

Chazz in Charge

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On April 1, 1988, I went to our local animal shelter with a friend, not looking to adopt, however this was when I learned how hard it is to resist when beautiful brown beagle eyes are speaking to your heart. Her name was Tequila, her owners had moved and abandoned her and she was scheduled to be destroyed the next day. I left the shelter without her, but remembering her eyes, we got 10 minutes down the road and had to turn back to take her home! She taught me a lot of valuable lessons in our 12 years together, and everyone who came in contact with her knew she was special. Three years ago I adopted an abused puppy name Chelsea, and Tequila helped heal her emotional wounds. Tequila showed my husband, Chuck, that beagles are wonderfully loving and appreciative family members! On July 13, 2000, after a brief battle with Cancer, I held her paw as my little angel went to heaven. Chuck and I were determined to spoil Chelsea Beagle, Blackjack ferret, and the cat (also named Tequila), and that would be enough.

However within a week I had such a strong feeling that there was another dog that needed me too, and I would know by looking in their eyes. I sat crying at my computer and pulled together enough courage to search for "Beagles" and "Adopt" and I knew I was on the right track when up came BREW! There were lots of beautiful beagles pictured, but one, then known as "Dagwood", stood out! He is black and brown with white feet, looks like a tall dachshund (we call him a Beagle-Dachs), and is approximately 4 years old. His brown eyes spoke to me the same way that Tequila's had. All I learned of his past is that he was found running loose with another dog in Washington, DC, and the shelter contacted his previous owners who didn't want him back! I contacted BREW and made arrangements for Chelsea and I to meet him. He and Chelsea hit it off and I hated to go home without him. On July 25, I found I was approved to adopt him, and I brought him home!

Then the fun began! We helped him pick a name that he would answer to (selectively, of course), and he was renamed "Chazz". He has helped all of us through our mourning as he is always happy, smiling, and wanting to play! He is quite intelligent, and it is hard to get mad at him when he plots and accomplishes his criminal escapades, such as sneaking shoes and toys out the doggie door so the neighbors get a good laugh watching me chase him! We no longer chase him down the street since we bought him an invisible fence for Christmas, and we bought him a special carpet machine to clean up after his muddy feet. He does the cutest little "Dachshund begs" for peanuts and popcorn, and sleeps cuddled under his daddy's arm. He sits in my lap and watches the computer screen and I show him the doggies on the BREW website. His favorite thing in the world (since he gave up jumping fences) is playing in the snow, and he loves to be wet so he can be dried off again! He loves his beagle-sister, Chelsea, even though she gets grouchy and beats him up, and no wonder she gets grouchy — he is a tattletale little brother when she dares to do things he is not allowed to do!

One day as I was sitting on the couch with Chazz, I told him that he is God's way of showing me that I did the right thing at the right time by letting Tequila go. Then I realized that if it hadn't been for BREW and his foster mom that I would not have him either! That is when I realized I needed to give back even more, and I volunteered to become a BREW foster parent. Our family has learned from and shared some wonderful experiences with our foster children, and it is a wonderful feeling knowing we have helped some wonderfully special beagles find their forever homes, but nothing will ever compare to the gifts and memories they all continue to give me. I am so blessed to find those irresistible brown beagle eyes!