



Scott's Chatter

January 2016 Edition
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Message from the President:

Hi Members,

Pray everyone had a great Christmas and New Year. Another year is gone and had a great year for the club.

I am looking forward to another great year. We have the show coming up in April, and I know that we will put on one of the best specialties in the nation again.

We have a great club that has worked together in the past and will continue to work together in the future.

We have a new show site venue this year, and we will rise to the occasion again. I hope everyone can make it to the specialty.

We should have fun and a good time. I pray everyone is healthy and loved. Love your pups. They leave us much too early.

God bless everyone,

Gary Stroede

From the Editor:

Thanks to all the folks who contributed to the January Scot's Chatter Newsletter. Next issue will be March 30, 2016. Deadline for the March issue submission is March 15, 2016.

Reminder: Next two meetings are scheduled for February 20th and March 19th. Go to WWW.STCGD.COM for future activities.

Elayne Snell

Christmas at the Anastasias'

Special thanks to Jack and Angie; they always to a great job.



In Loving Memory



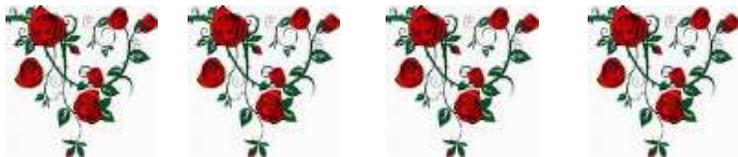
Ike – We love you & miss you deeply – Peggy Pearce & Don Riepenhoff



***In loving memory of Wild Wind
Sweetheart "Lovey"***

***We miss you so much.
You left us broken-hearted.***

***Run free Little Lovey.
Kim and Gary Stroede***



***Special condolences go out to James Jackson who lost his mother Ruth Ann Jackson on December 19, 2015. We are so sorry for your loss.
Your Scottie Family.***

Happy Tails Short Stories – Inspirational

Security You Can Count On – Chapter 22

When we moved to the lake, Mac thought it was his responsibility to keep the cove safe from all other animals. Every time we let him out the back door, he bounded down the hill to scour the shoreline and surrounding hills to chase away all intruders. He didn't understand that it was our responsibility to keep him safe.

We needed some boundaries to control his coming and going, so we fenced in a portion of the backyard. We wanted to protect him from potentially rabid animals like the family of foxes and a colony of raccoons roaming the neighbor-hood.

When the chain-link fence was installed, my husband and I stood on the back deck watching Mac examine every inch of his new boundaries. He didn't like the fence. It restricted his freedom. So he nosed the bottom links looking for a way out.

"That reminds me of Sadie," I said.

Sadie was a former neighbor's blue tick hound who came to our house every morning for a chest rub. If she saw me at the kitchen window, she crawled under our fence, ran up on the deck, and knocked on the door with her tail. After she received her chest rub, she ran back to the fence, put her shoulder to the ground and slid back out the way she came in.

Suddenly Mac found a gap between the ground and the bottom of the fence. Just like Sadie, he lowered his right shoulder, turned sideways, and slid under the fence. He ran straight to the lake without looking back. "That's probably how he got loose in Atlanta," Earl said. "I'll bet he slipped under the fence while his folks were at work."

"Well, that's not going to happen here," I vowed.

Since Mac had just shown us how he could escape, I spent the next hour blocking his escape route and examining the fence for other weak areas. Then I gathered a dozen half-inch-thick wrought iron stakes, wove them through the bottom links of the fence, and pounded them into the ground with a sledge hammer.

"There. That ought to hold him."

On the way back to the house I thanked God for protecting me without fencing me in. I'm in His protective custody everywhere I go.

He protects me day and night.

He hides me in the shadow of His wings.

He commands His angels concerning me.

He guards my course, protects my way, and surrounds me with songs of deliverance.

He is my shield, my strength, my salvation; my rock, my fortress and my Savior who watches over my coming and going both now and forevermore. So, whom shall I fear?

Do you know the security the Lord offers those who believes in Him?

Unlike a chain-link fence, the Lord provides security we can count on.

He guards the paths of the just and protects those who are faithful to him.

Proverbs 2:8 NIT

In the fear of the Lord there is strong confidence, and His children will have a place of refuge.

Proverbs 14:26

Linda Hultin Winn

A Powerful Cleansing Agent – Chapter 23

Only one thing smells worse than a dead skunk in the middle of the road, and that's the lingering wake of a skunk-sprayed-in-the-face-dog flying through the house. That's what happened to our first dog, Augie. We didn't know he'd been squirted until we opened the door to let him in on that freezing February day. Before we could collar him and usher him back outside he had rolled on the couch, rubbed against the drapes, and rollicked in the middle of our bed trying to get the smell off of him.

That's when we discovered that opening all the windows and turning on the attic fan doesn't help in getting rid of the stench. Laundering or dry cleaning fabrics does not remove the smell either. And tomato juice only turns a white dog red.

I'd forgotten about the incident with Augie until the morning Mac got skunked. He cornered one in the bottom of the cove and killed it, but not before the skunk emptied its jets on Mac's face and chest.

That morning started like every other morning. Mac stood beside my bed whining at dawn. I reached my hand out from under the covers, patted him on the head, and hoped he would let me go back to sleep. After all, it was only 5:30 and still dark outside. But he stuck his muzzle under my wrist and tossed my arm into the air. Knowing he wasn't going to let me roll over, I got up to let him out. After traipsing through the wet grass in the dark, I opened the back gate to let him run free for a few minutes. That was the only freedom we allowed him since he caught the groundhog and nearly died. My husband had said, "He'll only be gone a few minutes because he knows breakfast is waiting for him." It sounded reasonable, and that theory actually worked until he met the skunk.

I heard him barking like he had something cornered. So I grabbed a flashlight, his leash, and a walking stick to use as a weapon if needed.

My mission was to get whatever it was away from him before he ate it and got sick again. By the time I walked down the hill, a pack of stray dogs had gathered around Mac

and the skunk. Thankful that God had given me dominion over the animals; I raised my stick in the air and yelled, "Get out of here!" I stood amazed as the whole pack of dogs ran up the hill, and I was thankful that they didn't turn on me and kill me. Then I turned my attention to Mac and the skunk.

"Come here, Mac," I said from fifteen feet away. I showed him his leash. With a little more coaxing, he left the skunk, let me hook him up, and looked back only once before climbing the hill to the house with me.

From past experience I knew what didn't work to get the skunk smell out, so while Mac stayed outside I logged onto the Internet to find something that did work. The word "explosive" caught my eye—an "explosive" concoction of hydrogen peroxide, baking soda, and dishwashing detergent added to a gallon of water. "That ought to do the trick."

The directions said, "The recipe must be mixed up and used quickly. It loses its effectiveness within about an hour, and it will explode if it's kept in a covered container."

I figured if it was that powerful, it was just what I needed, because Mac had a powerful stink about him.

Mac stayed on the back deck while I waited until 6:30 to call a neighbor and borrow a box of baking soda. Then with all the ingredients in hand, I mixed half a batch of this explosive concoction in a large glass bowl and carried it gingerly to the back door and down the deck steps.

Mac stood still while I removed his collar, tossed it into the bowl, and then soaked every square inch of his body with a saturated sponge. As I sponged across his muzzle, between his eyes, and around his mouth I thought about the powerful cleansing agent it took to cleanse me of my sin. And I wondered if I had ever left the kind of a stench in God's nostrils that Mac had burned in mine.

Softly I began to sing the old hymn as I squeezed the sponge into Mac's coat. "What can wash anyway my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

The smell began to dissipate as each squeeze of the sponge sent rivulets of the power cleaner deep into his coat. "Oh! Precious is the flow that makes me white as snow; No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus" When Mac had soaked for five minutes, I rinsed and toweled him dry. His white legs and chest shone brighter than ever. The rest of his muted brown coat turned deep chocolate. And the skunk smell was gone!

I walked Mac up the steps and into the house knowing that since out deep cleansing, we'd both leave a better fragrance in our wake.

If your pet meets a skunk, mix the following ingredients:

1/4 CUP BAKING SODA
1 TABLESPOON DISWASHING LIQUID
1 BOTTLE HYDROGEN PEROXIDE
1 GALLON WATER

Sponge into your pet's coat. Rinse with water after 5 minutes.
WARNING; EXPLOSIVE! Do not cover. Pour out unused portion.

Linda Hultin Winn

***Into the Presence, Flattening While I Crawl –
From Head to Tail. I Do Confess It All.
Mine Was the Fault—Deal Me the Stripes—but Spare
The Pointed Finger Which I Cannot Bear!
The Dreadful Tone in Which My Name is named,
That Send Me 'Neath The Sofa-Frill Ashamed!
(Yet To Be Near Thee I Would Face The Woe.)
If Thou Reject Me, Whither Shall I Go?***

From "Supplication of the Black Aberdeen"
By: Rudyard Kipling

Special Announcements

The STCA is proud to announce the first annual Black and White Agility Trials to be held next March 5 & 6th!

The location is Queen City Dog Training Club in Sharonville, Ohio.

Please come out to participate or root for your team!

Premium link:

Black & White Premium

<http://qcagilitytrials.vpweb.com/upload/B&W%202016%20final.pdf>

Submitted By:
Pam Williams
Afton Scottish Terriers



Scottish Terrier Property Laws

- *If I like it, it's mine.*
- *If it's in my mouth, it's mine*
- *If I had it a little while ago, it's mine.*
- *If I can take it from you, it's mine.*
- *If it's mine, it must never be yours.*
- *If it just looks like mine, it's mine.*
- *If I saw it first, it's mine.*
- *If you are playing with something else and put it down, it's mine.*
- *If I am chewing something up, all of the pieces are mine.*
- *If it used to be yours, get over it.*
- *If it's broken, it's yours.*



Rescue News

There has been no change since the last report. Full-blooded Scotties available for re-homing are few and far between in Ohio. There is a significant number of mixed breed dogs with varying degrees of Scottie-ness in them. Occasionally an adopter will express acceptance of a mix; I refer them to the shelter or rescue group that is fostering the dog.

The yearly requirement to register our rescue with the State of Ohio Department of Agriculture has been completed.

Iza is still with me. I haven't yet found an adopter that I feel she would do best with. (The fact that I've grown to love her is making it more difficult.) Here are the things I've learned about her since her first announcement on our website. She must have a fenced yard; Iza is very play (and prey) driven, loves to romp around the yard even in snow searching for squirrels and has LOTS of energy – more than can be burned off by walks. She is great with other dogs but with her high energy level and somewhat dominant attitude, if you have a laid-back Scottie (they do exist!) Iza will probably aggravate a calmer dog with her demands to tussle and 'battle' over toys. The most indestructible toy is demolished in record time. Conversely, when she is exhausted, your lap is where she wants to be. She has never been crated and will not go to a home that crates her. She likes to sleep with her person. She is 17 pounds of Scottitude.

Submitted By:
Cheryl Bates

Health and Wellness

Can Dogs and Cats Have Strokes?

Dogs and cats just don't have all the risk factors for strokes that humans do; the drinking, the smoking, the penchant for greasy snacks that clog up the arteries. Maybe that's why it was generally believed that pets didn't have strokes.

But with the help of magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) and computed tomography (CT), veterinarians have discovered quite the opposite: Dogs and cats can - and do - have strokes.

In a recent presentation at the Western Veterinary Conference, Dr. Theresa E. Pancotto, a clinical assistant professor at the Virginia-Maryland Regional College of Veterinary Medicine in Blacksburg, Va., shared some new findings about strokes in pets.

A Process Similar to Human Strokes

A stroke is essentially a brain abnormality that results from a disruption in the blood supply to the area. The symptoms can vary, depending on the part of the brain that's affected and the severity of the incident.

As in people, there are two types of strokes in pets: ischemic (caused by insufficient blood supply) or hemorrhagic (caused by too much blood).

An ischemic stroke happens when a blood clot or other material becomes lodged in a vessel, preventing blood flow. Since the brain cells in that area are deprived of the oxygen and glucose needed to function properly, they eventually die.

A hemorrhagic stroke, which is much less common in pets, happens when a vessel ruptures, usually because of trauma or disease. Brain cells can be damaged when excess blood within the skull compresses the cells, or from too much hemoglobin, a component of red blood cells, which can be toxic to neurons.

Signs May Be More Subtle in Pets Than in People

Pets undergoing strokes usually show sudden signs. The trouble is there's no single symptom that is the hallmark of a stroke - signs can differ depending on the location and severity of the incident. Symptoms can be as vague as a head tilt and circling to difficulty walking and seizures, according to Dr. Pancotto.

Still other pets may show the sudden onset of signs but recover from them in less than 24 hours. In these cases, the incident may be considered a transient ischemic attack (TIA), which generally does not involve any permanent brain damage.

Diagnosis: Finding the Underlying Cause

To diagnose a stroke, veterinarians usually recommend that pets be sent to a special facility for MRI or CT scans, which can visualize the actual lesions in the brain. Once a

lesion has been verified, additional tests may be required, such as bloodwork, X-rays and ultrasounds, to identify any underlying causes.

In dogs, the most common underlying causes for ischemic strokes are Cushing's disease (a condition associated with the adrenal glands), hypothyroidism (low thyroid hormone levels), chronic kidney disease and high blood pressure.

Treatment and Prognosis

Treatment usually focuses on managing the underlying cause. Pets with severe signs may need to be hospitalized and provided with supportive care, such as oxygen and fluid therapy.

The prognosis depends on the severity of the incident, but many pets recover, at least partially, with supportive care and physical therapy, says Dr. Pancotto.

VetStreet.com

Raising Duncan by Chris Browne

