Janet and Craig Breitkreutz Bio

A young one kid (once) who brought home many animals, yes I even rescued a pig that ran around our neighborhood. We assumed it fell off a truck and after being chauffeured by my mother around town, riding in the backseat with a friend and the pig. My parents arranged for it to go to a farm. We had cats, a few chickens at Easter time, but I grew up with a faithful dog.

Craig & I married and he accepted my mixed dog and cat. When they crossed over we decided to have 3 sons. I really wanted to have a dog in the family that my boys could grow up with. Well Craig started working for a feed company we decided on a potbellied pig. Teddy went to nursing homes and stuff….he was a great watch pig but passed away. So the hunt was on to find a dog.

A cousin brought her 4 yr old weimaraner to a family get together and I was hooked. That girl was beautiful with all the kids running around so the hunt was on…but I wanted a puppy. What do I remember about the hunt for a weimaraner was one shelter knew of a 4 year old weimaraner needing a home. I said thank you but I wanted a puppy and they said “Are you sure?” Well I found Rex, & he was a Alpha, no cats or little dogs loving pet & I had no clue as to what I was doing.

As the dog trainer told me….you are in trouble, this dog thinks and Rex taught me well on how to raise my sons. Rex took the pole off the front porch, if you came to my front door he was hoping he could go through the window to get you. As we operated a business out of the house, if you came in my shop door, he came down to greet you, then had to sit on the steps. If he was bored he went into the house to gather up one kid’s underwear to bring out proudly to show off. Hence teaching the kids to pick their stuff up or shut their bedroom doors. Rex also picked my pockets for used kleenixs, would pee on the saw of a guy working in the house, stole the rag from a vent cleaning company, a screw driver from another handy man. Don’t forget eating $480.00 in cash, bringing a opossum into the house, running to catch a bird out of the air & dropping it in our son’s window sill. But, Rex was my dog and I found if I walked 2-1/2 miles daily with this alpha, not liking other people or dogs, he became the best ever, visiting my kid’s classes at school. Then it was time for Rex to leave after 13 years and our home was empty.

I couldn’t take the emptiness and started to fill out applications for rescue. I found Wonder Weims Rescue and the coordinator called to say this lady wanted to surrender her weim, he sounded like my Rex. If we didn’t take him we were to let her know. So next in line came Bocephus, a 2 year old bow legged, dwarf weimaraner who hated cats. If he could get into my 3/4 ton, 4 wheel drive pickup we were going to take him home. It was the one & only time he got up there himself, on the way home he was renamed Ozzie Osbourne cause he was all messed up. Difference with Ozzie, he could not counter surf. Ozzie drew a lot of attention and of course that would go to his head, he also walked the runway in Omaha, NE for “Furshion Week”.

We went looking for another wild and crazy weimaraner. Craig would not look at the pictures of the rescue weims I had on the computer and so I thought…I’ll show you….I’ll volunteer. Mercury then walked into our lives.

So Welcome to the wild world of weimaraner rescue. My next person I met was Sue and Terry James , they had Deano & had gotten Piper. We have evolved from Wonder Weims Rescue, Inc. to Husker Weim Rescue, Inc, the years have flown.

Ozzie recently left us, along with Mercury & Shelby who passed before him. We now have Luna (my alpha weim-mix who is Rex reincarnated) and Branch (yes named after Branch in Longmire) he is tall and good looking.

Many foster dogs have also passed through our doors, and we have acquired many friends in the rescue world. I would not trade it for anything.

As I always say rescue will stiffen your backbone and it is always “All For the Love of a Weim.”