

# Volunteer Update



A registered  
non-profit 501 (c)(3)  
charitable  
organization

April 2019

## Daisy's Dialogue by Francie Rakiec

**W**hy “Daisy’s dialogue?” Well here goes...

I think I was always destined to become a “crazy dog lady.” As a kid we always had at least one dog. In elementary school we had three. Rencil the crazy Rottweiler, Sam the handsome Belgian Shepard, and Chica a Chow/German Shepard mix that ruled the roost weighing in at a whopping 35 pounds, soaking wet. She was the boss. She would walk both Rencil and Sam around by their leashes. It was quite the sight.

Shortly after college I got my first “real” job and shortly after that I got MY first dog, a Golden Retriever. I remember that day just like it was yesterday. I went to a breeder to pick out my sweet girl. (This was before I knew any better and thought breeders were just where you got purebreds. Thankfully, my knowledge on that subject has changed greatly!) I don’t remember the breeding facility being too bad of a place. I do remember there were only two sweet puppies left. One had a heart murmur and was a male and the other was a sweet roly-poly of a female. She was the most beautiful shade of red and had the roundest puppy belly around. I instantly fell in love and knew she had to be mine and she was! I named her Daisy.

When she was a puppy she would accompany me to work every day. I was definitely the over-protective mom—I watched her like a hawk, and didn’t want anyone to feed her people food or teach her any other bad habits. She even had a “puppy” friend at work. Like Daisy, he was a beautiful red colored Golden Retriever and his name was Crash. Crash, you say. Why would anyone name their dog Crash? Well crashing into things is what he did. He was reckless. Always running at full speed and not stopping in time and ultimately knocking this thing or that thing over. He was wonderful and always so gentle and patient



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with my little Daisy. Crash was adopted from, where else, GRRR! Little did I know at the time, how much this organization would affect my life in the future.

In my mid 20s I embarked on a new chapter in my life, and Daisy was by my side. I bought my very first condo! Such an exciting time, but also a very scary time. I had never lived without a human roommate before. It was just going to be Daisy & me. And, oh what fun we had! We trained for our first ever half marathon together, and then our next one, and then another. She was such a great running buddy... well, once she got that first poop out of the way! We would walk around the city and I would take her swimming. Let me tell you, there was nothing more that sweet girl liked than to swim... well, maybe to eat.

Daisy literally would have swam herself to death if I would have let her. I had a joint birthday party with my brother-in-law and our house in the country had a pond in the back yard. Sweet Daisy spent ALL DAY back in that pond, swimming and digging in the mud. She was having the time of her life. So many people, so many kids, and so many other dogs. She was probably the happiest I had ever seen her. Everyone threw the tennis ball for her and she did her best to bring it back, although retrieving wasn't necessarily her strong suit. By the end of the day, she was exhausted. I had to carry her up the two steps on the deck because she kept falling trying to walk up them. Despite her exhaustion, she kept trying to sneak off to go back into the pond. Every time we went to the country house she would sneak off down to that pond and more than once when we would let her out for a quick potty break she would come

back soaking wet. It was like the pond called her name and she lost all self-control and just had to get in!

Moving on to her love of food... Turns out she was more crafty and agile than I had first given her credit for. After the half marathon training Daisy had put on a couple of pounds, so I didn't think she would be able to get things off the counter tops. Boy, was I wrong. I had just made cornbread muffins with jalapenos and left them in containers on the counter to cool. I had to run out for something and would be right back, so I left the containers and muffins on the counter. I came back and eventually noticed that something was missing from the counter. Yep, my sweet Daisy, extra weight and all, had somehow managed to eat every last one of those muffins. She swiped them off the counter. I couldn't believe it. I think for the next couple of days she was regretting that decision. Let's just say the muffins burned a little more coming out than they did on the way in! On another occasion, Daisy managed to steal an entire bag of miniature Paydays and uncooked spaghetti noodles out of the pantry and munch on those. You couldn't help but laugh at her determination.

Then came the dreaded time, in 2014 at the ripe age of 13 Daisy got sick. In May Daisy suddenly couldn't walk. One day she was running around fine and literally the next day she wasn't. We took her to the vet and was told that she had a tumor on her spleen and that she would need to have her spleen removed. We were also told that chances were good the tumor was cancerous. The next day Daisy had her spleen removed. Surgery went well and they sent her tumor off to CSU. The results came back and the tumor was

cancerous, but the good news was we had caught it super early. The bad news was that the vets had no idea what to advise us to do next because it was possible, that since it was caught early, the cancer hadn't spread, but on the other hand it could have. The question then became do we put her through chemo at 13. We ultimately decided that we were going to take a gamble and hope that the cancer hadn't spread. We just didn't want to put Daisy through anymore. Unfortunately our gamble didn't pay off. In September of 2014, one month shy of Daisy's 14th birthday, she started

coughing up blood. Again, she had exhibited no signs prior to that. Turns out the cancer had spread to her respiratory system. On September 5, 2014, I lost my beloved Daisy. It was the most heartbreaking thing I have ever experienced in my life. It still brings me to tears as I write this article. Her passing is something I try not to dwell on because I know how lucky I was to have her in my life for almost 14 years. Instead, I focus on all of the great memories she and I shared. She was my best friend and I will always love her!

## Ways to Give - Employee Matches, & Company Grants

by Kevin Shipley

It's funny, I feel like I've covered this before, but I forget how many new-ish members we have. Although we have experienced a wonderful increase in employer-matched donations in the past twelve to eighteen months, there is currently a big push with companies that are new to the "match" game. I was visiting with someone the other day who was talking about a big trend in companies to not only provide a match to employee donations, but to also issue small grants to organizations their employees support. That is an outstanding trend, especially for community-based nonprofits like GRRR.

So, the request is: find out if your company currently provides employee match donations and/or ask your company if it is something they are looking into. There are several companies that act as the go-between—they work with many companies to facilitate the process so companies don't have to figure it out on their own. Benevity and Easymatch are two of the largest that we see.

Thank you to all the GRRR peeps that have already named GRRR for their company matches and we would appreciate anything you can do to further support this growing trend.

## VIP Update *Sukie McMaster*

Spring is almost here and the VIP team has better weather and longer hours to visit the dogs in the kennel. Start time as always is 10 a.m., and please be finished by 6:30 p.m. in April/May and then by 7 p.m. in the summer months. You can respond to the weekly email with your preferred day and time or JUST COME ON OVER during the scheduled hours. The dogs are always thrilled to see you and

get some loving. If the weather is bad, you can sit in the kitchen area with a leashed dog or sit with them in their kennel for some one-on-one attention. Our goal is to get them out and about with at least 5 to 6 volunteers per day. There is no such thing as too much TLC! Enjoy the dogs, and thank you for being a part of the VIP Team.

# Fond Memories & Being Grateful – Executive Director

by Kevin Shipley

As humans, our memories can be pretty frail. No, it's not just age, it's time that advances at the speed of sound. Here at GRRR there are always those favorite dogs that will forever stick like a magnet in our brains, but there are many more that have since gone on to find great homes. As I am watching my cohort in crime, Francie, scan medical files into the "cloud," I hear her mention a dog's name that brings back such happy memories. There are those dogs that come in and go out so quickly that you barely remember them, but there are others that are here just long enough for us to fall in love with their goofy, mostly funny personalities. For some reason, we have some dogs that take longer to get adopted, even though they may be wonderful dogs. Don't get me wrong, a dog a Phoebe's Place has a great life, but it is a middle step to a forever home.

We get heartbroken when the "right" home doesn't come along as quickly as we'd like. The dog is fine, but we humans feel bad. For my part, I visit with those dogs (like Capone currently) and promise them that we will find that great home for them. One where they can have their own bed, a place by the fireplace, and, if they have really lax parents, a sofa they can

conquer. It is a very happy time when we get to be here on adoption day or see photos of an adoption day. Roberta Miller (placements) is an incredibly dedicated finder of homes. That should be a new title: IDFoH (Incredibly Dedicated Finder of Homes). Mary Kenton reviews apps, sends qualified apps to Roberta, and sometimes a suggestion as to a best match, Roberta calls and reviews the app with the applicant, and, when appropriate, sets up a meet-and-greet. It's such a pleasure to see the process work. Roberta is such an upbeat, organized person. She somehow stays organized and on-task in spite of the dog whirlwind going on around her.

There are so many volunteers that make GRRR run. As I talk to the heads of other Golden Retriever rescues around the country I realize how fortunate we are to have such quantity and quality of volunteers and board members.

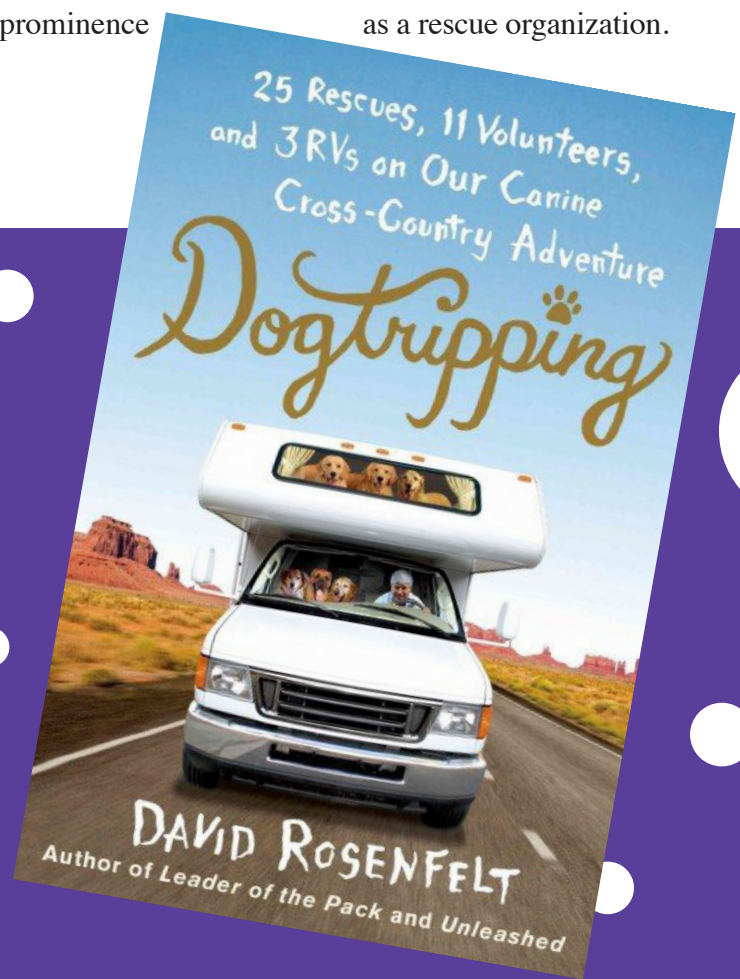
Thank you for continuing to propel GRRR to such prominence as a rescue organization.

## GALA TICKETS ARE ALMOST SOLD OUT!

If you don't have tickets yet, don't miss out as this year will be extra special

<https://aesbid.org/ELP/GRRR19>

There will be new auction items and more room to roam around, eat, visit with friends, and buy great stuff in support of our pooches.







Golden Retriever Rescue of the Rockies

# 9th Annual Gala

Saturday, June 15, 2019 | Tivoli Denver

Special Guest – Author David Rosenfelt

# Picture This

A look forward to the many happenings with GRRR





## Welcome New Volunteers!

Rebecca Amason • Pamela Breig • Loni Bunes • Dante Burl

Colleen Case • Mo Forster • Brianna Gardiner • Annie Halverstadt • Kate Heldreth • Cheryl Ince

Gale Ingram • Erin Jacobson • Julie Keyes • Jill McDonnell • Keilidh McMath • Maggie McGrath

Nick McKellar • Emily Mudge • Hannah Nesvold • Jamie O'Malley

Don Palermo • Kirsten Parker • Chris Phillips • Matthew Reichard • Hannah Rockwell

Kim Rockwell • Robert F. Rosenthal • Steve Sadler • Tarra Tamura • Claire Touslee

Anthony Transontay • Isaac Wagner • Kris Wrede • Cheri L Wright

**Development Director** Francie Rakiec: francie.rakiec@goldenrescue.com

**Golden Growl Quarterly Newsletter** Debbie Stratton: debbie.davis@goldenrescue.com

**Volunteer Newsletter** Leigh Gannan: leighlums@gmail.com

**Animal Care** Mary Kenton:  
mary.kenton@goldenrescue.com

**Adoption Follow-up** Cathy Jones: cathy.jones@goldenrescue.com  
Stacy Springston: stacy.stringston@goldenrescue.com

**Placement** Roberta Miller: robertamiller70@yahoo.com

**Application Advocate** Gloria LeFree: gloria.lefree@goldenrescue.com

**Grant Writing** Judi Servoss: judi.servoss@goldenrescue.com  
Linda Pierrel: linda.pierrel@goldenrescue.com  
Jeannie Miller: jeanniebeer@gmail.com

**Volunteer Coordinator** Cindee Moyer: cindee.moyer@goldenrescue.com

**VIP - Volunteer Interaction Program Coordinator** Sukie McMaster:  
sukie.mcmaster@goldenrescue.com 303-530-1655

**Executive Director** Kevin Shipley: Kevin.shipley@goldenrescue.com

# Team Leaders