

# The GSROR Quarterly

## German Shepherd Rescue of the Rockies

A Colorado Non-Profit Organization 501 (c)(3)



Volume 5  
Winter Edition

### **2013 Calendars are now available!**

Our Calendars are now ready for you to purchase and have GSD photos on your wall for 2013. Thank you again for making our calendar very special with photos of your beloved kids. You can order calendars from our website via Paypal, Or if you want to pay by check send me an email with your address and number of calendars you would like and send the check to:

GSROR, P.O. Box 1481, Westminster, CO 80036  
You should receive them within a week of your order.  
The calendars are \$20/piece plus postage (see below).

- 1 calendar - 2.46 = 22.46
- 2 calendars - 3.14 = 43.14
- 3 calendars - 5.20 = 65.20
- 4 calendars - 5.30 = 85.30
- 5 calendars - 5.30 = 105.30



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WWW.GSROR.COM

### **Foster Homes Needed!**

During the holiday season we are in desperate need for foster homes as the dogs we have living at daycares would love to be in a home for Christmas. If you can bring one of our rescues into your home during the holiday season please let Katie know by email at [gsroar@gmail.com](mailto:gsroar@gmail.com). Please visit our website at [www.gsr.or.com](http://www.gsr.or.com) and click on the [Fostering Guidelines](#) for more information about our foster program. We want to thank you for your interest in helping GSROR by opening up your homes, families, and hearts to help a dog in need. Rescues would not exist if not for the thoughtful time and generosity of foster parents.

# Available Dogs



**Sampson**



**Rex**



**Virgil**



**All these guys want for  
Christmas is a  
Furr-ever home!**



**Sammy**



## **GSROR is collecting shoes!**

One of our newest fundraisers is as easy as One, Shoe, Three! If your closet is overstuffed with shoes that you no longer wear please consider donating them to us and help us raise money needed for our dogs. The shoes we collect will be sent to Shoebox Recycling and for every box of shoes we turn in we get a donated amount. If you are looking for a place to toss them - send them our way by contacting Joe at [illinoisroute66joe@gmail.com](mailto:illinoisroute66joe@gmail.com)



## **We are proud to announce that we have A Reiki Specialist joining our Team!**

Hands Working With Spirit

Reiki is a hands on Japanese technique for stress reduction, healing and balancing.

Reiki treats the whole animal, mind, body & spirit with divine light and universal energy.

Reiki is very effective in relieving pain and many illnesses.

Help your animals to be healthy, happy and balanced. Benefits from Reiki are:

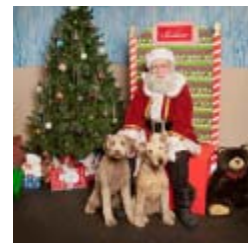
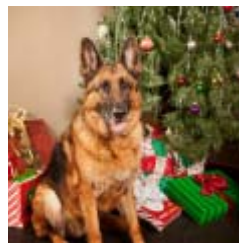
- Calmness
- Reduce fear issues
- Nervousness
- Anxiety
- Physical issues



Your Reiki session can be done in the comforts of your pets home. For more information on seeing a Reiki Specialist please contact Marsha at [marshaw@q.com](mailto:marshaw@q.com)

## **Special Thanks to Santa John with Denver Santa, Kristin Adams Pet Photography and Hobnob Pet Daycare for dedicating their time to help our dogs with our Photos with Santa Event.**

**All donations will go towards the care of our rescued kids.**

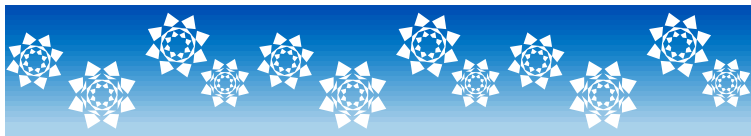
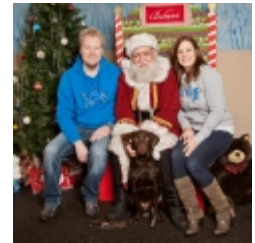


## A Very Special Thank You!

Huge thanks to Mike and his crew at Signs By Tomorrow for their donation of 2 banners for our events. Thank you guys for caring about our dogs and for your generous donations.

please visit their website at  
<http://signsbytomorrow20.reachlocal.net/westminster/>

Or email them at  
[Westminster@signsbytomorrow.com](mailto:Westminster@signsbytomorrow.com)  
ask for Mike, owner.



## Our Mission Statement

German Shepherd Rescue of the Rockies (GSROR) serves the public as a non-profit organization dedicated to the rescue of homeless and abandoned German Shepherd Dogs (GSD) in Denver, Colorado and surrounding areas. While providing loving and temporary care, the goal of German Shepherd Rescue of the Rockies is to find well-matched, carefully-screened, permanent homes and families for each dog. As a community resource, we provide nutrition information, referrals, education, and other services.

## Our Board of Directors

Katie Hodgson-*President*

Mickey McNeal-*Director*

Julie Warzecha-*Secretary*

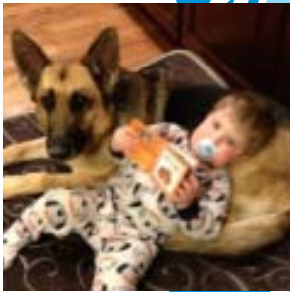
Marchelle Heslip-*Treasurer*

## Contact Us

Please visit our website at:  
**[www.gsror.com](http://www.gsror.com)**



# Happy Tails Photos!



**ON BEHALF OF ALL OF US WITH GSROR WE  
WISH YOU AND YOURS A WONDERFUL  
HAPPY HOLIDAY**

If you on longer wish to receive our newsletter please replay back to this email with  
Unsubscribe in the subject line.

Volume 5 / Winter Edition 2012

## MISTY'S STORY

The Brothers of Lucky Rescue  
Stefan Kleinschuster

I arrived on Sunday afternoon at my studio in Loveland, Colo. to find John Steed, a friend of three decades, waiting with “that” look on his face. He told me a German Shepherd Dog needed to be rescued on Mt. Bierstadt--and that it had to happen soon. We planned for the next morning, and I spent the rest of that night thinking of Missy, telling her to hang on, just one more day. We would find her, dead or alive, no matter what.

We shot down to Denver in pre-dawn darkness and headed west, leaving the lights of the city behind. Georgetown still slept as we started up Guanella Pass. It was cold, too cold for an August morning, even at 11,000 ft.

We gathered the group, including Scott Washburn, Christoph, Chris, Chase and Ralph and prepared for the day. I had been in the alpine a good deal, and knew that a light, fast operation needed more than a light pack, and few clothes. You need trust in your self and your companions. Anything was possible with a spirit that didn't break, even if crippling boulder fields lay ahead and the gathering storm gave you frostbite and threatened with lightning flashes. So, off we went. The bridges that crossed the marshes frosted over, sign of another a cold night *she* would have spent alone. We hiked on. Easy flats led to steep switchbacks, all above timberline. Dawn broke but brought no sun. The wind whistled across the trail, a sound broken only by the squeaks of pikas. We summited, looking down the mountain's West Face. I had heard it was steep; they did not exaggerate.



We paused briefly to eat something, to greet a bold mountain goat, then scan the main gendarme of Sawtooth Ridge, a sea granite boulders. We took off, splitting ranks to lessen rockfall danger, picked along the loose talus. Nature's amphitheater grew around us, echoing sporadic calls to the lost dog out there somewhere.

We knew *she* (Lucky Missy) hadn't made a sound as first rescuers Scott and Amanda had passed within a few feet of her the day prior, but still we called out to her. I had envisioned finding her ...

and suddenly there she was, dark ears angled from her sweet head, against the lighter granite.

I called out and stumbled forward, a football field away from her. She growled at my approach, so we waited for John, who crouched, put out his hand until she nuzzled it with her cracked nose. We assessed her wounds, tried to get her to walk. Then we opted to carry her in a backpack, slid her in, the secured the drawstring around her. Then the first raindrops fell and the walk ahead became more dangerous as the rocks slicked up.

Up and west, was the only way out. We traded off carrying or stabilizing the pack. So, on we went, a step at a time. Damp rock grew slippery. Watch out for lichen. Here's a foothold. A lurch sideways. Panting, cold. Then Chase took her. Surefooted and strong as the mountain goat – and with human rescues to his credit – Chase gave a new confidence to our progress. He made fantastic time against the storm.

Formidable landscape offered only toil and struggle. We joked, in the afterglow of finding *her* alive, and she rode without struggle, offering grateful kisses. The wind blasted snow and clouds against the west ridge, the ridge where we were to make our final descent. We came to a headwall of sorts, a crux poised above a bad fall. It was the only option. To the right of us was too steep, to the left of us was too muddy and loose. Straight up was the only option. We paused as Chase picked his line. I watched Chase raise his old tennis-shoed foot up to a solid foothold, a dangerous high-step that could flop the pack, but then three or four hands reached out and stabilized him and Missy. A few more of those tough, thoughtful movements, and we were above the main crux.



It still snowed when we reached the top an hour later and the temps dropped 20 degrees in the wind. Chase had to rest. He set Lucky Missy down, but the urgency to get off the summit drove us. We traded short shifts, facing a 30 mph wind. As we tripped and slid off the summit mound, we saw through clouds to the parking lot three miles away and three thousand feet down. The last miles were grueling. Lucky Missy became restless and as soaked as her rescuers. Every step jarred. She flopped hard to one side, and struggled strongly, so we brought her paws out of the pack. With every step, she pressed into whomever was near, folding her paws at the wrist over our arms. It was a sweet sight as we slipped out from beneath the storm. Green, lush alpine grass surrounded us and with a sudden lurch, Lucky Missy told us she needed out – now.

A German Shepherd Dog, who just three hours prior was resigned and crippled, took strong steps and gave a full-body shake. Something in her, I told myself, had healed. She wobbled some but she smiled at us and then peed, a lot. We laughed and fed her cat food and chicken, which vanished in a heartbeat. She checked each one of us, peed again, and limped strongly down the trail, turning to us as if to say, “What’s keeping you guys? Let’s go already.”

So, for a long mile and a half Lucky Missy trotted down the trail, joyful, with Scott holding the leash and her eight new brothers walking in turn. Ahead lay the vet, a shelter, and then her new home. For now she was just a happy dog, and we were happy men in her wake. Search and Rescue people now arrived at the parking lot took our picture. I would like to think we saved her, but I knew that she, in her way, had saved us. And to her I say, “Thank you, Missy.” Thank you for more than you know.

