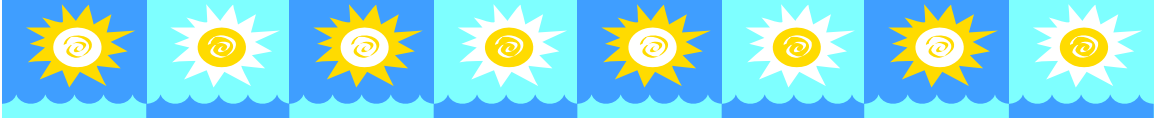


GREY T NEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF GREYHOUND ADOPTIONS OF FLORIDA

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SUMMER 2009 GAF EXTREME MAKEOVER



Meet Karla

In July 2008, Karla was brought to Grey Haven by Marilyn, after she found her at a farm in Northern Florida.

Karla had suffered an injury on the track; whether it was a broken hock or a ruptured Achilles tendon is still unknown.

It was an old injury.

Karla's leg before surgery



This is what Karla's leg looked like when she arrived at Grey Haven. Karla was in constant pain and discomfort and unable to keep up with the rest of the hounds, it was decided to proceed with the surgery and therapy that would bring her back to some sort of normalcy.

Months of intensive care followed
And this brave little girl made it through.

Take a look at Karla now!

Happy Girl!



Although Karla's leg will never be completely normal, she has reached the point where she can play and frolic with the other Grey Haven residents and gets around beautifully. Now the only thing that Karla needs is to become Somebody's Dog. She needs that special home where she can spend the rest of her life doing what Greyhounds do best – loving her people. Karla needs a fenced yard and a home without cats – do you have room for this sweet girl? She's waiting for you.....



Through the Garden of Memories

I walked with Shirley, Bob and their lovely greyhound, Patti, through the memorial garden on a hot Florida afternoon. They hadn't seen the garden and were a bit overwhelmed by all the bushes and plants and flowers and trees, grown so tall in just a few short years. What caught their attention immediately were the bright silver plaques on both doggie footprints and the fence sections....and then the pavers that line Freedom's path. All those greyhound names.....all the dates and all the loving comments written by grieving "parents". So very much emotion and love all in one spot.....so many stories, so many lives touched permanently by this amazing breed of dog.

The gardenias are blooming and their flowers are huge and so very fragrant. There is one large bush that stands in Bob's corner and drops petals on the names of my own dogs, gone from here but always in my memory. They rest with Bob which is so fitting. There are dogs names scattered through the garden that take me back to the early years of GAF...where did the time go? There are names of dogs who I never met but know that they left a huge empty spot in the hearts of their families.....all in a garden dedicated to their memory....a kind and gentle place for them to rest.

After all the emotional conversation, Patti was more than willing to leave the garden and get on with her job. She drove with her "parents" to Grey Haven to meet her new sister. We walked back to the kennel and opened the door to the shrill barking of excited hounds! I opened the top crate that belonged to a little black girl named Betty who licked my face and then saw she had visitors!! She excitedly jumped down and ran toward Patti and the two humans who accompanied her. The girls did the normal sniffing routine and wagged their tails and went off to check out the squirrels. Betty turned and ran back to Shirley and then to Bob. She did that greyhound lean, looked up at him with those huge brown eyes of hers and I swear I heard her say, "Hi, dad." After losing their beloved Mickey a while ago, I knew their family was again complete.

As I watched them drive away, I couldn't help but think of the garden and all the wonderful memories that swirl through the flowers and the names etched in stone and metal. It all starts here at Grey Haven for so many....how wonderful that it ends here too. And how wonderful that I can go back and forth, from fur and doggie kisses to those memories any time the mood strikes me. How blessed I am.

Marilyn, June 2009



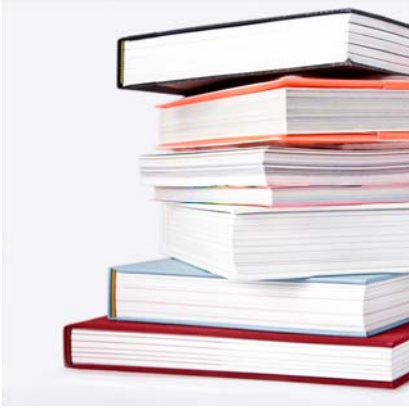
Greyhounds in Gettysburg

Pictures and details provided by Holly Priestley, GAF

Triangle Greyhound Society hosted the 11th Annual GIG event April 24th to 26th, 2009 with the beautiful rolling hills of Gettysburg as the background. It is estimated that there were over 700 people in attendance accompanied by 600+ dogs. The GAF table was staffed by Holly and Bill Priestley and Priscilla and John Crossland. Gettysburg is lovely in April and a fun and successful weekend. (Ed. Note: GAF thanks everyone who helped and participated in this event – we are most grateful.)



What we're reading this Summer.....



Spott's Canine Miscellany
By Mike Darton

An easy and enjoyable summer read. This is a pooch-perfect confection of fascinating facts especially made for the dog lover. You can easily put this book down and just as easily pick it up again without missing a beat.

The Smartest Animals on the Planet
By Dr. Sally Boysen

An exceptional look at how non-human species communicate, show feelings and use tools, count and learn languages. If you enjoyed books such as "When Elephants Weep" or "The Pig Who Sang to the Moon", you'll love this book.



The Annual Cheesecake

When Dione Garnand and Liz Lynch first came to Grey Haven for their annual “vacation” in 2008, they started an “annual” tradition. My contribution was to provide Dione with a gluten free dessert to accommodate her gluten allergy. This year was no exception. (Dione has promised us another great story about this year’s events during the “vacation” during the great deluge and it will appear in an upcoming issue).

The Annual Almond Cheesecake

The crust:

1 ½ cups finely ground blanched slivered almonds

½ cup sugar

6 TBS. melted butter

The filling:

4 pkgs. (8oz. each) softened cream cheese

¾ cup of sugar

6 large eggs

2 tsp. almond extract

The topping:

1 ½ cups sour cream

½ cup sugar

1 tsp. vanilla

Almond Brittle

½ cup slivered blanched almonds coarsely chopped

2 tbs. butter

3 tbs. sugar

Preheat oven to 400. Have a ten inch spring form pan prepared – spray well with Pam.

Combine ground almonds, sugar and melted butter. Spread in bottom of pan and about 1 inch up the sides. Pat down firmly. Bake at 400 for about 8 to 10 minutes. Remove and let cool slightly while you are preparing the filling.

Reduce oven heat to 350.

In food processor or large bowl, beat the cream cheese with the sugar. Scrape down sides of bowl several times. Add the eggs one at a time, beating or pulsing after each addition. Add almond flavoring and beat or pulse to combine. Pour the batter into the prepared pan, smooth the top and place the pan on a baking sheet. Bake for about one hour at 350, or until the sides of the cake are pulling slightly away from the pan and the top is light gold and the center is still jiggy. Remove from oven.

Mix sour cream, sugar and vanilla until well blended. Spread over top of hot cake and return to oven for 8 minutes.

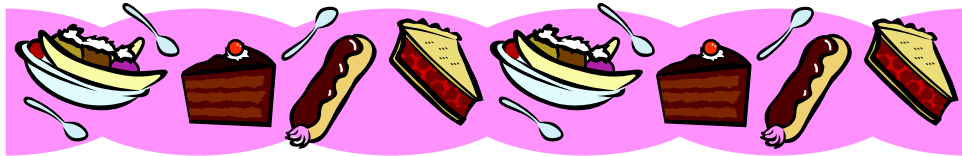
Remove cake from oven and let cool in pan on a rack. When cool, cover and refrigerate in pan overnight.

Make Almond Brittle:

In a small frying pan sauté the chopped almonds in the butter and gradually add sugar. Cook over low heat until the butter/sugar has caramelized the almonds. Remove and spread on a sheet of waxed paper until cold and hard. Blot any excess butter with a paper towel. Break into pieces and pulverize (I do this with a rolling pin). Place brittle powder around the edge of the cake. Keep cake chilled until about ½ hour before serving. Remove sides of pan and place on a cake plate.

Enjoy!
BP

Even if you don't have gluten issues – you will like this cake!





The Last Word

Beginnings

By

Barb Pietrangelo

The weather matched my mood on a chilly, damp January day in 2007. My darling Dorothy had died in the beginning of December and this was my first trip out for dog food since then. I still had her son, Beamer, and he and I were mourning the loss of his 16 year old mom. I dreaded the trip to the Lady Lake Petco and kept hoping there wouldn't be any GSP's at the store today – I didn't think I could bear to see one right then. I was worried about Beamer, he was off his feed and he moped around the house with the saddest face a dog could muster. As I approached the store front, I was caught up in a swirl of lean, leggy, dogs; all beating my legs with their long, knobby tails. One in particular dragged his person directly to me and placed his handsome head on my leg. I absently petted him and continued into the store. My eyes misted over as I moved through the aisles where I had just so recently traveled with my two gorgeous Shorthairs. They never failed to draw a lot of attention wherever we went and Petco was no exception.

I shopped quickly, finding the kibble that I used and treats for Beamer that I thought might perk up his flagging appetite. As I exited – they were still there – those skinny dogs; some a little moth-eaten, but so friendly and curious. I went from one to the other petting each as best I could with my arms full of feed. I looked around for the big fellow who had charged up to me when I entered the store – and there he was. Our eyes met and again he started over to me. I left as quickly as I could, before I made the mistake of getting to know him. I loaded up the car and started for home. About halfway there, I took out my cell phone and called Curt at home. “Hon,” I asked, “What would you think about adopting a greyhound?” His reply? - **“YES!!!”**

I turned the car around and headed back to Petco. Some new folks had arrived: a pretty lady with white, curly hair and a good looking man with a magnificent handlebar mustache. I waded into the pack and started distributing hugs and scratches all around. My eyes kept going to the big male with the striped coat. I asked the white haired lady about greyhounds and she launched into a conversation that I was sure she had had many times before. Before I knew it I was clutching a card for Greyhound Adoptions of Florida along with an invitation to visit all of the dogs at their farm, Grey Haven.

Well, the visit came off, and we met the big striped fellow – he was, as you may have guessed, a brindle – not striped. As it turned out, he would not have been a good choice for us – with our geriatric Shorthair male at home. Out of the corner of our eyes, we spotted a rather small gray (blue) female. She was very quiet and wasn't carrying on like some of the others. She looked mildly interested but rather ladylike and remote. She reminded me of a Weimaraner – but much better behaved. Her name was Runner. Weimaraners had been my main breed for over 20 years so I was attracted to her coloration. We left Grey Haven with so much to mull over. We talked constantly about the dogs and making the right decision. I was sure that if we chose wrongly, Marilyn and Bob Varnberg- as I had found out their names-would steer us to the correct choice..



Runner at Age 11

We chose Runner – or perhaps it was she who chose us. A week or so later, Marilyn and Bob delivered her to our home and it was love at first sight for Beamer. He followed her around, licking her ears and cozying up to her – I swear he was standing taller and puffing out his chest – it must be a guy thing! She, on the other hand, could not have been less interested in him and promptly went over to his bed and plopped down on it with a “this will do” attitude. Each time he came close, she lifted her lip and uttered a little warning -“Back-off, big boy!” Kinda’ funny, really – since she only had about three teeth in her head! Runner was 11 and had been a brood for several years. She was the sweetest dog I have ever owned. She lived only to age 12+, but she instilled in us a new respect for her breed and we were hooked. She went to the Bridge on Dec. 3rd 2007, almost a year after we adopted her. Beamer followed her in January 2008.

For two weeks we were dogless. It was awful. Then, Marilyn waved her magic wand and found not just one, but two of Runner’s offspring, two sisters scheduled to be graded off the track. When she called with the news, we jumped at the chance and agreed to adopt both of them – sight unseen. So that was the beginning of our greyhound odyssey-one that continues today.

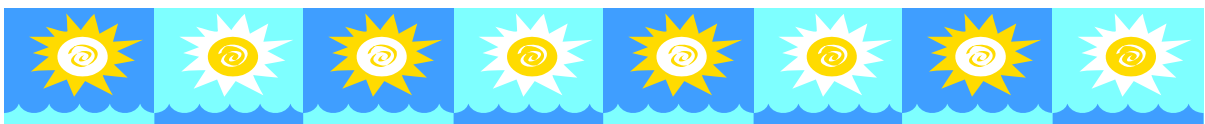


The Sisters - Fannie and Rina as painted by Glynis Berger

The Sisters- Rina and Fannie- are inseparable. Sometimes they move as if they are one dog. However, they could not be more dissimilar. Rina is black as night, sloe-eyed, long and leggy with her mother's sweet disposition: Fannie is white and black with a small compact body and wickedly liquid eyes that dart from one adventure to another - she is my funny girl. Each day is a new experience as we grow together.

Lots of things have changed since that first day at Petco. Bob is now gone and each time I see the photo of him walking off with his pack of girls behind him, I see Runner too. She is the small blue female directly behind his left heel. Grey Haven is the same with Marilyn at the helm, and the hole left by Bob's passing is ever so slowly closing, as if its ragged edges are being woven together by Marilyn's indomitable spirit. The dogs are always changing – as it should be – as each of them go off to their new lives. I have learned what a “brindle” is and the meaning of a GUR and what “graded off” refers to. I write about Greyhounds now rather than Weimaraners and have learned to love and appreciate these lithe creatures who have taken up permanent residence in my heart.

Barb Pietrangelo
June 2009



My sincere appreciation to Holly Priestley for the write-up and pictures of the GIG event. If you have something you would like to see in Greyt New, please email it to me.
bpietr283@yahoo.com.



THE LAST LOOK



“He ain’t heavy – he’s my brother”
(Thanks to Pete and Chico’s owners for this spectacular picture)