



GIZMO'S STORY.

It was a lovely warm summer morning on the 24th February 2011.

The little Yorkie that my Daughter had given me would be turning 3 on the 27th, just a few days ahead. He was particularly sweet that morning, dancing around at my feet and clapping his paws. I picked him up and kissed him in his neck telling him just how much I loved him. He looked deeply into my eyes with his sparking little hazel greenish eyes. What a special little soul this was. Little did I know this would be the last kiss I would ever give this little dog who had eaten right into the middle of my heart.

My Daughter was in my bedroom with me while all this love was going on and she said, "he really loves you so much Mom, he loves you with all his heart."

Gizmo was born on the 27/2/2008 at Kazandi Yorkshire Terriers in Verwoerdburg in Pretoria South Africa. His parents were Markmel Tommy of Kazandi and Alta of Kazandi. His colour was nominated at Chocolate. My Daughter Devon had bought him for herself.



When he arrived here, he was the tiniest little boy with beautiful fawn and silver hair, a light brown nose and hazel eyes. He was very independent and a little stand offish. He wouldn't come to you when he was called, instead he sat back and just looked at you with disdain. I thought he was a brat. I would often baby sit and put his bed down next to mine but he would rather lie on the floor than get into the bed. I tried picking him up and putting him on the bed with me but he would squirm and wriggle until I put him back on the floor. Food time was interesting too, he would just look the food I had placed for him and wrinkle up his nose. This happened for a little while until I took him in my arms and explained who I was and how I would be feeding him and caring for him when my daughter wasn't here. He changed after this and settled down and accepted me with the love and affection I gave him. My Daughter eventually gave him to me as Gizmo and I had a very special bond.



Every morning he would dance and clap his paws for me in absolute joy. His two little friends Jasmine Rose (a Yorkie) and Amigo (a Chihuahua) were inseparable and spent a lot of their time playing catches in the garden and around the coffee table in the lounge letting out very loud yelps in their process. I would join them and chase them too. We often played hide and seek and they would yelp with excitement when they found me.

On the morning of the 24th of February 2011 I was preparing to go to a meeting in Midrand and my daughter Devon was packing to relocate to Bela Bela. Gizmo was particularly sweet that morning as I have already said.



I left for my meeting and an hour later, my daughter called me to ask if I had Gizmo with me because she could not find him. I told her I didn't have him and that she should look for him. My heart lurched with anxiety and fear.

Realising that we had a crisis at home, I apologised and left my meeting to home as quickly as I could. The drive seemed to take forever. We looked everywhere at home, in cupboards, under beds in various rooms, in the garden, but he wasn't there. We started combing the streets around our home.

We employed casuals standing on the street corner to assist us. They had seen a Yorkie a little way down the main road from our home and said a man was carrying him. Upon investigation we found two little escape artists and an owner tearing out his hair because he had done everything to keep them in and they kept on getting out.

By now it was afternoon, we stood at the intersections in the peak hour traffic, with pictures that we had printed on our front and back of our shirts handing out flyers, and begging people to assist us.

Twenty of our friends gathered and started knocking on doors asking people if they had seen him. We kept on getting strange calls at all times of the day and night saying he had been seen, but when we got to the location there was no Gizmo to be found. One morning at 06h30 a woman called and asked me if I had lost my dog. I said I had and she said “well he is playing with my brother in Walkerville” and she put the phone down.



This stimulated a search in Walkerville, which led to Vereeniging, then to Sasolburg, Parys, Vanderbijlpark, Pretoria, Cape Town and Durban. Some nights I just didn't get home until very dark because I had a lead or because I had a feeling that he could be in a particular area. I would go to the area, park the car and start walking in the street calling his name. Ringing door bells, knocking on doors only to come home empty handed to a very concerned man. We would be going somewhere and I would suddenly say please turn right here, go there, stop here..... and so it went on day and night for absolute ages.

Day after day, night after night we walked and called and searched. It seemed as if he had disappeared into absolute thin air.

We had notices in the local paper as well an article written but there was no sign of Gizmo anywhere.

All this time I spent sobbing, then fighting and in total despair I carried on looking for my darling little Gizmo. Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months and still I searched. Thoughts rushed through my head, did he have food, was he safe, was he warm, was he being cared for.

Posters were put up and as fast as we put up posters so they were removed. We spent thousands of rand on printing and petrol.

I even searched for him out of town. Every lead I had we followed up. The local CPF supported me continually including all the security companies in the area. I did talks at the schools and asked the pupils to assist me in my search. I offered a reward. Taxi drivers and their passengers were briefed and asked to look out for him, but not one single sighting.



It was amazing with all the publicity, all the eyes and ears of the community my dog had just disappeared.

Psychics offered their assistance, one even coming to Brackenhurst to check the information that she had received. Animal Communicators assisted, but no matter what I did I couldn't find Gizmo.

Instead I started finding other lost Yorkies. I met people who didn't want to keep their Yorkies anymore. I met other heartbroken people who were looking for their Yorkies that had suddenly and

mysteriously vanished like Gizmo and who had also left no trace.

I realised I was not alone and that there was no one to help us find our dogs, and there was no one taking care of the lost and unwanted. This situation demanded action, so I started taking in these little dogs and finding perfect homes for them.

Owners who had lost their dogs came for a chat and I think the empathy helped us deal with our loss and the pain of not knowing if your dog was still alive or not, being fed, being kept warm, taken care of. So many unanswered questions. Then we would hit the streets putting up posters, knocking on doors again and looking in every conceivable place we could.

The contacts and calls really started to come in and I was finding that I was spending more and more of my time helping these little dogs. It was during this time that I was alerted to the fact that there were syndicates of people stealing Yorkies. Cars had been seen at gates, the SAPS had apprehended a vehicle on Xavier Road and found Yorkies in the car.

This made up my mind. I had to do something to help these dogs and their owners.

Little Gizmo, had started the birth of Yorkie Rescue South Africa.

We are many years down the line, but the search continues for Gizmo. This is the reality of life when a little animal disappears like he did there is no end to the search. There is no finalisation to his existence, he will always be around in my mind. I will continue to search.

There have been thousands of Yorkies through my Sanctuary and my hands over the years, all have been given love in abundance, but none have ever taken Gizmo's place and none ever will.

I continue to search.

