

Flagstaff-Sedona Dog magazine

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October/November 2022

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FLAGSTAFF-SEDONA DOG MAGAZINE

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Flagstaff-Sedona Dog magazine



COVER DOG CONTEST

It's easy to enter your furry best friend!

- 1) Take a picture of your canine pal
- 2) Send your picture to info@reddogpublishing.net

Please include your name, dog's name, address and phone with your entry. Entries without owners info will not be accepted.

Winner will receive:

- 1) A photo shoot with A Portrait Park by J in Prescott
- 2) 50 copies of Flagstaff-Sedona Dog
- 3) A personalized social media post congratulating your dog as the winner and an electronic copy of the printed cover

All entries are judged for the edition submitted..
You can enter for EVERY edition! One entry per dog, per edition.

**Deadline Dates - 3/31/22, 5/31/22, 7/31/22,
9/30/22, 11/30/22 and 1/31/23**



Phantom, Our Cover Dog

Name: Phantom

Hometown: I live in Flagstaff, but I was born in Tuba City, Arizona. Back in May of 2020 when I was only a four-month-old puppy, I was wandering around when a very kind human found me. I was small, hungry, but not scared. Because I was so cute and friendly, my rescuer decided to bring me on a long journey all the way to Flagstaff where I had a second chance elsewhere with a great family. I'm so thankful to my rescuer! Once we arrived in Flagstaff, the kind rescuer took me to High Country Humane shelter where I was cleaned, fed, and cared for by a team of highly skilled professionals (doctors and staff), very sweet humans they are, I'm soooo grateful, and I mean it! I love my hometown of Flagstaff; my fun times here are endless! Thank you for reading my story of how I became THE PHANTOM of Flagstaff, woof woof!

Age: I'm 2 years and 7 months old.

Favorite brand of kibble: Blue Wilderness adult vegetable with chicken, and also Purina.

Favorite people food: I like bites of real beef, especially if done on the grill. Mmm, YUM! The smoky one—like beef jerky—is by far my favorite! The smoked flavor reminds me of being in the woods with my family.

Favorite toy: My squeaky dog plushy that was a gift from Santa last Christmas! When I'm excited, I like to squeak it a lot. I also like to sleep with it, too.

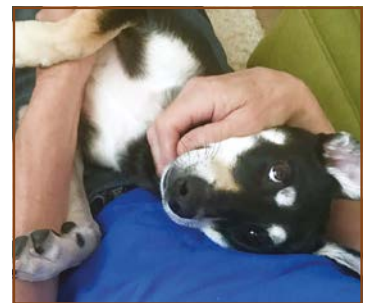
Favorite outdoor activity: I have a favorite outdoor activity for wintertime and another one for summer. Wintertime is definitely my favorite! I bury my face in the snow looking for sticks, I just can't get enough of it! As soon as my family opens the door I run outside! I get lost in happiness jumping through piles of snow. Sometimes I eat snow, too. Swimming is my favorite summer outdoor activity. I get so excited when I go on trips to the river or lake.

Favorite indoor activity: Playing fetch with my family. Oh, how fun, how happy they make me, woof woof!! They say I jump like a circus dog! I don't even realize how high I can jump because all I have in mind at that moment is to GRAB my plush toy and run with it as fast as I can back to my bed!

Favorite nap spot: My favorite comfy spot is snoozing in front of the fireplace, especially in winter after after a full day playing in the snow. I stare at the dancing flames until I fall asleep and dream about all the many adventures I've lived, with so many more to come! Mom says that I sleep-bark, but that's only because I'm HAPPY chasing my friends in an open field, woof woof!

Favorite fitness regimen: I enjoy daily walks around the neighborhood with my Dad and brother, where I get to meet a lot of friendly people and their dogs. Dad takes me for a morning walk and a second one in the early evening. My brother takes me in the morning or afternoon, depending on his school schedules. Evening walks are my favorite because then I get to see the moon and many far away stars!

Your favorite canine pal: So far, Luna is my favorite canine pal! She's a five-year-old Australian Kelpie who looks a lot like me, except she's got a short tail. Luna travels with her hu-



man Dad, who loves her so much! Last year Luna stayed with us for one month, and we became like siblings. I also recently became friends with Nanuk, a Siberian Husky from Colorado. We had a great time at the campground, and so did our human families!

Your perfect day: My perfect day is every day! But going to the dog park (I go once a week) makes my heart pump fast of pure HAPPINESS and JOY! At the dog park I get to see my friends again and make new friends. We chase each other, climb obstacles, and exchange lots of hugs and kisses. I will never get tired of going to the dog park, that makes my perfect day a perfect WEEK!

(Visit PrescottDog.com to read more about Phantom.)

Tucker's Take

Looking Back

"...Remember a few weeks ago..."
(Pause for loud barking to subside)
"...Can you hear me?...So remember we talked about getting a dog for Tommy, wait hold on one, the Kennel Tech is coming, its going to get noisy."

A full third of the kennel's current population spotted Man With Leash! and the first howl of recognition rose, causing a cacophony of declarations and heartfelt requests that filled the air.

The Tech stopped midway and knelt down at an opposite pen from the woman. Opening the gate he reached in to scoop up an eager shih-tzu to secure a leash for her morning walk.

Once the pup was placed gently back on the ground, her little legs trotted with excitement and a dash of urgency. Morning sun rays filled the walkway as the door opened and with a, "C'mon Sadie," Tall and Tiny disappeared into the glare.

Muted protestations of disappointment and jealousy eventually faded.

The woman adjusted her hand toward her other ear and resumed talking into the air while looking over the young beagle in the kennel at her feet.

"So, what I'm trying to say is, I'm at the shelter and I think I've found the perfect dog for Tommy...a beagle... no, he's young, and I don't want to get Tommy a high-powered dog...I know your preferences, dear...."

The woman grew silent as she tapped her foot while staring up at the ceiling. "...It's just, it's just that at this stage I need a dog I can handle...AND...and dog that will slow Tommy down a bit. Fall is coming, and with school, I'll be the primary



dog handler...OK, OK, you get to pick the next dog."

The sun rays returned with the accompanying chorus as Sadie was brought back up the walkway.

I watched her being returned to her pen, and the canine shouts of "Me! Me! Pick me!" followed the Tech.

When he got part way up the walk, a different woman's head appeared at the end of the hall asking for Riley, and the Tech turned back around and deftly managed to get a loop around the very wiggly beagle. They disappeared together up the walkway.

I changed my alert posture to a proper thinking-sit. Before I could accurately access what all the morning events might mean for me, a highly motivated and fast-approaching beagle shot past me to the gate next to mine, behind which was a female Frenchie, Justine.

Sounds and longing looks of a young and fervent devotion were exchanged until the talking-to-the-air woman quickly rounded the corner yelling, "Riley! Riley, come here!"

One of her flip-flops flew off of her foot and sailed in an arc to land just inches away from Safecracker's gate.

He was so named for his uncanny ability to open the latch to his gate. No matter what alteration was made, or what parts, clips, bits of chain, duct tape were added, within a day—if not a few hours—I'd hear a series of clicks, and down the hall he would paddle past all of us. Calmly, and with quiet purpose, he would place himself in front of the back door and sit in unwavering hope that the door would be opened and he would leave to find his home.

At the other end of the kennels, the loop went back around the errant Romeo's neck, and goodbyes were quickly shared. Riley somewhat reluctantly followed the now listing-to-port woman.

The woman spied her errant footwear further ahead, just...in...time... to see a chocolate Doberman's paw quickly draw it through the space below his gate and into his domain. Rustling and growling noises punctuated the launching of flying bits of flip-flop up and over the top of his gate.

With a sigh and a gentle encouragement to Riley to leave the bits alone, they both left.

Riley was the first to leave since I had been brought there. When I got a chance to think more about it in the evening, when it was quiet, I had an epiphany.

I was in a temporary place, not a new kind of home. My tail swept back and forth a couple times, and I fell asleep.

A few days later, a different woman came in with a man following. She scanned the faces in the kennels, looking for a specific dog, and stopped in front of my gate. The man, looking around and slightly distracted, almost ran into his companion.

"Not too bright, that one," I remember thinking, but I liked the woman right away. I liked the way she spoke to me.

A kennel Tech came and got me, and off we went to the outdoors. I think the woman just kind of wanted to watch me being walked, but I just wanted to learn more about her, so I abruptly came about and sat right in front her, looking up at her hoping she would talk to me some more. At the time, I never would have imagined that I would be her night watchman, sleeping at her feet every night.

Seems like this time of year, I'll wake up in the middle of the night, while all my charges are fast asleep, and I'll recall my path to where I am now. Even though Hazel and Keira (on occasion mind you) can make me wish sometimes I was somewhere else, it's only a fleeting thought. There are too many things to be grateful for...way too many.

I hope Safecracker, Riley, and Justine have found the same thing.

~Tucker Oso



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by C.L. Dreves

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October is Pit Bull Awareness Month

**I don't judge others.
I don't hate.
I don't discriminate.
I don't care about money.
I don't hold grudges.**



**I DO know how
to love
unconditionally,
and that's all I
want in return.**

**I am a Pit Bull.
I'm not a monster.
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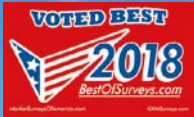
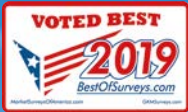


Rescue Resources

For an expanded view of
Rescue Resources,
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AARF ANIMAL RESCUE 6639 S. Country Rd., Mayer aarfanimalrescue@gmail.com (928) 925-7219	BLUE MOON RESCUE & SANCTUARY 1851 E Perkinsville Rd, Chino Valley (928) 925-7724, bluemoonrescue.org	HIGH COUNTRY HUMANE 11665 N, US-89, Flagstaff (928) 526-0742 highcountryhumane.org	TUBA CITY HUMANE SOCIETY (928) 793-2364, tubacityhumanesociety.org
ANIMAL GUARDIAN NETWORK HEALING RIVER RANCH 2564 N Arena Del Loma, Camp Verde (623) 780-1604, animalguardiannetwork.org	BRADSHAW MOUNTAIN WILDLIFE ASSOCIATION 18200 S Wolf Run Trail, Mayer (928) 632-9559, bradshawmountainwildlife.com	HUMANE SOCIETY OF CENTRAL ARIZONA 605 W. Wilson Ct, Payson (928) 474-5590 humanesocietycentralAZ.org	UNITED ANIMAL FRIENDS Prescott, (928) 778-2924 unitedanimalfriends.org
ARK CAT SANCTUARY (928) 635-5909, Parks arkcatsanctuary.org	CENTRAL ARIZONA ANIMAL SEARCH & RESCUE Camp Verde, (520) 921-9974 centralarizonaanimalsearchandrescuellc.com	HUMANE SOCIETY OF SEDONA 2115 Shelby Dr (928) 282-4679 humanesocietyofsedona.org	VERDE VALLEY HUMANE SOCIETY 1520 W. Mingus Ave, Cottonwood (928) 634-7387 VerdeValleyHumaneSociety.org
BETHANY'S GAIT RANCH (928) 499-9442, Prescott	CIRCLE L RANCH ANIMAL RESCUE & SANCTUARY Daytime (928) 925-1926, Prescott Valley	NOW THAT I'M SAFE EQUINE RESCUE Facebook: Now That I'm Safe Equine Rescue nowthatimsafe.org	YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY 1625 Sundog Ranch Rd, Prescott (928) 445-2666 yavapaihumane.org
BIG LUCK CLUB Navajo Reservation Dog Rescue bigluckclub.org, bigluckclub@gmail.com	COCONINO HUMANE ASSOCIATION 3501 E Butler Ave, Flagstaff (928) 526-1076, coconinohumane.org	PETS RETURN HOME petsreturnhome.org (928) 793-2013 info@petsreturnhome.org	YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY EQUINE CENTER (928) 515-4947, Chino Valley yavapaihumane.org
BLACKHAT HUMANE SOCIETY Native American Reservation Animals (928) 245-3890 blackhathumane@gmail.com	HEELING HEELERS HEARTS Surprise, (623) 226-2749 azblueheeler.com	SAVING PAWS RESCUE SHEPHERDS & MALINOIS Glendale, (480) 737-6089 savingpawsrescueaz.org	YAVAPAI HUMANE TRAPPERS ANIMAL RESCUE Chino Valley yavapaihumanetrappers.org
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Be Their Voice

We've all seen the photos and heard the stories about the dogs tightly chained to a tree in the heat of summer or the frigid cold of winter. The dog shivering outside in the cold hoping to be brought inside to the warmth of a home and its family is heartbreaking. The dog that is driven out to a remote area and dumped... & that dog running after the car and then sitting there for days waiting for their person to come back for them. The couple that lived next door and had their great dog, but they had to move because of "landlord issues" with the dog, so they just leave the dog there and drive away.

Sadly, this happens every single day of the year! These animals have no idea what they've done wrong (NOTHING), why they're being treated like they are and what is going to happen to them. It's heartbreaking!

I must confess – I'm writing this article because during the last couple of years I've been TRYING to figure out why some people can be so callous and cowardly when it comes to their pets. Most recently it was a situation where a local family moved out of their home and left their family dog they'd had for 10 years, chained inside their living room with no food, no water, no heat, and nobody there. After a couple days, a neighbor heard this dog crying and (thankfully) immediately called Animal Control to check out his cries for help.

This precious pup was brought to Yavapai Humane Society (thankfully) where it was treated medically, given food, water, warmth, and love, and has since found a new family that loves him beyond all belief! This dog is alive and prospering because of a caring person who decided to act and advocate for an animal that was in need.

So why is it that when some families have a dog they've had its entire life and then get a new puppy and the puppy and the loyal family dog don't get along, they decide to surrender the dog they've had for all those years? Do you think that dog isn't confused, sad and heartbroken...wondering what it did wrong?

I just don't understand how some people can be so heartless. Some of these dogs are old, in poor health, some deaf or blind and now, they are away from the only family they've ever known. We just recently got a little guy who looks like a wet mop and is about 11 years old... found as a stray... has a microchip... tried to contact the owner... no response!

Seriously?? If you don't want your dog, at least give it a chance and not just dump it on the side of the road!!!



Dogs are some of the most loyal animals around. We've all seen the pictures of dogs that lay on the sidewalk outside of a hospital waiting for their person to come out. Or the dog that lays at the grave of his person, grieving and yet continuing to be loyal even into eternity. I don't know what we did as humans to deserve this kind of love and loyalty, but what I do know is those dogs deserve our love and loyalty in return for what they give us!

Believe or not – here we are in 2022 and there are still people who think that animals don't have emotions, feel pain or loss, or get confused. There are still people who think, "Oh, it's just a dog".

No, it's not "just a dog" ... it's a life, and more so... it's a life that MATTERS!!!

That's the message I'm trying to share with you. Be their voice, be their advocate, be their hero, be the person that may even save their life. If you see something, call and report it. If you hear something, call and report it. Even if you're not sure that something might be wrong, be willing to take the chance and make that call. It takes all of us to make this world a better place not only for ourselves but also for other people *and* for the animals who share this amazing place that we call earth.

I used to follow this group about animal cruelty (just so I could be educated about what's going on), and they posted a video of some teenagers who were out walking with a dog... cutest dog... he was so happy... they got to a bridge, and they picked the dog up and dropped it over this bridge. They were laughing as the dog was falling to its death, and trust me, it wasn't pretty. It haunts me every day of my life. I no longer follow this site because my heart and my soul can't handle it. I have been through a lot of things in my life, but that video, I cannot erase!

I just saw another post on social media, of a guy who beat his dog to death with a baseball bat because the dog had an accident in his house.

Then there is the guy who shot his dog right in the face with a gun... because it didn't get along with his girlfriend and he posted this publicly. Seriously people... are you kidding me?

My dog today was having tummy issues and trust me, it wasn't pretty... I was on my hands and knees cleaning up this mess... but guess what? I didn't beat my dog to death or take her out and abandon her somewhere... she is on my lap as I write this... She is family... she might be "just a dog" to you, but to me... she is my family and there is nothing on this earth that could make me spend one day away from her.

October is Pit Bull Awareness Month

Unfortunately, this is a breed that is abused and abandoned more than others. BUT I must tell you, they are some of the most loving and affection dogs on the planet... I cannot stress this enough... it's not the BREED it's the OWNER and the way they were raised!!! Can we please put a stop to the stigma???

We have some of the most amazing dogs here at YHS that are Pit Bulls... the minute people hear that word... they walk on by. WHY???. It's just not fair!!

I was at Costco the other day... happened to have my YHS shirt on... a lady came up to me and asked me about our dogs as she was looking for a companion... I told her about Gwen, who's been with us since March... she had her leg amputated due to being hit by a car and left to die. The minute I mentioned she was a pit bull mix... she said, "No, can't have a pit bull around my grandchildren." Guess what? Gwen is the most loving dog and wouldn't hurt a fly.

Here's the thing people... I understand there are circumstances where you need to surrender your pet. Don't do it out in the world and just dump them. Come to a shelter like YHS where they have a chance.

NO animal deserves to be abandoned... NO animal deserves to be abused It happens every day and YOU might be their chance at survival. YHS (or another shelter) might be their chance at survival!

I'll stop now.

YHS cares about all these animals; we want to find them the homes they deserve. Visit us at yavapaihumane.org and then come meet them... As they say, there is a "golden in the rough." It just might be waiting for you!

NAVI'S START: SAVED BY LOVE

It all began on a border crossing from Barb's Dog Rescue in Puerto Penasco, Mexico.



but he had a great prognosis.

Two weeks after his rescue, Navi had made significant progress, and his spirit was coming to life. We continued to check in with the clinic each day to see how he was doing. Despite all Navi has been through, he is sweet as can be.

Navi's medical treatment is complete, and after weeks of waiting and worrying, we got to bring him home from the vet. He's made a remarkable recovery. Although he is feeling shy in his new surroundings, we know within a few

days he will be running and playing with the other dogs. He will finish healing in the coming weeks and absorb the love of all of us at the shelter who care so much about him. His body whole and his belly full, Navi will know only good days going forward.

Navi's Forever Home

I was between chemotherapy and surgery, having been diagnosed with breast cancer in 2020 when I saw his picture and the above story. I knew immediately that he would be my dog.

I contacted Barb at Barb's Dog Rescue and told her that I wanted Navi and could bring him up to the States to live his life at Dogtree Pines. He was not a senior but had fought a hard battle on the streets of Mexico and deserved a fantastic forever home. He was not ready for his new home yet and needed a few more months at Barb's to adjust and get healthy, which worked out perfectly with my own medical treatment schedule.

(Visit PrescottDog.com to read the rest of Navi's story)

THRIVE WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR (ANIMAL) FRIENDS!

November 11th is Veterans' Day, and what better way to help celebrate the sacrifices our military have made to keep our country safe than by ensuring they can adopt a companion animal to help them gain a new sense of purpose?!



The animals that can qualify for the Pets for Patriots adoption program are those that have been in the Shelter or homeless six months or more, have special needs (birth defect, disability, or chronic medical condition, any of which must require lifelong care), are at least two years of age and over 40 pounds. These type of animals are often overlooked and undervalued by adopters, so this program gives them a second chance at life.

It also provides a huge benefit to the Veteran adopter by easing the transition from service to normal life, lessen the impacts of depression, anxiety, and PTSD, and comfort those Veterans who live alone or are lonely. These animals can also fill voids when for families when active military deploy.

Upon approval of their application, Veterans can make an appointment at HSS to find their new friend for life by calling (928) 282-4679 between 10am and 4pm and making an appointment.

Once the adoption is finalized, the new family will receive a \$150 gift card, discounted veterinary care, a welcome home contribution of food and other essentials. This is in addition to a complementary first veterinarian visit locally and lots of discounts at PetSmart.

The adopted cat or dog will have already been spayed or neutered, microchipped, and have all of the current vaccinations needed which amounts to a value of over \$500! What an amazing gift this is for both adopter and animal, and ensures that everyone starts on the right paw!

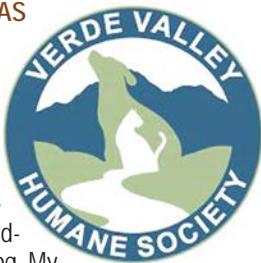
For more information, please go to PetsforPatriots.org and to see available dogs or cats for adoption, visit HumaneSocietyofSedona.org/adopt/

PETS BEING ABANDONED AS BY-PRODUCTS TO THEIR OWNERS' PROBLEMS

I recently watched as a couple sat on the lobby floor of the Verde Valley Humane Society, sobbing as they said goodbye to their beloved cat and dog. My attempts to reassure them that we would find good homes for their pets didn't help. The thought of having to leave their companions behind was breaking their hearts.

The story as it unfolded was, unfortunately, not an isolated one. They were having to move out-of-state due to extreme financial hardships and housing issues. They had tried desperately to rehome their pets to friends, family, or neighbors. We were their last resort.

Another morning, before opening time, a man walked through a restricted staff-only entrance and plopped a box of five infant kittens on the counter. Fortunately I was there, yet before our conversation even finished, he walked out and drove off in his truck. While most lo-



cal at least have the decency to engage in a dialogue with us, we are seeing more and more of these types of situations. Pets are increasingly becoming the helpless victims to the human distress and problems caused by the pandemic, the housing crisis, and rising costs.

In less than a month's time, the Verde Valley Humane Society has taken in 16 infant kittens and puppies requiring round-the-clock 24/7 bottle-feeding. The influx of adult dogs and cats is never-ending and the kennels—approximately 100 all totaled—are always full. Shelters and rescues across our state and the US mirror this phenomenon, reporting record highs of cat and dog abandonment and owner surrenders.

Our local law enforcement and animal control officers diligently manage numerous instances of strays and lost animals—often taking time to comb through neighborhoods attempting to find the owners—before bringing the animal to the Shelter. The appeal for responsible pet owners to microchip their pets and ensure the pet wears a collar with identifying tag cannot be made enough. Luckily, many of the lost animal cases that VVHS takes in have a happy ending—the owner does seek and find the pet.

Sadly, though, most of the precious creatures filling our kennels were not lost, they were just abandoned with little concern for their future. The Verde Valley Humane Society is proud to be a Socially Conscious Shelter—meaning we seek euthanization only for animals that are in pain and too ill or too injured to be helped medically or that are unmanageably vicious (we see few of these). But when the kennels are full, they are full.

If you've considered helping out with animal welfare but aren't involved, now is the time. If you are already involved, is there a way you can do more?

I strongly urge you to reach out today to support your local shelter and rescue organizations in whatever way you can—adopt a shelter animal, offer to be a foster home, volunteer, donate animal care products, or provide financial support. There is a positive, heart-warming side to this story—VVHS has many, many dedicated individuals committed to the care of the animals.

The need for more has never been greater. The rewards and blessings of being involved are innumerable. Please help us in whatever way you possibly can.

(Rescue Tales — Continued on page 19)

Airpark Animal Hospital



Dr. Celeste Flannery
515 Airpark Rd., Suite #103
Cottonwood, AZ 86326
(928) 649-8387 • www.AirparkAnimalHospital.com



GIDGET: A charming little female Chihuahua/Pug mix. She is about 9 pounds and the sweetest cuddle bug ever. Gets along with cats and dogs. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



HARVARD: A super-cute cattle dog/who knows what puppy of 3 months. He loves to play hard, eat hard, cuddle, nap, repeat! High Country Humane 928-526-0742



CANDY: A sweet mid-sized female about 9 months old. She likes quiet and loving people. For more information please contact the Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



LIONEL: A hound mix puppy that is reaaally that adorable! He is affectionate and energetic. He should weigh around 60 pounds when full grown. Verde Valley Humane 928-634-7387



RUSTY: An energetic 1-year-old Shepherd mix. He is a medium-sized handsome boy. He is fun, playful, sweet, and very smart. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



LENNY: An adult male Chihuahua. He is a 10 pound cutie who is shy but affectionate with those he knows. He enjoys his walks and does well on leash. Lenny is looking for a quiet household. Verde Valley Humane 928-634-7387



SHADOW: This is a handsome fellow. He is a 3-year-old Keeshond/ Shepherd mix who weighs about 51 pounds. He is an active boy who loves adventures. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-04679



THUNDER: A young very handsome and active black Lab who loves attention and exercise! He is looking for an active family who will provide fun and adventure. Verde Valley Humane 928-634-7387



ABEL: A very friendly 3-month-old small mixed breed male. He is a charming, friendly little guy who cannot wait to go on adventures with his own family. High County Humane/Foster 805-863-4469



PABLO: A male 1-year-old Australian Shepherd mix. He is active, but also a big snuggle bug. Coconino Humane Association 928-526-1076



SNOUTS: A 7-year-old Walker Coonhound mix. He's a sweet old hound who loves all people and most dogs. Loves adventures and car rides. High Country Humane/Foster 317-374-4091



HOLLY: A 3-year-old female shepherd mix. She is affectionate, energetic, and loves walks and hikes. Coconino Humane Association 928-526-1076



FRANKIE: A female mix-breed puppy of 4 months. Please contact the High Country Humane for more information. 928-526-0742



BALOO: A male 6-month-old blond Australian Kelpie mix. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association 928-526-1076



MAX: A sweet silver-gray shorthair male, about 10 years old. He was given up because the kids scared him. He just need gentle touches & someone who loves him.
Humane Society of Sedona
928-282-4679



WINTER: The sweetest silver tabby lady who wants to sit with you and snuggle, or be your at-home work assistant.
High Country Humane
928-526-0742



DUMPLING: A gentle 8-year-old gray-and-white male shorthair. He is very kind and affectionate, and just a bit tubby.
Humane Society of Sedona
928-282-4679



TURTLE: A lovely tortoiseshell lady with big golden eyes. She is young, spayed, and microchipped. For more information contact Verde Valley Humane Society
928-634-7387



TOBIAS: A most charming male 4-month-old gray kitten with white trim and the cutest face. He is all kitten charm, playing and cuddling.
Humane Society of Sedona
928-282-4679



AMADEUS: A young grey tabby male with big green eyes. He is cuddly, social, and affectionate.
Verde Valley Humane Society
928-634-7387



AMELIA: The sweetest little silver tabby female kitten, about 3 months old. She is all cuddles, cuteness, and playfulness.
Humane Society of Sedona
928-282-4679



REUBEN: A young crème male with big golden eyes. He is a super-friendly, loveable guy.
Verde Valley Humane Society
928-634-7387



BUTTERNUT: A most handsome 10-month-old cream male with green eyes. He has a ton of energy and is very vocal with little chirp and trills. He is a package of laughs and love.
High Country Humane
928-526-0742



SQUIRT: A 4-year-old white and black male with the cutest face ever. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association
928-526-1076



NUGGET: A lovely 5-year-old male silver tabby. He is a gentle guy who loves people, but would do best in a home as an only cat.
High Country Humane/Foster
845-476-6482



ZEUS: A 5-year-old long-haired blue male with big golden eyes. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association
928-526-1076



PRUDENCE: A beautiful tuxedo senior lady, and the sweetest snuggliest cat ever. She loves to be picked up and purrs for you while she cuddles.
High Country Humane/Foster
928-814-3746 or 480-980-7330



RUMPLETEASER: An affectionate 6-year-old brown tabby female with big golden eyes. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association
928-526-1076

CATS FOR ADOPTION

Hiking with Lily: Monsoon Trails

By Melissa Bowersock



Monsoons in the Southwest are a mixed blessing for sure. We generally need the rain, yet some areas can get frog-stranglers that dump ridiculous amounts of rain in a very short time, causing flash floods and lots of damage.

Then of course there is the thunder and lightning, and lightning is the cause of many of the wildfires still burning in our dry forests. Our summer rains are definitely a two-edged sword.

Most dogs do not like thunderstorms. They don't like the bright flashes of lightning, and they don't like the booming noise.

We had one Airedale, Cassie, that was not frightened of storms. Matter of fact, she objected to anything in her airspace over the back yard, and that included big birds, helicopters, and lightning. She would run out and bark at the lightning, but she never cowered from it.

Not so Lily. Unfortunately, Lily is more normal in that regard and gets very nervous when storms come through. I'm not sure what alerts her, if it's the darkening clouds, a change in the barometric pressure or what, but she starts getting nervous well before the storm ever arrives. Once the thunder starts, she's done. She'll stick as close to us as possible and cower in the nearest corner.

Probably like many of you, we've tried various methods to calm her. We have a micro-fiber cover-up with Velcro closures, and we



put that on her, and it seems to help. At least as soon as I get it out, she sits very calmly while I get it on her and adjust the fit.

I also give her Rescue Remedy. We have a tri-level house, and the TV/family room is in the basement, so at least there she sees less of the lightning flashes than she would on the upper floors that have more windows. While we sit and watch TV, she lies down at my feet, and I will toss a blanket over her to make a little cave. She seems to be comfortable enough there.

As long as she's with us, she's marginally okay. One problem that has come up is the mail. We don't get mail delivered to our house; we have to go to a mailbox cluster at the end of the block.

Sometimes we walk, but in the hot summertime, we'll just drive the car up and back. (I know—call us lazy.) Before the monsoons started, we'd give Lily a dog biscuit and tell her we'd be right back, and she was content to wait for us, knowing we wouldn't be gone long. Once the storms started, though, she was NOT happy with us leaving her alone. When that became very obvious, we gave in and took her with us to the mailbox.

She LOVES going for rides, and apparently even a 5-minute one counts, so of course now that has become a daily thing. I'm not sure if we'll be able to quit doing that after the monsoons; I have a feeling the answer will be NO.

Of course in the Southwest, we love getting rain, since we typically get so little. Our monsoon this year was a healthy one; we got at least a little bit of rain many days in a row.

Since the storms always build up in the afternoon and it rains through the early evening, morning hikes are perfect: cool and cloudy. The only drawback is damp soil.

Lily is called a Wheaton Terrier because she



is, well, wheat-colored. At least most of the time. But after a good rain and a good hike through our red sandstone wilds, Lily turns two-toned; clean above, filthy below. Sigh.

The good news is that we have very little clay in our soil, so once it dries, it flakes off pretty easily and doesn't mat in her coat. In a couple of hours, she will be as clean as she was before, at least for a while.

Personally, I love the monsoons. I love the clouds, the lightning, the rain, the way the plants jump up for joy. But after two months of humidity and damp, I'm ready for the dry again.

It's amazing to me how in just 24 hours, the air can change so completely, feel so totally different. I love when the monsoons come, but I also love it when they move out.

I'm pretty sure Lily agrees.



I'M NOT A BAD DOG

By Leland P Gamson

I pull out your shoelaces
And pee on the rug
I nip at your fingers
Like a little thug.
But I'm not a bad dog.

I trip you when you're walking
And hide your mitten
Chew up the papers
Where your homework is written
But I'm not a bad dog.

When we are outside
I hide the rake
When you are sleeping
I bite you awake
But I'm not a bad dog.



When you go downstairs
I cause you to trip
When you pick me up
I try to nip
But I'm not a bad dog.

I poop in your room
And did I mention
I want to be always
The center of attention?
But I'm not a bad dog.

I hide your toys
Your shoes and your socks
If they're left on the floor
Not in their box.
But I'm not a bad dog.

When you want to play fetch
I may not agree
But instead run away
Barking, "try and catch me".
But I'm not a bad dog.

When you're napping
And want me napping near
I'll stay awake
And bite at your ear.
But I'm not a bad dog.

When you're trying to study
I won't leave you alone
You cannot distract me
With a toy or a bone.
But I'm not a bad dog.

When you're playing golf
I'll run off with the ball
When you try and catch me
I'll cause you to fall.
But I'm not a bad dog.

I tear up the curtains
And rip up your kite
When you pick me up
I try to bite.
But I'm not a bad dog.

Now you must remember
Before you give me up
I'm not a bad dog
Because I'm still a pup.

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Finding Sam

By Joseph Wilson

For George

Dateline: Northern Nova Scotia, winter of 1976. Sheilah had just been born into a barely finished little house just three or four months earlier. A family of four: mother, father, Sheilah and a young female Black Labrador Retriever – Sam (short for Samantha). An old-fashioned wood fired cookstove warmed the house and kerosene lights hung from the ceiling. Electricity and running water were still years away.

Sam came into our world a year or so earlier as a puppy. Runt of the litter. I first saw her as a little black head protruding from William's partially zipped jacket.

The guys at the boatyard had gotten together and got her as a replacement for a previous dog that had a bad habit of chasing cars. Sam came home. No Sheilah yet. Just as well, as we were still felling trees to make a clearing for the house.

One day in late January or early February, Sam didn't come home. That was a little unusual because it was pitch dark at 5pm. I figured she got distracted tracking a deer or a fox and just lost track of time. She knew the forest around us well as she spent the previous summer and autumn exploring as we cleared land and built the house.

It got later and colder and still no Sam. I went out calling for her and looking for tracks, but it had started snowing and any tracks were long since covered up.

We settled down in the loft to sleep, but I just lay there staring at the ceiling and listening to Sheilah's gentle breathing.

Along about midnight, I thought I could hear a dog barking far in the distance. I listened a while longer and heard more barking. Could it be Sam?

I got dressed and looked for a flash light in the junk drawer, but naturally it was dead. There was a kerosene lantern by the chopping block, so I lit the wick and followed the sound of the barking.

The snow had stopped, but it was bitterly cold. Below zero on the old Fahrenheit scale that Canada was phasing out. It was a clear, cold moonless night, but between the kerosene lantern, the starlight, and



the fresh snow, you could see to walk. The fresh snow was fluffy and about mid-calf in depth so breaking trail was fairly easy.

After a while, the barking seemed to be getting louder and easier to locate. It was slow going weaving in and out among the spruce trees, so I veered toward the river which was shallow and frozen to the bottom.

I made better time along the river, and the barking was definitely getting louder.

It had been over an hour but less than two when it seemed like the barking was off to the right, uphill, and back into a stand of spruce and fir. It was slower going now, but I was getting close.

A while later I came to a clearing in the woods. In the center of it was a thick grove of fir trees about sixteen feet tall. The barking was coming from within.

I found an opening and went in. Now it was pitch black as the densely packed fir trees blocked out any starlight.

By the flickering yellow light of the kerosene lantern, I came upon a macabre and bizarre sight that I'll never forget. It was an image straight out of Dante's Inferno.

Within a small clearing about twelve feet in diameter, chicken carcasses had been nailed to the trees about four feet up. At the base of one of those trees was Sam. She was caught in a smooth-jaw leg hold trap.

I knelt down to open the trap but I just couldn't do it. I knew nothing about spring traps and couldn't find a release or just didn't know the technique. I simply couldn't get it open to release Sam's foreleg.

Following the chain to where it was wired to the base of a tree and untwisting the wire, I was able to release the trap and Sam from the tree. Positioning Sam over my shoulders with her head hanging down on the front of my left shoulder, I held the lantern, trap and chain in my left hand and reached back around with my right arm and balanced Sam. I stood up, and in this manner we retraced my steps home.

Despite the weight of the dog, chain, and trap, the going was not too tough. It was slightly downhill and easier not having to break new trail by just stepping into outbound footprints. I think I was hurrying, and we made good time on the homeward leg.

I lay Sam on the rag rug in front of the cookstove. Even with my wife's help, we could not release the trap. I called my friend and coworker Theodore on the phone. Even though it was three in the morning, he said he'd be right out.

Between the two of us, we forced the jaws open and released Sam's leg. Almost immediately, it started to swell up. Theodore suggested we call Dr. MacKay, the veterinarian in the next town over. A groggy Dr. MacKay answered the phone. I described what happened and he said to bring Sam right in. Theodore helped me put Sam into the truck and off we sped to see the vet.

As Dr. Mackay examined Sam, I asked if he could save the leg. He just said, "Leave her. I'll see what I can do."

Two days later, we got a call from the Vet Clinic saying to come and pick Sam up. No details.

Sam was very happy to be carried into the little house on the Big Caribou River. Her foreleg was wrapped in a white bandage and was thankfully the same length as the other one. She recovered with no complications and became a major fixture in our household.

As Sheilah grew and started to feed herself at the highchair, Sam would position herself directly underneath. It didn't take long for Sheilah to figure out a fun game for she and Sam to play.

Sheilah would take a spoonful of mashed potato, gravy, and peas, dump it on the floor and then lean over the tray to watch Sam gobble it up. Repeat. Repeat. Inverting her sippy cup brought a similar visual reward.

And so it went. Three more children would occupy the same seat in the same highchair and play the same game with Sam. Yet to come were Daniel, Matthew and Catherine.

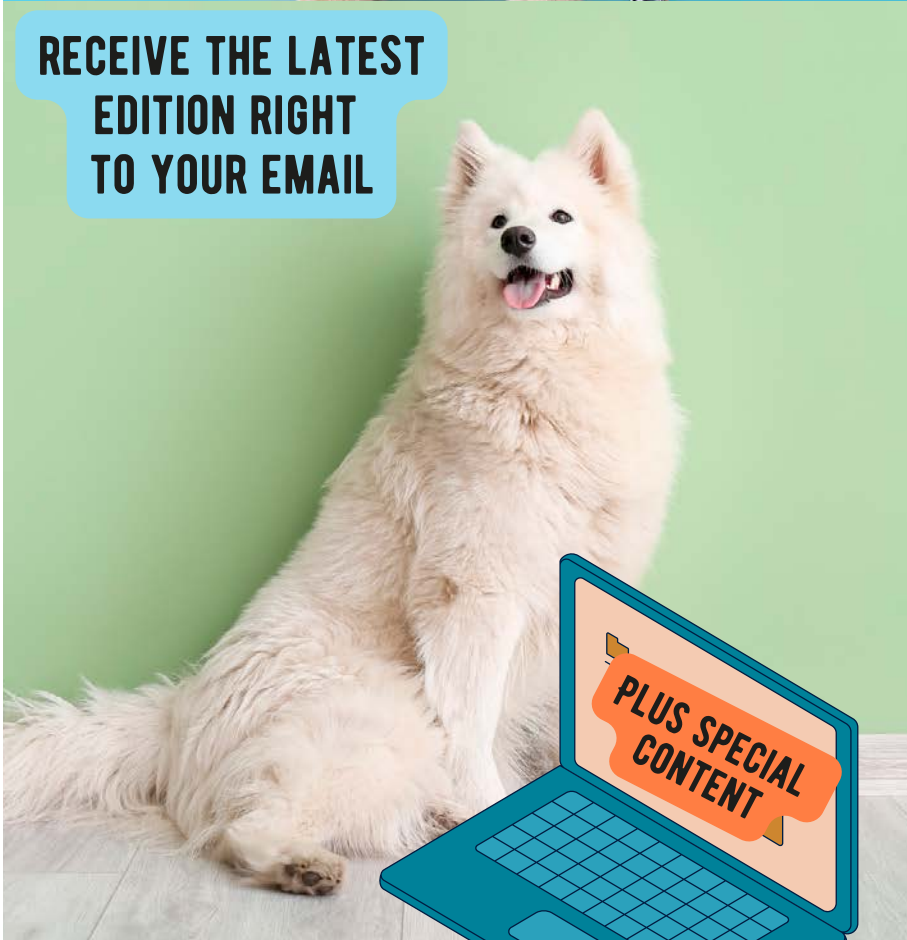
Sam was white around the muzzle by the time she played the game with Catherine, but she played no less enthusiastically.



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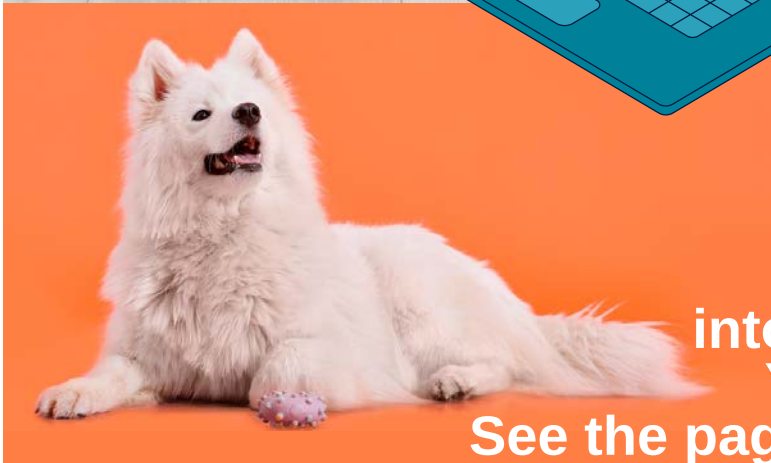
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5 Tail-Wagging Adventures in Billings, Montana

By Stacey Wittig



Riverfront Park in Billings, Montana. Photo courtesy Visit Billings.

You won't waste your time barking up the wrong tree when you sniff out these five tail-wagging adventures in Billings, which offers some of the best canine culture in the West. The historic city on the Yellowstone River has plenty of wide-open spaces, dog-friendly hotels and restaurants, and is the international headquarters of KOA Campgrounds, another pet-friendly operation.

Experience the Yellowstone River at Riverfront Park

Your four-legged globe trotters will love to stretch their legs at Riverfront Park in Billings. The woof-worthy natural and gravel trails are perfect for wtery explorations of the Yellowstone River, where Lewis and Clark ventured. Other parks that welcome dogs include High Sierra Dog Park, Centennial Dog Park, and Zimmerman Park atop Billings' iconic Rimrocks.

Follow in the Pawprints of Lewis and Clark's Dog, Seaman

At Pompeys Pillar National Monument, just 33 miles northeast of Billings, you and Bowser can explore nature just like Lewis and Clark's dog, Seaman, did. Pompey's Pillar is a giant rock face that stands out in the rolling hills of southeast Montana. Captain William Clark etched his name on the colossal landmark that was important to the Native People. They left their mark on the rock with pictographs and petroglyphs. As usual, pets must be on a leash at all



Outdoor seating at Big Dipper Ice Cream is dog-friendly. Photo courtesy Visit Billings.



Big Sky Resort avalanche dog. Photo by Stacey Wittig.

times at this National Monument on the Lewis & Clark National Historic Trail

Slurpy Fun at Big Dipper Ice Cream

Unleash your taste buds, but not Fido, at Big Dipper Ice Cream, and you'll have to agree with Food and Wine Magazine, USA Today, and Budget Travel that this is one of America's Best ice cream joints. Besides this downtown hang-

out, you'll find plenty of pet-friendly eateries around Billings—over two dozen places allow leashed dogs on their outdoor patios.

Bowser on the Billings Brew Trail

You and your pooch can trot from your downtown hotel to breweries, distilleries, and one cider house on the Billings Brew Trail. Not all welcome furry patrons, so call ahead to check for a pet-friendly patio. Then simply print out a map or download it to your phone. In addition to those award-winning brewpubs on the walkable trail, Billings offers a spirit distillery and more craft breweries off the brewed path. Get the details about how to register for prizes and download the map to your phone at visitbillings.com/billings-brew-trail.

Big Snow: Big Sky Resort

If you're planning on bringing your canine companion along on your next snowy ski or boarding trip, think Big Sky Resort. The resort offers pet-friendly rooms at Huntley Lodge and Whitewater Inn. Your furry friends will feel right at home with nutritional treats from a local feed store, plush dog beds, and complimentary water bowls, yours to keep. The friendly folk at the mountain retreat also provide doggie daycare at their Big Sky Pet Resort so you can ski or ride worry-free. Billings has earned the name "Montana's Trailhead" because of its international airport and easy access to the surrounding backcountry adventures, like those offered at Big Sky Resort.

Stacey Wittig is an award-winning travel writer based in Flagstaff. Enjoy this article, then get more travel tips and inspiration at unstoppablestaceytravel.com.

(Rescue Tales — Continued from page 11)

GIVING AND VOLUNTEERING

Pets Return Home is a dog rescue organization located outside Clarkdale, Arizona, near the Verde River. Our mission is saving lives, enriching well-being, and building families using behavior training to create adoptable dogs.



We are always looking for volunteers. This could be full-time, part-time, or work around your schedule. Open volunteer positions include animal operations, volunteer management, fundraising and development, marketing and communications, and administration.

Animal operations at the ranch include walking dogs, washing and grooming dogs, and transporting dogs to vet appointments amongst other things. Work from home doing administrative work such as adoption follow-up, customer service, interviewing potential adopters, chart completion for each dog including vaccinations, microchip, spay/neuter dates, and test results from the vet, etc.

Medical opportunities include giving immunizations, medical triage and wellness. For more info on volunteering opportunities please go to petsreturnhome.org website and click on the volunteer link.

Since Pets Return Home is a non-profit organization we rely for the most part on donations. Food, treats, bedding, housing, cleaning supplies, training aids, medical supplies, vaccinations, parasite prevention, crates, kennels, fencing, and a host of other items are always appreciated. We can always use gift cards for Home Depot, Tractor Supply, Wal-Mart, and PetSmart. Our wish lists are available at Amazon Pets Return Home Wish List.

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Time, Resources and Separation Anxiety: The Dilemma of Pandemic Pups

By Heidi Dahms Foster

As the Covid Pandemic wanes, more and more people have returned to the office or are modifying their remote work schedules. People are adjusting to the change, but in some cases, their dogs are another story.

People who were forced to avoid contact with others during the Pandemic found themselves staying away from entertainment venues and restaurants, and even working from home. That left a lot of time to interact and build a relationship with the family pet. But it also took away the socialization that the normal pup would experience with their families.

TheBark.com states that while dogs adopted during the Pandemic were in the critical formative weeks of early life, particularly during 2020, their behavior and socialization was affected to varying degrees by the lack of normal contact and experiences during the long months of quarantine isolation.

"We have been seeing a lot more dogs coming in with a lack of exposure, and many that lacked this exposure during the critical stage of puppyhood," said Owner/Trainer Donna Cox of Prescott Valley Dog Squad.

"These dogs can be more skittish and nervous outside of the home or with visitors in the home. Dogs underexposed to environments during Covid may also show fear reactivity or aggression such as barking or lunging while on leash."

Because they were rarely left alone during the Pandemic, these dogs can experience a high level of separation anxiety. They show distress when apart from their families. Many Pandemic pups did not visit the vet often, which adds to the anxiety when they need healthcare.

Rescues and shelters such as the Yavapai Humane Society are experiencing higher than normal numbers of pet surrenders. Whether that is from people abandoning the animals they adopted during the Pandemic is not certain, said Loree Walden, Marketing Manager at Yavapai Humane Society.

"We are seeing a big increase in animals coming into the shelter,"



she said. "We really have no way of tracking if these were animals adopted during the Pandemic. There are so many reasons given. Some reasons are 'not enough time,' or 'didn't get along with other animals in the house.' Unfortunately, there is also a lot of 'moving, can't take with' and 'cannot afford.'"

Walden said another reason for pet surrenders is the difficulty of accessing affordable veterinarian care. "There is a nationwide shortage on veterinarians, and there are so many clinics across the country which are facing the same problems and having to close."

Yavapai Humane has a low-cost spay/neuter clinic that remains closed for lack of a veterinarian.

Pet food and supplies have also seen a big increase in cost, and some people are sadly having to surrender pets because they cannot afford to feed and care for them. There are resources to help.

"We do have a Community Pet Food Pantry where we can assist those in need with food for their pets," Walden said.

Area rescues will also help those in need of food and supplies, rather than see them surrender their pet. Some local pet stores keep a box for patrons to donate food for pets in need. Donate if you can, or call if you're in need.

You can help your anxious pup, whether the anxiety is caused by Pandemic isolation or another reason. It will take some consistent work, but a more relaxed and healthier dog is worth the effort. Your plan should include the following.

Proper Crate Training

Dogs are den animals, and a comfortable, sturdy crate can solve a lot of problems, both with anxiety and behavior.

Crate training can keep your safe in the car, keep him calm and safe after an injury or surgery, give him a quiet place to rest when you have visitors, and provide a safe place if you have to evacuate during an emergency.

Take some time to properly introduce your dog to a crate. You can start by feeding him there, and letting him have his treats and chews during short times inside.

Chewy.com has a detailed tutorial to assist with crate training at tinyurl.com/2khw4hs9.

Exercise and Mental Stimulation

Your dog needs a reasonable amount of exercise each day to help him relax when you are gone or busy. Try a daily walk, or a variety of fetch games with his favorite ball or toy.

Mental stimulation is equally important. Trick training is a great place to start and a fun way to interact with your dog. There are many online resources and books for simple tricks to teach your dog. Most are simple and just a few minutes a day will yield big results.

Calming Routines

One of the tricks you can teach your dog is "place" (relaxing in a specified place), or "settle" (lie down, sit or stay quietly). Be sure

to reward as appropriate. As much as you can, keep your dog to a regular routine of feeding, exercise and bedtime.

Come and Go Without Fanfare

Give your dog a special treat or chew when you leave, and leave quietly. Pick up the treat when you return, so he knows it's just for when you are gone.

One of the best habits you can have is to come and go quietly. Give your dog its treat, and avoid prolonged goodbyes. When you return, come into the house and ignore your pet for the first few minutes to avoid a lot of emotion.

While You're Gone

If your dog is considerably anxious while you're gone, or you're worried about thunderstorms, consider giving over-the-counter natural calming supplements. There are many good brands on the market at Amazon or Chewy.com.

Cox has some suggestions to gently socialize your anxious pup.

"The best thing you can do is get your dog out and about," she said. "Go somewhere isolated without a lot of people or dogs. Get your dog out of the car and play with them, do some training, and make it fun. If your dog likes to tug, bring a tug with you, and play tug to engage them and keep them from being distracted, nervous, or reactive.

"Does your dog love food? Great! Bring the best stuff you have and use it. Then go home. It's that simple.

"Build the distraction levels to accommodate your dog's comfort level and be mindful that they aren't doing anything wrong, they just don't know a better alternative. Keep your training sessions short," she said.

Resources

Prescott Valley Dog Squad:
prescottvalleydogssquad.com

Yavapai Humane Society:
yavapaihumane.org

Chewy Pet Products:
chewy.com

TheBark.com

Chase's Corner: Sniffing My Way to Fame

By Chase & Jan Tomlinson

Since I have been diagnosed with a heart murmur and am now on two heart meds, I had to find a new activity to do. As you know, agility is my all time favorite, but my vet said no more running courses or doing shows. My mom does let me do at least three obstacles when we go to the field. I can do a 6" jump, the low dog walk, and a tunnel. We aren't telling my vet that, but I do have to keep my heart muscle strong!

So, I got on my iPad and looked up what other events I could enter without running. I can still do obedience, but after my Easter egg hunt at the doggie fun day, I decided that scent work was a lot of fun. So, I told my mom that's what I would like to do.

We started to practice in our Arizona room, and I was so good at finding the things she hid that she enrolled me in a class at our training field. Stacy was really a good teacher, and we learned to find the scent in places outdoors, inside the little red shed, and hidden in one of ten boxes. So, I got my nose working and practiced finding the hide in all of those places.

I guess I should explain what a hide is: There is a little metal container with holes in it, and you put several Q-tips in it. My mom told me that the Q-tips smelled like Birch, so I should look for Birch. It's a good thing I don't live in Flagstaff with all of those Birch trees! That would be very confusing. My mom tells me to search and then my job is to find the Birch tree! (Just joshing you!) Once I find it, I have to tell my mom so she can say "alert". I'm already alert, so I don't know what that is all about. But, I just play along.



I was so good at playing this game that Stacy said I should enter a scent work trial in Sedona. I hoped that I was ready for the big leagues, but it was close to home, so way not try it? I got the entry off of my computer and told my mom to fill it out since I don't have any thumbs to hold a pen.

My entry arrived, and I was entered in Interior and Exterior both Saturday and Sunday. That means that I have to search in a room and then in an area outdoors. My classes were scheduled early, so we had to get up at dark-thirty to get there. It was hot when we arrived, but we got to set up my crate in the air-conditioned school building. Now, that's my kind of show!

We got everything set up, and I was ready to start sniffing. But, they were still getting organized and got off to a late start. Finally, I got to go to the room and start my search. I hope my mom can tell when I have found it and gives the alert signal. It so happened that there was a big full length mirror on one wall, so I had to stop and admire myself first before going to work.

She told me to search, so I got busy sniffing, but I did swing by the mirror a couple of more times! Then I found it, and she said the magic word, so we passed. Now I had to go out in that heat, and find another one. I think I like air-conditioned searches the best. So, we wound our way through a maze of rooms and outdoor areas until we finally found where I was supposed to search. Since it was so hot and no mirror, I got right to work. Bingo! I found it under a stool seat. We passed again, so it was now time to get back inside. We started walking, and walking, and walking. I now realized that we were lost! My mom's eyesight isn't the greatest, and I am a scent dog, not a seeing eye dog! I was getting hotter and hotter, and we yelled and looked and yelled and looked until we finally found someone to lead us back to my crate. When we got back, my mom poured water all over me and you know how much I hate getting wet! Was she crazy or what?!

The next day was much better, and I found the hides super quick. I found them so fast that I passed two more times and earned two third place ribbons. Now I am on the way to fame! We are getting to be a good team (as long as I know what I am doing). I do have the biggest job of finding the hide and all my mom has to do is follow me around and say alert. If I could talk, then we could trade places. But, I think she lost her sense of smell when she had CoVid!

I hope some of you get to try scent work because it is a lot of fun. Since we are always using our noses, we might as well have some fun with it. Happy Sniffing....

~Sir Chase

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Beyond Dynamic In Memoriam: Brian Bausch • January 30, 1974 to June 11, 2022

By Rita Thompson-Tinsley

One of the hardest things we have to do in life is to say goodbye to someone who has meant so much to so many.

On his seventh birthday, Brian Bausch ran ecstatically to the kitchen of his family's rural Kansas farmhouse to see what his birthday present would be. From a very young age, Brian would mimic his western heroes, such as Roy Rogers and the Lone Ranger, while riding his imaginary great steed in stick form. To his grand surprise, he was instructed to look out the tall kitchen window and there, waiting in the yard, was his prize, the horse named Hobbie.

Learning to ride Hobbie just wasn't enough for Brian. Learning to leap into the saddle while the horse was running at full speed was more up to Brian's speed. Much of these efforts were done thanks to his older sister Jenny's assistance who sensed a star in the making. By eight, he was learning to start horses under saddle, spin a rope, and do trick riding.

After his high school years, Brian attended classes at Kansas State University. Aside from his equestrian strengths, Brian also loved music and mastered both the saxophone and guitar.

In the mid-90s, Brian was hired to work at the Double JJ Ranch in Rothbury, Michigan. His great work ethic paid off as he eventually became head wrangler. All the while, Brian continued to develop his horsemanship skills, training both horses and riders while adding horseshoeing along with performing to his resume. Brian was becoming the quintessential horseman, developing his own unique style with methods that would prove to be valuable.

In 2003, Brian met Paula Jean Swanson at a Cowboy Mounted Shooting competition in Madison. Two years later, the pair was married.

Paula, a barrel racing national champion, had a proven record in the horse-training arena, so the two became perfect partners in Beyond Riding, their path to training for excellence. Together, they watched proudly as their two young performing horses flew off with the cast of *Cavalia*, an international equine theatrical production on tour. Next stop was the Middle East in 2009, where the two talented trainers worked with Arabian stallions.

Though he was an amazing trainer, Brian's true love was performing. He not only mastered the art of trick riding, trick roping, and gun spinning, but managed to thrill audiences with his natural charm and charisma. His energy, athleticism, and keen sensitivity to the horse entertained audiences all over.



Brian and Rustler presenting the flag. Photo by Tanner Photography.



Brian teaching son Abram new tricks. Photo by Tanner Photography.



Brian and Paula at Arizona Horseman's Challenge and Expo. Photo by Tanner Photography.

Brian and his black stallion, Rustler, were quite a team, and the first horse act ever to appear on America's Got Talent.

Looking back, Brian won countless awards and belt buckles riding Rustler, including his first World Mounted Shooting title. Rustler was a 7-year old, never-under-saddle breeding stallion on his way to auction when Brian made the owner an offer.

According to Paula, "I honestly don't know how many buckles in Mounted Shooting that horse won, but it was a lot. He was a faithful lesson horse for beginners all throughout his career. Super gentle."

Rustler passed away at the age of 27 in October 2021. Though Brian had a half dozen stellar trick riding horses over the years, Rustler will be remembered as the one that stole our hearts. When he and Ruster were in the center ring, I wanted to be in the front row.

Brian, I will remember always as a gentleman cowboy, an extraordinary teacher and trainer, and an exciting performer. He was more than the business of Beyond Riding. He was beyond dynamic.



Brian with Abram, Hannah and newborn Elizabeth. Photo by Tanner Photography.

Brian is truly beloved in the equestrian community, and in his church community where he was able to touch many others through his own Christian heart. His church life and family meant the world to him: his wife Paula; Abram, 13; Hannah, 12; Elizabeth, 5; and the new baby girl who was welcomed to the world on August 15th as Briane Lee, already so loved.

"Brian's life and home were filled with love," says friend and family photographer, Joyce Tanner, who spent time with them. "I will always remember our photo sessions. Watching him work, always patient and soft. An amazing horseman."

Brian Bausch touched the lives of all who were fortunate to know him. He was a man of great integrity, gentleness and grace, that he revealed every day of his life.

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