

WHAT IS A BREEDER (with a capital B)???

A **BREEDER** is one who thirsts for knowledge and never really knows it all, one who wrestles with decisions of conscience, convenience and commitment

A **BREEDER** is one who sacrifices personal interests, finances, time, fancy furniture and deep pile carpeting! This BREEDER gives up the dream of a long, luxurious cruise in favor of turning that still important show into this year's "vacation".

A **BREEDER** goes without sleep (but never without coffee!) in hours spent planning a breeding or watching anxiously over the birth process, and afterwards, over every little sneeze, wiggle or cry.

A **BREEDER** skips dinner parties because a litter is due or the babies have to be fed at eight. She disregards birth fluids and puts mouth to mouth to save a gasping newborn, literally blowing life into a tiny, helpless creature that may be the culmination of a lifetime of dreams.

A **BREEDER**'s lap is a marvelous place where generations of proud and noble champions once snoozed.

A **BREEDER**'s hands are strong and firm and often solid, but ever so gentle and sensitive to the thrust of a puppy's wet nose.

A **BREEDER**'s back and knees are usually arthritic from stooping, bending, and sitting in the birthing box, but are strong enough to enable the Breeder to show the next choice pup to a championship.

A **BREEDER**'s shoulders are stooped and often heaped with abuse from competitors, but they are wide enough to support the weight of a thousand defeats and frustrations.

A **BREEDER**'s arms are always able to wield a mop, support an armful of puppies, or lend a helping hand to a new comer.

A BREEDER's ears are wondrous things, sometimes red (from being talked about) or strangely shaped (from being pressed against the phone), often deaf to criticism, yet always fine tuned to the whimper of a sick puppy.

A BREEDER's eyes are often blurred from pedigree research and sometimes blind to her own dog faults, but they are ever so keen to the competitions faults and are always searching for the perfect specimen.

A BREEDER's brain is foggy on faces, but it can recall pedigrees faster than an IBM computer. It is so full of knowledge that sometimes it blows a fuse, it catalogues thousands of good boning, fine ears, and perfect heads.... And burries in the soul the failures and the ones that didn't turn out.

THE BREEDER's heart is often broken, but it beats strongly with hope everlasting...and it's always in the right place! Oh, yes, there are breeders of a kind, and then, there are those other BREEDERS with capital Bs and Rs and Ds and Es!

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