

Dead Dog Walking Pit Bull Rescue

Pit Bull Guardian

DECEMBER 2008

Cane is now Pax

They say the mirror to our souls is through our eyes. Look deeply and you shall see what lies within. And so it is true with our best friends. Look into Cane's eyes and he will tell you so much more. Pain, suffering, sadness, the five year old Dogue de Bordeaux lived a life of hell. And so one day he ran away, where he was going he did not know. Killing his master was not an option, and even though this man who had inflicted so much pain should die, Cane was not a killer. So Cane fled the house where he was abused. He had many adventures along the way, but the one thing he did not miss, was the abuse. No longer tormented daily Cane frolicked like he never had before. People looked at the big block head, cropped ears, and were frightened. The musclebound dog just had to be mean. Cane didn't own a mirror, he knew not what he looked like, only that his outer look did not portray what his inner soul said. What lay beneath was a huge heart, a kind soul, and a true desire to be safe and sound. He dreamed of a bed, a home, and kind hand to pat him at night. He wanted someone to whisper; "I love

you," in his ear. He wanted what most any dog desired, to be loved, and to give love. And so the handsome lug wandered into a yard one day, a yard that held a friend. The other dog was happy, the other dog was loved, Cane wanted that too. He made fast friends with the Border Collie. He thought she was cool, so smart and so happy. The dog told him that her owner was kind, that her owner loved her. Cane knew then that his chains could be broken, that his soul could be freed, that around the corner, if only he could find it on his own, would be his people. For some reason Cane could not remain with this family. A man came one day, a man in a uniform. Cane was horribly frightened, the truck smelled of other dogs; was it true what Cane had heard? That animal control would surely mean death? That one look at Cane and people would not want the big massive mean-looking dog? People were kind at the shelter, but even kindness can sometimes not erase the despair. The cement floor, the noise, all the dogs begging for a home— it was too much for Cane to bare. Cane whimpered alone, wondering if perhaps he should have stayed in the home that had abused him.

Now, death was imminent, and he was sure he would die alone and scared. However, one day a kind lady took him to another place. The other place was quiet, private really. And even though he was still in a pen, he felt more secure. Maybe this time he would survive. The first time he met the people he was so unsure, so terrified. The man had tattoos, he looked rough, kind of mean. However when the man bent over to speak, his words were so kind. Perhaps like Cane, this man was misunderstood too. Perhaps lying deep within this rough exterior lay a kind soul as well. So, Cane looked deep into his eyes; sure enough the harsh façade disappeared, and what came through was like a light. The voice was loving, gentle and good. The rough, tattooed hands were gentle. Cane knew then that his search for love had ended. He was safe, and that what ever happened now was well worth the escape from the yard of hell. Cane's life continued the same everyday. His daily life was a shelter, but it was a comfort, for he had toys, a soft bed, and the love of people that cared. And while it was not a home, he knew that he was safe. Cane loved consistency, and living where he knew what lay ahead daily for him was a comfort. And then one day life on the farm

Pax... continued

only dreamed of such things. And the funny thing was the other dogs, his new siblings. One was massive just like Cane; the other just like his first friend the smart, pretty Border Collie. Her name was Dottie. He loved Dottie, she became his new best friend. Dottie was fast, spunky, and so very smart. Cane's new brother was slow, and immense, but very good to Cane as well. His new owner, well, no words can really describe what she meant to Cane. How can one really explain an Angel? If you were to look up the word 'Angel' in the dictionary it would read... heavenly... holy.. divine... innocent ... pure... all of these words

emulated Cane's new mom. One day his new owner decided to take Cane, now Pax, to a place that did bite testing. She just wanted to see if Pax had any 'protection' in him. The facility was huge, the man pleasant; however it was decided that Pax would be better off as a therapy dog, for his bite instincts were not there, it was not in him. On the way out of the facility, a compassionate lady stopped Pax's mom. Could she do a 'reading' on Pax? The lady 'talks' to dogs, she can interpret what they say. She could tell Pax's mom what she wanted to know. And so the lady, with out knowing anything about Pax, told his story. He had been abused she said. Pax

thought he was a bad dog, he got hit often and daily. Pax had thought about hurting the man, but couldn't. The lady told his new mom that Pax was at peace now, that he loved her and trusted her. The kind lady then wanted to know something. She bent forward and looked at Pax's mom and asked, "Who is Dottie?" Pax's mom was shocked. "What did Pax say about Dottie?", she wanted to know. "Well," she said "He told me that he really likes Dottie!" So, sometimes the eyes can tell us much more than we can even imagine. Someday we will all answer for the way we have treated God's creatures.



Chole

Hood River Valley is a beautiful area. It is God's country; riddled with color, orchards filled with fruit. It was home for my parents. They both attended school in the area-mom in the valley, dad in town. My husband now teaches school in the very town my parents grew up in. Hood River has a beautiful new shelter that has recently been built; and like any new shelter they are dealing with things unforeseen. So, when a special needs Pit

Bull comes to a shelter that has decided that they will not be placing Pit Bulls, there are not many options left. The dog either leaves in a body bag, or they can go to a rescue. My cell phone picks up calls for help daily. In July the voice on my voice mail was innocent, it was pure and young. The volunteer had fallen head over heels in love with a very frightened female Pit Bull. A Pit Bull not sure of anyone really. A Pit Bull that would probably, if cor-

nered, bite. However, the Pit Bull had fallen in love with the girl, too. The Pit Bull had fallen in love with all the staff. Totally different than the day she came in, the staff believed in the little dog and they decided to fight for her cause. Upon further evaluation she passed numerous temperament tests. But our evaluation did not go well, in truth I would have passed on her. However when others that knew her came to the shelter, she always responded with nothing but love and

"To own a Pit Bull is to know love, devotion, and dedication. They are not a breed for everyone, but they are a breed for me."

Kaye Smith

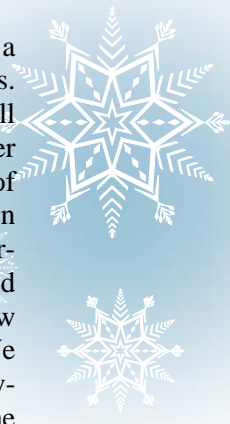
Founder Dead Dog Walking Pit Bull Rescue

Chloe the special one, continued

happiness. So I agreed to take her. I agreed because someone was out there promising to care for her. A home inspection and an interview were conducted. We concluded that the little innocent puppy deserved a chance. That young woman had seen her at her worst and had still worked so hard to save her, so we as a rescue would be her safe landing. The young puppy would have been nearly a year old by now. But sometimes fate is cruel. Sometimes life deals us a hand that is truly unfair, and in an instant your whole world as you know it is gone. Fate came for Chloe

in the Fall, when the leaves turn the most incredible colors, when the days are warm and the nights are cool. Chloe left an innocent young lady, and wonderful family, and a beautiful home. She crossed the rainbow bridge on a warm September day. She died doing something that she loved, hanging with her best friend in the whole wide world. Chloe was jogging with her mom when she chased the motorcycle and was hit. She did not survive. Chloe left us all knowing love and kindness. Chloe left on a day when all was well with the world, and in seconds

she left her family with a huge hole in their hearts. The little white Pit Bull with no one to call her own left this world full of love. Chloe is buried in the orchard, she is surrounded by beauty and warmth - for that is how she made us all feel. We took a risk on a little wayward Pit Bull and in the end we all benefited from it.



Letter from home

Buddy lives in Alaska

Hello Mom! It's me, Buddy ~ yup I'm still here in Alaska with my family. I think we are coming to Bend in December though to visit our other house down there.

My Dad fell on the ice up here over a year ago and he had to go to Texas for 3 surgeries on his shoulder, so we didn't move right away like we were going to. He was off work for fourteen months! My Mom said that was a long time, but I just liked having him home with all of us all that time. But, we are still planning on moving to Bend ~ probably next year now.

I've had my Mom put a couple of pictures in here so you can see that I still get to sleep in the bed and that we went and got our pictures taken last summer. The whole family was there and it was really neat because we lost Duster in January this year and now Kodi last month. I've been really happy here, but it was very sad when Duster and then Kodi got sick and Mom and Dad have been very sad too! I miss them both, but it's just Indy and me now and Mom says we might get another golden soon. Did you notice, I look like a real golden now

Mom?

Well, here are my pictures for you. I just wanted you to know that I am still doing good here and I really do like it a lot and I love my family very much!

Love, Buddy (AKA: The Big Lug)

Foot note: Buddy came to us after living in five homes. He is now in probably his best and final home. Buddy was ten years old when we adopted him out in Sept 05.





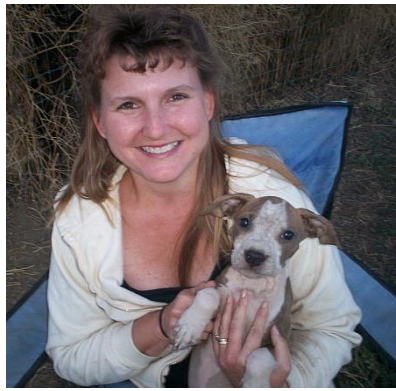
Organization

**DEAD DOG WALKING
PIT BULL RESCUE**

The Dalles, Oregon

Phone: 541-993-3647

Saving death row Pit Bull



What ever the title you choose to emulate makes a statement of who you are. I chose the title of Founder, because frankly Executive Director is way too fancy for a rescue person who still chooses to get down and dirty with each dog in my care. I show up every day because I love what I do. I love these dogs, they bring such joy to us each day. I look at their faces and I often wonder where they would be if DDW had not opened our doors. So many shelters have shunned them; so many people choose not to stick their necks out. Well, anyone that knows me knows that I am no coward. I have thick skin and

with that thick skin, comes a stubborn heart. People can think what they want. I know what I know about Pit Bulls by spending every day with them. My stubborn streak is genetic. I inherited it from my mother. Mom loved animals, and before she passed, she too learned to love the American Pit Bull Terrier. At first she was skeptical, she thought I was nuts. In time a dog named Emily Anne changed her mind and heart. I want to thank Emily Anne and my mom for making me who I am.. Because of them, I am here today.

Kaye Smith Founder Dead Dog Walking Pit Bull Rescue

The Pit Tent

The Pit Tent is in need of repair. We are working very hard to get it re-covered before the snow hits. It has been a long road and a costly repair. This is just one of the things that is needed this year. If you would like to donate to this cause it would greatly be appreciated. Here is a list of other things needed:

1. Blankets
2. Dog food
3. Cedar chips, tarps
4. Money (this is always used wisely)
5. Propane (or gas cards to purchase propane)
6. Dog toys
7. Sweat Shirts
8. New stainless steel dishes



Visit us on the web: <http://www.deaddogwalkingpitbullrescue.com>