

# Healing & Hope

second chance stories from Golden Rescue



**I look to the future because that's where I'm going to spend the rest of my life.**  
*George Burns*

**It was dark. I was in a cage. I had been living on the streets of Istanbul for some time and I wasn't doing very well.**

Then some people whisked me away and I was eventually loaded into a big bird. It seemed like I was in the crate for a long time and it was pretty scary, so when I was let out of the crate at the airport, I made a run for it. I was at something called the 'JFK Airport' in a place called 'New York'. My escape was thwarted and a lot of smiling faces told me all would be well. I wasn't so sure... there I was...feeling lost and afraid, full of fleas, smelly, skinny and hungry.

I am Georgie, named after George Burns, and I'm affectionately called a tripod. There was a time I was having trouble coming to grips that I had lost a limb but now it seems ordinary to me. In fact, I can run faster than my new brother and sister.

When I look back on the years before coming to Canada, it is getting hard to remember how fearful I was and those awful days where I was alone and struggling for food and safety are becoming a distant memory.

I now live on this huge property with my fabulous mom and dad, two rescued siblings, Oban and Dreamer, and a funny little cat named Phantom. They all call me Georgie-Porgie but I'm just glad I'm called for dinner.

Life is simply amazing. I get fed twice a day. I am loved. I can run to my heart's content. I play fetch. I wrestle. I swim... and I love it all!

Look at me now! Every single day is pure joy...for being alive...for having a loving and fun forever family...for being so lucky! As my memory fades around those hard times from the past, I can still remember a few street friends who were not as lucky as me and I wonder if they made it. I sure hope so!