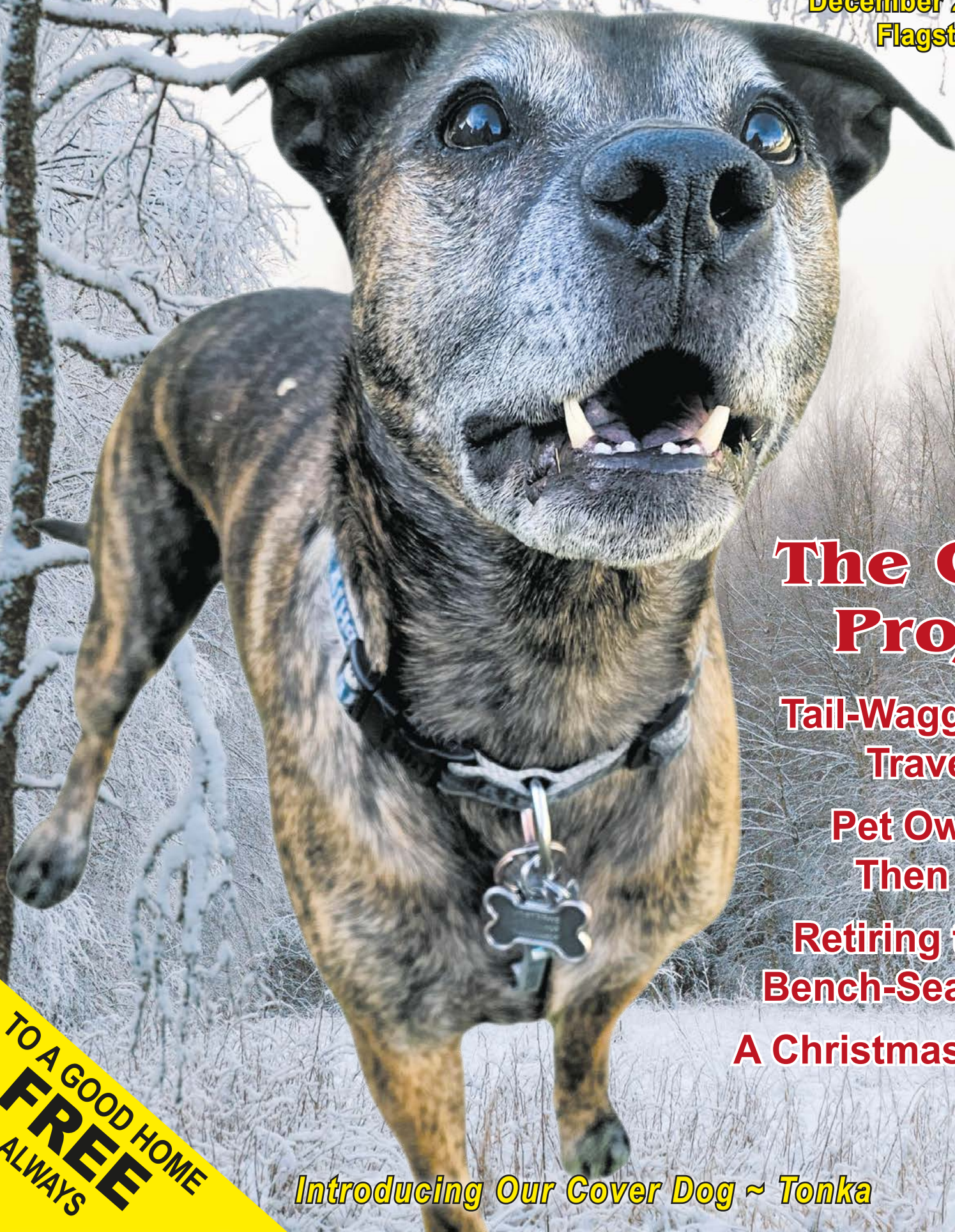


Flagstaff-Sedona Dog magazine

Also Serving Camp Verde, Cottonwood, Jerome, & NAZ

December 2024/January 2025

FlagstaffSedonaDog.com



The Chase Project

Tail-Wagging Desert Travel Tips

Pet Ownership Then & Now

Retiring to That Ol' Bench-Seat in the Sky

A Christmas Story: Kelev

Introducing Our Cover Dog ~ Tonka

TO A GOOD HOME
FREE
ALWAYS



Rottie
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Rottweiler
At YHS since July

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Labrador Retriever Mix
At YHS since May



Bellamy
6-year-old male
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Betty
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 **Yavapai Humane Society**

928-445-2666
yavapaihumane.org



Pepper
4-year-old female
Terrier/Pit Bull Mix
At YHS since May



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1 1/2-year-old male
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Ranger
5 1/2-year-old male
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Terrier/Pit-Bull Mix
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Flagstaff-Sedona Dog

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FLAGSTAFF-SEDONA DOG MAGAZINE

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COVER DOG PHOTO CONTEST



It's easy to enter your furry best friend!

- 1) Take a high resolution 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 \$50. Gift Card
- 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, 5/31, 7/31, 9/30, 11/30 and 1/31



Tonka, Our Cover Dog

Name: Tonka

Hometown: Flagstaff, Arizona

Age: Nine Years Young

Favorite brand of kibble: Jinx Salmon and Rice Flavor!

Favorite people food: Popcorn, Cheeze-It, and steak

Favorite toy: Yellow Kong Squeaky Ball. It has be yellow,and it has to squeak.

Favorite outdoor activity: I love playing, fetch and rolling in the grass! That's my absolute favorite, but I also love hiking all the Flagstaff trails with Mom and Dad.

Favorite indoor activity: Sleeping and getting treats.

Favorite nap spot: The couch or anywhere next to Mom and Dad.

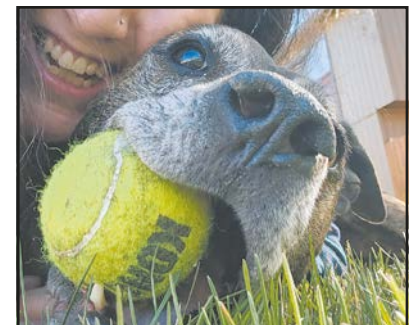
Fitness regimen: I get a morning walky with Dad and a long walk with Mom and Dad in the afternoon. When it's nice out, I get to play fetch and roll in the grass!

Describe your perfect canine pal: Someone who can roll around with me and chase me, but isn't too rough. I love dogs who are my size and smaller.

Describe your perfect day: My perfect day is going to Dutch Bros for a pup-cup, going to a field with green grass, and playing fetch with my favorite toy. It has to be a regular-sized

yellow, squeaky, Kong tennis ball or I won't bother bringing it back!

The best day starts with a fresh new ball that I chew on until I kill the squeaker in it. It ends with a nice bath, which I love getting because I hate being dirty, and I always get a big treat after!



Tucker's Take

So Many Questions

A morning this brisk and pack parents deeply engaged in two-legged matters led the pack-of-four to seek warm and cozy corners to muse and nap. The overly energetic (and youngest of the pack) had tried to pry pack-dad from his work using various techniques to no avail.

Trotting to and fro about the house, while rolling a tennis ball in her mouth, Promise Prudence Pepper settled on slumping down next to Tucker with an exaggerated sigh.

PRU: Tucker, tell me the oranges story again.

TUCKER: Oranges? Is Mom eating an orange... is she sharing?

PRU: Not oranges, our oranges story... Where we came from and how we got here to our home.

TUCKER: Origins Pru, not oranges. Didn't we just do this?

PRU: For a pack sheriff, you sure have a rusty memory. That was a year ago—my first Christmas here, remember? C'mon Tuck, please?

TUCKER: If you stop making mouth noises with that ball and be still for a minute.

The now very wet tennis ball was promptly ejected across the floor, and Pru curled into her tight circle with her muzzle near Tuck's, eyes wide and bright, anxious for Tuck to start. With a sigh of resignation, Tuck began.

"Dad was on the Navajo reservation with his big truck, delivering sundries to a senior center, he was busy trying to unload his truck. He had to keep stopping the lift-gate to keep from crushing a tiny puppy running in circles underneath the truck.

"He jumped down in frustration and asked one of the Navajo men helping unload, 'Who's dog is that?' just as Hazel made another pass around the truck.

"The Navajo man deftly scooped her up, handed her to Dad, and said, 'Yours.'

"Dad checked her over, realized she was starving, and not long for this world without help. Not having anything with him in the truck but a package of peanut butter crackers, he shared them with her on the way home.

"Hazel's near-starvation in her early life is why we give her grace at mealtime. Every meal to her is worthy of celebration and excitement. So Pru, try not



Tucker

to snipe at Hazel when she dances and barks before every meal."

"As for me, my first home had a grown son who loved me and spent time with me, but one day he packed his car, said goodbye to his mom and dad, and drove away. His parents really didn't know what to do with me, so they tethered me to the porch and for what seemed like an eternity, I lived outside waiting for my friend's return. He never came back.

"Eventually, I was taken for a car ride to Yavapai Humane Society. They were good to me there, but I became sad inside knowing my friend would never find me there.

"One day, there was a commotion outside my pen. My caretaker opened the gate and walked me outside to a man and woman. I wasn't too keen on the man at first, but there was

something about the woman. I felt her heart. I wanted to hear her voice more and look up into her eyes.

I promptly placed myself in front of her and sat looking up at her. Heart met heart, and for the first time in a long time, hope flowed like warm oil through my veins. The car ride I will always remember is the one that brought me to my new home, with my new Mom driving."

Tucker took a deep breath and looked at Pru, who was still wide-eyed, devouring every word, and waiting patiently—for once—for her story.

"Keira was another family's girl and was destined to bear and raise Golden Retriever puppies for other families. Mom visited that family with her friend, who also raised Golden Retrievers. Mom saw

Keira and the room she lived in, and when Mom left to drive home, she couldn't stop thinking about that beautiful red Golden girl.

"Her friend turned to Mom and asked, 'Do you want that girl? Let's go back and get her.' So they turned around and Mom's friend cut a check and redeemed her for Mom.

"I was ever so grateful, as we here at home had raised a few Golden Retrievers for service dogs, and I missed them quite a bit. Keira was as much a gift to me as she was to Mom.

"You my dear Prudence, had a difficult and dangerous start, like Hazel. Your Mom gave birth to you in the wild and was hurt crossing the path of cars. Hurt so badly, she gave up her spirit. With your agility and speed, you kept your litter-mates in a group while dashing back and forth to try to stop a car to get help. Your efforts

paid off when sensible and caring hearts stopped to help.

"Having no understanding of the two-legged world, you didn't have a grip on how to behave on your first try with a two-legged family. That Mom got our Mom's phone number and asked to help re-home you because you had become too much to handle.

"Dad and Mom came to pick you up with the intention of finding you another home after Dad worked

with you. But we both know Dad has a heart for troubled pups. Even though Dad had sworn three four-leggeds and no more ever, you won his heart quickly—especially when you curled up against his chest and put your ear to his chest to fall asleep to the beating of his heart.

"We were pretty jealous at first about you and your conduct with Dad. Then we saw the untamed wildness fade and a true pack-sister appear. Of all our stories, you are probably the most miraculous of all."

PRU: I love those stories Tuck. It's a great start to the Christmas season. We should do this every year.

TUCK: Now can you leave me alone so I can catch a nap? It's what keeps me young to deal with your hijinks.

PRU: I'm not sure that's working for you. Just sayin'.



Hazel



Pru



Kiera

~Tucker Oso, Keeper of Memories



HAPPY HOLIDAYS



Prescott  Dog magazine
Flagstaff-Sedona  Dog magazine

Kidz Zone
MAGAZINE

MH
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Thank you
to all who
saved a life
this year.

#petadoptionmatter



 Flagstaff-Sedona  Dog magazine



CALENDAR



- NEW VOLUNTEER ORIENTATION: Learn about all volunteer opportunities. Every other Thurs & Sat, 3:30p.
- PET FOOD BANK: First-come, first-served. Last Sat of each month, 12p-3p

DECEMBER-JANUARY

HERITAGE PARK ZOO, PRESCOTT

Dec 1: WildLights Members Only

Dec 6-7, 13-14, 20-21, 27-28:

WildLights

Dec 15: Santa with the Animals

Dec 23-27: Kids Week Free

Jan 3-4: WildLights

Events are subject to change. Please contact the event sponsor to confirm date and details.

ONGOING ADOPTIONS & EVENTS

HIGH COUNTRY HUMANE

- LOW-INCOME SPAY/NEUTER CLINIC: Appts every Fri beginning 8a. Call 928-853-8864 or email publicclinic@highcountryhumane.org.
- LOW-COST VACCINATION CLINIC: 1st Sat every month 8a-10a. No appt necessary. Due to demand, we can only serve the first 40 pets at each clinic.
- PETSMART ADOPTION EVENT: Cats & puppies. Every 1st Sun, 10a at Flagstaff PetSmart.
- FLAGSTAFF MALL ADOPTION EVENT: Puppies & adult dogs. Every 2nd Sat.



ARE YOU OUR NEXT
Team Member?
We are looking for delivery, design, sales, and writers!

EMAIL RESUME TO
INFO@REDDOGPUBLISHING.NET

CALENDAR & RESCUE RESOURCES



Rescue Resources

For an expanded view of Rescue Resources, visit PrescottDog.com & FlagstaffSedonaDog.com



AARF ANIMAL RESCUE 6639 S. Country Rd., Mayer aarfanimalrescue@gmail.com 928-925-7219, aarfrescue.net	CIRCLE L RANCH ANIMAL RESCUE & SANCTUARY Daytime 928-925-1926, Prescott Valley	HUMANE SOCIETY OF SEDONA 2115 Shelby Dr 928-282-4679 humanesocietyofsedona.org	SAVING PAWS RESCUE SHEPHERDS & MALINOIS Glendale, 480-737-6089 savingpawsrescueaz.org
ARIZONA BORDER COLLIE RESCUE Tempe, 480-422-5366 azbcr.org	COCONINO HUMANE ASSOCIATION 3501 E Butler Ave, Flagstaff 928-526-1076, coconinohumane.org	HUMANE SOCIETY OF WICKENBURG 4000 Industrial Rd, Wickenburg 928-684-8801 wickenburghumane.com	TUBA CITY HUMANE SOCIETY 928-793-2364, tubacityhumanesociety.org
ARIZONA BOSTON TERRIER RESCUE Scottsdale, info@azbtrescue.org azbtrescue.org	DESERT LABRADOR RETRIEVER RESCUE Glendale, 480-899-5227 dlrraz.org	MISS KITTY'S CAT HOUSE 928-445-5411 misskittyscathouse.org	UNITED ANIMAL FRIENDS Prescott, 928-778-2924 unitedanimalfriends.org
ARK CAT SANCTUARY Parks, 928-635-5909 arkcatsanctuary.org	DOGTREE PINES SENIOR DOG SANCTUARY 1525 S Dogtree Lane, Prescott olddogs@dogtreepines.com 667-364-8733, dogtreepines.com	PEOPLE FOR PAWS AZ RESCUE peopleforpawsaz.org Info@peopleforpawsaz.org	VERDE VALLEY HUMANE SOCIETY 1520 W. Mingus Ave, Cottonwood 928-634-7387 VerdeValleyHumaneSociety.org
BLACKHAT HUMANE SOCIETY Native American Reservation Animals 928-899-3942 blackhathumane@gmail.com	FREEDOM FRENCHIE RESCUE Mesa, (630) 345-0493 freedomfrenchie.org	PETEY'S PLAYGROUND 22448 State Highway 89, Yarnell peteysplayground@gmail.com 928-713-1375, peteysplayground.org	YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY 1625 Sundog Ranch Rd, Prescott 928-445-2666 yavapaihumane.org
BLUE MOON RESCUE & SANCTUARY 1851 E Perkinsville Rd, Chino Valley 928-925-7724, bluemoonrescue.org	HEELING HEELERS HEARTS Surprise, 623-226-2749 azblueheeler.com	RED ROSE INSPIRATION FOR ANIMALS Thriftique: 31 Bell Rock Plaza, Sedona info@redroseinspiration.org 928-282-5278, redroseinspiration.org	YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY EQUINE CENTER (928) 515-4947, Chino Valley yavapaihumane.org
CHINO VALLEY ANIMAL SHELTER 1904 Voss Drive, Chino Valley cvas@chinoaz.net , 928-636-4223 x7 chinoaz.net/164/Dog-Adoption	HIGH COUNTRY HUMANE 11665 N, US-89, Flagstaff 928-526-0742 highcountryhumane.org	RESCUE A GOLDEN OF ARIZONA Phoenix, 602-404-9663 golden-retriever.org	YAVAPAI HUMANE TRAPPERS ANIMAL RESCUE Chino Valley yavapaihumanetrappers.org



AREA DOG PARKS

FLAGSTAFF DOG PARKS
 Thorpe Park – 788 N Thorpe Road, Flagstaff
 Bushmaster Park – 3150 N Alta Vista Dr, Flagstaff

SEDONA DOG PARK
 April 1 thru Oct 1: 6am-8pm • Oct. 1 thru April 1: 7am- 7pm
 Turn north on Soldier's Pass Road off
 State Route 89A, Sedona.

COTTONWOOD DOG PARK AT RIVERFRONT PARK
 Dawn to Dusk
 Riverfront Park Drive & N 10th St, Cottonwood



CHAI: A 5-month-old female. She is sweet and charming and loves people. She is just a baby, so she plays hard and naps hard. Her adoption fee is only \$50. High Country Humane Society 928-526-0742



SAMANTHA: A 4yo female German Shepherd mix. Clever, friendly, and active. A laid-back lady who is loyal and protective, and will be your constant companion through thick and thin. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



SAILOR: A 1-year-old male who loves attention and people. He thrives on snuggles and playtime. He is cute and sweet, and he would love his own home. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



RUSH: A 1-year-old Alaskan Husky mix. He is handsome, cuddly, and has one piercing blue eye. He is 65 pounds of boundless energy. He is affectionate, charming, loyal, playful, and quirky. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



ROO: A 1-year-old male, 62 pounds. Super intelligent, eager to please. He gets along with other dogs. He is an active dog, would love walks and hikes. His adoption fee is only \$50. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



BLAZE: An 8-year-old male Saint Bernard mix looking for a loving home for retirement. He is a big fellow at 100 pounds but is a gentle giant. He loves walks (he walks slowly). Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



MARGOT: A 10-year-old female who weighs 14 pounds. She is sweet, gentle, and easygoing. She loves people. She gets along well with other dogs and is fine being left alone. Adoption fee is \$0. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



LATTE: A 4-month-old male blond shepherd mix. He is very cute and playful little man with the best smile, which he does on command. Loves chasing toys, naps, and hanging out with people. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



JESSE: An 8-month-old female who weighs 30 pounds. She is a sweet lady with big puppy eyes and is looking forward to a new start with loving people. Loves people, treats, other dogs, and naps. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



FRANK: A 2-year-old male black German Shepherd mix, an active and regal dog. He is smart and ready to listen, learn, play, or just chill out with you. He loves walking and hiking. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



ASTEROID: A 2-year-old male who loves people and dogs. This handsome gentleman is ready for nonstop adventures, playtime, and naps in his own bed. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



HERCULES: A 6-month-old male. He is an energetic love bug looking for a family to match. He would love a yard to romp and play in. Continuing training would be fun for him. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



ARLO: A 5-year-old Australian Cattle Dog mix. He is sweet and clever but gets jealous. Not a fan of other dogs, so he would like a home where he is the only one. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



ADDY: A young female black and tan Doberman. She is playful and energetic. She is looking for active adopters. She is a bit shy at first but will thrive in a home providing attention. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



BUTCH: Adult male who's a fun-loving guy. Always up for an adventure & will be a great companion. Silly and goofy with many endearing qualities. He says a yard would be nice. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



WILLOW: Young female black Cattle Dog/Chihuahua mix, about 30 pounds. Friendly, affectionate, playful, athletic. A very loving couch potato. Does not like smaller dogs, female dogs, or cats. Blackhat Humane Society/Foster Deana at 928-660-8501



BAGEL: A young female Boxer mix. She is an affectionate, playful doll who loves hanging out with polite dogs. She is not comfortable with children but would be happy with teenagers. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-9387



CREAM: Medium-sized mixed breed female, 44 lbs. She is 2 years old and incredibly affectionate. She is looking for a patient, calm family where she can learn and have fun. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



CHEETAH: A young male dog about 60 pounds. He is a sweetie who charms everyone he meets. He enjoys attention and is good with other dogs. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7837



RICOCHET: A 1-year-old black male Rottweiler mix. He is a little shy right now, but he loves to play with toys and snuggle in blankets. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4670



BROWNIE: An adult black and tan male who weighs 60 pound . He is pretty well trained, likes to sit and walk close to his person. He would do best with an experienced adopter. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



GUNNER: 2yo German Shepherd mix. He is sweet, smart, and playful. He loves being outside, jogging or hiking with you. He is super-smart. Knows basic commands, many tricks, is learning even more. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



CYRUS: A 5-month-old male Australian cattle dog mix, fawn with white trim. He is friendly, active, and curious. He is nice with dogs and cats. Blackhat Humane Society 928-899-3942



TEDDY: Sweet golden-colored female puppy, 2mo. Adorable, affectionate, and curious with expressive ears that cannot hide what she is feeling. Loves to play hard and nap hard on repeat. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



SABRINA: A female Labrador/Australian Cattle Dog mix. Timid at first, but once she knows she is safe, she is very friendly. Good with dogs and puppies. Blackhat Humane Society/foster Winnie at winniehazel1@hotmail.com



REGAN: An adult black labrador female. For more information, please contact Yavapai Trappers. yavitrappers@gmail.com



MONA: An adult female Mastiff mix. A loving dog once she warms up, then wants to be your shadow. Loves cuddles and pets. She is housebroken and knows commands. Blackhat Humane Society/foster at 435-650-1879



TIMBER: Young female Boxer mix. Has quite the personality: bold, adventurous, independent. Loves to cuddle and sleep in your lap. Housebroken, crate trained. Love to be near you. Yavapai Trappers yavitrappers@gmail.com



RACHEL & RODERICK ARE A BONDED PAIR

RACHEL (L): A tortoiseshell with white 2-year-old lady, bonded with her brother Roderick. She is sweet and affectionate. Loves to watch birds through the window. Adoption fee for both Rachel and Roderick is \$50 for the pair. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

RODERICK (R): A gentle and easygoing gentleman. A 7-year-old gray tabby with lots of white and big green eyes. He is bonded to sister Rachel. Adoption fee is \$50 for both cats. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



SERENADE: A beautiful tortoiseshell lady, 12 years old. She is gentle and super affectionate, and a staff favorite. She is all about the cuddles and pets. Loves people. Her adoption fee is \$10. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



BROWNIE: A beautiful 4-month-old brown tabby. He is very sweet. He loves playing, especially with string toys. His favorite things are cuddling and purring. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



HEATHER: A beautiful silver blue female, 1 year old with big green eyes. She is a sweet lady who loves to cuddle, watch birds through the window and nap on beds. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



SPROUT: A young female brown tabby. She has gorgeous markings and is very friendly. She is hoping to purr her way into your heart. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



MISS JANE: Lovely blue longhaired female who looks like a Maine Coon mix. Affectionate & will be a devoted friend. Her owner could no longer care for her, and she badly wants a new family. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



SQUEAK: A beautiful silver-gray lady. Her owner passed away, and Squeak is feeling quite lost. Right now, she is not fond of dogs, other cats, or children. She does love to play. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



ANNIE: A lovely 4-month-old female who looks to be a flame point. She has big blue eyes. Her favorite things are playing and cuddling. She would love to go home with a kitten friend. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



BINKY: A beautiful brown mackerel tabby 7-month-old female. She was raised in a foster home and is very sweet. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



TIMBIE: A very sweet silver tabby female, 4 years old. She has beautiful green eyes. She is not fond of the shelter environment and would love her own person. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



KATJA: An elegant young blue female with big green-gold eyes. For more information, please contact: Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



COWBOY: A charming 4-month-old tabby male with big gold eyes. He is super sweet and friendly. He loves playing nonstop. After the fun, he enjoys a good cuddle and will purr nonstop. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



ABBY: Also known as Miss Perfect, Abby is a 3-month-old female brown agouti tabby. She is adorable, gentle, and affectionate. She would love a kitten companion if you might adopt two kittens. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

CATS FOR ADOPTION

Rescuing Rush

Big dogs have it rough around here. Often, they sit just a little longer in the shelter than small companion dogs. Whether that's due to landlord prejudices or just the overall age demographic, it's a challenge we continue to face. And for Rush, a "little longer" has turned into 11 months. Can you believe that? This gorgeous dog has been sitting in a shelter for almost a year, day after day in his kennel. Sure, he is a big dog who needs a lot of exercise, but we refuse to believe there isn't a family out there for him.

Rush is a gorgeous husky mix with the happiest smile and one piercing blue eye. He's not quite two years old and was found as a stray before he was brought to us at the Humane Society of Sedona where he's been for almost half his life. We hate even typing that last sentence out. It's just not how any dog should live – especially one as big and as active as Rush. We don't know anything about his history before we met him, but we've gotten to know him over the past year, and we love him so much.

The beautiful thing about Rush is that he is 100% Rush – all day, every day. Despite being cooped up in a kennel for so long, he lives life to the fullest and is genuinely a happy dog. His favorite thing to do is play fetch in the park. He could play for hours on end if you had the stamina to throw that



long! We marvel at his athleticism every day as he chases down balls and dives into the baby pool to cool off. Rush would make a great companion for an active person or family. He would LOVE to live somewhere with a large yard or some acreage. He would make an amazing adventure buddy if given the chance. He would love to run, hike, camp, and swim with his family – but he does not like other dogs. Rush loves people but would probably do better in an adult-only home due to his size and strength. He is fixed, microchipped, up to date on his vaccines, AND his adoption fee has been generously sponsored!

As with all our adopted animals, HSS would provide post-adoption support for Rush's new family. If you are interested in Rush, please call us at the shelter 928-282-4679. If you are not able to adopt Rush, you can still help him by sharing his story with your friends and family. The more people who know about Rush, the better chance he has of finding his forever family! Please help us find this big, beautiful, happy dog a loving home. Despite his size, he deserves to know what it's like to be a part of a family who loves him. We won't give up on you, Rush!

When a small timid Australian cattle dog showed up in a desolate area of the reservation, she was soon observed by the community residents but was too scared to let anyone help her. She was thin and frightened in her new surroundings. Sadly, she also came into heat so she caught the attention of the intact male dogs nearby.

By August, concerned people were trying to feed her, but she was no match for the roaming male dogs. She was forced to have her babies under a large tree when she was in no shape to care for anyone else. Finally, a kindhearted teacher made it her mission to make sure she and her six babies got some groceries. In the process, the teacher slowly won her trust.

She was so gentle and soft mannered that Christine named her Sweetie. When the puppies were close to weaning in September most of them disappeared (hopefully by students who wanted to rehome them).

Sweetie still came around and eventually was hand-caught and secured. Christine and her family spent time assuring Sweetie that she was safe, and she would be cared for. They called Blackhat Humane Society who found a foster, but disaster happened when she was spayed and came close to dying from an undiagnosed tick disease called anaplasmosis that prevented her blood



from clotting. The spay/neuter clinic did what they could, but we came close to losing her, and she had to be rushed to an emergency vet in Albuquerque to be put on IV fluids and full-time support. She pulled through, but she was severely anemic and needed follow-up care. BlackHat was faced with over \$2,000 in vet bills, and she would still need a course of doxycycline and treatment for ticks, fleas, and parasites when her red blood cell count improved. Now dubbed Foxy by her new foster, her recovery was slow but positive, and eventually she was medically cleared for the tick fever and parasite treatments.

Just last week, she was transferred from her medical foster to a socializing foster in Flagstaff where she can grow into the confident happy pup she deserves to be. She is still a little unsure and cautious, but we are confident that she will thrive and bloom into a happy loving pup in no time.

Blackhat is always looking for a few good people who want to change the lives of the stray dogs and cats on the reservation. If you think that is something you would enjoy, we are ready to help you get started. More info: blackhathumanesociety.org

long! We marvel at his athleticism every day as he chases down balls and dives into the baby pool to cool off.

Rush would make a great companion for an active person or family. He would LOVE to live somewhere



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Dogs have a way of bringing joy and happiness into our lives. Studies have shown that owning a dog can reduce stress, anxiety, and depression

You'll save a life



Adopting a dog gives them a second chance at life and a new loving home, as many dogs end up in animal shelters due to circumstances beyond their control

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A Day of Giving

By Linda Brecher

Yes, every dog matters. This is my third year of providing Sedona Food Bank clients a wealth of items for their dogs. My table was laden with leashes, collars, harnesses, blankets, sweaters, dog beds, splash pads, booties, treats, chew toys, toothpaste, brushes, combs, Greenies, Nylabones, and many more things useful for a dog. Golden Bone Pet Supply donated certificates for free engraved names tags; and the Humane Society of Sedona had forms available to sign up for low-cost spay and neuter, and cards for free vaccines and chipping the next Saturday at the shelter.

Sedona Paint gave me a \$125 gift certificate to Chewy's, and Sedona Ace Hardware gave me a \$100 gift certificate. Nylabone donated a huge box of bones. The Humane Society donated most of the items on the table, giving me things they don't use for their shelter dogs, but were terrific for others. Sedona Kind gave me a \$600 grant, which I didn't use due to so much community support.

So many grateful pet parents couldn't believe it was all FREE.



Ending Suffering, One Clinic at a Time: Underdog's Story of Hope

Story by Jennifer DeFosse.
Photo by Chris Morgan.

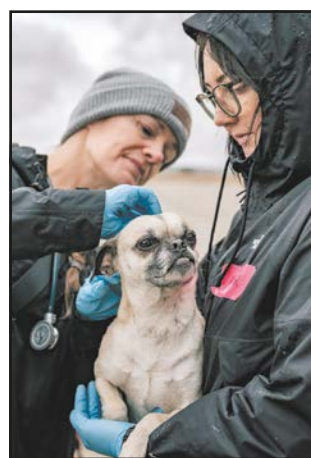
On the Navajo Nation, an animal welfare crisis has been quietly unfolding for years, largely unnoticed by the wider world. The largest reservation in the U.S. is home to an estimated 500,000 stray animal—an overwhelming challenge in a remote and underserved area.

For residents, this crisis is a stark reminder of the inequities in resources and support that often define life on the reservation. For Underdog Animal Rescue & Rehab, a Moab, Utah-based nonprofit, being part of the solution to this crisis is at the heart of our mission.

On the third weekend of every month, Underdog travels over three hours each way to bring vital veterinary services to the Navajo Nation. These communities lack companion animal veterinary care entirely; though two veterinarians serve the reservation, they focus solely on livestock and working farm animals.

With 38% of residents living below the federal poverty level, roughly a third lacking basic amenities like electricity and running water, and only one in six having access to a working vehicle, obtaining veterinary care off-reservation simply isn't an option. That's where Underdog comes in.

Our monthly free/low-cost mobile veterinary clinics provide a lifeline. These three-day events include door-to-door services on Fridays for the pets of elders and individuals unable to attend the clinic in person. Saturdays and Sundays are



a whirlwind of care as we perform spay and neuter surgeries, administer hundreds of life-saving vaccinations, treating illnesses and injuries, take in strays and unwanted litters, and distributing pet food. Through every service, we spread awareness and educate about responsible pet ownership, aiming to create lasting change.

Our work doesn't stop when we leave the reservation. Following each clinic, we will arrive back at our Rescue Ranch with around 50 surrendered dogs who were either strays or unwanted litters that were surrendered to us. These pups will become official Underdogs. Many of these animals have never interacted with humans, so our behaviorist works tirelessly to help them trust and bond with people.

Our volunteers assist with socialization through our foster program and taking Underdogs on outings or walks in the Utah mountains, gradually preparing each dog for their forever home. This is the happily ever after every rez dog deserves. Without interventions like ours, a stray born on the reservation has a life expectancy of just two years. We're here to change that narrative.

Since 2017, Underdog has rescued and found homes for over 4,500 rez dogs, administered over 13,000 life-saving vaccines, performed over 3,500 spay/neuter surgeries, and last year alone distributed over 18,000 pounds of pet food to owners in need.

We invite you to join us in being part of the solution. Whether you'd like to volunteer, become a foster or transport partner, or join our team as a Rescue Ranch Vet Tech or Animal Care team member, please reach out to Jennifer DeFosse at media@underdogrescuemoab.org. Visit our website at: underdogrescuemoab.org

(Rescue Tales continued page 17)

RESCUE TALES

Stories From The Chase Project

By Jan Tomlinson



The Chase Project was created during Covid when pet therapy visits had been discontinued in all facilities. I could not visit with my Sheltie, Chase, so I decided to create a project that used a little stuffed Sheltie to help people cope with their isolation during Covid. Thus, Chase Junior was born as a therapy dog.

Money was raised to order 50 Chase Juniors who were then donated to the hospital, nursing homes, assisted living residents, and doctors' offices.

After Covid, I teamed with Yavapai County District Supervisor, Donna Michaels, to continue this project. We donated 150 of them to Meals on Wheels, many more to the Infusion Unit at VVMC, the Dialysis facility, and the Verde Valley Care-

givers. We are now paired with the Department of Child Services, and with donations from the Camp Verde Kiwanis Club and the Sedona Rotary Club, have donated 50 Chase Juniors which are now given to each child who is taken from their home and placed in foster care. This little therapy dog helps them cope with the trauma and stress of their new situation.

Now, to the stories that have made their way back to me about this project.

A friend of mine's sister was in a nursing facility. When she went to see her on the last of her days here on earth, one of the aides had placed her Chase Junior on her chest to comfort her during these final days.



A patient at my eye doctor was having a particularly difficult time. After giving her Chase Junior to help her, she took him home with her for a few days. He helped her with her stress and getting through a few rough days.

Her husband took pictures of her with Chase Junior all around the house! He is now residing back at the office helping other patients.

When we visited the Infusion Unit at VVMC, one patient was so stressed and anxious. When we gave her Chase Junior to hold, she said that her heart rate had dropped dramatically and that she was feeling much calmer.

When we gave them to the patients at the dialysis center, they told us stories about their own dogs, which helped take their mind off the long process of lying there for hours. It also helped them to know that someone cared about them and



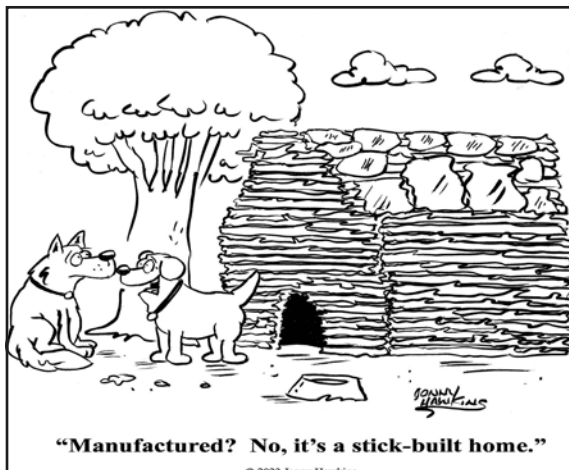
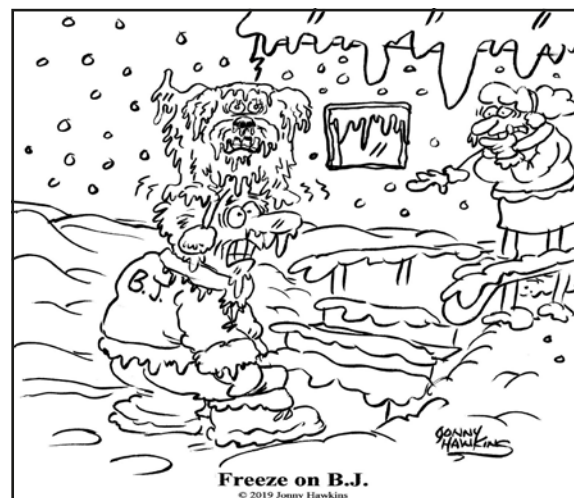
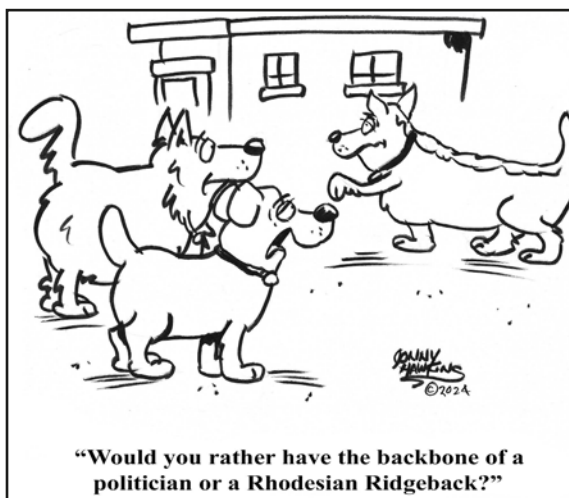
was willing to spend some time with them.

The dental hygienists at my dentist give a Chase Junior to anyone to hug and hold while they are working on their teeth. It keeps them calm and quiet during the procedure.

I have also sent several Chase Junior to friends who are having chemotherapy and who are now living in an assisted facility. There is now a Chase Junior living in Minnesota, Virginia, California, Wisconsin, and Mesa. He has made a difference in all the lives he has touched.

These are a few of the stories that have come back to me, and I am sure that there are a lot more of them out there. We hope to continue this project well into the future in the Verde Valley.

~Jan Tomlinson
Founder and CEO of
The Chase Project





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Pet Ownership Then vs. Pet Guardianship Now

By Stacey Dexter

As I have aged, my relationship with animals has greatly evolved. What I was taught in the 1960-70's about caring for a pet could be balanced on the ear of a hummingbird. Dogs and cats were our possessions, not the feeling, sentient beings that we now (I hope!) know them to be. How arrogant (and ignorant) were we? Food, water, shelter. That's all they needed, right?

Back then, there weren't any protective leash laws, so dogs were out all day long and sometimes all night. As a child, I had no idea how dangerous and irresponsible this was for our animals.

I personally liked the dogs running loose, as I could love them to my heart's content. If my current dog was out all night and I didn't know where he was, I think I would have a stroke. Between the wild animals of the Southwest and his 13-pound physique, he'd probably not last a day.

Unfortunately, it seems like in the old days pets were rather dispensable: If they were hit by a car, it was considered part of the deal. Cry some, get another. If they ran away or went missing? Oh well, get another.

There was a lack of empathy for some of the most vulnerable among us. There weren't dog walkers, doggy daycare, special diets, GPS devices, or microchips like there are today.

Dogs also slept on the floor. They were absolutely not to be on the bed. I don't ever remember blankets and definitely not doggie beds. They were fed the horrible Alpo and sometimes fat, bones, and scraps from the carcass of a turkey, chicken, or beef marrow. They were left at home for hours at a time with no nanny cams watching over them.

Walk them? Hilarious! They could walk themselves and no



Woody on his sofa

one, I mean no one, picked up poop. It was everywhere and we just accepted it!

What I most remember being taught was that our animals needed firm discipline. This was demonstrated more than taught, not only by family, but by everyone else, too. If they misbehaved, (i.e., jumping on furniture, peeing in the house, barking too much), they would get a slap on the nose and, if especially disobedient, a whack on the butt.

This was usually followed by loud yelling while pointing a finger into their face. Shame was a tactic that was used over and over. Dogs feel shame!

It was normal to dole out these forms of punishments. Humans assumed that since they were only dogs, the communication best understood by them was in its lowest form: violence. This may sound harsh, but that was how dogs and other pets were treated back then.

When I adopted my first dog as an adult, I carried with me the same archaic methods of discipline. It is not easy to admit (in fact, it's painful).

The first time it dawned on me that these kinds of punishments were wrong was when my then

six-year-old daughter watched me use fear with a puppy we had rescued. She started to cry as I was yelling at it while swatting its butt. The stricken look on her face made me feel so ashamed. What was I doing?

Today, I don't own my pet. I am their guardian. The Hawaiian people say that they are their pets' Kahu, meaning that we are the guardians entrusted with the care of something precious, of a life to be cherished. Isn't that just so lovely?

I speak to my pets, sing to them, tease them, and laugh with them. They are too important to ignore.

My dog Woody receives this newfound insight I have gained about pet guardianship. He is my buddy and companion. He receives regular veterinary care, preventative medicine, and daily walks. He has doggie friends, special food for his kidneys,

medicine for his cardiac issues, and yummy treats (which may include a little chicken).

He has at least five beds, and last year I bought him a little sofa (it's literally child-sized), so he could be off the floor for the winter months. It's so cute and he loves it.

I do not yell, admonish, or hit him. I despise people who treat their pets this way and I am vocal about it. It is unnecessary to abuse an animal in any way. We know better!

Animals have feelings and should be respected and loved. Humans that still use aggression and fear with any pet should not own one. Period.

Most of us love our pets more than we like humans, so why wouldn't we treat them like gold? I for one, am so glad that times have changed. Aren't you?

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magazine

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JUNE 1ST
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(Rescue Tales continued from page 13)



We Love You, Cherie

Cherie Dreves and *Prescott Dog Magazine* have become pillars of support for the animal-loving community in Prescott and beyond. Her dedication to helping animals' shines through every issue of her magazines and in the countless ways she actively advocates for local rescues and shelters, including Yavapai Humane Society.

Prescott Dog Magazine goes beyond being a publication. It serves as a vital resource for animal lovers, providing valuable information on pet care, local events, and the inspiring stories of dogs looking for their forever homes and those that have found their forever homes.

Cherie's vision with the magazine has always been to strengthen the bond between people and their pets while making a real difference in the lives of animals in need. She's a true advocate not only for the animals but also for the shelters and rescues that work tirelessly to care for them. She understands the challenges

these organizations face and continually uses her platform to support their efforts.

Prescott Dog Magazine gives these organizations a voice, shining a spotlight on the tireless work of those rescuing, rehabilitating, and rehoming animals. Yavapai Humane Society, along with many other rescues, have benefited from Cherie's unwavering commitment to spreading awareness and promoting adoptable animals.

Her impact doesn't stop with the written word. She organizes and sponsors two events every year to bring the community together for one common goal: finding loving homes for dogs. These gatherings are designed to celebrate the bond between humans and animals while increasing the chances of adoption for pets in need.

Her passion for animal welfare is evident in the care and attention she puts into each event, always striving to ensure every dog has a chance to find a loving family.

At the heart of everything Cherie does is her deep love for animals. She has dedicated her time, energy, and resources to better the lives of pets across Prescott and all of Northern Arizona, inspiring others to do the same.

Through *Prescott Dog Magazine* and her work with rescues, Cherie Dreves continues to be a powerful force for good in our animal-loving community.

Thanks to her work, Yavapai Humane Society and countless other organizations have been able to expand their reach and find homes for more ani-

mals. The people and pets of our community are fortunate to have such a passionate advocate in her, as her unwavering support continues to make a profound impact on the lives of animals and those who care for them.

From all of us at Yavapai Humane Society, we LOVE you, Cherie Dreves! And we THANK YOU!

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Tail-Wagging Tips for Visiting the Desert with Your Pet

By Stacey Wittig



Photo by Duffy Brook on Unsplash

If you're ready to trade the chilly weather in cold country for Phoenix's warm sunshine, now's the perfect time to bring your four-legged travel buddy along! We've just returned from sniffing out some of the most tail-wagging activities in downtown Phoenix, from scenic desert hikes to festive holiday shopping with your pup by your side.

To help you and your furry friend make the most of your time in the desert, here are some helpful tips for a safe and enjoyable visit:

- **Remember to drink up!** Phoenix-area parks offer water fountains and refill stations, and many pet-friendly restaurants have water bowls for dogs. It's easy to keep refreshed while exploring.
- **Protect Those Paws and Sniffers!** Be cautious of cactus pieces and other prickly plants on the trails. Keep your dog on the path to avoid any desert hazards.
- **Know Your Pup's Limits.** Watch for signs of heat stress, especially if your pet isn't used to warmer temperatures.

Explore Dog-Friendly Dining in Downtown Phoenix

During our visit to Roosevelt Row in downtown Phoenix, we found fantastic pet-friendly spots, including Arizona Wilderness DTPHX, a brewery and shaded beer garden, Angel's Trumpet Alehouse with a huge laidback patio, and The Churchill featuring multi-



Photo courtesy of Desert Botanical Garden



Photo courtesy of Desert Botanical Garden

ple eateries within an industrial setting – all with shaded outdoor seating where you and your dog can relax together.

Besides providing water bowls, dog-friendly restaurants often have leash tie-ups at tables, and some even offer special menus or treats just for dogs! Remember, Maricopa County health regulations mean that:

- Dogs must stay leashed on restaurant patios
- They should not be on chairs, tables, or other furniture
- Staff members are not permitted to pet or handle dogs while serving food

Upcoming Dog-Friendly Events You'll Love

- **Holiday Dog Party at Scottsdale Quarter** – Saturday, December 7, 12p-3p. Enjoy shopping with over 50 pet-friendly stores and take a complimentary holiday photo with your dog and the "meanest and greenest grouch" in Santa City!

Dress your furry friend for the Ugly Sweater Contest for a chance at a prize and visit the adoption partners to meet adorable pups looking for new homes.

- **Annual Doggie Street Festival Phoenix** – Saturday, January 25, 2025. Join a day of fun at Steele Indian School Park with free admission, live music, tasty treats, vet tips, contests, prizes, and a kid-friendly art area! With over a dozen rescues, you might even find a new doggie friend!



Sweater contest, photo by Shayna Douglas on Unsplash



Photo courtesy of Doggie Street Festival, Phoenix

- **Dog Days at the Desert Botanical Garden** – Select Saturday Mornings, January 2025. Kick off the new year with a leash, your pup, and a morning stroll through gorgeous desert trails. With five themed trails and over 50,000 desert plants, it's a nature adventure you won't want to miss. Visit dbg.org for the 2025 schedule for Dog Days at the Garden schedule.

Phoenix is filled with woof-worthy activities for you and your dog to explore together. Whether you're hiking, dining, or discovering new events, you and your pup are sure to have a fantastic time in the desert this winter!

Stacey Wittig invites you to join her on her journeys. Dive into her world of adventures and travel insights on her website: UnstoppableStaceyTravel.com



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RETIRING TO THAT OL' BENCH SEAT IN THE SKY

By Solana Kline

This morning, I wake up all dog-pile-tangled-up with Betty and Mickey. The leaves are turning now with the late September, 4 a.m. chill, two-dog nights. This morning is somber, yet peaceful. We snuggle extra long, savoring every second.

Our packmate in Oregon, Mr. Frank-dog passed on to that great over-stuffed bench seat in the sky yesterday, just a couple weeks shy of his 15th birthday. He was Betty's best friend, he was the reason me and the Betty Sausage (my doggie soulmate) found each other in the first place. And he was, of course, much much more than that.

The first time I saw Mr. Frank, he was tearing around the couch corner in full-beast mode, seventy pounds of stacked and lean Pitty/Dobie whipping past me with Ryan's 6'5" giraffe-esque figure right on his tail—two dork peas-in-a-pod rough-housing on a Saturday afternoon. If ever two souls were meant to share this earth space-time together, it was them.

Frank puppy was only three months old when he met Ry in Shelton, Washington at Adopt-A-Pet (adoptapet-wa.org), a no-kill shelter. From then on it was all plays, fireplace nappies, snackies, sleeping-ins, beasting on bicycles and dirt-bikes and anything else they could get their hands/paws on to explore.

I met the duo two years later. I did my darndest to resist their charms, but Frank's sleek seal pup fur, smashy snuggles, and epic sense of humor and play were just too much for me. With Ryan gone half of the year racing bikes, me and Mr. Frankers quickly became best buds. He came with me everywhere, and he loved that. He was a pack boy and had high anxiety if he was without the pack.

When I met them, Frank was renowned for putting his Pit jaws to good use on the furniture if he got left at home alone. But once he learned he was secure in his pack, he stopped eating furniture and moved onto more delicious tasks.

This boy had the delicate prowess of a tight-rope walker when extricating food from the counter-top. We could



Regal George Costanza Frank

never sort out precisely how he managed to carry the fresh sourdough loaf and the ceramic butter dish off the counter and into our bed. We would come home and find a warm spot by our pillows where the frank-ball had enjoyed his delicious feast, flaky bread crumbs, and the empty butter dish. So, one night we set up a spy camera in the kitchen before we left.

We weren't even out of the driveway when he leapt nimbly up onto the counter, nosed open the cabinet door, pulled down the loaf, and carried it away to the bed. Lofting up onto the counter again, he nudged the lid off of the butter dish, delicately scooped the bottom of the dish into his mouth, and off he went to the

bed to enjoy the bread with the butter.

How in the world do you scold a pup for bad behavior when it is so damned hilarious and so damned ingenious?! Fresh bread and butter, just like Ryan, the beige breakfast of champions.



The Dork Duo: Frank and Ryan

Mr. Frank was just like that—always running a gag, ready to play, ready to beast full-blast down a trail with his tongue lolling along a foot behind him. He was always game for all of the weird shenanigans I got us into. He learned to balance his dense bod in an extra-long milk crate on the back of my cruiser-bike. He loved to wriggle and slide on the snow on his back down hills, in true seal-pup fashion. He had no qualms walking up my Jetta windshield to get into the roof-top tent to go camping adventure with me. And with his love of water, man, this boy, he loved open-water swimming with me when I was training for triathlons (in his life-jacket of course!). This boy would even high five me after going #2 at the same

time camping—the tandem duke I always called it, such a sense of humor!

But Mr. Frank's all-time two favorite spices of life were a good bench-seat and a brand-new yam rope!

Ry always kept a rig with a bench seat because Mr. Frank loved to lay across those long bench seats, resting his head on your lap, lazily getting up for the sniffers should the occasion arise. And the yam ropes, Frankers had them big Pitty chompers and was always itching for a chew. When he picked the yam rope off the pet store display for the first time, he was in pure heaven! That thick hemp rope with slices of dried yam stacked on it. He would gnaw a yam wad, then

spring up and grab the rope, whip it up into the air, chucking it as far as he could, the yam chunks rattling against each other, much to his delight. He would toss it and chew it and chuck it again! Finally, after demolishing all of the yam hunks, he would take a fart nap like a good boy!

But soon, Frank would meet Miss Betty-Dog. We were living on a Christmas tree farm and Betty was being fostered at the neighbor's property. She was maybe one year old, fresh off the Sacramento streets, having a litter, and incarceration in the high-kill "animal control" system. Frank and Betty met out amongst the blackberry bushes, ferns, and Christmas trees between the properties, it was love at first sight!

They played nonstop, literally 24-7 they were wrestling and nose-to-tail around the properties, inseparable. The were joined at the hip, literally, Frank would lay on the bench seat and Betty would lay directly parallel on top of him! It was clear she was already part of the pack so I adopted that beautiful girl and am forever grateful for Mr. Frank for bringing her to me!

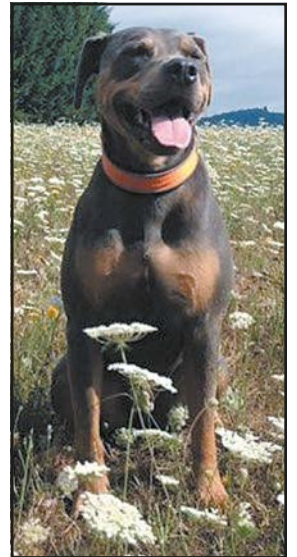
The years passed and our humanoid life changes brought the dog-pack into different directions across the West, Betts with me and Frankers with Ry. But we always made sure to send pictures and videos of the pups back and forth, and to visit for pack adventures anytime we could. And even up until his last day, Mr. Frank was out on a trail adventure with his best bud Ryan, gathering all the sniffers and pees, soaking up all the trots and old-man beasts, fully present, as doggoes are prone to be. He had his yam rope beast sessions up until the end, always playful, always taking in the sunshine nappies, always snuggling under the covers, always ready for an adventure!

And now this incredible boy is on the biggest adventure, following that yam rope he chucked way too high, up into the stars where the squishiest bench seats and

endless cool-green-grass play sessions await. I love you always buddy, thank you for your shine here, the world was the best place with you in it. Enjoy your freedom from the meat sack now, Mr. Frank, you earned it!

As I lay here with Ms. Betty Sausage and Mr. Stinky Minkey, I take the long-way out of bed, revel in these sun-kissed dogpile snuggles, grateful for all of it, the farts and bad breath and Frito paws, and the epic unconditional love that is a dog-pack.

Until next time, happy tails and happy trails!



Frank basking in the Spring flowers



Betty and Frank non-bench seat smash



Puppy Frank

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A CHRISTMAS STORY: KELEV

The following is written in the timeless spirit of holiday fictional stories.

My name is Kelev. Not a common name for a dog. Around my community it is commonly used as an insult. The young sheep herder Levi named me, or rather called out, "Hey Kelev," the first time we met.

The second time we saw each other was on the street in town. He yelled out to me again. His older brother, some feet away, spun around towards him thinking Levi had just called him a dog in public. Levi innocently pointed in my direction, but his brother's irritation didn't diminish.

Levi chuckled as he knelt down and gave me a bit of cheese and bread, whispering, "You are HaKelev HaYehudi, and I am Levi. I give you permission to aggravate my brother Ze'ev, anytime you see fit."

Levi was the first to speak to me as a friend and give me a gift.

At that time, I lived in a hollow under a stone wall where livestock were kept. It was a secreted place where I was left alone by people, the property master and his family not knowing I was there. When the oxen began stirring in pre-dawn light, I would leave and begin my rounds through the town looking for food and avoiding the shouts and occasional objects being thrown in my direction. My cousins' unruly behavior often accounts for the animosity I encountered.

Lately, the town has been more difficult to navigate. A steady stream of travelers and extended family members have been arriving at all hours. Beasts of burden, children, and armloads of assorted sundries fill the streets, making my rounds difficult. My scouting circles (ever wider) often take me to the hills where the sheep are kept this time of year. That's where I met Levi and old Lev.



That day they were eating their lunch. Lev, between and during mouthfuls of bread, was dramatically telling stories of young King David. I was intrigued by their conversation and the smell of food.

I quietly climbed a stone pile behind them where a soft wind carried the scent of cheese. The sun on my withers and the cool breeze lightly kissed my muzzle.

I began to drift off when suddenly Levi shouted, "Hey Kelev!" I looked up to see a ball of cheese and bread flying towards me. It bounced off my ribs and rolled on to the grass. Lev, not understanding why Levi waddled up his lunch and tossed it over his shoulder, stopped talking.

While I was making quick work of my fortuitous gift, Levi stood up and stretched. He turned in my direction and said, "You're welcome to visit, but if you chase the sheep, Lev will catch you and feed you to a bear."

Lev, still sitting, turned toward me, grimaced, and bared what was left of his teeth. They both laughed.

This afternoon however, (thanks to young children who drop food), I headed back to my hiding place with a full belly before dark.

At the lean-to next to the cave where the livestock were kept,

a stranger was helping a young woman down from a donkey. Lightly covered in road-dust, she looked as if their journey had taken a toll. She moaned a few times from the movement and effort.

The property master and his wife came out to help the couple carry their things into the cave. When the master noticed me watching, he ran me off.

There was only one place I could think of to go.

Up on the hills, Levi and Lev were lying in the grass, staring at a twilight sky.

"That star looks like it's right over the town." Lev turned to Levi. "It's been in the night sky for two seasons or more."

Levi turned to the sound of my approach. "Kelev, what are you doing out so late?"

He reached in his bag and tossed a bit of cheese to me. I listened to them debate the meaning of the star for a while until their voices faded and sleep overcame me.

A bright flash woke me, woke Levi and Lev. It woke everyone on those hills. The second and third flash were even brighter and coming from above us. I was waiting for the rumble of thunder and thought about finding shelter. Levi and Lev were both standing and scanning the sky.

Lev's voice trailed off, "There are no clouds..."

The next and brightest flash interrupted Lev. Immediately above the hills appeared the largest most powerful being I have ever seen. Lightning-like shafts emanated from all around him, and I felt weakened by his presence.

We all fell to the ground with our eyes staring up at him. He spoke words that resonated through my body. The echoes of the trumpet-sounding words couldn't be made out with dog's ears and had barely faded when suddenly the trees, the rocks, and the air above us were filled with a multitude of glowing beings that resembled men, but larger. They burst into singing with voices raised. Many were dancing.

Lev jumped up with his arms raised and began whirling in circles and proclaiming words about a King of the Universe.

Levi scrambled to grab their robes and shouted above the roar of the aerial celebration, "C'mon, let's go, Lev! C'mon, Kelev!"

We began running into town. Old Lev was having no trouble keeping up.

Levi, as if reading my confusion yelled, "We're looking for a newborn baby in a manger."

I slid to a stop and grabbed a mouthful of Levi's robe, pulling him to a stop also. They were going the wrong way. I gave them both a sharp and scolding bark, then turned to the right and ran with all my might towards my home.

Behind me, Lev, between heaving breaths, shouted, "Keep up with Kelev, Levi. Don't lose sight of him."

With the sound of singing in the distance and the slap of shepherds' sandals on dirt behind me, I wondered. What would we find? More importantly, what does it mean?

For more on the hillside events and what followed, see Luke's letter to his friend Theophilus.

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