



"Harper and I during my recent vacation"

Wow, it has been quite a while since my last memo. It's not my fault! The Big Guy kept telling me he was busy and since I can't write, my memos were delayed. But I have received assurances that all my memos will be on time from here on out (NOT). Anyway, so much has happened that I just don't know where to begin. I must admit, I did take a four-week paid vacation in June. My human sister sent Harper (see various pics of Harper in the archive) to stay with us for three weeks. In order to keep her company, I stayed home and we had a great time together. Then I visited Harper for a week thus a four-week vacation.



"My wild birthday party on November 20, 2016"

Besides my vacation another Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, Easter, and Fourth of July have gone by without my brilliant insights. But, if I have time, I will have some comments concerning all the fun I had during those holidays. Speaking of holidays, what's with all the noise on the Fourth of July. It scared the living heck out of me. Thank goodness the Big Guy took me into the basement and turned up the TV to drown out all that noise. Why the noise? Why not just picnic or go swimming. Or how about playing fetch? I hope there aren't any more holidays with all that commotion.



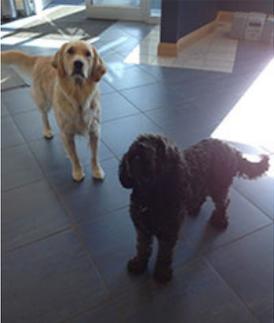
"We passed"

The big news is that I am now a fully certified Therapy Dog and the Big Guy is my partner. We are both certified to visit any facility including children's hospitals. We both had to take tests in February and March. The Big Guy had to take an online course and had to pass a 100-question test. I along with the Big Guy were put through sixteen scenarios to test our ability to handle different situations in a hospital or large group settings. My evaluator said that I had a perfect score. In fact, she said she has never had a team that didn't make one mistake. Thank goodness I was able to control the Big Guy during the test, otherwise, who knows if we would have passed. Also, I had to go to the vets to get a complete check-up.



"Ready to do some therapy?"

Now, for the past six weeks, we have been visiting patients and staff at the Akron Children's Hospital in Youngstown. I think the kids really enjoy seeing me. I really like seeing them, although I have to control my enthusiasm in order to not create any problems. At first I was a little scared, the hospital reminded me of the vet's office. And I still get spooked when I go into that metal box with sliding doors and buttons that light up. I'm getting braver each week and maybe one day I will get used to the big metal box. Every time the box starts and stops, I get this weird sensation in my tummy. In my next memo, maybe I will relay some of the neat experiences I have had being a fully certified, professional Therapy Dog.



"Is that treat for you or me?"

That's it for now. The Big Guy says I talk too much when it comes to dictating my memos. Until the next time and I promise it won't be as long a wait, remember..... "The other line always moves faster."