



JULY 2019 NEWSLETTER

“Working together to improve the welfare of reservation dogs and cats”

“Diné Bikéyah bikáá’góó, ahil neilnishgo lééchqá’í dóó mósí baa’ ádahwiilyáago”

Special Edition featuring the story of losing and finding a special Blackhat Alumni, By Kim Kalas (Blackhat Foster Mom)

Finding Teddi: A Story of Partnership, Persistence and Stinky Food

Monday, June 3, I was in my office between appointments when I saw I had missed several calls from my oldest son, Alexander. I called and he was in a panic. He had taken his brother’s dog, Teddi, down from Flagstaff to Oak Creek Canyon for the afternoon. She had been off-leash and disappeared. I cancelled the rest of my appointments and raced 30 miles south to find this beloved dog. My other son, Christopher raced down as well. So there I was, in a dress and sandals, hiking up and down the creek, climbing over guardrails, hollering her name and shouting questions at fisher-people and sun bathers.

As the evening grew darker, I was forced to return home to Flagstaff and left both my boys to sleep on the beach of Oak Creek that night. Our hearts were so heavy. The next day, Alex called off work and I cleared my calendar so the three of us could comb the area again.

Let me give you some background about Teddi. My boys and I are volunteers for Blackhat Humane Society. We rescued Teddi, her littermates and a neighboring litter from under a portable school building in Leupp, Arizona. She was one of 11 puppies, and certainly the cutest. She worked her way into our hearts and so while we adopted the others out, we eventually accepted the fact that we were keeping Teddi.

Back to Oak Creek: A volunteer or two showed up — I’m not sure who came first or exactly when they showed up, but Sandy Macbeth and Leann Weber, from Central Arizona Animal Search and Rescue, arrived and became essential supports for us because of their knowledge, expertise and positive attitudes.

The day after Teddi went missing, Christopher and I hiked a mile in on a trail for which we were ill-equipped with minimal water and inadequate shoes. We ultimately turned around and when we reached the trailhead, received a call that Teddi was at Sedona Humane Society. Christopher and I drove to SHS only to find that as a courtesy they had posted a picture of missing Teddi and someone erroneously believed she had been turned in there. In the meantime, there was thunder, lightning and rain — of which Teddi is not a fan. It was hard for us to experience the storm and know our Teddi was out there in the elements.



Two days after Teddi went missing, Christopher (better prepared) hiked 2.5 miles of the trail while a friend, Danitza, hiked 2.5 miles from the other end. They met in the middle — but no sign of Teddi.

Following volunteer Sandy’s lead, we peppered Oak Creek Canyon with posters and flyers.

On Wednesday, June 5, Christopher received a call that a woman had spotted Teddi the day before running down Highway 89A when two men stopped to get her off the road and ultimately chased her into a picnic area and then the woods. The woman had seen our flyer the next day and called. Our reactions were mixed — happy she was seen and been chased off the road and dismayed that she was chased into the woods and perhaps farther away from us.

The week turned into the weekend. We managed to borrow trail cameras from folks and I bought two. The boys and I took turns sleeping (illegally) in the canyon so that at

least one of us was there overnight. Most of the time we would drive home to Flagstaff, shower and go to work on only a few hours sleep. I brought Teddi's BFF (Kali) down often to walk and (if we were lucky) pee in as many areas as possible.

We made flyers, posted on social media, talked to business owners, left "scent" items scattered about. We grilled chicken, bacon, hot dogs in the picnic area across from where Teddi went missing and where she had been chased the day after she went missing. We set up a "command" center in the picnic area. Come to find out, the ramada where we settled contained a geocache in one of the metal poles there. We were soon welcoming strangers to come investigate the area in order for them to find the geocache.

It was this weekend that Beth Buchanan from Humane Animal Rescue and Trapping Team (HARTT) showed up and had some amazing insights about lost dogs and their behavior. She asked me to collect our hair, familiar dog poo from my yard, a pillowcase from my bed, Teddi's kibble, etc. — anything to entice her. Best of all, she was as encouraging and positive as Leann and Sandy. However, at this point the professionals believe Teddi had gone into survival or feral mode. Sandy provided an article (<https://holidaybarn.com/dog-survival-mode/>) explaining that a lost dog can experience a decrease in serotonin which in turn disrupts short-term memory and and cause your dog NOT to recognize you. From here on out we were advised not to call for Teddi lest we were actually scaring her away.

I had friends, Kelly and Jennifer, canvas picnic/day areas and campgrounds with fliers. We had a group chat where everyone was chiming in on ideas, suggestions and words of encouragement. We had people making maps of sightings and food stations to try to narrow down Teddi's location. People were awesome!

In the meantime, we acquired two dog traps. The cameras were catching raccoons, ringtail cats, skunks, domestic cats and javelina, but no Teddi. The traps fortunately only caught raccoons (not skunks or javelina).

EVERYthing in our lives was put on hold. We would work, sleep and search for Teddi. We camped in our cars — me with Kali,

Christopher with another one of our dogs, Smokey. During the day when it was hot, we stretched out under the ramada on top of a sleeping bag to sleep as we knew it was too hot for Teddi to be moving about so searching during that time of day was fruitless.

In the meantime, my 87-year-old mother was holding down the fort at home. We have six other dogs besides Teddi AND I was fostering a rescued mama and her litter of growing, rambunctious puppies for Blackhat! My mom spends summers with me in Flagstaff and though she never complained once and drove supplies to Oak Creek Canyon as well, this was NOT the summer vacation she or I envisioned. Further, my house grew dirtier, my yard more overgrown and the fridge and pantry barer.

Beth had to go attend to other business, but Timothy (York, also from HARTT), showed up. Timothy had the same upbeat and positive attitude (as Beth, Sandy and Leann) and is an avid hiker. Neither Timothy nor Beth live in the area, but both "resided" in the area and were committed to bringing Teddi home to this family of strangers. Another HARTT volunteer, Sara, specializes in tracking and came to see if she could find Teddi prints.



We were losing hope when one week and a day after Teddi went missing, Christopher got another call at 3:15 a.m. A woman driving down 89A saw what she thought was a fox, realized it was a dog, pulled over to turn around, saw one of our flyers, recognized said dog and called Christopher — who had been driving past to check a trap. He had missed Teddi by only a few

seconds. This sighting was serendipitous to be sure as part of the road through the canyon was to be closed overnight, but the woman who spotted Teddi was from California and had no knowledge of the road closure. The construction crew had finished work early and fortunately let the woman through; otherwise we never would have had that Teddi sighting.



Timothy had us scouring neighborhoods, looking for unoccupied houses where a dog could hide under a porch or behind a shed. We handed out letters asking people to check their home security cameras for Teddi images, asking them if they left food out for animals, asking them to be patient about leaving our flyers

up and telling them that my boys and I were also picking up trash while we were doing Teddi searches (which we were).

A few days into the second week, it was evening and I was sitting at the ramada talking to Leann and Sandy, telling them about the geocache in the pole of the ramada. They had no idea what a geocache was and I was trying to explain what it was so I got up and pulled it out of its hiding spot. When I opened it, I saw the name of the geocache was “Teddy’s Place.”

My eyes immediately welled up and all three of us were absolutely stunned by the coincidence. (Come to find out Teddy and her family lived where the picnic area was and sold fruit along the road during the 50s and 60s).

The second weekend approached. Some folks thought Teddi was having much fun on her adventure, but the boys and I knew she was scared to death.

We encountered some characters on our “journey”: the guy with super-long, creepy fingernails in a hidden eclectic neighborhood, the “Unabomber-like” hideout Sara found, the woman who comes down from Flagstaff to feed the javelina on Friday mornings, the man who lectured me and Christopher about once a dog is gone for 72 hours, all hope is lost and the hippie couple in the picnic area picking mulberries who advised us to keep calling for her. Then there are the nutjobs who called Christopher: the animal communicator that could help him (for a hefty fee) and the woman who told him she saw his dog deceased on the side of the road.

In the meantime, we became more familiar with our rescue team. Some of these folks had endured tragedies I could never imagine. Additionally, some of them had lost pets close to them. And yet here they were, donating time, expertise, bait food and materials to help our search for our cherished Teddi.

Our second weekend, specifically Sunday, June 16, Christopher, Sara, my friend Hope and I were sitting at our command post when Christopher received a call from a hiker who earlier that morning had spotted Teddi approximately ½ mile up a trail from where we were sitting. Christopher and I immediately started up

the trail, notified Timothy who was midpoint on another hiking trail and he hurriedly scrambled down and then back up our trail. The three of us hiked, listened, hiked some more. Sometimes we heard rustling. Sometimes we even thought we heard dog tags but recognized that our ears play tricks on us. On the way back down the trail, I played audio of my dogs (Teddi’s pack) barking hoping that familiar dog voices would draw her out. No dice.

Timothy and Christopher did encounter an angry timber rattlesnake on the way down the trail — which filled us all with dread for Teddi’s safety.

Healthy food went completely out the window. We mostly survived on Dairy Queen but occasionally one of the volunteers would bring us pizza or barbecue. We missed morning coffee and showers! Man, we were stinky too as we carried around the smelliest foods in our pockets and used it for the food stations as well.

Monday, June 17, I headed back home to shower and go to work, vowing to be back Tuesday morning to spend the day and that night down there. Christopher was there all day and planned to car camp and Alexander headed down after work Monday to camp outside near where Teddi

went missing. Alexander was sleeping in a hammock and at approximately 11:30 at night felt a nose on his side. He says he said a quick prayer that it wasn’t a skunk or javelina, turned and saw Teddi! He scratched her ears for a bit, latched on to her collar and did a roll out of his hammock and basically tackled her. He loaded her in the car and drove her to Christopher. The boys called the house and proceeded to transport Teddi home.

Teddi was missing in the wilderness for 15 days. She lost a bit of weight, but otherwise looked good. She is exhausted, anxious and a bit jittery, but obviously glad to be with her people and pack. There were many happy tears from her people, her searchers and even people who never met her or us. We knew she was

alive and simply could not abandon her. We also knew she was a smart dog — which allowed her to survive, but also allowed her to avoid capture for two weeks.

Our Thank-you’s would rival the longest academy award speech but I will tell you, without these people on our side, without their commitment, I think this story may have a very different ending.

– Kim Kalas



Lost Dog Rescue Starter Kit

1. Facebook posts everywhere.
2. Signs/flyers everywhere. (Our motto was if they take 1 down, I put 2 up!)
3. Trail cameras (preferably wireless). More the better.
4. Scent items – clothes, dog toys or dog beds.
5. An understanding on how to setup trail cameras and (smelly) food stations.
6. Sd card readers for phones. It's a pain in the neck to use a computer.
7. Dog traps the larger the better.
8. The most dedicated team of rescuers that you could ask for. People who, by the end, will know your dog's behavior better than you.
9. Some way to recharge your phone.
10. Patience.



by Kim Kalas , Mom of formerly lost, but now found, Teddi. See story inside!

The Numbers

For January - June 2019 BHS adopted out 71 dogs/cats, transferred 49 dogs/ cats to other rescues, spent \$23,300 on veterinary treatments and medicines, spent \$5200 on foster/ community support

Thank You's

Ahéhee' – ARK Cat Sanctuary, Pack n Pounce, For Pets' Sake, Montezuma Vet Hospital, Four Corners MASH, Continental Animal Wellness, K. Arrington, I. Coleman, M. Dargitz, L & G Graham, R & K Meier, J. Price, J Stimple, Lucky Dog Tees, and all who fostered, adopted, donated, prayed, transported or contributed in any way

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