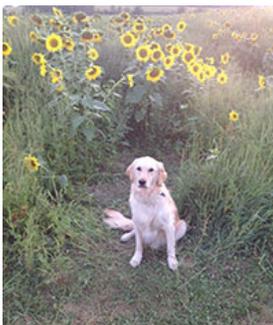


In my last entry I reported about my becoming a therapy dog. I could spend the rest of my entire entry writing about all the neat stories that have occurred during my visits to the children's hospital. But the big guy only gives me so many words to do my memos. So, I will pick one incident that really made me feel good.



"My trading card I give to all the kids. My stats are on the backside."

*As we entered a hospital room on the third floor (after riding up the dreaded metal box) and stopping at the nursing station to get my usual biscuit treat, we asked a little girl's mother if her daughter would like a visit. Her daughter seemed as if she was still asleep. The mother really looked stressed as she told us the doctor would not discharge her daughter until she got out of bed and started eating. She explained that since early in the morning, her daughter did not get out of bed and has not eaten either her breakfast and now her lunch. When the girl saw me her eyes widely opened and asked if she could pet me. I sat down near her bed so she had to get up to pet me. Once she got out of bed, I started to walk away and she followed. I then sat down again and the little girl and I enjoyed each other's company. Her mom brought her food over and the girl started eating her lunch while petting me and answering the big guy's questions about her dogs and school. She ate most of her lunch and even offered me a bite of her cookie, but I politely refused. Of course she received one of my trading cards (see accompanying photo). Her mother was so relieved and couldn't stop thanking us. It was really rewarding being able to help.*



"Is this necessary?  
Let's get on the trail."

Speaking of helping, here's another adventure that required my help. The big guy took me for a walk on a trail just off the bike path in Canfield. This was after I got my picture taken with the big yellow flowers (see photos to the left). As we were returning from the mile long path, a man and his son were calling out names just outside the wooded area. They approached us and asked if we saw a ten month old Great Dane and a small poodle mix along the trail. He explained that the two pups started chasing a deer and now were lost in the brush somewhere outside the woods. Since it was near sunset, he was fearful they would not survive the night because of the coyotes. He said the Great Dane was too young and the poodle mix was too dumb to find their way back home. They continued on their way calling for Luka (Great Dane) and Sweetie (poodle mix). The big guy decided to turn around and go back on the trail to see if we might run into the lost pups. As the sun started to set, I got a whiff of something and started running off the trail. Sure enough, I saw Luka. The big guy lured Luka with a treat and put a leash on him. The big guy had a heck of a time trying to keep Luka still while he wrote down the phone number from off his collar. While he was calling the number, a white fur ball popped her head out of the brush. It was Sweetie. She wouldn't come and play with me and Luka, but stayed nearby. After a short period of time, the man and his son showed up and were they ever relieved. They thanked us profusely and took their pups back home. It was starting to get dark so the big guy and I headed through the woods and then home. What an adventure!



*"Just one of my many chase victims."*

Speaking of coyotes, I have some interesting information. As you may know from my previous memos, I love to chase squirrels (see photo), chipmunks, and any critters that move in my line of sight. This year there seems to be a lot less squirrels to chase. While taking a hike at the Canfield Fairgrounds, a lady with her dog stopped to talk while me and her dog played. I over heard her say there was a big problem with coyotes in Canfield causing the squirrel population to decline. Just a FYI in case you were wondering.



*"Nothing like playing in the fall leaves waiting for the holidays."*

That's it for this memo. My next memo should be interesting with all the holidays coming up including my birthday in November. Until next time, remember: *It takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow.*