



Needlenose News

Meet Kim's New Friend!

Inside this issue:

<i>"Just Looking"</i>	2
<i>Non-Standard Doors</i>	2
<i>We Grow Grass!</i>	2
<i>There and Back Again</i>	3
<i>Dietary Update</i>	3
<i>Wedding Exposé</i>	3
<i>Kim's New Friend</i>	4

So I get this e-mail message from Stu and Barbara, our adoption group coordinators. "The Juarez dogs are coming," it says. Twice.

Turns out that a racetrack in Mexico is closing, displacing 126 dogs; our group is taking 14. This leads to a surfeit of greyhounds and a pressing need for foster homes, especially foster homes without cats. Check.

Since I've been craving another dog for some time (my mother says I'll be unwelcome at home with two dogs, but she said that about one dog... and rats, so I'll chance it), this seems like the perfect opportunity to test drive a dog, or, as Barbara says, "foster to own." Of course, the dog will only join

our family if it's a good match. Of course. (We're just looking.)

But let me tell you more about my new dog [foster! — exasperated Matt]. He's not from Juarez; those dogs got held up by the Mexican mafia and are still there. (I know that makes no sense, but it's essentially what Stu told me.) Anyway, my dog is from Colorado and has a broken shoulder. He's three. (Actually, according to his vet papers, he's two, but we won't let that worry us, will we?)

At the moment, the dog, whose track name is July (!) spends a lot of time sleeping. Greyhounds do this anyway, but this dog is also somewhat drugged out on pain meds, so



This is the only picture of both dogs together I could get on my tight publication deadline. :)

he's zonked out essentially all the time. Matt reminds me that Philip was like this too, for a week or so, and I guess I believe him. We're starting to see more greyhound-like behavior from the dog whose working names at the moment range from Clubfoot to Ju-Ju, so we'll probably start to see more of his personality soon.

Special points of interest:

- The history of Kim's recent impulse purchases.
- What to do when things don't fit through your door.
- Garden update!
- Room arrangement update!
- Philip's gut update!

Visit Kim's New Website! www.miyasaki.net

"What's the point," I asked myself one day, "of having a domain of my own if all it does is host e-mail?" There isn't one. Besides, a variety of forces came together to prompt website creation, namely: a "back end" that makes creating a website as

easy as typing and pressing "post," a wedding, and a sorry excuse for a website that came free with one of Matt and my wedding registries. As the thing was associated with wedding registries, it was not particularly attractive (not that I make any such claims for my

current site), I had no control over organization, and the first thing it showed was registry information, which, let's face it, is a bit tacky. Besides, our friend Brian has a website with wedding information that's way cooler. So now, I've got my (rudimentary) own!

The Fruits of “Just Looking”



Surprisingly, the Corolla can hold nearly everything.

When Kevin dropped by unexpectedly this week (“Want some Thai food?”), it presented a golden opportunity for me. I’ve been eying a white bed frame at Cost Plus for a while, dithering because it was rather more than I was willing to pay. “Let’s head over,” I said. “Just to look.”

Of course, as with the TiVo, “just to look” turned out to be incomplete without the words “and to take home.” When we got to the store, the bed

was displayed out front for 50% off (!) dropping it into prime happy-price territory and leading to cramming the three pieces (headboard, footboard, and side rails) into Kevin’s truck.

More recently, Matt and I went to Home Depot, again on a “just to look” expedition. (Can you guess how this one ends?) This time, we were in search of a cheap piece of carpet remnant to cover the subfloor in the back room. While we used

the back room as the bedroom, we covered the subfloor with the bed and surrounded the bed with cheap jute rugs. However, when we moved the bed, the rugs no longer covered all the subfloor. We’ve improvised with layers of rugs, but it’s awkward and in some places, the rug is three times as thick as in other places. Plus, it’s really ugly. This time, the fruits of our “just looking” trip was a piece of 30% off brown rug remnant. Score!

Old Houses Have Non-Standard Doors

I know that fact may come as a shock. It did for me.

Loyal Needlenose News readers may recall that I recently purchased a cutting table (50% off!) to facilitate quilt cutting. However, sale enthusiasm caused me to ignore the cardinal rule of furniture purchasing: MEASURE THE DOOR TO MAKE SURE IT FITS.

This wasn’t a problem (well, not really *much* of a problem) at first; we took the table in through the French doors and into the back bedroom/erstwhile sewing room. Well, that was fine for oh, about three weeks. However, when we decided to switch bedrooms *again* (see next page), the huge-o table wouldn’t fit

through the door into the living room. Or into the bedroom.

The end result: Matt gets to disassemble the table (without instructions, since it came pre-assembled), move the pieces into the bedroom, and reassemble. He credits Ikea for his skill and me for the trouble.

We Grow Grass!



The trinity: New grass (1), old grass (2), and just-sprouting grass (3).

Mud pit, begone! As the weather dried out, Matt and I began to consider our backyard options. Matt wanted to try growing grass again, so we headed to Pietro Talini’s nursery and bought grass seed and compost. For some strange reason, the racetrack in our backyard was heavily com-

pacted, so Matt’s been tackling it a section at a time, loosening the soil, breaking up the clumps, and diluting the clay with piles and piles of compost.

As Matt finishes each area (I started to help the first day, but realized in about 20 minutes

that wet winter = many mosquitoes; I got 7 bites in those 20 minutes and then went inside), he seeds it with grass, sprinkles a layer of compost on top, and waters. Philip then wanders over, noses around, and steps in every possible spot in the freshly seeded area. Oh well, they’ll have to coexist

The cardinal rule of furniture purchasing?
MEASURE THE DOOR
TO MAKE SURE IT FITS.

There And Back Again

As you may recall, Matt and I recently undertook the not-insignificant effort of transferring our bedroom to the front of the house. We did this to escape the view of whoever eventually moves into the three-odd story behemoth behind us (it hasn't sold yet, and I'm fervently hoping the investors get screwed).

However, essentially the very second we got set up in the front bedroom, while Philip was still discombobulatedly

trotting around looking for the bed, Matt and I started to ask each other, "Isn't this a bit *small?*" It was. It was also less private, seeing as how it's *in the front part of the house*, so, of course, I immediately began plotting a move back.

A few weeks later, we bought the carpet remnant and the bed frame, did some rug cutting and some more scooting, and we're back in the back room. To stay. I hope. Philip didn't seem to mind much this time.

(By disassembling Matt's desk and making him use mine, we made enough space in the front room to accommodate all my sewing equipment.)

All that sewing equipment, though, is being put to good use. I'm currently in the throes of fabricating roman shades for our back window and modifying curtains for the other windows to match. (Did I mention that we have 5 windows of 3 different widths *and* lengths in this room? The horror!)



The new bed in the old bedroom.

Philip's Dietary Update (Again)

When last you checked, faithful readers, Matt and I were in the process of weaning Philip from absurdly expensive rabbit and potato vet-prescribed food onto a chicken-based food I can pick up at a pet supply store. It's called California Natural, and we had high hopes because Philip was scarfing it down as if it was a treat.

The key word in that sentence is "was." As in, Philip *was* scarfing it down, until, that is, he started to refuse food. This sent me into a panic, as Philip's appetite is legendary. So we talked to the vet, our adoption coordinator, assorted people Matt works with, and employees of the pet supply store. Advice varied, but the general

consensus was that dogs eat less in the summer and that some dogs, particularly greyhounds, apparently, get picky when they get old. Great.

The new routine? We pop the food in the microwave to make it more palatable. Philip is eating most of the time, and we might try one more (I know, I know) brand of food.

Some dogs, particularly greyhound, apparently, get picky when they get old.

Behind-the-Scenes Wedding Exposé

In order to save some money and to have personalized wedding invitations, Matt and I planned to fabricate them ourselves. This is one of those plans that is good in theory, but in practice, requires sweatshop labor. Since we own no sweatshops, we had to do it ourselves.

Result: Every piece of the wedding invitation you received (I hope) was hand cut and assembled by one of us. My quilting skills proved invaluable for cutting the huge pieces of blue paper and making straight cuts for the cards (I used my rotary cutter.) Matt's ingenuity proved invaluable for designing

an envelope template (the invitation was based on a letter-sized example, but it and the cards turned out to be too wide) and for determining how to close the homemade envelopes (with double-stick tape). After a marathon session, we're through! Advice to those planning: Use a printer.



Kim in the process of producing wedding invitations.

A Miyasaki-Renquist Publication

616 40th Street
Sacramento, CA 95819

Phone: 916-455-0125
Cell: 916-833-8972
E-mail: kim@miyasaki.net
mattbev@renquist.net

Want a greyhound?

www.goldengreyhounds.com

You know you want one!



Needlenose News

“July” Update

This update is not about the month of July, but rather the dog *named* July. I despise the name, but for some reason Matt won't let me give him a better one.

We picked up the dog five days ago. He essentially slept for two days, and seemed very shy. He didn't particularly like being touched on his legs, paws, or tail; he wasn't very affectionate; he had this odd habit of lurking in doorways, presumably to keep an eye on us without getting too close. “I don't know about this,” I said to Matt. “He doesn't seem to like me at all.”

Matt's stock reply: “He has a broken shoulder. Give him time.”

This is another case where one ought to be careful what one wishes for. The dog who obsessively followed us around now trots off when I'm not looking to get into trouble. Like a teething child, his favored method of exploration involves gnawing. Many greyhounds are gatherers, meaning they retrieve your possessions and carry them elsewhere. Generally, they don't destroy them, just take them. Philip, for example, likes to swipe shoes, but nothing else.

A list of things July has put in his mouth in the last three days or so, to the best of my memory: bra, Altoids tin, extension cord outlet sticking out over the sofa, blanket in bedroom, blanket on sofa, dog food bag, hanger, foam cushions making up makeshift dog bed, boxer shorts, a sock, kitchen chair, tape measure. This is in addition to legitimate things such as dog toys and treats. Some greyhounds don't know how to play with toys when they come off track. Philip didn't. July does. His favorite toy is a stuffed squeaky trout.

More updating to follow!



He's not as pretty as Philip (he has scars and is cross-eyed), but he's nicer.