



Yankee Golden Retriever Rescue, Inc.

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Dear Golden Friends,

What would you say, if one day you received a letter in the mail from a Golden Retriever whose life started a few years ago 6,700 miles away? Would you laugh? Be Intrigued? Or think...this is just silly...dogs don't send letters!

Over 35 years ago, Yankee Golden Retriever Rescue was founded to help Goldens in need throughout the New England area. Years have passed and times have changed but still the focus remains on assisting these loveable dogs find new, safe, forever homes. The only difference is now they come to us not only from New England but other areas in the United States and even from countries far, far away. Their stories are varied, their past sometimes sad, their circumstances treacherous, but at all times they remain sweet and loving.

Who better to tell you the story than Anny? She has enlisted our help in putting her experience into words that represent in some way similar situations that have been endured by all the Goldens who have passed through YGRR's program.

Anny's story is just one of the many that are part of the lives of the Rescue Goldens at Yankee. Thank you so much for all you have done for these special dogs and all that you continue to do.

As we begin our new fiscal year we find ourselves facing ever increasing expenses. Please help us meet these challenges by participating in this Summer Appeal and sending us a gift today.

In Golden Spirit,

Jodi Nichols
Acting President



A letter from Anny

Hello Everyone,

My name is Anny and I was born in China. I'm sorry I can't tell you exactly how long ago that was but they say I am between 2 and 3 years old.

So much has happened in that short period of time I almost don't know where to begin.

Life was not easy for me or the other Goldens who found themselves eagerly sought after as targets for the meat trade. To be alone on the streets for whatever reason was scary, dangerous and required you to be very vigilant. Sometimes being with others was helpful since there would be too many together to be all picked up at the same time. If we were lucky some of us would escape. But that was only for the moment, the peril was always there.

Then one day, "it" happened. They caught me. Along with many other dogs I was put in a cramped cage where we could barely move. I had a hard time turning, sitting or extending my back legs correctly. Things were not going well. It was clear our fate would soon be settled.

After a while some other people came and we were put in a new transport, taken to another

Anny's letter continues on back



place and let out into a large room. Pats, gentleness, soft words, some medical care and food were now part of our daily lives. It still took a while to get comfortable with the idea that no one wanted to hurt us anymore.

Little did we know that these were a special group of folks in China dedicated to saving dogs from the meat trade and finding them new homes either in their own country or somewhere else in the world. And none of us could guess how our lives would soon change in a phenomenal way!

One day, after many tests and isolation, to make sure we were healthy for the next step, we were gathered up again and taken to what I now know is an airport where a giant metal bird was going to take us somewhere else.

That somewhere else was Yankee Golden Retriever Rescue in America, a place dedicated to helping dogs like us. Oh my goodness, what an experience...we each had a separate crate, and people were assuring us that things would be OK. It was a long ride but then we landed. Very quickly this whole group of people, just like you and all the wonderful folks who support YGRR, came to greet each one of us and we were off to our temporary home.

I didn't know that this new home was called "Riverview" and was so nice I even had my own living space. Very quickly the folks who were caring for me began to notice my physical

problems. They took me to a vet who I call the "doggy doctor". After much poking and prodding they put together a list of my issues: both of my knee caps move out of normal position, I have arthritis, a deformed right paw, healed fracture in my lower back and will require surgery on my eyes because my eyelashes grow into my eyes causing weeping and much pain.

They cannot exactly establish when all these problems were created but some can be related to the cramped quarters in the cages at the meat factory and others possibly are genetic or result of an accident. They do believe they happened when I was quite young and I grew into my new body structure and so have adapted the best I could to a life somewhat less than ideal.

Wow, that is quite a list I thought, but it has been what my life has been, so for me I guess it was normal.

But my new caretakers didn't see it that way and started immediately making plans for finding ways to fix the things that could be fixed and at the same time find me a new home.

I had no idea that the very nice couple who were with me on the ride home from the airport would become my new "parents". They had a lab named Hailey and wanted to add to the family. Best of all, they thought I might be the one.

We met twice at Riverview before I went home with them. I am a little ashamed to say I cried the first night there when I was put alone into my crate. But then my new Mom came downstairs, let me out of the crate and slept next to me on the floor with my paw in her hand. What a wonderful way to start my new life!

Things have been going great. There is so much more to see, learn and experience everywhere I go... toys to play with, squirrels I try to chase, ice cream to lick, Hailey to be with and on and on.

At the end of July we are going to meet with a specialist to start and plan the procedures they are going to do to help me be more comfortable.

This is not really the end of my story as I know there is a lot more to come and I'll keep you up to date as time goes on.

Before I go I want to say on behalf of myself and all the other Golden Retrievers who go through the program at YGRR, not only do I owe my new life to my special, wonderful family but also to all of you ...the donors, supporters and members of Yankee Golden Retriever Rescue. I am so grateful.

Wags and kisses,

Anny

