


The Home Run

Greyhound Rescue of N.E.



Greyhounds Waiting to Go Home

Spring 2010

Samantha Learns Love

Samantha is what we'd call a "spook". She doesn't trust people. But she's happy in her own "known" world and coming around to leaning new things. She's gentle and happy and now living with Zoom, Suzanne, and Nancy. Heartfelt thanks for adopting this special Girl and having the patience to work with her, and love her.



I'm in a Greyhound kennel, same as always. The people here feed me and then open my cage door. I run out with the other Greyhounds. Then I come in and run back into my cage. This is my whole life now that I don't race any longer. You see, they just open my cage door wide and let me in and out without touching me because I'm a "spook". I'm deathly afraid of being touched.

I can function really well if you just leave me alone and let me do it my way. I eat, go out and come in, and that's it.

They don't know what happened to me, why I'm such a "spook". Maybe someday I'll tell them. But for now, I just want to be left alone by these humans. It's safer avoiding them, going out with the other dogs, and then back into my crate. Safe; I'll stick with safe.

I'm at a place called Greyhound Rescue of N.E. This lady Diane just keep talking to me softly and I learn my name. It's Samantha (Sam for short). She opens the door wide for me to go out, just like everyone else. Then I come in and back to my crate. But then she reaches in gently

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From the Kennel. Massachusetts racetracks close, Can you help?:

Busy times at GRNE as the Massachusetts tracks closed the end of December 2009. We took in as many Raynham dogs as we could squeeze in and now we're working hard getting them vetted and finding them homes. As Greyhound racing winds down in New England, there are still many racetracks out there. There are 10 tracks in Florida with so many dogs grading off from racing with nowhere to go. I received a call this week asking if we could take Florida dogs. They will drive them up. Just as the economy is experiencing tough times, so is GRNE. Donations are down, but expenses keep going up. And with so many Greyhounds looking for a place to "land," it's a numbers game. We save as many as we can, one dog at a time. Each one has a unique personality, and we love each one. Each one deserves a loving home and we work so hard to make this happen. But we need help. If you can adopt a GH (or a second GH!) now would be a wonderful time. And if you could send a donation, we'll be able to save as many of these GH's in need as possible. We appreciate all the help we get all year long. This is how we continue, with help from all of you. Heartfelt thanks to each of you that helps keep GRNE going!

Love from all of our Hounds (and the ones waiting to come in) ~ Diane

Special Needs Dogs always waiting...

Here at Greyhound Rescue of N.E. we always have "special needs" dogs waiting for loving homes. There might be old dogs, shy dogs, dominant, temperamental dogs. These dogs are not "instant pets"; they do not have the typical Greyhound personality. They are a little different – but just as deserving of a loving home. Please consider one of our special needs dogs the next time you're looking to adopt. We get in older dogs that wait longer than the others. Most people say "oh no, he's too old. I won't have him so long." It's too bad people haven't actually experienced the love, companionship, and satisfaction of adopting one of these older dogs. They give so much more than they take. It's true, you won't have them as long, you'll be sad when they go....but, to be blunt, this actually isn't about "you". They need someone to care and love them. **Can you do it for them?**

ONE BY ONE ...

One by One, they pass by 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 so 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 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 thru the grey, and the legs bent with age,
And felt I still had life beyond this cage.

You took me home, 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 who will hear,
Of the person who made my last days so dear.

- Author Unknown



Lily, an 11 year old we adopted out a few years ago.


Samantha Learns Love, *continued from page 1*

and rubs my ears. It's so very scary, I can't go back any further in my crate, and I have to tolerate the pats. I learn it's o.k. I usually go out with Jackson; he's a Greyhound/coonhound cross, my buddy. Then one day the lady lets me in and my crate door is closed. Oh my, what to do. I'm scared and bolt around a little. I end up following Jackson around for awhile from room to room. Then my crate door is open, I run in to safety.

This happens almost every day now. I come in, the crate door is closed and I run around loose from room to room. But after a few weeks, it's not quite so scary. I follow Jackson, he sniffs something, I sniff it too. Hmmm, different smells. And nothing bad has happened yet.

The lady tries to pat me, but I'll have to part of it. It's way too scary, I always run away as quick as I can. She leaves me alone. Then one day, she's sitting on the floor and giving treats to Jackson. Wow, that smells so good. I lean in, stretching as far as I can to see what it is he's eating, without getting too close. Smells so good.....I'll just reach a little more and get one. Got it, retreat. Wow, that was good and nothing bad happened. Maybe I could try it again, and again.....

Life goes on like this for a few weeks. Then one day the lady approaches me with a funny leash thing and she wants to put it over my head. I run and run, but now I'm cornered. She talks to me gently and puts this harness thing on me. It doesn't hurt, I guess it's o.k. Then she hooks a leash up to it and does the same for my buddy Jackson. I follow Jackson as he walks and the next thing I know I'm out in the back yard. Oh my, I freeze. It's very scary, but nothing bad is happening. It smells good out here; I sniff the fresh air and look around the yard. I follow Jackson's lead. He has his nose to the ground (that's the coonhound in him!) and is so relaxed and enjoying himself. We walk around for about 10 minutes and then back to the kennel, safety. We do this 3 times a week and I begin to learn it's all o.k. The harness isn't going to hurt me, and outside walking around is very interesting.

So now my life consists of going out, coming in, running around my kennel rooms to see what's new, getting treats, and going for walks! My goodness, life is so different. My new thing is to carefully stretching in to get my ears rubbed. Life is good here. I'm actually experiencing something in my life these days that's oh so new, a little fun. 

Greyhound walking groups

Greyhound walking groups go out every weekend for fun and adventure. You should consider joining them – so much fun for your Greyhound (and you!).

Check out their web sites for more information.

Greyhound Adventures: www.greyhoundadventures.org

Trailbound Hounds: www.trailboundhounds.org



Wish List from the Hounds

- Pine Sol to clean our crates
- Laundry Detergent to wash our blankets
- Dishwashing Liquid to wash our bowls
- Bleach to keep our dog pen clean
- Large pooper scooper (you know what that's for!)
- Kitchen baggies (13 gallon) for our poop
- Stamps to mail our newsletter
- 33" tall crates – ours are getting old
- Forever Homes please.

Thanks, with love from the Hounds.





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money order (made payable) to:

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**Greyhound Rescue
of N.E., Inc.
P.O. Box 507
Mendon, MA 01756**

All donations
are tax deductible!

Foster Homes

are always needed. You can help save a Greyhound's life by fostering for 2-4 week period. This will free up a crate in the kennel and we can save another dog. Then you tell us something about the dog's personality, making placement easier.

Board Your Greyhound

We can board up to six Greyhounds at a time here at the kennel. They'll have fun socializing with other Greyhounds in a friendly, relaxed atmosphere. We



book up quickly, so let us know as soon as you need to board. We will cater to your Greyhound's every need!

New Boarding Fee effective 1/1/09: Each dog: \$25 per day

We book up quickly so let us know as soon as you need to board!