie when we have sleep-overs) and do what ma calls my snoopy dog happy-dance when Ma and Kevin come down the stairs in the morning! I don't think they can imagine life without me now. I know I can't imagine life without THEM!





### Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue Directors and Coordinators

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 Intakes, Foster Assignments, Adoptions ..... Lisa Fox  
 Transportation Coordinator & Foster Supplies .....Chris Sokol  
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 Vet Committee.....Sharon Daussin,  
 Dana Greenwood, Mary Ellen Jones, Nancy Tisdale

Special thanks to the many volunteers who foster, transport, and contribute their time and talents to help the Shelties who are brought to or found by NVSR.

Newsletter submissions to sheltiespin@nvsr.org  
 Website www.nvsr.org • E-Mail: shelties@nvsr.org

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 703-912-4002

Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue  
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 Charlottesville VA 22901



### I would like to make a donation to the Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**Donation Amount:**

\$25     \$50     \$75     \$100    Other \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue. Mail to Treasurer, NVSR, 977 Seminole Trail, PMB 314, Charlottesville VA 22901

Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue, Inc., is a nonprofit, 501(c)(3), tax-exempt corporation. A financial statement is available upon request from the Commonwealth of Virginia Division of Consumer Affairs, P.O. Box 1163, Richmond, VA 23218-1163.

NVSR MISSION STATEMENT

NVSR will take in any Sheltie in need regardless of age, except those with histories of repeated, unprovoked biting. Dogs accepted into rescue will be evaluated in foster homes, receive veterinary care and necessary resocialization, and ultimately be placed in homes where they will be loved, protected, and well cared for. We support efforts to reduce pet overpopulation; all of our Shelties will be spayed or neutered prior to adoption or, if not yet at a safe age to be neutered, placed on a spay/neuter contract at the time of adoption. NVSR is a 501(c)(3) organization.