



The Sheltie Spin

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

Winter 2018

Hannah and Bentley: My Therapy Dog Angels

by Susan Hendrix

On this chilly fall morning in Crofton MD, Shelties Bentley and Hannah are wearing coats to keep them warm on the way to the hospital. But don't feel sad. This is a feel good, warm your heart story. Our two rescued Shelties are certified therapy dogs.



Today hubby Cary and I are taking Hannah and Bentley to Anne Arundel Medical Center. They are squeaky clean, thoroughly brushed, and sporting seasonal bandanas and their official hospital ID badges. Today Hannah is also wearing her doggie sunglasses for that "cool" factor. First stop is the main information desk where Ernie, an older hospital volunteer,

Cary and Bentley always bends down to greet them with kisses and baby talk. Next it's a quick stop in the volunteer office where hubby and I sign in.

Exiting the volunteer office, we are immediately met with smiles from staff members and nurses. Many take photos of Hannah looking cute as heck in her shades. It's the day after Thanksgiving so our first stop will be the Donner Pavilion to chat with folks receiving outpatient infusion therapy for cancer.

Bentley and Hannah are small enough to be placed gently in a patient's lap or next to them for snuggle time. The recliners here are heated so both Shelties are content to relax with each patient.

This visit in particular made me feel truly blessed and happy.



Bentley and Hannah

Cary and I had just entered the treatment area at Donner when I heard a woman say, "Oh please stop here first. I desperately need a doggie fix!" She wore a cap to keep her head warm and a blanket was draped across her lap. Bentley pulled me over to her. She asked if I could put him next to her, and there he sat for several minutes while she chatted and petted him. At this very moment I realized that my 11-year-old Bentley and 9-year-old Hannah love this "job." I was over the moon.

After visiting 20 patients at Donner, we walked back outside so Hannah and Bentley could have a potty break, then back inside to visit children in the pediatric ward. One swipe of our ID badges, a swish of the automatic doors, and Hannah and Bentley made their grand entrance. Nurses popped out from behind the desk, phones in hand. We could hear a small child screaming in a treatment room down the hall. A nurse hurried to us asking if we could go help her calm down enough to get her nebulizer treatment for asthma. I sat Bentley on the empty bed next to her and her mom and ... a miracle happened. The child stopped crying and just stared at Bentley with awe. Just the distraction the nurses needed so she could continue her treatment.



Hannah and Bentley Years ago, Bentley was our "C" student in agility, refusing the weave poles, but excelling at jumps and tunnels. As he got older, his interest in this sport faded, Cary hurt his back, and my left knee wasn't thrilled with running courses, so we stopped entering competitions.

Wondering how to fill the gap, I looked into getting Bentley and Hannah their Canine Good Citizen certification. It's 10 exercises and they had to pass all



Happy Holidays to all our NVSR Friends!

As we come to the close of another year, we are preparing to proudly celebrate 2019 as our 20th year rescuing Shelties. Celebrate with us at one of our events. We hope that you will continue your generous support of our mission. We've had several very expensive dogs in 2018, and we know that will continue. We want to provide the help that every dog needs to be healthy and have a happy home. As you make your holiday purchases, consider using Amazon Smile to support us. Costs you no more, and it helps us out.



We still have some 2019 calendars available.

Write to shop@NVSR.org to order yours.

Visit our Sheltie Shop at NVSR.org for other Sheltie items

Hannah and Bentley Continued from page 1

of them to qualify. Afterward I thought, hey, these two are so good when we go out, they get along with other dogs, and love meeting people, so maybe we should get them certified as therapy dogs. That was two years ago and I know we made the right choice. Dogs like Hannah and Bentley are perfect therapy dogs. They don't judge you for not looking your best or feel sad if you shed tears, they just want to give and get love.

Bentley was just 1 ½ when we adopted him from NVSR. Cary and I still joke that he "looked like trouble" in the NVSR photo. We had three Shelties before him, but had never adopted a rescue. We quickly realized our new addition had a wild side, but with lots of positive reinforcement, obedience training, and lots of love, Bentley showed us how special he is.

Hannah was our foster dog from Northern Chesapeake Sheltie Rescue. Cary and I fell in love with this tiny, 3-year-old, 12 pound bundle of

craziness, and we adopted her. She was an agility



Hannah looking "cool"

student drop out and doesn't always listen when we call her to come indoors. But she shines when it comes to making people smile, so she has found her calling. We never intended to have four Shelties (... yes, four!), but they are our family now and we cherish them.

Does your Sheltie have what it takes to be a therapy dog? Does he or she enjoy meeting strangers, is calm when taken out, and gets along with other dogs? Then chances are you have a therapy dog in the making. Patients in nursing homes, assisted living, and hospitals need you and your pooch. There are several therapy dog organizations and each has its own requirements, as do hospitals and nursing homes, so look into it and please consider this life changing activity.



More on Pet Therapy

by Lisa Fox

Being part of a Pet Therapy Team is an extremely rewarding volunteer activity for both dog and handler. Many patients experiencing pain and depression immediately cheer up when a furry little Sheltie climbs in bed with them. Hospital staff love pet therapy, too, because it brightens a patient's day and boosts the hospital's rating in patient satisfaction surveys.

A therapy dog visiting hospital patients must be freshly bathed and groomed before each day's work. For this reason, most Hospital Pet Therapy Teams want at least 12 dogs on the team so any given dog visits only one day every two weeks and thus avoids excessive bathing.

In addition to the usual Therapy Dog certification (similar to the AKC Canine Good Citizen certification), most hospitals conduct their own evaluations of the dogs before they begin their duties. They look for dogs that will not react adversely to alarms, people in wheelchairs and on crutches, noisy food carts, and other hospital activities. Hospitals need calm, friendly dogs willing to be cuddled by many different patients and their families over several hours. While all breeds serve as therapy dogs, Shelties are particularly in demand because of their appealing appearance, good temperaments, and small size that allows them to get up on the patient's bed.

My Tess has been a therapy dog at Fauquier Hospital for about five years and is a favorite among patients, visitors, doctors, and nurses. Like most hospitals, Fauquier needs more dogs on their team. Would your Sheltie make a good therapy dog?

Here's something else that a certified Therapy Dog can do. Tess is often invited to Brownie troop meetings to help with a unit on "Proper Care of Your Dog." We lead a discussion on how to keep your dog safe, healthy, and happy. Each little girl then draws from a basket a command or trick that she asks Tess to perform. (Perfectly done by Tess, of course!) And each girl practices walking her with safe leash handling techniques.





What's in a Name? Collected by Arns Burks

Most pet names "just happened." Some come from silly quirks. But all the names show love. Even years after they have left us, these names bring warm memories. Thanks to all the volunteers who shared stories. Watch for more in the next *Spirit* issue.

Mary Ellen Jones: It's silly (so I do this only when alone), but when I'm cuddling my dogs I say (in a squeaky voice), "Who's a Dee-tee-poo?" It evolved when grooming my first Sheltie and I said, "Who's a pretty pooch?" Baby talk stretched it out of shape. My only two boy dogs have been addressed as – and responded to – "Mister" Darwin and "Mister" Bond. Both behaved with such elegance, dirt couldn't stick. However, my girls have all been mud magnets.

Vicki Bartlett: Years ago, I couldn't find a name that suited our Westie; a neighbor called him "Hodog." It took me six months to send in "Clancy's" AKC registration. When our son was born, I didn't have a boy's name chosen and my husband became frantic. "Vicki, don't wait six months to send the birth certificate like you did Clancy's registration." Our current Sheltie is Sadie and we often call her "SadieBear."

Theresa Jackson: Bubba, our Lab/Aussie mix, was a stray and such a good ol' boy. He has two nicknames. "Bouncing Bubba Boy" because he bounces up and down. "Bubbalicious" because he is so happy and has such a full-body wag that he hits himself in the head with his tail. Our poor little Sheltie, Jillyroo, gets Bubba's tail swipes.

Jenni Chase: Bear is Care Bear, Bear Knuckle Brawler, Boo Boo Head, Beary Mamilow. No clue when or why we came up with those. Kate is Tater, Tater Salad.

Joyce Miller: Buddy Two Shoes came into rescue with that name. He answered to it, and it suits him. There are lots of Buddys, but he's the only Buddy Two Shoes I know. It allows for many nicknames – Budzilla, Budster, Mr. Buck.



Buddy Two Shoes

Sharon Daussin: Gossip was called Gossip Girl because she was so girly. Buttons was affectionately called Button Hole, well ... because it worked ♡. We still have our darling little Viva, formal name is Viva Las Vegas. David was in Vegas when I brought her home. He asked me 20 times in that husband-who-doesn't-approve tone, "We won't keep her, will we?" My decision was already made! Her name has morphed to Vivalicious. More funny nicknames for our pets: Tessa Monkey, Monsta Man, Worm, and the ambassador for worried Shelties, MiMi DumDum! (Aka MiMi dammit!)



Bernard

Cindy Foreso: Bernard came to me knowing his name and ignoring Bernie. My granddaughter, Anna, couldn't say Bernard so she calls him "Nard." He will only respond to that from Anna.



Kathy Coffelt: My Halley girl was named after Halley's Comet, I believe. Kathy Kelly, her first foster mom, named her.

Susan Hendrix: Bentley is called Bentley Boo, Boogs, morphing into Booger. No idea how this happened. Zoey is nuts, and sometimes we call her Crazy Girl. Murphy is stocky so he is Chubber. Hannah is also Hannah Banana. Just sounds cute and it stuck.

Dana Greenwood: Prince recently acquired "Thumper." First, because the malformation in his front leg made a thumping noise when he walked, and now because of the cast on that leg. One of our previous Shelties, Jersey, was commonly called Weasel or Weezie because he was a slinker and the name fit.



Smoke and Wyatt

Joan McGregor: Our Wyatt is Boobilish or BooBoo. His personality is so bubbly and he walks with a little jump in his step. He just Boobilish! Smoke has always been ... Naughty (but a good Naughty). He's old now but in his youth he was the Naughty Club leader, always up to something. Bella (recently passed) was my Sweetpea.



Bella

Nancy Tisdale: Maria came named Rhiannon, which I changed to Rhea, then Maria. But the nickname she does answer to, is "Monkey Butt." Because her rear end was so bare from her skin problems, it reminded me of the monkeys I worked with at UVA. Here are Maria's rear when she arrived and the original Monkey Butt. Quite similar.



A Monkey Butt



Maria's Butt

Sue Beckerdite: My husband's Sheltie was nicknamed "Bunny Dog" because she hopped like a bunny!!

Kathy Kelly: Our big Laddie is the collie I never had (even though he's just a big 45# Sheltie), as in "Lad, A Dog," the stories by Albert Payson Terhune (1872-1942), and Lad's Sunnybank adventures.



His Cubbiness

Anne Burke (that's me): Tootsie was changed to Miss Tori, and it suits her perfectly. She's also "The Diva" – "it's all about me, only me." She makes Mariah Carey look like Mother Teresa. Cubby, who left us in 2016, was "His Cubbiness." A neighbor who couldn't remember his name called him Chubby, Tubby, Teddy, Buddy. Finally, when we visited her one day, she just blurted out, "How is his Cubbiness?" It stuck.



Tori

GAM Printers of Sterling, Virginia, and the Grant Family dedicate the printing of the Sheltie Spin in memory of their Shelties and Honorary Shelties Cody, Cookie, D.O.G., Dutchess, Duncan, Heidi, Hunny, Lynus, Rocky, Sassy, Spirit and Tigger.



A Very Needy Little Dog Gets a New Lease on Life

by Lisa Fox

An urgent call to NVSR volunteer Sharon Daussin came from a sad family with a desperately ill Sheltie they couldn't afford to treat. Their only option was to have her euthanized. NVSR took in Callahan and immediately had her evaluated at Lake Forest Vet Clinic where Sharon works as a vet assistant.

The news was bad. Callahan had two serious, highly contagious conditions: sarcoptic mange and ringworm. She also had yeast infections in both ears and very weak muscles in her hindquarters from arthritis and excessive caging. Further testing revealed hypothyroidism and extensive food allergies. She needed vaccinations and a dental cleaning. Where to start?

Because of her contagious skin conditions, Callahan stayed in isolation in the vet kennel for many weeks while the mange and ringworm were treated. Everyone who worked with her wore gloves and took extensive precautions to protect other patients and staff. Poor Callahan had her beautiful coat shaved to ensure access to her skin issues. This tiny dog was subjected to numerous blood tests, biopsies, injections, medicated baths—and long days in a crate.

But Callahan was a real trooper, charming everyone. Her sweet, calm disposition throughout her arduous treatments made the staff find ways to make this intrepid little dog comfortable and give her extra attention and affection. Clinic staff and NVSR volunteers cheered when her biopsies finally came back negative. We were all delighted when her skin finally cleared and her coat began to grow back.

Callahan needed nourishing food that wouldn't trigger her food allergies. Exercise and joint supplements strengthened her weak hindquarters. Vaccinations were brought up-to-date and a dental cleaning yielded sparkling white teeth. The clinic workers loved watching her play with toys and run joyfully in the kennel yard, finally healthy and comfortable!

Foster mom Sharon took Callahan home to play with her own dogs while NVSR looked for the right adopter. The search didn't take long. Experienced Sheltie owners Louise and Mike Kenny had been patiently awaiting a call from NVSR that we had a match for them. They fell in love with Callahan as soon as they met her. To make sure they understood the continuing care she needs, the Kennys drove from Alexandria to Lynchburg to meet the vets who had managed her complex treatment and restored this plucky little dog to good health.

Callahan now enjoys a well-deserved, pampered life, taking long walks along the Potomac. She joined NVSR at the December Scottish Walk. We want to thank Doctors Amy, Sarah, and Angela and the vet techs at Lake Forest Veterinary Clinic for the months of loving care they gave little Callahan—and for the 20% discount they gave NVSR. And we are very grateful to our many loyal donors whose contributions made Callahan's very expensive care possible.



Callahan shaved for treatment



Callahan with the vet team and her new family



Finding Our Way to the Other Side of Loss

by Martha Heisel

In 1983, I got my first two Shelties, Belle and Meggie. Since then I have never been without at least two dogs in my life. Over the years, I've had 10 more of my own (seven were fosters I couldn't let go), and I've fostered 104 Shelties. Many times, I've been there to say goodbye to my own or a foster dog when his or her life ends, and believe me, it never gets easier, and it shouldn't. I want my voice to be the last one my pet hears and my hand to be the last one he feels. It's so difficult to see the light disappear from those eyes and life depart. My dog's physical time with me has ended. But I have learned to understand my grief and loss and to keep that dog happily forever in my heart.

No one has to tell us that our pets are so central to our lives. For me, the most important thing they teach is to cherish each and every day for just what it is. They don't obsess over yesterday; they don't worry about tomorrow; they just know today and right now. They are great teachers, if only we will pay attention. But they just don't live long enough, do they?

I think the hardest part of losing a dear pet is missing their presence in the home right afterward. I have found writing about my feelings is very helpful at this very sad time. It helps me move past those last traumatic hours, days, weeks, when I knew in my heart that my dog's life would soon be over. I pull out photos of him or her as a youngster or a new adoptee and relive happy times. Yes, they make me sad that there will no longer be any days with that pet, but it helps to realize that those times did happen, and they were joyful. My grief is also tied into the loss of the little daily things we did together. Their presence shaped my days.

Here are some ways that you might want to handle your grief at saying goodbye to a pet. Seek out others who will understand. Don't give any time to the "it's only a dog/cat/bird/gerbil" people. Among your friends are many who can comprehend your feelings and offer comfort. Seek them out. When you lose your NVSR Sheltie, our shepherd team wants to offer our sympathy and understanding.

You might want to have a ceremony or ritual around the death or anniversary of it. Say a prayer, read a poem, meditate, burn incense. Place a marker at the grave or in a favorite place in your yard, put some flowers by the container of ashes, hang a wind chime, plant a tree, visit places where you spent time together, make a memorial donation. Sit quietly with your feelings. You don't have to explain them or try to make them go away. That is the beginning of healing. Here is a poem that helped give me perspective:

*Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.
- Mary Elizabeth Frye*



*Glacier (3/10/98-5/3/13)
Always in my heart.*



Where are the Shelties???

by Janie Robertson

Last January, Al and I were contacted that a foster home was needed for two “Sheltie mix” puppies coming in from a SW Virginia shelter. We quickly agreed to foster these two, anxious to smell “puppy breath” again. That’s when the adventure started.



Al picked them up in Charlottesville, and I couldn’t wait to see these darlings. I ran into the garage and peeked into the crate. One young fellow looked like a papillon/chihuahua mix with a pointy nose, tail wagging at warp speed. I didn’t see another dog in the crate. “Where are the Shelties?” I asked. Al said, “That’s what I asked when I saw them.”



Next question: “Only one?” Then I saw a little ragamuffin, trying to be invisible, scrunched down in the back of the crate. I opened the crate and Mr. Friendly jumped into my arms. Oh, the joy of puppy kisses!

I handed him off to Al and reached way back into the crate to pick up a frightened, limp little ball of fur who clung to me like his life depended on it.

First order of business – baths. I sat on a stool inside our large bathtub and washed Mr. Friendly first. Mr. Furball leaned into me while I washed and rinsed him. Copious dirt flowed down the drain! My clothes were soaked head to toe. After towelng them we looked at them, at each other, at them again, and back at each other ... “Do they look any closer to Shelties to you?” we asked each other.

Next order of business – naming them. We finally decided on Casey for Mr. Friendly and Max for Mr. Furball. They just looked like a Max and Casey to us and they learned their names very quickly. By now Max was just as outgoing and happy as Casey.

Third order of business – vet visit. (Here they are in the waiting room.) Both were healthy except for worms which we treated. I told our vet that the information we got indicated they were Sheltie mixes and actually littermates. She snickered at “Sheltie mix” part but verified that they were both about 6 months old and could be littermates. (A litter can have multiple fathers. I will let you think on that for a while.) The boys were later neutered and brought up to date on immunizations.



How quickly we forget how much more attention is required for puppies than grown dogs. For one thing, they don’t sleep all night. And, **IT WAS JANUARY AND COLD OUTSIDE AT 3:00 am. AND THEY CHEW EVERYTHING. AND THEY HAVEN’T BEEN TAUGHT ANYTHING. AND THEY HAVE THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A GNAT. AND WERE OBVIOUSLY NOT POTTY TRAINED. AND WE ARE TOO OLD FOR THIS!!!**



We had also been told that they were very bonded, which was soon apparent. One cried if the other was out of sight. They slept together, ate together, played together. Our mission became finding a loving home so these guys could stay together. (What they are doing in this picture? Maybe trying to look “more Sheltie-like.”)

It didn’t take long for Max and Casey to win our hearts, and we became indulgent foster parents. Their antics had us laughing out loud, until ... they pulled the sheet covering their crate through the wires and it was hanging in strips as if it had been run through a paper shredder.



They dug in any mud hole they saw and came in with muddy feet. (See Mr. Chocolate Paws.) They tore open every dog bed and left stuffing all over the family room. I know you are thinking, “Where were you and Al while all of this was going on?” Al was there but asleep in his recliner and I was upstairs thinking he was in charge. We hunkered down, enrolled them in AKC Puppy class, advanced puppy class, and last, a focus class. They captivated everyone; they were the class clowns, rolling across the floor to be together, lying upside down on the floor, and on and on. The instructor had to separate them across the room.



Max’s fur was a magnet for every stick, leaf, and pine needle, and was constantly matted. We were so tempted to get a puppy cut but felt that we wanted the adopters to see his natural fur first and they could decide. He needed brushing EVERY day, looking like a miniature golden doodle/terrier. Casey had grown hair more like a Sheltie – very thick fur on his tail and around his neck. No undercoat, so his fur was easy to maintain.

NVSR had a number of applications that wanted either Max OR Casey, but not both. We nixed all of those. We were determined the guys would stay together even if we had to adopt them ourselves. Finally, some applications began to arrive from families that wanted both of them. We looked carefully at every one. The boys had been with us for over six months and we were very attached to them. But we knew they needed to be with a loving family to give them all their attention. They deserved that. Plus our own Shelties deserved having our full attention again.

We were very fortunate to find an empty nest couple in Maryland who fell in love with them. When they came to meet the pups, Max and Casey were all over them – tails wagging, tongues kissing, and I knew they would be loved. The deal was done, and as the couple drove away with Max and Casey, I cried like a baby. I admit I’ve had several good cries since then. Their new mom sends photos and it is obvious that Max and Casey love their new home. They also enjoyed chewing one of Mom’s shoes and shredding the bottom of the family room curtains. Mom is looking for an obedience class for some remedial learning. And, oh yes, Max got an adorable haircut. (Mom recently sent this photo of the pups snuggling at bedtime.)



OK, so maybe they only have a smidgen of Sheltie in them, but they stole our hearts. “Where are the Shelties?” My stars, what an adventure we began when that question was first asked.





Avoiding Premature Death from Kidney Disease

by Lisa Fox

Too many Sheltie parents receive the devastating news that their beloved Sheltie has kidney failure and may have only months to live. They take the dog to the vet when they first notice copious water drinking, excessive urination, and lack of appetite. After bloodwork and urinalysis, the vet relates bad news: kidney disease. The vet will usually recommend a very low protein prescription kidney diet food, one that many dogs find unpalatable and refuse to eat. Failure to eat causes further deterioration in the kidney values. Subcutaneous fluids will be administered to buy a little more time, but quality of life erodes further. The end is near.

Kidney disease is relatively common in Shelties, but the sad scenario above doesn't have to play out. Unfortunately, by the time a Sheltie caregiver notices symptoms and takes the dog to the vet, 75% of kidney function may already have been lost. Early kidney disease has no noticeable symptoms. The key is to have annual bloodwork and urinalysis done on your Sheltie, starting at age 7. Then, these tests should be done every six months when the dog turns 10 or 11. Such tests can pick up kidney disease in its very early stages when useful interventions can take place. A new test called SDMA can detect kidney disease at a much earlier stage than relying solely on BUN, Creatinine, and Phosphorus. Always ask your vet to include this SDMA test.

Early diagnosis of kidney disease will allow you to avoid NSAIDs and other medications that can further damage the kidneys. All surgical procedures, including dental cleanings, and even treatment of arthritis should be tailored to your dog's kidney issues. It is also important to keep your Sheltie slim and to give supplements to aid in joint health.

If your Sheltie is diagnosed with early stage kidney disease, dietary changes can dramatically extend the dog's life. Because phosphorus is very burdensome for compromised kidneys, a diet low in phosphorus is critical. Until recently, the recommendation was to put the dog on a very low protein prescription diet because protein produces phosphorus. However, more recent research suggests that these expensive prescription diets do not extend the lives of dogs with kidney disease.

A better approach is to consider home cooking for your dog. By choosing fresh foods that are high quality and low in phosphorus, you can provide a much more nutritious diet that is also extremely appealing to your dog—and saves money at the same time. Home cooking for dogs is not a simple matter, however. Great care must be taken to prepare meals that are well-balanced and have all the vitamins and minerals dogs need. But the main ingredients are not expensive: steamed vegetables, cooked eggs, baked ground meats, oils, calcium. An alternative is to feed certain varieties of dehydrated foods like Honest Kitchen that have human grade ingredients and are low in phosphorus.

There are some excellent resources available to caregivers of dogs with kidney disease. Two of the best are:

- K9Kidneys@yahoogroups.com is for those caring for dogs with kidney disease. Its moderators are extremely knowledgeable and will interpret your dog's lab results for you and give individual advice. Recipes for home cooked meals and many other tips are provided.
- <http://www.dogaware.com/health/kidney.html> provides very valuable information on kidney disease diagnosis and treatment, kidney diets, commercial and home cooked diets.

Two of my own Shelties were diagnosed at age 12 with early stage kidney disease. A combination of carefully prepared home cooked meals and Honest Kitchen dehydrated food did not cure the kidney disease, but their kidney values deteriorated only very slowly. They died at ages 16 and 17.5 of causes other than kidney disease.



Is Your Adopted Sheltie Safe with Children?

by Lisa Fox

Most people love those cute photos of babies or toddlers hugging a beautiful dog. But we who work with rescue dogs often cringe when we view those pictures. Why?

We seldom know the pre-rescue histories of rescued dogs. Perhaps they weren't properly socialized with children. Dogs that have not grown up around children may find them scary. Small children move quickly, do unexpected things, and often have high screechy voices. Perhaps a child teased or hurt them. Many children have not been taught how to approach a dog. For many toddlers, dogs are just big stuffed toys.

If you have an adopted dog, we caution you not to permit children to run up and hug the dog. They should not be allowed to put their faces near the dog's mouth. Instead, test your dog gradually with children. Does he seem happy and excited when he sees kids? Or does he look fearful? Watch his body language carefully. A wagging tail is not always a sign of a happy dog. Watch for lip licking, low tail carriage, body freezing, and other signs that the kids are making your dog nervous. Children should be taught to ask permission before petting your dog. They should approach even a relaxed dog slowly and gently, scratching the dog's chest, not petting his head. Never leave your adopted dog unsupervised with children. Dogs can also become overly excited by children's wild play. A dog bite is a terrible thing—for both the child and the dog. Don't take chances with your adopted dog.



Granddaughter Tori with Toby and Galen



Our 2018 annual picnic was a great success, thanks in large part to our wonderful sponsors and donors

Animal Connection, Charlottesville
Doggie Walk Bags, Balboa Is., CA
iHeart Dogs.com

J Quilts and Totes

Kriser's Natural Pets, Falls Church
The Nautical Dog, Williamsburg
Odyssey Cruises, Washington DC
Posh Pets Supply Co., Charlottesville
ReMax, Candy Myers, Southern MD

Six Flags

WASH-FM

Weber's Pet Supermarket, Fairfax
Wild Birds Unlimited, Winchester
360 Farm & Pet, Fredericksburg

Joyce Arndt

Carol Cundiff

Linda Falck

Jenni & John Frock

George Hankins

Nancy Hansbrough

Martha Heisel

Linda Hill

Sandra Kemp

Janie & Al Robertson

Tuck Rogers

Carol Sautters

Anna Thoreson



Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue Directors and Coordinators

DirectorsMartha Heisel, WesMarks, Nancy Tisdale
 TreasurerWes Marks
 Intakes Lisa Fox
 Foster Care..... Lisa Fox
 Adoption Lisa Fox & Martha Heisel
 Follow-upDonna Martin, Barb Gardner,
 Marta Miranda, Anne Burke, Jessica Baggarley
 Calendar..... Linda Hill
 Events Kathy Kelly
 Newsletter Martha Heisel
 Facebook PageTheresa Jackson, Gregg Bender
 Sheltie Shop.....Wes Marks
 Vet Committee Sharon Daussin,
 Dana Greenwood, Mary Ellen Jones, Nancy Tisdale
 Website Martha Heisel
 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

Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue
 977 Seminole Trail, PMB 314
 Charlottesville VA 22901
 703-912-4002

Northern Virginia Sheltie Rescue
 977 Seminole Trail, PMB 314
 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.