

*The official newsletter for friends, volunteers and supporters.*

**The Prez Sez**

# Fostering gives dogs 2nd chance

Another year is almost gone. CRT is working as hard to find great homes for Chihuahuas in need. We could use some more help though. Right now, as usual, we need more foster homes. Fostering is kind of the best of several worlds. You get to have a wonderful Chihuahua in your home, teach him how to be a better pet, love him and teach him to trust again, and all it costs you is the dog food. Oh, and maybe you'll spend a little gas money taking him to adoption events and the vet from time to time. The spaying/neutering, vaccinations and other costs are covered by CRT through the generous donations of so many wonderful people.

The downside is that you will eventually have to give that dog up to its forever home. However, I cannot tell you of a more rewarding feeling than the one I get when that dog goes to its new people and wags a tail at

**SEE PREZ, PAGE 2**



# Chihuahua

## Rescue & Transport, Inc.

## Margo's best friend steals the limelight

So it's time for our Holiday newsletter! I'm going to just include a few days from my blog, because there's so much to tell.

**Day 56:** I know I've mentioned that my new BFF is Giggles. We're roommates, and we get along well. Every once in a while when I just feel like a change of pace, I'll eat my dinner really fast and then I sneak out of my crate and eat her dinner too! She's usually away from her food bowl playing with a piece of food. I don't think she even knows what happened — she just thinks that was the last piece.



Giggles

Drat! Got caught tonight. Looks like I'll be caged like a wild animal from now on when I eat.

**Day 60:** This morning the mom here, Chris, came and picked up Giggles and took her away. She was gone for hours,

**SEE MARGO, PAGE 3**

# WHY FOSTER?

Fostering is one of the most wonderful and tough experiences one can have. We take these little dogs into our homes, give them care, training and love. We do everything we can to prepare them to be happy, healthy pets for someone else. "How can you bear to give up a foster dog?" is a question we are frequently asked. The following poem, written on the occasion of the adoption of her first foster, captures it all.

## *Ode To A Foster Dog*

BY JEANNE SAADI

I knew from the day you came to me  
 That I could never call you mine  
 But when you looked at me so needingly  
 I left all sense behind.

I knew that soon you'd leave my home  
 And fall in love with someone new  
 But from the moment you put your trust in me  
 I put aside all thoughts of losing you.

It didn't take long to understand  
 Your every nudge and bark and whine  
 I fell in love with you more each passing day  
 But it was only on borrowed time.

And then that day came all too soon  
 When your new family came for you.  
 You ran to me, then ran to them  
 And I think somehow you knew.

The joy in their eyes when they looked at you  
 Matched the love for you in my heart,  
 And I knew right then they would be the ones  
 To give you a brand new start.

I held you once more and kissed your nose,  
 I scratched you behind the ears,  
 I released you to their open arms  
 And tried to fight back my tears.

I watched as they led you away from me,  
 Wondering how my heart would ever cope  
 When you turned and barked and wagged your tail  
 As if to say, "Thank you for giving me hope."

### PREZ

me to say, "thanks for the helping hand."

And then I look at my waiting list, and start over again.

If you think you might like to try fostering, we especially need them in the Dallas - Fort Worth, San Antonio, and Houston areas of Texas, much of the Midwest, and the Carolinas, as well as Virginia. Contact us if you're interested.

*Lynnne Bunten is president of Chihuahua Rescue & Transport.*

### INSIDE THIS ISSUE

#### THE DOCTOR IS IN

Are your pets ready to travel for the holidays? Dr. Jackie Busch, DVM, offers advice. **Page 4**

#### MIDNIGHT RESCUE

A series of coincidences lead to the rescue of a lost Chihuahua. **Page 5**

#### 2 CHIS AND A LITTLE LADY

A new baby doesn't mean you have to give up your dogs. **Page 7**

#### SAYING GOODBYE

When a beloved pet dies, it takes a piece of our heart with it. **Page 9**

### Board of Directors

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**MARGO**

and when they came back, my BFF told me that she was going to be a star! A STAR??? I want to know what's going on. If anyone is going to be a star, it's ME!

**Day 66:** I finally figured it out! I spent the whole day sitting quietly on the sofa in the family room, and I think everyone forgot I was there. The Chris-mom was talking to the Laura-mom, and you'll never believe what I heard! Giggles *is* going to be a star! They were talking about Giggles playing the part of BRUISER in the Vandalia Youth Theater production of 'Legally Blonde'! That's where she went last week — to the audition!

Well, you'd better believe I got her right down on her back and got to the bottom of it.

**Day 70:** Who cares? I certainly don't. I like having the whole evening to myself, anyway. Now if they do a remake of 'Cujo', that's a movie I'd audition for!

**Day 80:** Finally, it's over. No more cute little bows, no more perfumed baths, no more mincing around like a little princess. Giggles is back to her regular little annoying self and I'm *very* happy about that. She's my BFF, you know.

*Love, Margo*



Margo's happy life is back to normal. There's only room for one diva per household.

## DID SOMEONE SAY 'TOFURKY?'



Lily (left), a rescue Chihuahua adopted in Florida eight years ago, and her sister Molly are getting ready to dig into some delicious tofurky for Thanksgiving. Thanks to Martha Bozeman for sharing the photo of her girls.

# Are your pets ready to travel?

By JACKIE BUSCH, DVM

During the holidays when we visit with family and friends our fur kids need to be included in those plans as well, directly or indirectly. Many pets travel with us, stay with friends, a pet sitter or are boarded. Below is a checklist to help make your holiday plans easier.



Six to eight weeks before the holidays, call your veterinarian and schedule a wellness exam. This exam is an opportunity to:

- update any vaccinations needed for travel/boarding
- update microchip information if needed
- discuss your pet's individual health needs (including any medication refills, laboratory tests, possible anxiety meds)
- schedule a follow-up appointment if your pet is traveling with you and requires a health certificate examination
- schedule any other appointments such as grooming

Four weeks before the holidays, order prescription medications and any prescription foods. Keep in mind, that delivery schedules often change and are less frequent especially when the holidays are weekdays. Often, clients buy additional bags of food, depleting the stock on hand. Confirm any holiday appointments for the boarding facility or your pet sitter. Consider gathering important information for both yourself and your pet's caretaker:

- make copies of health records
- medication schedule
- important contact information: your veterinarian's number, contact information for an emergency clinic or, if traveling with your pet, local veterinary information before your departure

At the time of travel or in preparation of leaving your pet away from home:

- bring pet food, medications, and occasionally their water
- information sheet in regards to their medications, veterinary information
- crates, favorite toys, etc...
- discuss health needs with family and friends, including a pet-food only rule so your pet doesn't become ill from eating food meant for people

Traveling with pets or preparing them for care elsewhere does not have to be stressful. With planning and a checklist, it becomes easier.

Start early. Prepare early. Have guidelines in place to ease in transition for both you and your pet.

*Jackie Busch is associated veterinarian at the Zionsville Country Veterinary Clinic in Whitestown, Ind.*

# Rescue at midnight

## *Late-night phone call saves a life*

BY CHRIS MESKER

Early this summer, one of our foster Chihuahuas escaped from our fenced-in yard, and we fervently searched for him for several days. We placed "Lost" posters on every corner and delivered fliers to more than 100 houses, searching for him on foot, in our cars and on my husband's scooter. Many of our neighbors helped too, while several people in the area called my cell phone with information, possible sightings and prayers for finding our lost Beethoven.

About a week had gone by with no luck. I would lie awake at night thinking of him out there on his own.

I always turn down the volume of my cell phone at night because of the alerts for e-mail and Facebook notifications. Any real emergency phone call would most likely come on the land line.

So my phone was turned down though I was awake. At 11:45pm I sat up to consider a trip to the bathroom when I noticed the screen on my phone was lit up. I didn't recognize the number so I almost didn't answer it. Then I thought: "Maybe it's about the dog!"

"Is this the Mesker's?"

"Yes it is"

"This is Scott Wilcher, I live down the street from you."

Since Scott and my husband are both doctors, I thought he was calling for Dave.

"I'm sorry to call so late but I was just driving home from the hospital, and I saw a very tiny Chihuahua wearing a little red sweater running on

Dog Leg Road heading toward Frederick, and I wondered if it's yours."

"Scott, did it have long hair?" I asked.

"No," he said, "this one is short haired."

Ok, not mine. Darn it!

"Well thank you Scott. I'm sure it's not my missing Chihuahua, but I'm going out there anyway to see if I can rescue it."



Beethoven

I hung up and went to the closet for my sneakers and a jacket. Dave was already up and getting dressed.

We opted to take the scooter because it would be more versatile for tracking

a scared Chi. So at midnight, in our pajamas, on a scooter, we headed toward Dog Leg Road.

Suddenly, there she was in her little pink tie-dyed T-shirt, her eyes reflecting the headlight on the bike.

"There she is, Dave, stop!" I got off the bike and crouched down to try to coax her to me. She took off toward the brush, and I gave chase. Within a few seconds Dave was next to me. I jumped on the back of the bike and we headed after her, but we lost her.

I searched on foot with a flashlight and Dave drove all over shining his headlight in the brush. We continued the search for twenty minutes, hoping she would come out, but she didn't.

I was tired and depressed. I told Dave we should go home. "At least we tried," I said as we

SEE MIDNIGHT, PAGE 6

**MIDNIGHT**

headed back to the road on the bike. The night was chilly, and I pulled up the hood of my sweatshirt and laid my head on Dave’s shoulder. A lump formed in my throat for two lost Chihuahuas. I wanted to cry.

“Why did that car up there just swerve?” Dave asked. “It just made a great big swerve like it went around something.”

Lo and behold, there she was. We were able to surrounded her and scoop her up. I zippered her up into my jacket and we drove home.

The next morning I took her to the shelter to scan her for a chip, but there wasn’t one. I posted her picture on Facebook hoping someone might recognize her.

In the meantime, she had a mini spa day...I gave her a little bath because she was muddy, and I trimmed her nails. I wondered what to do with her if no one claimed her.

After her bath, I checked my phone and found a voice mail message from a gentleman who had



Schuler enjoyed a spa treatment before going home with her family.

seen my posters about my missing dog. His own little dog disappeared from his yard the night before, and he and his family were heartbroken.

My heart skipped. I called the gentleman, who’s name was Tony, and he gave me the details of his female Chihuahua named Schuler, who was wearing a little pink tie-dyed T-shirt when she went missing.

“I have good news for you,”

I told him. “I have your dog!” He and his family were elated.

For me, the situation was bittersweet. I had found and saved another family’s Chihuahua when I could not do the same for my own.

As I watched Schuler leave with her family, I realized that even though I was still sad about losing Beethoven, this was God’s way of making me feel a little better about it.

If Beethoven had not been lost from us, there would have been no posters with my phone number. Scott wouldn’t have called me to report the runaway. Tony would never have called, and little Schuler might have been lost forever.

*Thank You!*



Fireplug Inn supports CRT by collecting donations and providing free boarding for our foster dogs. If you live in the Dallas/Fort Worth area and are looking for doggy daycare or bed and breakfast for your small dog, check them out!

<http://www.firepluginn.com>



Bailee Edwards enjoys play time with Sadie and Bobo and her father, Kyle Edwards.

# A tale of two Chihuahuas and one little lady

BY MISTY AND KYLE EDWARDS

We have two Chihuahuas, Sadie and Bobo Edwards. Sadie is 8 years old and is spoiled rotten. Bobo, a former CRT pup, is 5 years old. These dogs have been treated like babies, and that's how they act. They go on vacation with us, and if they cannot, we have a paid "babysitter" to stay with them at home while we are gone.

In August 2010, we found out we were going to have a baby. We were excited and scared. When people heard the news, the first thing they said was: "What are you going to do about the dogs?" "Are you going to keep the dogs?" they asked. "Sadie and Bobo are going to be jealous." People told us we'd feel differently about the dogs after the baby arrived.

This made us both nervous. Why were we getting such extreme opinions about how these two babies that we loved so much and considered members of the family were going to somehow become a burden? Would our hearts really change toward our "babies" just because a real baby was coming into the picture? Could a baby really cause a major change in our lives and create such an uproar for the pups?

In March 2011, Bailee Elizabeth was born. We knew she was going to have medical issues before she was born, and she lived at UNC Children's Hospital for almost her first five months of life. This was tough on

SEE LADY, PAGE 8

**LADY**

our whole family, not just the dogs. There were many nights I stayed at the hospital and my husband didn't get to come home until very late.

This was the beginning of our journey.

We immediately started bringing home blankets from the hospital, letting the dogs sleep on them so that they could get used to their new sister.

In July 2011, Bailee was able to come home.

We weren't sure how Bobo and Sadie would react, but as soon as Bailee got in the door, Sadie immediately began her licking ritual and covered Bailee from head to toe with doggie kisses.

Bobo was nervous around her at first but now you can't find him without her, and vice versa. He even sits outside her door with his chin on his paws patiently waiting when she is in her room taking a nap or during diaper changes. As soon as Bailee began talking, we immediately heard her letting out the sweetest calls across the house in her baby voice asking him to come out and see her. BoBo is obsessed with balls. We never had enough energy to play ball as much as he wanted, but with Bailee, he has an eager ballplayer. They never tire each other out.

Sadie, being the oldest and most spoiled, spends a lot of time in her bed on the couch watching over her domain. Bailee likes to walk by and they share mean faces with each other. From time to time Bailee will point her finger and tell



Bailee enjoys feeding the dogs treats.

Sadie she is being a bad "pup pup" in her little Bailee vocabulary.

It hasn't been the easiest transition in the world. Sadie doesn't share; she steals toys, crayons, stuffed animals and anything else Bailee leaves lying on the floor. Bobo is always at her feet waiting on a crumb or trying to steal a cookie. But what has really amazed us is how quickly they accepted Bailee as an

extension of us and part of the family.

For families who have Chihuahuas or any pet, the advice we have is give the animal a chance. If you're pregnant, don't immediately think you have to get rid of your pet. Each and every situation is different but if you give it time and work with the baby and the animals and be patient, there's a good chance it will work out. Don't get lost in the hype that others may be telling you about because of their experience. You have to do what works for you but most importantly give it a chance and don't give up. *It is worth it for you, your pet, and your family.*

It may not be easy at first, but in time it will get easier, and in the end you will be glad you put the time and effort into it.

As Bailee gets older she has more and more fun with the dogs. We continue to work with her and the dogs and focus on loving them all. Our house, crazy as it might be, is warmer and fuller because of it.



# Saying goodbye never easy

BY BRENDA BOGGS

I have always been a "dog" person. Throughout my life, I have had a number of dogs that shared my home and my adventures.

Nothing brings happiness into our hearts like the playful antics and affection shown us on a daily basis by our pets. Memorable times in my life have almost always included my relationship with a pet or pets. Yet, some of the saddest times have been when I have lost a pet companion.

Since a pet's life expectancy is shorter than ours, at some point we are going to experience a painful separation from that pet. How and why we open ourselves to that type of grief has been the subject of many articles and books. I can only share my experience of how I found peace when a pet died.

My first Chihuahua, Daisy, adopted me 16 years ago. I say 'adopted me' because several years before, I had decided my heart could no longer take the pain of losing a dog. Oh how shortsighted of me.

Daisy was to stay with me one week while her owners were on vacation. After two days I found I was looking forward to her little yips when I arrived home, and our walks became a routine that helped me unwind from my hectic workday. When Daisy's owner came to retrieve her, Daisy jumped into my lap and stared at the family members as if daring them to take her. She left with them but in two days I missed her so much that I called to inquire about her. The owner said she felt Daisy would be better with me because Daisy and their other pet didn't get along. I was at her home to gather Daisy up within 20 minutes.



Daisy lost her battle with congestive heart failure.

Sweet little Daisy lost her battle with congestive heart failure three weeks ago, and I write this article with tears in my eyes. Would I change this ache in my heart and wish instead that Daisy had never come into my life? Absolutely not.

I experienced so many changes due to sharing my home and my heart with her that even though I am saddened by her passing, I can reflect on all the experiences she brought me.

Daisy led me to explore becoming a volunteer with CRT, and because of that I have had experiences I would never have dreamed possible. I found that with Daisy I could make an absolute fool of myself and she would not think it odd behavior, but would join in the fun! I learned that she loved me unconditionally whether my hair was uncombed, I was a few pounds overweight or I had holes in my work jeans as we worked in the

SEE GOODBYE, PAGE 10



Squeak had an injury to his back that required round-the-clock medication.

**GOODBYE**

yard together. Yes I did say yard, because once Daisy came into my life and I became more involved with CRT, I decided I needed a house with a big yard so my little "fur babies" had a place to run.

I have many more friends and acquaintances than I had before she came into my life. I'm fortunate to have friends who understand what I am going through as I adjust to life without her. I always feel sorry for people who don't understand the grieving process one goes through when a pet leaves this world. They will offer statements like, "Hey, it's only a dog, snap out of it." What part of their heart must be atrophied that they have never experienced the pleasure of snuggling with a fur baby on the sofa for a snooze? Our pets are part of our family and when we lose one in our family, we grieve. Grieving is part of the process of accepting that we will not see them again.

The hardest part of losing a pet is sometimes deciding when it is time to let them go. If you are in tune with your pet, they will usually let you know they are ready to move to a better place. Some of the signs are easy to detect: inability to eat or walk, loss of interest in their surroundings, or not being able to enjoy their usual routines such as exploring the perimeter of the yard.

I had a young dog, Squeak, who had an injury to his back, and my vet and I were trying everything to help him recover. I was giving him injections round the clock, and he was very easy to medicate. One day when I was giving him his 2 a.m. injection, he growled at me and I knew he was telling me it was time to stop. At a consultation with two veterinarians the next day, they both felt he had no chance of recovering, and it became my responsibility to have him euthanized.

IN MEMORY OF...

**Deborah J. Zihlman**  
*All CRT fosters*

**Jennifer Woelffer**  
*Harley*

**Elaine and David Liebrecht**  
*Zeus and Tootsie*

**Colleen J. Dold**  
*Cricket*

**Edward W. Novak**  
*Mary Novak*

**Dianne Fullam**  
*Uva Eileen Myers*

**Terry and Christopher Cuyler**  
*Dorothy Rutherford*

**Kathi and Robert Sands Jr.**  
*Dorothy Rutherford*

**Jackson**  
*Ruby Lu LeCompte*

Tax receipts available

If you need a 2012 tax letter for your donations, contact the treasurer at [treasurer@chihuahua-rescue.com](mailto:treasurer@chihuahua-rescue.com)

# Here in this house

Here in this house...

I will never know the loneliness I hear in the barks of the other dogs 'out there'.

I can sleep soundly, assured that when I wake my world will not have changed.

I will never know hunger, or the fear of not knowing if I'll eat.

I will not shiver in the cold, or grow weary from the heat.

I will feel the sun's heat, and the rain's coolness,  
and be allowed to smell all that can reach my nose.

My fur will shine, and never be dirty or matted.

Here in this house...

There will be an effort to communicate with me on my level.

I will be talked to and, even if I don't understand,

I can enjoy the warmth of the words.

I will be given a name so that I may know who I am among many.

My name will be used in joy, and I will love the sound of it!

Here in this house...

I will never be a substitute for anything I am not.

I will never be used to improve peoples' images of themselves.

I will be loved because I am who I am, not someone's idea of who I should be.

I will never suffer for someone's anger, impatience, or stupidity.

I will be taught all the things I need to know to be loved by all.

If I do not learn my lessons well, they will look to my teacher for blame.

Here in this house...

I can trust arms that hold, hands that touch...

knowing that, no matter what they do, they do it for the good of me.

If I am ill, I will be doctored.

If scared, I will be calmed.

If sad, I will be cheered.

No matter what I look like, I will be considered beautiful and known

to be of value.

I will never be cast out because I am too old, too ill, too unruly, or not cute enough.

My life is a responsibility, and not an afterthought.

I will learn that humans can almost, sometimes, be as kind and as fair as dogs.

Here in this house...

I will belong.

I will be home.

*author unknown*

## GOODBYE

It was not the outcome I had hoped for, but it was the most humane thing for him.

When I reflect on what I have learned by having a pet in my life, it is easier to accept its passing. I still grieve, but my grief is cushioned by the unconditional love that I have experienced and the many little things that made my life more complete by having that pet. Coming home from a hard day's trial and having a wiggling, squealing, companion ready to lick my troubles away and take me out into the sunshine to walk in the falling leaves of autumn is a treasure that will stay with me always. Doing something to honor a pet's memory also helps: planting a tree, making a donation to a worthwhile cause, putting together an album of all my photos, or just doing some kindness for someone else who needs cheering. All those things help ease the feeling of emptiness. Many organizations now offer support groups for losing a pet because society is beginning to recognize that pet loss is deeply personal to a pet lover

A good friend who recently lost her dog, said it best, "I feel I can best honor Kanga's memory by adopting another dog and living that wonderful experience again."

Here's hoping that peace, acceptance and fond memories will lighten our journey like little footsteps in the dark. And when our final steps are taken, may we all rejoice in seeing our own pets as we reunite amidst laughter and hugs of joy.

Check out our website, <http://www.chihuahua-rescue.com/regions/success.htm>, to read our success stories, find out how to volunteer and meet dogs who are looking for a forever home.



You can also join us on Facebook for updates about dogs updates about fundraisers and other events.



Keep up with the adventures of Margo. Read her diary on Page 1.

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