

**Thulani Senior German Shepherd Rescue**



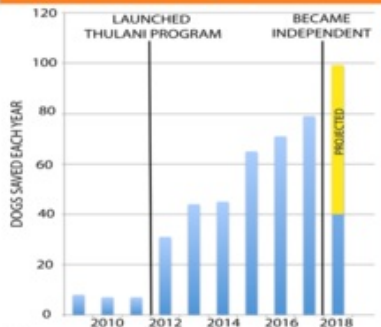
**TSGSR ... a legacy of helping the most vulnerable**

Liz honorary K9 posing with a police officer after her heroic feat

Is Liz GSD enough?



**News Worthy!**



**We are saving more dogs than ever!**

**Rin Tin Liz's Excellent Adventure**

By Debra C.

I wanted a GSD who played ball. I wanted one who looked like a *real* GSD--you know, the Rin Tin Tin type. Instead, I adopted black, non-ball-playing Harper a year ago. My adoption counselor deposited Harper with me, saying that if I could love Harper, I could love any dog.

Originally, I was only going to keep Harper until Thulani president Bob Jachens recovered from a malady. During that week, I learned that Harper was full of "quirks." For example, if she was frightened, she'd pee a lake on the floor, or she pooped, or both.

Regardless, within the week, I was signing adoption papers. Harper isn't overly affectionate, although we've shared a few much-treasured kisses, some wags, and a bed from time to time. She went to senior dog obedience classes with me, did well, and won third out of 23 in a senior obedience competition. When we attended Pints for Pups,

**Trust's Save Lives**

Liz's owners died & Thulani stepped up when her original rescue didn't. You can guarantee someone will step up by planning a Pet Trust with Thulani and your lawyer? Just email us for more information.



Liz & many other dogs end up desperate at the shelter when their owner's plans for them weren't put into a Trust. You are their voice-Put it in writing!

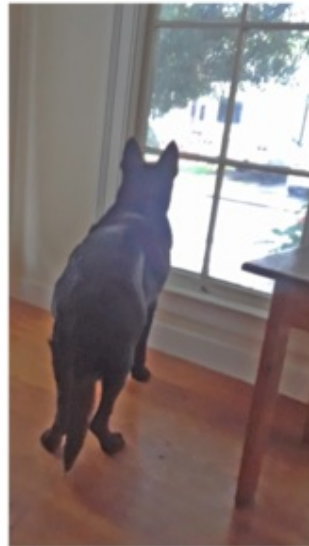
**PLEASE DONATE** Most abandoned/ill senior German Shepherds in California will not be saved if Thulani doesn't do it, but we can't do it without you. Donate at <http://thulaindogs.org/please-help/>.

Thulani folks were surprised at how much she'd changed for the better. I so love Harper. She's my teacher, my friend, my love.

Recently, I decided that it was time for a second Thulani senior. After all, now this was not my first Thulani rodeo. Remember, I was told if I could love Harper, I could love any dog. This time, I wanted a GSD who played ball. I wanted one who looked like a *real* GSD--you know, the Rin Tin Tin type.

I saw Liz on the website and was very much attracted to her. Bob brought Liz to meet me after I expressed interest in her. She's another black GSD who doesn't play ball and is aloof. She's an appropriate alarm barker. She's too smart. Bob observed that he thought Liz was from working lines. Liz is quiet, except when our back fence-sharing neighbor dog is out, and they converse through the fence. It's a friendly bark that is conversational, not alarming.

My pack loves it when I'm home. They meander in and out. Liz checks in pretty frequently. On one of my days off, warm and sunny, I had the back doors open so my pack could go in and out at will. I was doing dishes late in the afternoon. I heard sirens close by. Then I heard the sound of a helicopter that seemed like it was right overhead. Then I heard barking like none I had *ever* heard, not from Harpie, not from Liz.



On watch Liz is ready if her services are needed again

As I approached the back door, I saw Liz, with a grip on a man's pants as he attempted to hike up over my fence in exit mode. Harper was providing silent backup, doing the heavy looking on. The man was screaming for me to call off my dog. Problem was I had no idea how to call off my dog, and Liz didn't seem interested in voluntarily letting him loose.

So my reply, as I dialed 911, was that I would call her off just as soon as the police arrived. Liz appeared to concur with this plan as she showed no interest in letting him loose anytime soon. She was steadily growling and barking. How does she do that with a

man in her mouth?

The police arrived and informed me that the sirens and the helicopter were all for the man Liz T. presently had in her mouth. He was burgler, a criminal known to the police, and he had been known to be armed during some previous apprehensions. That day, he was fleeing from a home invasion.

According to Liz, his major crime was that he jumped over *her* fence. According to the police, there was more involved. To send that message home, the police handcuffed him with Liz still firmly attached. When he was face down on the patio, Liz was persuaded to spit the man out. She continued to bark and growl up until four police officers started paying attention to her, and cookies were included as part of their adoration. They invited Liz to join them in taking a bite out of crime anytime she wanted to. Harper was just there for the Milkbones.

Yup Bob, I think you might be right: working lines. Atta girl, Liz! You're a keeper. The Rin Tin Tin type has nothing on you, and playing ball is overrated. Like Harper, you've taught me about unconditional love. I so deeply love you guys just the way you are.

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