

Sedonia “Dony” Kennicoot Fairweather

December 25, 1998 – July 5, 2011

My beautiful White German Shepherd, Alaskan Malamute mix, Sedonia Kennicoot Fairweather, or “Dony” as we called her died on July 5 at the age of twelve and a half. She was born of Kianna Fairweather, one of the most beautiful and remarkable dogs I have ever known. Dony was the only one of nine puppies born on Christmas Day night in 1998 who survived. Three days after her birth, our beloved Caesar died of bone cancer-osteosarcoma.

Dony was pure white and so very, very tiny at birth. We did not know if she would survive, and if she did, if she would be disabled or ill. Kianna had advanced heartworm disease. She had many infirmities and had also been shot and almost paralyzed by a dart gun shot by an Animal Control officer. She was emaciated and dehydrated – and throughout all of her surgeries and vaccinations – all while she had been pregnant – unbeknownst to any of the vets that had treated her.

Dony was Kianna’s pride and joy. I have never seen a more maternal, caring and loving mother than Kianna. She socialized her beautifully- the two were virtually inseparable. Kianna taught Dony how to hunt and fish, and the two were always chasing and catching all kinds of critters. They had a special fondness for the mallards that swam in our pond.

Dony was born in our study and slept with Norman and me – on the bed with her mother and us or on the floor with her mother. She was very quiet and gentle and was, at the age of three, certified as a Therapy dog. She was beloved by many people in assisted living centers, nursing homes and hospitals. She was a great healing, calming and comforting presence to so many.

When we adopted Nenani, an Alaskan Malamute mix, she, he and Kianna were a family within our family. They played together, ate and slept together, and, of course, hunted and chased animals together. Even when Kianna died, Dony seemed to understand the concept of death in a way that is indescribable – as though it were inevitable and a part of life experience. She and Nenani became closer than ever.

During recent months, Dony seemed disoriented and confused periodically – very unlike her. She was so very clever, resourceful, alert and intelligent. She was also having difficulty getting up and walking.

It was obvious that she was suffering. She was incontinent for the first time in her entire life. It was obvious that she did not know what was happening. She was suddenly paralyzed, and her exquisite, alert and shining brown eyes were now dull and listless.

It was time to put an end to her suffering. I knew that she was ready to go. And so, we had her euthanized in our bedroom. Nenani and the other dogs were with her, and I wept and held her close to me, placing my head upon hers. I told her how deeply I loved her

and would miss her. But I knew that she would be joyously reunited with her mama, Caesar, Katie, Spencer, Two Socks, Chloe and the other dogs with whom she had lived. I knew Auntie Betty & Uncle Chris would be warmly welcoming her to the Rainbow Bridge. I thanked Dony for all that she had given to enrich my life. I thanked God for the privilege and blessing of knowing my beloved Dony.

I am profoundly missing the best Christmas present I ever received – my beloved Dony. She will always live on in my heart and soul...