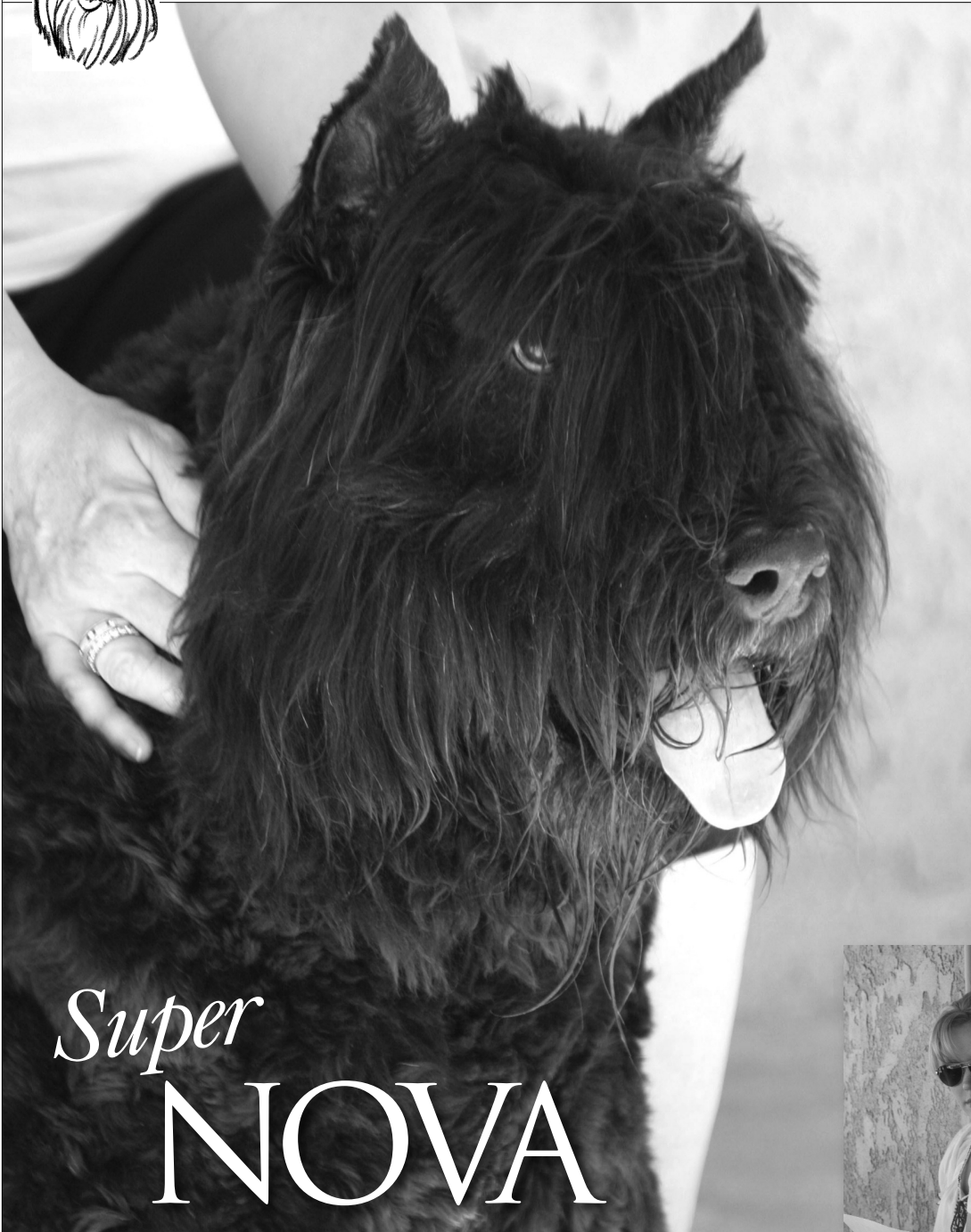




Rescue



Left: A grateful Nova.
Below: Cindy Rinn sat between daughter Megan and club president, Sheila Hoffman, as she shared the Rescue poem at the August club meeting.
Right: Megan Rinn with their bright new star – Nova.

Super NOVA



You may remember our reporting about Nova in the minutes during January and February. Cindy Rinn, who had just lost her beloved Stella (BISS Ch. Donlee Shooting Star), was called upon for an act of kindness and compassion; she rose to the occasion easily. Lancaster Shelter had a Bouvier who was just inches from being put to sleep when

Cindy was called by Rescue staffer Pam Green who could see by the roster that Cindy was close enough to be able to get there in time.

What Cindy found was a modest sized Bouvier bitch with a cantaloupe-size growth on her flank that inhibited walking and resting comfortably. The shelter had listed this dog as fourteen years of age with medical implications and were



ready to put her down. Not the case! Cindy sprang the dog, dubbed her 'Nova' and took the grateful and well-behaved dog immediately to the vet, and then to a second vet for a consult. They determined that Nova was not fourteen but much younger, with a bright personality and a will to live. The Rinn family took on this project providing a great deal of financial support for removal of the tumor and her rehab. Nova attended a recent Board Meeting to be introduced to the members and share her extraordinary successful rescue story.

Here Cindy shares a poem with us as a description of her experience with Miss Nova.

Cindy and her daughter Megan want to thank Southern California Bouvier Club Rescue Staff – Judy Kasper, Pam Green and Dayle Sullivan, and the Officers and Board of Directors for their support on project NOVA.

And a very special thanks to Melissa Dean DVM and the staff at Quartz Hill Veterinary Clinic who provided hope for Nova, sharing their skills in putting her back on her feet.



Dedicated to All Those Who

RESCUE

Author Unknown

One by one, they file past my cage,
 'Too old, too worn, too broken, no way
 Way past his time, he can't run and play.'
 Then they shake their heads slowly and go on their way.

A little old man, arthritic and sore,
 It seems I am not wanted anymore.
 I once had a home; I once had a bed,
 A place that was warm, and where I was fed.
 Now my muzzle is grey, and my eyes slowly fail,
 'Who wants a dog so old and frail?'

My family decided I didn't belong,
 I got in their way, my attitude was wrong.
 Whatever excuse they made in their head,
 Can't justify how they left me for dead.
 Now I sit in this cage, where day after day,
 The younger dogs all get adopted away.

When I had almost come to the end of my rope,
 You saw my face, and I finally had hope.
 You saw through the grey and the legs bent with age,
 And felt that I still had life beyond this cage.

You took me home and gave me food and a bed,
 And shared your own pillow with my poor tired head.
 We snuggle and play and you talk to me low,
 You love me so dearly, you want me to know.
 I may have lived most of my life with another,
 But you outshine them with a love so much stronger.
 And I promise to return all the love I can give,
 To you, my dear person, as long as I live.
 I may be with you for a week or for years,
 We will share many smiles; you will no doubt shed tears.
 And when the time comes that God deems I must leave,
 I know you will cry and your heart it will grieve.
 And when I arrive at the Bridge all brand new,
 My thoughts and my heart will still be with you.
 And I will brag to all that will hear,
 Of the person who made my last days oh, so dear.