

A BREEDER

WHAT IS A BREEDER

A **B**reeder (with a capital **B**) is a person who thirst for knowledge of the breed and never really knows it all. One who dedicates their life to the pride of their breeding program, who wrestles with decisions of conscience, convenience, and commitment. A **B**reeder is one who sacrifices personal interest, finances, time, friendships, relationships, fancy cars, furniture, and deep pile carpeting. It is a person who gives up the dreams of a long luxurious cruise in favor of using that important time to take his/her dogs to the beach for a swim, training secession, or to just plain be near that special canine friend. The **B**reeder goes without sleep, or relaxing in front of his favorite TV show, in hours spent planning a breeding or watching anxiously over the birth of a litter. Afterwards watching with concern over every little sneeze, wiggle, or little cry. The **B**reeder skips dinner parties, ski trips, and baseball games, because that special litter is due, (and they are all special) or that the puppies have to be fed at seven. They disregard birth fluid and put mouth to mouth to save a gasping new-born, literally blowing life into the tiny helpless creature, that may be the culmination of a lifetime of dreams, (been there and done that). A **B**reeders lap is a marvelous place, where generations of proud, noble, and loyal companions, champions, field winners, and your best friend once snoozed. A **B**reeders hands are strong, hard, and firm, they are often soiled, but are ever so gentle and sensitive to the touch of a puppy's wet nose. A **B**reeders back and knees are usually arthritic from stooping, bending, and sitting in the whelping box, or from doing all the things around the kennel that must be done. But these hands are always gentle

enough to lift and show the next choice puppy of a litter to their new loving family. Often a **B**reeder's shoulders are stooped and heaped with abuse from competitors, or the stress of competitions, but they are wide enough to support the weight of a thousand defeats and frustrations. A **B**reeder's hands are always able wield a mop, support an armful of puppies, to lift up his faithful friend when it becomes necessary, or to lend a helping hand to a newcomer to the breed. A **B**reeder's ears are wondrous things, sometimes red, (from being talked about) or strangely shaped, (from being pressed against a phone receiver), often deaf to criticism or to the words of respect he receives, yet always fine-tuned to the whimper of a sick puppy or an all age trusted friend. A **B**reeder's eyes are blurred from pedigree research, or the loss of an old companion, and are sometimes blind to their dogs own faults but always so keen to see a competitors faults, and they are always searching for the perfect dog. A **B**reeder's brain is foggy on names and faces, but it can recall a dogs pedigree faster than the fastest computer. It is so full of knowledge it sometimes blows a fuse: it catalogs hundreds of intelligent dogs with great temperaments, intelligence, and trainability noted in the breed. The dogs with those sensitive eyes, warm facial expressions and loyalty to the end of time. The Breeder's heart is often broken, but it beats strongly with hope everlasting..... and it is always in the right place! A **B**reeder has a goal for his breeding program, one that is always one step further but yet never ending. Oh, yes ther are breeders and then, there are **BREEDERS**.