



SUMMER 2025 NEWSLETTER

"Working together to improve the welfare of reservation dogs and cats"

"Diné Bikéyah bikáá'góó, ahil-neilnishgo lééchaa'i dóó mósí baa' ádahwiiláago"

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The hidden power of regular donations

We have several large donors who come through several times a year, always, it seems, when we need them most. Most of them wish to remain anonymous, and we respect that. They know who they are and they know we love them.

But today, we'd like to focus on the backbone of our organization ... the 25 people who keep us afloat with smaller monthly donations.

Every month we can count on \$858 in these automatic donations, each between \$10 and \$100. This steady income allows us to supply our foster providers with the things they need to ensure the health and care of their foster pets.

Our regular donors, many of whom have been with us for years, are not wealthy people. Most of them are retired teachers and nurses who lived on the rez, or folks who became aware of the plight of the rez dogs after adopting one of our pets. Some have scheduled their monthly donation via PayPal, others use direct deposit and still other others have simply asked their bank or brokerage to send us a monthly check via snail mail. Every recurring donation — occasionally accompanied by a warm card or a few words of encouragement via PayPal — feels like a little hug.

Our longest-term supporter is Carrie Starr, who helped found Blackhat in the early 2000s while she was working as the music teacher at Tsaile Elementary School.

"There were always a bunch of stray dogs around, and always a group of teachers trying to rescue them, even though there was a lot of pressure from the school board not to feed them or take them in," she recalled. "As a Buddhist, I believe one of the



Carrie Starr and Batty-Bats



Buddy

The Numbers

April-May: 15 animals taken in; 10 animals adopted; 51 remain in foster care

The Money

Vet expenses \$10,630;
Foster supplies \$5021;
Transport \$682;
Community outreach \$342

Ahehee' Thank you!

Airport Animal Hospital,
Cedar Animal Medical,
Coconino Humane Society,
Continental Animal Wellness, Kaibab Veterinary Clinic,
Montezuma Veterinary Clinic, Nav Nation Veterinary Services,
Prescott Animal Hospital,
Rez Solutions, San Juan Veterinary Hospital, Dr. Sand, Dr. J Karcsinski, S. Alden, K. Arrington, K. Ashcraft, P. Simonson, C. Bloom, L. Burke, L&D Close, J&C Enns, C. Greiner, G. Graham, P. Massey, J. Myers, B. Peacock, J. Patterson, L. Quinn, L. Reed, R. Sherwin, and all who fostered, adopted, donated, prayed, transported or contributed in any way

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The hidden power of regular donations (*Cont. from P. 1*)

reasons I'm here is to alleviate suffering. I just have felt an obligation to do anything I could to help the suffering animals."

Starr fostered or adopted about 20 dogs over the years. She eventually retired and married a Navajo man. They now make their home in Ramah, New Mexico, just outside the borders of the reservation, and still have a few rez dogs, even though her husband, Ernie, "is not really a dog person."

Starr has set up autopayment with her bank for her monthly donation, "just like I do for my mortgage and my other bills." That way, she says, she doesn't have to think about it.

"I am so grateful for your continued support of the animals," she said. "Blackhat was just always a major lifeline for those of us who were rescuing. It's kind of

amazing it's still going after 20 years."

Our largest monthly donor, Leonard "Lenny" Reed, spent his entire career teaching in the heart of the reservation, starting at Chinle High School immediately after graduating from Northwestern Oklahoma State University in 1974 and staying until his retirement in 2012.

He was given his first rez pup his second year in Chinle, and after that had a succession of stray cats and dogs, and found many more homes. His last rez dog, Buddy, accompanied him back to his hometown of Alva, Oklahoma, when he retired. Buddy died last Thanksgiving, and Reed still chokes up a little when remembering him.

"Over the years, a lot of (rescue) groups came and went in Chinle," Reed recalled. "Blackhat was the

one that offered the most support."

Donating to Blackhat, he said, "is a way to stay connected to Chinle."

"After I left, I just couldn't just abandon the animals," he explained.

Like Starr, he finds autopayment "simple and easy ... something I don't have to think about."

Every one of our regular donors has their own story, and we appreciate them all. If you'd like to join them, contact your bank or email blackhathumane@gmail.com and we'll walk you through it. Remember, even \$10 a month adds up to \$120 a year ... enough to neuter and vaccinate a dog at a local spay-neuter clinic.

— Cindy Yurth

Woofstock: A celebration of 'all things dog'

Rescue is serious business. We are forced to make life-or-death decisions, and often confront the sadness of human cruelty.

But it's not all doom and gloom. Sometimes it's fun to mingle with other organizations and the dogs they're saving, and meet people doing the same thing we are, but somewhere else.

One of our favorite events of the year is Woofstock, which takes place in early summer in Prescott. Sponsored by Prescott/Flagstaff dog magazine, which generously features one of our adoptable dogs every month, this big, fun gathering is not only a chance to showcase our

adoptables but to inform the public about Blackhat, play some games and learn new things.

A record 12 people volunteered to man our booth this year, with Pete and Susan coming all the way from Ramah, New Mexico to showcase six of their foster dogs. Two adult dogs were adopted, including Cootie Doo, who has been in foster for two years!



Many thanks to Toby, Ray, France, Gail, Lisa, Chelly, Donna, Susan, Pete, Lynne, Tom and Jackie for manning the booth on a hot day and helping to get dogs adopted!

Some folks drove hours to get to Prescott. We appreciate all you do.

In Memoriam

Sandy rescued himself. In 2010 we got a call from Blackhat volunteers Pam and Jeff Fowles in Piñon, Ariz. They had been trying to catch a dog in the parking lot of the local supermarket when a completely different pup jumped in their truck. They asked us if we wanted to foster him, but he soon won us over with his gentle nature and love of life, and he was ours for the next 15 years. He raised over 100 foster pups and accompanied us on many adventures. He loved the Colorado mountains as much as we do.

Cindy Yurth and Eric Swanson



In memory of Máirín de Burca's sweet boy, Boru.

Anne Neville

In memory of Shirley A. Ratliffe of Elmhurst, Ill., who loved her son Chris's Blackhat dog.

T. Himelick

In memory of Dolores Rusby.

S. and S. Hutchison

In memory of Scout Warren.

J. Reeder



I was teaching school in Crownpoint and the guidance counselor called me and said there was a kitten hanging around the school. I promised Ben that it was only temporary until I could find her a permanent home. Within about three hours, "Lucy" was spread out comfortably on the back of the couch, claiming as much space as her tiny little body could. She lived her life with us for 19 years and was healthy and happy up until the very end.

Jacque Patterson and Ben Peacock



In 2011 a friend and I were in Chinle, Arizona and went to Canyon deChelly to hike to the White House Ruins. A dog hanging around the garbage cans at the trailhead followed us part way down the trail. When we returned she was still there so we fed her some ginger snaps and water. We later left and spent the night in Chinle. The next morning we decided to go back to the trailhead to feed the dog. We fed her but when we left she ran behind us and would not stop. So we went back to the trailhead and left some food and water and drove away at high speed, so she did not follow. About 200 miles away I looked at my friend and said "I think I want to take that dog home." When we got home we contacted Blackhat Humane Society and sent them a photo of the dog. They agreed and went out and picked her up at the trailhead. The following weekend we drove from Colorado Springs back to Chinle and met the Black Hat people who had taken care of the dog for a few days. Back in Colorado Springs my friend and another friend gave her a bath (very traumatic) and we had all of her medical needs (many) taken care of. We named her Chelly and she was with me for 14 years when I had to have her put to sleep on March 24th. So after an estimated one year of life on her own in the desert and 14 years as a true and loyal companion she was let go. We are indebted to Blackhat for saving her until we could pick her up and take her to her forever home. There are lots of stories about her life which could be told but we were lucky owners and she was a "lucky dog."

Terry Lauhon and Sandy Anderson, Colorado Springs

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B L A C K H A T H U M A N E S O C I E T Y

The greatness of

Last June, whenever I took food and water to Greta and her pups, I would sit on the lip of her den and sing to her. I still sing to her, which she clearly likes, though she is wary around me, often slinking away into her giant kennel. However, while out walking she will ask me to pluck a goat-head from her paw, with resigned gratitude.

Every day, I see dead dogs on the side of the road. I wish I had the courage to gather them up, to bury them, to honor their short tragic lives, to acknowledge their existence mattered to at least one person. Also, I see the ones the road hasn't fully taken, yet, with their carcass bodies, wary gate and ginger stance limping around the grocery parking lot where they were dumped.

Most days I feed them. Give them water. And sing to them. Sometimes, when they are ready, I coax them into coming home



with me, offering a dignified life, a life fit for a dog, the greatest of nature's creations, so they may fulfill their selfless devotion and become a teacher for those attentive enough to their powers to transform homo sapiens into human beings, into a fit companion for the greatest of the companions. They become my foster dogs.

By Gregor Ames

I think of them all the time. My prerogative is to save them all. Because they all deserve it. But I can't. And I can't stand it, constantly grappling with the senselessness of it all.

I watch them and their temporary bands of feral travelers, starving and maimed, frolicking about, chasing paper cups caught by the wind, or cavorting with a playful raven, or zoomies with their cohorts according to rules we will never be privy to, even if we pay attention forever.

Greta, who has been with us since last June, is finally leaving her feralness behind and may soon become adoptable. I am filled with grace knowing she, at least, will never starve, will never lack healthcare, and will have joy and companionship every day of her life, even if her fate is to stay here with us.