

What's Happening

All times are Central

This Week

Dolly Day at GCPL

Green County Public Library will have Dolly Day on Fridays in June at the library. Dolly Day is a time when children in Green County, ages 0-5, can enroll in Dolly's Imagination Library and receive a special prize from the Green River Early Childhood Collaborative.

Green River Beekeeper

Green River Beekeepers will host Chris Mason and Hank Hardin, wildlife biologists at the June 18 meeting at the Taylor County Extension office at 6 p.m. Attendees are asked to enter through the rear door. The topic will be about bears and about handling other nuisance wildlife.

VFW, Post 5813, Aux.

The regular monthly meeting of the James L. Pruitt Post 5813, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Auxiliary, will be held June 18, beginning with a meal at 6:30 p.m. Members are encouraged to attend and anyone interested in joining either organization is invited.

Cruising the Square

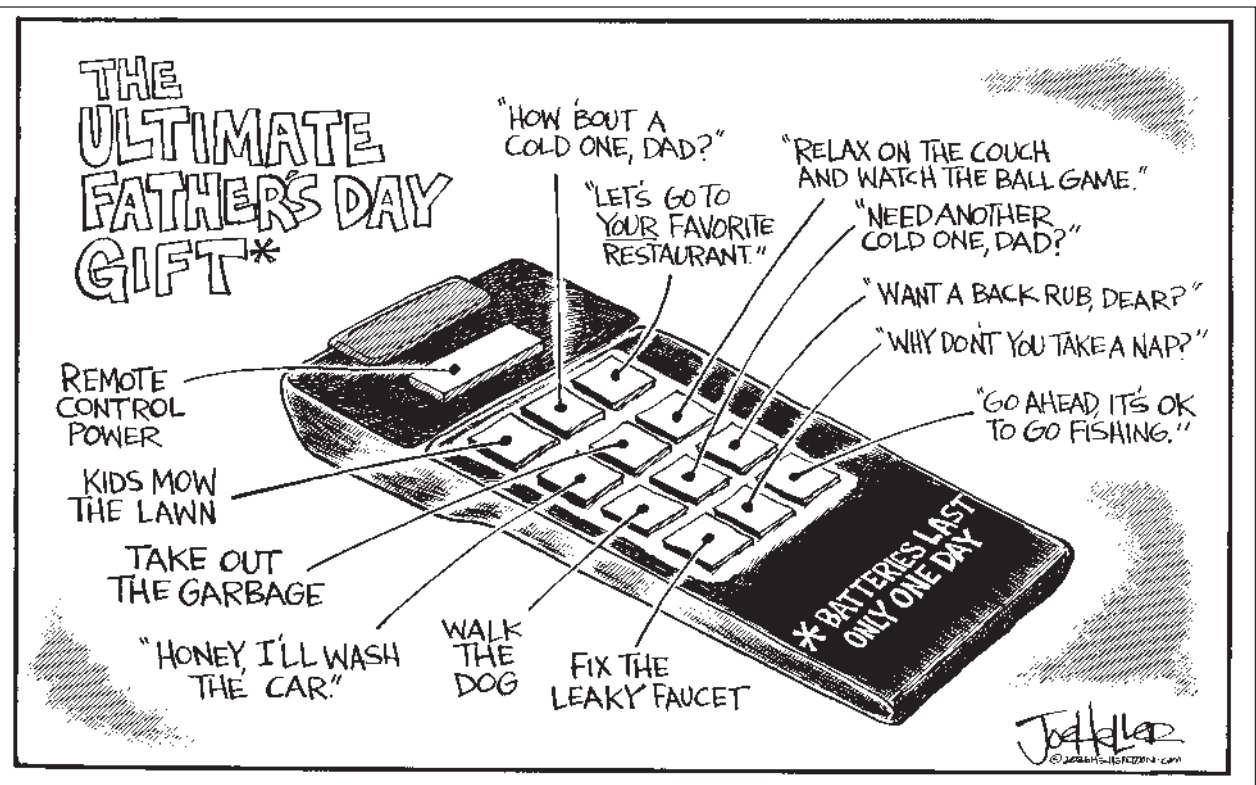
Cruising the Square is Saturday, June 20 starting at 5 p.m. CT in downtown Greensburg. The event will showcase all kinds of vehicles, offering a diverse range of makes and models.

Happening Soon

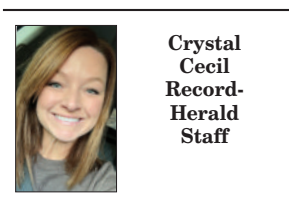
Inside "Homemaking"

Green County Homemakers invites you to Allen's Inn in Greensburg June 27 for Green County Heritage Celebration to see what "home making" included for our great-grandmothers. Demonstrations and exhibits will be 10 a.m. until 1 p.m.

Send events and reunions for What's Happening to news2@record-herald.com. The deadline is 2 p.m. FRIDAY.



Pets... the extra special family additions – Part Two –



When I started writing about the Cecil pets last week, I had a plan. I would start with the cat (the Queen), and then write a book about Chugger, the eldest dog... and then maybe touch on our trio, Catie, Thursday, and Fescue all at once. They're all special, each in their own way, but going in chronological order for the pups, seemed logical. Saturday night I got the phone call that no pet owner wants to get, our dog, Thursday, had been hit. She was the sister of



Fescue, and daughter of Catie, and her story is a special one, at least to us. See the original story below. Way back then, the kids each got to choose one puppy to keep. We still aren't sure if Cayden chose Thursday, or Thurs-

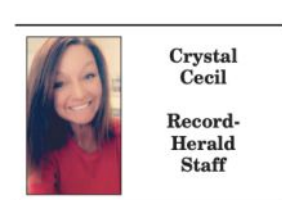


day chose Cayden, but she lived a good life, albeit a little too short. Please say a prayer for our kiddos, especially our boy. Just shy of turning 16, he likes his dogs more than most people and he is taking this pretty hard. From the time his

pup got into his tackle box and we had to visit Dr. Mike in a hurry to remove a treble hook from his little jowl (see photo!), they've had a special bond.

Just when you think your family is complete...

Editor's note:
This is the original story, printed in the Record-Herald on October 7, 2020.



Thursday. Sundae. Solo. Fescue. ... and one to be determined. Those are the names of the new Cecil puppies. Let me tell you about my Thursday. Usually full of no concrete plans, I had quite a few things to mark off my Thursday To-Do List last week. God has a funny way of telling me to sit back and shut up. Conleigh was at school and my quarantined kiddo was working diligently on virtual assignments. I was tidying up around the house before the run I'd convinced myself to go on... it was a gorgeous fall day, if you don't remember. I headed outside to take the trash to our unattached "Adam's Garage" as I call it- I heard a dog yelping. We have three dogs, two of which were standing in front of me making it difficult to walk ahead- nothing abnormal. The young pup, Catie, who almost always makes me trip, wasn't anywhere around. We got Catie right at a year ago when we first moved into our house. A beagle mix, she's a

sweet and hyper girl who is still "all puppy." I ventured around the corner to their little doggie oasis on the right side of the covered garage space. She was in her doghouse. Weird. She never goes in her doghouse, preferring to sleep on the concrete or just about anywhere else. "What's wrong girl?" I asked my sweet pup. And then I see it. A black something. "What is that???" Obviously she was going to answer me. "Is that a puppy??" "Where did a puppy come from?" I look at Tillie who is wagging her tail at least 50 mph. No, you're spayed. I look at Chugger. No, you're a boy (also neutered). Back to Catie...oops. "But you're still a BABY!" Not anymore.

(Later, I named that first pup Thursday.. because, GEEZ, what a Thursday.) I ran in the house to get Cayden. I was certain my 10-year-old could handle the "situation" better than me. I peep in and try to get his attention. "Mom, I'm in a Google meeting..." he said, chastising me for interrupting. "Just come outside

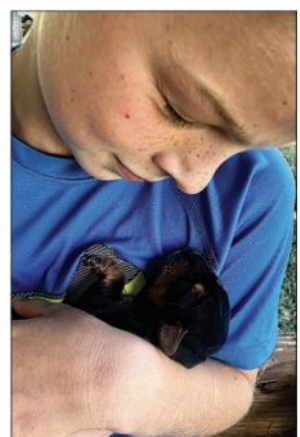
when it's over... ok?" When he walked outside, he was as surprised as I was, but not nearly as panicked. I piddled around the garage while he watched the next two puppies come into our unsuspecting world. He popped in often to give me updates. Meanwhile, my wonderful husband and friends were full of helpful advice. Adam, who was raised on a farm, seems to be super nonchalant about puppies. After my initial panicked phone call that I'm sure interrupted some important meeting, I texted him updates. To one update, he replied with grass seed information (fescue is \$90, in case anyone needs to know). His priorities lie within our yard and landscaping. So one puppy, I named Fescue, honoring his concern during the birthing experience I was partaking in. Friends Ben and Jennifer Davenport were slightly more helpful. Jennifer suggested I get gloves in case I needed to assist in delivery. Wait... what? Nope. She also attempted to help determine who the father is. Our dogs are unable to leave the yard, so we have decided it was a moonlit romance with a passerby. Total deadbeat, of course. Ben insists I am a For Sure Country Girl now. Also Nope.

My friend Jessica fully strengthened my anxiety by Googling everything she thought I needed to know, followed by her own opinions on the matter. She is probably going to have six more! "She could have 9 or 11!" "Get a warm wet rag and clean them." "Aww, she looks so guilty!" (Well, yeah, she really did.) Later, she called me 'Grandma' in public. She doesn't know yet, but I promised her 3-year-old several puppies! And then, of course, Cayden had to Face-time Ava-Kate and they enjoyed the process together... like a quarantined virtual science lesson. "I can hear it now," Jennifer said. "We will be at his graduation and think back to the day we knew he would become a veterinarian." Everyone was thankful Cayden was there to help. I am not even offended. There is a BIG reason I am not in the medical field. I watched my sweet dog deliver one pup and I was quickly hanging my head in the yard gagging. Cayden, however, handled it like a champ. He has since checked on those five little munchkins around the clock, spending an abundant amount of time in the garage.

So lessons learned: One- get puppies to Shuffett's Animal

Clinic around six months of age. Two- passersby can leave a lasting... umm... impression (!?). Three- keep my Thursdays free; God will obviously make sure my day isn't boring. Four- I forgot how ridiculously obsessed with puppies I have always been. They are cute and yappy and cuddly and just the sweetest little things I've ever seen! We have Thursday, Fescue, Solo (the one male), Sundae (she looks like a hot fudge sundae, Conleigh says) and the last one will have a special name... eventually. Conleigh thinks we are keeping all five. "If you won't give me a sister, at least we can have baby puppies!" "This is the BEST quarantine EVER!" Cayden said.

I'm taking off the rest of the week. I feel SURE I deserve it.



Thankful my son has a stronger stomach than me—and beyond thankful for his big heart.

Greensburg Record-Herald

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