



The thing that strikes me first on my visit to Rutland Manor is the sheer beauty of the country side in which it is situated. My eye is met with a vast horizon of gently rolling green hills, it is pastoral and peaceful, and the air is sweet and clean. The front gate is small and ordinary giving no clue to the extra ordinary person who lives within. I park my car and walk up the flower edged path to a small unassuming house, I ring the bell and the door opens to a smiling face and a warm lilting voice, "Hello how may I help you?" And I smile because it is Beverley and I instantly feel welcome and relaxed, my happy day begins.

I am greeted by other smiling faces, Kate & Twyla are here from the United States, another car arrives; Gillian's smiling face appears to add further warmth and good cheer to this day. Beverley's home is warm and cosy, nothing lavish here, but the weather is fair so we settle in chairs out on the lawn for a nice chat and a cup of tea. Helen, Jane and Goldie appear from the office and Leith and Holly walk up from the nursery to join us, we are a merry group of ladies for lunch all from different backgrounds and parts of the world united in our love of these Australian Labradoodle dogs.

After lunch Beverley and Jane start chatting about Goldie's recent dislike for their training sessions. Beverley listens and nods her head as Jane describes the problem, then Beverley is up and off with Goldie on her lead. In only a matter of moments Goldie is responding



to Beverley's commands, the rest of us look on watching and learning. Beverly returns a short while later with Goldie and explains to Jane what she feels the problem is and how to rectify the situation; I can't help feeling whilst watching Beverly work with Goldie that I am witnessing a rare talent at work.

Beverley suggests a tour of the property and the dogs. We all agree yes, yes please let us see the dogs. As much as we enjoy Beverley we all know it is the dogs and the puppies we are dying to see. Beverley waves us off and says wander wherever you like. So off we troop Kate, Twyla, Gillian and I. We spend the next hour happily walking through night time kennels and dog parks stopping to admire the gorgeous dogs we



see, naming them off as we meet them, like old friends we call their names and give pets and receive doggy kisses in return. I have spent my life around dogs of many different breeds yet I am continually astonished by the wonderful nature of these RM Labradoodles, they are like no dog I have ever met before. We have saved the best for last on our tour, the Nursery. Our steps quicken with anticipation and even Leith misting us down with disinfectant does not dampen our spirits. We enter the nursery



yard where everything is spotlessly clean and then we are rushed by the loving mammas.

More kisses and pats are exchanged before we are allowed to view their lovely babies, the mammas show no concern at our presence in with their pups, it's almost like they are happy to show them off. We ooh and ahhh over all the lovely babies, then Gillian gets a special surprise

and holds her puppy for the first time. The look on her face shows such joy we all fall

silent and just stare for a moment, wrapped up in the moment of magic. I wonder if this is what it is all about for Beverley the giving of this gift of love in a furry package.

We move along to the next batch of pups and we are joined by Beverley who moves a chair in and sits next to the whelping box. At almost 4 weeks you can see the pups already know her well as they mew and work their way toward her feet. She has a look on her face I have witnessed on many mothers over the years, the look of utter devotion and love for one's own children. We spend some time there chatting with Beverley and she tells us a bit about early cognitive



behaviour and we listen in silence as she demonstrates with the puppies. We leave the nursery knowing we have shared a special moment, have been gifted with some of Beverley's knowledge and will forever be better dog owners for it.

We retire to the front lawn again for a cup of tea and a chat. The afternoon has been lovely; a wonderful sense of camaraderie has grown between us all and I am reluctant to break the mood but I know I must

begin my journey home. We part like long time friends even though some of us only met today. As I drive away I reflect on the day and smile realizing any doubts I may have been harbouring towards Beverley were all gone. Is she perfect? No. Is her property perfect? No. Has she made mistakes? Yes. Is she one of the luckiest women in the world? Yes, because she is doing something she is incredibly passionate about, not for money (that is evident) not for glory but because she truly loves these dogs called Australian Labradoodles.

