

BARC'S FRANKIE

Lynn Whiteley

Freedom, food, shelter, and love. These 4 things should not have been something that Frankie found frightening, and at times terrifying. Going through a doorway was not something that came easy for her. Any movement sent her fleeing. Rain and falling snow kept her indoors. Wind brings all kinds of fear to her. I wondered if she had ever been outside until Barc had rescued her at a Missouri Auction.

Barc had already named her Frankie, after Frank Sinatra. Old Blue Eyes. Anxiously waiting for her at the airport, I was mesmerized by those blue eyes immediately.

She had never eaten from a bowl and did not know how to take a treat from a hand. An outreached hand terrified her. The touch of my hand paralyzed her.

April 2006, Good Friday. She came home to her sister, Whisper, a Golden, and Berner sister, Flirt. She immediately bonded with them and depended on them for direction and courage. She found safety in her crate at night and if she was stressed about something going on about the house or my business. She comes to work with me everyday, and being a dog groomer, she felt comfortable with all my canine clients. She needs structure and the same things going on day after day.

It took five days for Frankie to eat any food when she came home. Now, she has the most wonderful appetite and likes most anything. She does not even have to be asked to sit for her treat, she knows to do it on her own. She wants to tear outside so fast now through the doorway that I have her sit and wait for the door to open so she can go flying out and leaping like a gazelle.

She will take treats from an outreached hand from people she knows. She enjoys being brushed. She loves her chest rubbed and belly scratched.

I find myself in amazement watching her take small steps forward on a regular basis. She needs Whisper and Flirt for assurance. She is learning to trust me more and more everyday. I owe it to her to give her the time she needs. If I think she can take a little pushing, I will do so very slowly. When she succeeds at something, I don't know who is more proud-her or me. For all that she has suffered through, I take nothing for granted. She has no reason to trust any human. So I have to earn her trust. I will try with all that I have in my heart to never let her down. I owe her that. I have taken her into my life. I will show her security, confidence, trust and most of all, love. When I watch her sleep, very peacefully and on a comfy bed, I thank everyone who has let her into my life. She has taught me patience and perseverance. Take nothing for granted.

I love this dear soul and hope she can learn to love life and forget the horrors she has endured. When she kisses my face in the morning to wake me up, her tail thumping, I think I am headed down the right road. I love her, she loves me.

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