

A Breeder is....

Someone who thirsts for knowledge and never really knows it all.

Someone, who wrestles with decisions of conscience and commitment,

Someone, who sacrifices personal interests, finances, time, and friendships, fancy clothing, her family and luxuries in favour of the litter arriving "any time now".

Goes without sleep (but never without coffee) with hours spent planning a breeding or watching anxiously over the birth process and afterwards over every sneeze, wiggle, cry and every gram lost or gained!

Skips dinner parties because a litter is due or puppies have to be fed at eight.

She discards of birth fluids and does mouth to mouth on a gasping newborn, literally blowing life into tiny, helpless puppies that may be the culmination of a lifetime of dreams.

A Breeder's lap is a marvellous place where generations of proud and noble puppies have snoozed soundly.

A breeder's hands are strong and firm and often soiled.

A Breeder's back and knees are usually arthritic from stooping, bending and sitting at the whelping box.

A Breeder's arms are always able to wield a mop, support an armful of puppies or lend a helping hand to a newcomer.

A Breeder's ears are wondrous things Sometimes red (from being talked about) often deaf to criticism, yet always fine-tuned to the whimper of a sick puppy.

A Breeder's mind might forget faces and names, but can recall pedigrees faster than an IBM computer. It is filled with knowledge and sometimes might blow a fuse! It remembers the long nights and struggles to save a puppy and buries the failures and pups that didn't make it in her heart!

A breeder's heart is often broken, but beats strongly with hope everlasting.... always in the right place.

Oh yes, there are breeders and there are BREEDERS!!!

