



Changing Lives

by Suzy McQuown

He is my other eyes that can see above the clouds; my other ears that hear above the winds. He is the part of me that can reach out into the sea. He has told me a thousand times over that I am his reason for being; by the way he rests against my leg; by the way he thumps his tail at my smallest smile; by the way he shows his hurt when I leave without taking him. (I think it makes him sick with worry when he is not along to care for me.)

When I am wrong, he is delighted to forgive. When I am angry, he clowns to make me smile. When I am happy, he is joy unbounded. When I am a fool, he ignores it. When I succeed, he brags. Without him, I am only another man. With him, I am all-powerful. He is loyalty itself.

He has taught me the meaning of devotion. With him, I know a secret comfort and a private peace. He has brought me understanding where before I was ignorant.

His head on my knee can heal my human hurts. His presence by my side is protection against my fears of dark and unknown things. He has promised to wait for me... whenever... wherever - in case I need him. And I expect I will - as I always have. He is just my dog.

~ Gene Hill

**C. Clarke Ambrose
September 21, 1924 - March 22, 2009**

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Adoption Corner Cutie Pie Molly

by Lu Wyland



Molly is a contented 7-year-old Havanese who, like most Havs, loves to spend time with her people! When you're home, she's close on your heels, checking out whatever you're doing inside or out. Molly handles life well when you leave, though. She likes to sit atop the sofa, watching out the window to see what's going on outside. It gives her a head start on preparing her happy greeting for you, too! Molly sings hello and runs in circles around you just to let you know she's so happy to see you again.

Molly is on a special diet for allergies. She also loves



Cornell chemical engineering student, Army laboratory scientist, Harvard Business School graduate, husband, father, grandfather, church treasurer and trustee, supporter and treasurer of the Florence Griswold Museum. Clear blue eyes, tall in stature, athletic build, confident. This was the C. Clarke Ambrose many knew, loved and respected. For most, it would be enough, a life filled to the brim with success, family and accomplishment. But, those within the Havanese community were kind enough to open their hearts to share the Clarke Ambrose beyond the public persona. Through their stories I have come to be acquainted with Mr. Ambrose. He was the staunchest and most thoughtful of supporters of the Havanese breed in general and Havanese Rescue, specifically. We all share the loss of a man who was passionate about these little dogs from Cuba, who seldom spent a day during the last eight years without one or two or three at his heels.

However, no story about Clarke would be complete without the mention of Champion KB's Star of Havana. She was the Ambrose's entrée into the Havanese breed when she bounded into their lives in late 1999. Hanna quickly finished before the age of seven months and enchanted her owners with wins at the 2000 HCA Specialty, 2001 Westminster Show and ended the year as number one in All Breed. Other Havs followed in the show ring, including Laredo and Starlet, Hanna's daughter, as well as PJ, co-owned with Lynn Nieto, who was awarded best of breed at Westminster just two months ago. It was Hanna that Clarke asked Joan to bring to his hospital bedside during the last hours of his life. Can there be any more poignant comment on the bond shared between this man and his dogs?

It is my belief that individuals are best known through the

treats, which for her are apples and carrots. Because of her allergies, Molly gets a bath once a week with a special shampoo. She handles the bath just fine. She doesn't like her feet to be messed with, though, so someone experienced in grooming needs to do her nails for her. Molly also takes Atopica twice a week for her allergies. She has dry eye, as well, and gets drops to treat that.

Molly would love to be an only dog. She has enough love to keep your heart and your lap quite filled! If you think this loving, low-energy girl is right for you, please go [here](#)

to complete an adoption application.

Letters From Home



Hi Everyone,

Its been five months and I wanted you to know that I'm doing fantastic! My new home is in Mesa, AZ - WHAHOO! No snow! I loved my mom Mary Ellen in Minnesota and was kinda scared going on an airplane, but when I arrived in Arizona I jumped into my new dad's arms as soon as he opened my travel crate and we've been buds every since. I'm always warm and comfy, and dad lets me sit next to him on the couch. I sleep on mom's lap, too. I also have a Havanese brother and sister named Casey and Sage, and we're all the same age. There's a big window next to the couch and we sit on top to look out to see the people and other dogs walk by. We're all very good watchdogs so we let mom and dad know if someone comes near the house. I don't like big trucks so I bark at them, too. I also met my new doctor. Her name is Betsy King and I guess she's okay. I may change my mind, though, when she gives me my shots.

There are lots of toys, great food and treats. Sometimes mom and dad have to work so Auntie Patti who lives next door comes over to let us

words of others whose lives they have touched. Allow me to share their thoughts and recollections with you.

"Clarke was a quiet, behind-the-scenes presence in Havanese Rescue. He was always ready to ponder a situation and give advice when asked. There were many times I'd pose something to him and then would hear, maybe even several days later, his thoughts on the matter. He didn't just give rescue lip-service - he gave it his all. The condition of the dogs that came to us mattered to him, but even more, he wanted to be sure we could effectively work to support them in their transformation to happy and healthy Havanese.

"Aside from rescue, what stood out most frequently in conversations with Clarke was his love for his own Havanese. I could hear it in his voice when he shared stories about them. The puppies made him laugh, each one with their own distinct personality. He often was getting one or another of the dogs ready for a walk when I called to talk with Joan. They were a big part of his day and often, I suspect, they were the best part of the day that he and Joan shared. As for many of us, his dogs were his family. I'm grateful he not only was a part of some of the most beautiful Havanese out there in the ring, but also that he recognized the beauty they bring to our homes and lives. In that recognition, he made it a point to help Havanese Rescue succeed. He's touched many lives because of this."

"Clarke was not a disciplinarian and allowed his dogs a great deal of freedom. He did not mind if they jumped on the couch or the bed. He adored his dogs. Every morning he would cook bacon and was happy to share with his dogs."

"One of the things that always struck me about Clarke Ambrose was his certitude about life, generally, and Havanese, in particular. Joan, his wife, shared with me a story from their son Steve's childhood. Joan had gotten up several times during dinner to convince Steve that there were, in fact, no monsters under his bed, but two-year-old Steve's fears were not to be assuaged. Finally, Clarke left the dinner table and said, 'Nothing will happen to you.' Steve retorted, 'How do you know?' Clarke replied, 'Because I'm your father and I won't let it.'

"That same certitude carried over into Clarke's involvement with Havanese Rescue. For Clarke, there was not a thing that couldn't be made right by sheer grit and determination. Clarke's position was that the alternative for Havanese in puppy mills, being sold at auctions, etc., was just simply unacceptable and that Havanese should be helped in whatever way possible, whether it was convincing folks to take on a project, auction, etc., or to litigate on the part of Havanese dogs in peril. Clarke brought his rich life experience to Havanese Rescue, providing contacts, ideas and material support. He loved each and every one of his own dogs and was constantly intrigued and appreciative of the distinct

outside to go potty. She's lots of fun and brings her Chihuahua Coco. That's way cool 'cause we all have to go out every couple of hours. If we behave she gives us some salmon treats - I try real hard to behave 'cause those treats are awesome. We play a lot, take walks and I get to sleep on a big, soft bed.

I'm sending pictures of me with Casey and Sage 'cause I wanted you to see my new family. Thanks to everyone who took care of me. I've got a super-great home. Now I have to go and play. Luv you all!!

Tucker

Donations

Everyone hears about the economy...few stop to think about what it means to pets. Pet relinquishment is increasing rapidly. Please help when you can.



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personality each one had."

"The loss of Clarke is monumental to his family and to all who knew and loved him. He and Joan have always been among the staunchest and most generous supporters of Havanese Rescue. Clarke, was the more behind the scenes half of a dynamic duo who, with great grace, always were focused on the bottom line of what was in the best interest of any one individual Havanese or the breed, itself.

"They both gave tirelessly of their energy and resources wherever it was most needed. My heart breaks for Joan having lost her life partner; they were rarely apart. If Joan was visible, no doubt Clarke was not far away. He will be greatly missed and remembered with great fondness and love. Their contribution to the Havanese in all of their glory in their having the top show dogs and producers, as well as caring about and providing for every lost and at-risk little one that came into their radar, will never be forgotten. He truly was a quiet Hero for our Havanese."

"Clarke was instrumental in the founding of the Greater New York Havanese Club. He very much wanted to see an active and vital metropolitan group. By cajoling, prompting and insisting, he got Joan to invite Maria and Rosalie Leone along with myself to a quiet dinner in order to pull us together to form the club. Clarke steered us through the incorporation process and was the treasurer until earlier this year. Clarke was the club's greatest booster, handing out compliments and kudos for our gatherings and events. It delighted him to see the club get off the ground. He was a dear, dear man. When you sat and spoke with him his attention was rapt, and you knew you and he hit it off when he smiled with that wonderful gleam in his eye. We shall miss him so."

To end, I thought perhaps this last quote, poignant and telling, best describes the nature of Clarke Ambrose - the concern, consideration and absolute affection he held for our sweet Havanese:

"If it was raining while Joan and Clarke were in New York, he used to walk the dogs separately under his umbrella. I had never seen it myself, but I always used to picture this tall, patrician-looking man, large umbrella in one hand, walking a Havanese on the avenue. Joan said that Clarke felt they needed their own time under the umbrella. Probably it was easier to handle, but all the same, it took time and that's just who I think Clarke was. He gave his undivided attention in the gentlest of ways. (You see, I'm a New Yorker - we rush and we try to get things done quickly, especially walking recalcitrant dogs in the rain! And, to picture Clarke out in the rain walking dogs individually, one at a time...) What a gentle man - the true meaning of being a gentleman."

My sincere thanks to Alison Brackman, Mary Cane, Stacy DeJoseph, Patt McRae, Paula Perlmutter and Lu Wyland

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Editor - Paula Perlmutter
Production Coordinator - Lori Brostrom
Copywriters - Lu Wyland, Suzy McQuown
Graphics/Production - Michelle Burke
Proofreaders - Lu Wyland, Suzy McQuown,
Charlene Renslow

Havanese Rescue Inc
PO Box 126
Peconic, New York 11958

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