

Letter from the Editor



Tammy and her daughter, Chloe

First of all, I would like to thank all the entrants to our CK's Most Adorable Munchkins Contest and send a huge CONGRATULATIONS to our winners! What a tough task it was for our judges. Since it was such a hard choice, we ended up with three Runners Up instead of the usual two.

It's such an exciting time for CK Child! We're announcing our newest Grand Prize Winner on this cover and this is our very first issue with our new partners at Abstract Marketing (formerly A. Thiel Marketing) - we couldn't be more thrilled with this new team. Now that we have a whole team contributing, it will allow us to offer more than we ever could before with CK Child. We hope you love the fresh new look - our future issues will offer even more fun & fantastic ideas!

I also want to take a moment to give a special thank you to all of our loyal readers, business supporters, and writers. I could not have had such amazing issues every year without all of you and so from the bottom of my heart, Thank You. I hope we all can continue working together now that our team has grown so we can offer even more to our fabulous community!

Warmest Regards,















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Welcome to the 2015 Fall Issue of CCCOID

CK Child is a hip, local parenting magazine for those raising their children in Chatham-Kent. Our goal is to unite our community by offering various viewpoints on topics relating to all stages of parenthood.

CK Child also highlights the many valuable locally-run businesses in our region & local family-friendly events occurring in C-K. Be sure to check out our new website at www.ckchild.ca

PLEASE NOTE: Articles within the CK Child Parenting Magazine do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor. CK Child is an independent publication created by a parent, for the parents and caregivers of Chatham-Kent.

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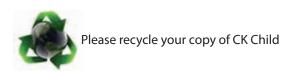
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CK'S MOST ADORABLE MUNCHKINS PHOTO CONTEST

SEE PG.8 FOR DETAILS





Dad Around Town: SAVE THE DATE FOR FREE MOVIES



by Darin Cook

I have always been baffled by these things called "Save the Dates" that people send in the mail to let me know that I will be receiving an invitation to a wedding or some other big event. If you are going through the effort, why not just send the invitation itself? Adding another step to the process could lead to confusion. What if I do keep that date free, but I do not receive the actual invitation? Am I officially still invited? Maybe it's a man thing, maybe I'm etiquettely-challenged, or maybe I'm just a hypocrite because I did come across an online Save the Date announcement on the Cineplex website that I will happily pencil into my calendar. Community Movie Day is coming this year to Cineplex theatres across Canada on October 24th.

I love going to the movies, but going to the theatre with kids that are my kids' ages is not always a relaxing outing. We have gone a handful of times over the summer to see some of the blockbusters made for children and it has been getting better. Our six-year-old is generally stationary, but embarrasses us a bit by talking too loudly when he cannot contain himself. But then again, we went to see a special big screen showing of The Wizard of Oz and how could we not be proudly amused when Dorothy steps out of her hurricane-tossed house after the black and white scenes into the technicolour Munchkin Land and he said loudly enough for the whole theatre to hear, "That's the most beautiful place I've ever seen."?

Our four-year-old has other issues. He does not sit for much longer than twenty minutes before leaving his seat, leaning on the chairs in front of us, walking in the aisle, and asking to use the washroom more than once. If I continually inject M&Ms into his mouth the entire time, he is more likely to sit still, but that introduces a whole other world of sugar-induced problems that could make matters worse.

When the movies are advertised as being free, I tend to forget these challenges and make my way to the local Cineplex. A free movie these days is an extreme bargain. Ask any group of people and a good percentage of them will say that movies cost an arm and a leg. And that's just to get in, before you have to exchange your other arm and leg, along with those of your first born, to get some snacks. That doesn't stop most of us from going, mind you, because movies on the big screen are still magical, even in this day and age when digital entertainment is in the palms of our hands.

I fondly remember last year's event at the Chatham Cineplex when I was intrigued to find out how much I could save with this special Community Day. There was a selection of movies to pick from that were entirely free and concession food was offered at reduced prices with popcorn and drinks being \$2 each. This meant my family of four was getting to stuff their faces while seeing a movie for a total of \$16, which is far less



than any other day. To boot, 100% of the proceeds from the concession sales go to the Free the Children foundation. I love the idea of saving money and having every penny I do spend go to a good cause.

The movie we saw last year was Walking with Dinosaurs. I knew the kids would love the subject matter and the 3-D glasses kept their attention for a while.

"These glasses are cool," my youngest said.

"Why do we have to wear them?" his older brother asked. "It won't be sunny in here."

"These glasses make things on the screen jump out at us," I explained.

My youngest son looked at me skeptically. He kept them on for a while before the movie started, but his fidgetiness or his skepticism had them off his face more than on during the movie. To be honest, even with my own 3-D glasses on, I spent more time watching my boys watch the movie. It is always fascinating to see their reactions, especially with dinosaur heads coming at you from the screen. It was also a treat to see The Wizard of Oz and we gauged the boys' reactions as they took it all in, not sure if an older movie would hold their attention. We should never question the classics because the same enthusiasm

shown at the first siaht of Munchkin Land was maintained throughout.

The menu of movies being screened for Community Movie Day this year has not been released on the website yet, but now that I have officially saved the date, I fully intend to show up at Chatham Cineplex and let the kids pick something they will like for a fraction of the price.



Darin is a freelance writer who works and plays in Chatham-Kent, and is becoming a Dad around town by taking in children's entertainment and family-oriented attractions with his wife, Jennifer, and their sons, Ethan and Jonah. Share in more of his experiences at



Does Coffee Come in Bucket Size?: KIDS ARE AMAZING CREATURES



by Elizabeth Sunnen

Me: How was your day, Kiddo #1?

Kiddo #1: GAAAAH! I want to be ALONE!

Exit Kiddo #1 running down the hallway, tears streaming down her face. She plops onto her beanbag chair and wails like a mistreated Disney Princess. The dogs begin to howl in harmony. No. Not in harmony. In solidarity. I'd forgotten to top up their bowls today and it was like a chain gang between Kiddo #1 and our two woeful dogs, howling of the unfairness.

On any other day, her request to be alone would not be unusual. She's a little more like Husband and needs time to recharge after a long school day. I take a deep breath, exhale slowly and help get Kiddo #2 a snack. When Kiddo #1 shouts "I can't believe you don't CARE enough to come see WHAT'S WRONG!" I look around for hidden cameras, take another breath, and softly pad my way to her bedroom.

Kids. Why didn't we have six or seven more of these amazing creatures?

Me: Honey?

Kiddo #1: Why don't you even LOVE me?

Me: Ok. Um. I do love you?

Kiddo #1: If you LOVED me you would've come to my room and asked why I was upset.

Me: I loved you enough to let you settle down.

Kiddo #1: Today was the worst day EVER.

Me: Oh?

Kiddo #1: I have to do THIS!

She poorly tosses a paper at me, which kinda flops around and lands at her feet, which angers her again. She poorly tosses it again, only this time it kinda stuck to her tear-soaked hands, which makes her madder and she exhales and makes a dragon sound and I briefly wonder what I did in a past life that would make me have to endure this agony. I calmly go over and take the paper.

Me: Oh. It's a Show and Tell form?

Kiddo #1: GAAAAAAAAAH.

Me: I don't understand.

Kiddo #1: MOM! You KNOW I don't like to perform in FRONT of people!

Me: But you were in dance. And you are in piano. And you're on the swim team. And you wanna make Youtube videos about Shopkins? (I stop short of reminding her of her performance right now, although it might be the strongest of the set.)

Kiddo #1: MOM! Why are you not understanding me?

Me: Probably because you're speaking Valley Girl.

Kiddo #1: I don't even KNOW what that means.

Me: Ugh. (pause for a breath) I mean, I love you. And I want you to feel comfortable. What does the paper say you have to do?

Kiddo #1: GAAAAAAAAAH. I have to TALK in front of **FVFRYONF about MF. GAAAAAAH!**

Me: Ok. Look. I get that you're upset. But nothing on this sheet of paper is catastrophic. In fact, I'd even wager that the teacher was NOT, in fact, trying to destroy your soul. She probably wants to teach you how to be comfortable talking in front of people.

Kiddo #1: Why would I want to do that? (She seems curious, not angry, so I continue...)

Me: Well, I'd say probably 96% of future things you'll do require you to communicate with at least one other person, if not more than one. This is a great way to feel more comfortable. Let's check it out.

Over the next hour, we talk about what she wants her Show and Tell to be. I'll save you the drama, but the conversation was similar to the one above, only insert "Nothing represents me! UGH" where she says the part about how I know she doesn't like to perform.

Seriously, and on a quick side note, is seven not a little young to be getting the tween angst? If this is what puberty looks like, I'm moving to Egypt. Like, tomorrow. Stay tuned for "Does Coffee Come in Camel Size?" cuz I'm peacing-the-heck outta here.

Anyway, no sooner had we figured out that she wanted to talk about her puppy, Bungee, did she have a meltdown about "I can't bring him in because two kids are allergic! And plus it has to fit in my bookbag!"

Once we calmed down again, we realized she could make a wee booklet of pictures of both Bungee and Kiddo #1, and it would be awesome. And, actually, it really was. Kiddo #1 and I spent an awesome couple of hours one afternoon making the booklet. And I think it was awesome because I loosened up and let her do it. I told her what to do, and I sat back and waited for her to ask for help. And she did, but mostly, she just... kinda... made it.

I thought the control-freak in me was going to jump in a few times to make Kiddo #1's work "perfect" but the mom in me, the one who was loving the positive, happy interaction between my daughter and me, just told the control freak to butt out.

Kiddo #1 did a great job. A really great job. And she was proud of it. And so was I.

Now, it just so happened that on the day of her presentation I got news that I would be doing a TEDx talk this spring. I'm not going to lie, when I got the "You're in!" phone call, I hung up and screamed while doing a happy dance. I mean, I'd been totally stoked and excited and freaking OUT that I'd even applied. It was all I could talk about with anyone I met.

Luckily, I got the phone call about 20 minutes before the kids got off the bus. I had my private, elated freak-out, and then I did the impossible: I pretended I had no news whatsoever. I wanted to hear what my non-spotlight-seeking daughter had to say about her first speech. I wanted to hear how she felt, how it went, and if needed, to console her if she froze. I shelved my amazing news (but I managed to CAPS TEXT Husband before putting the lid on it) and calmly listened to Kiddo #1. As she opened the door I smiled and asked,

Me: How was your day, Kiddo #1?

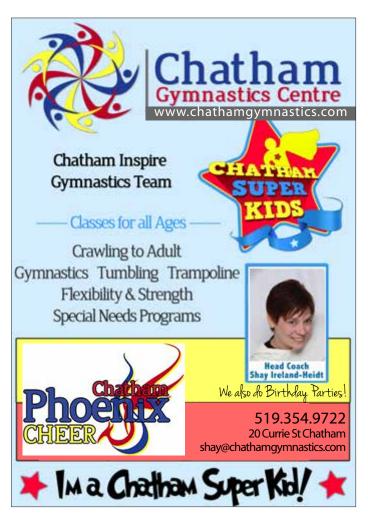
She was all smiles and said, "It was great mom. But I want to

be quiet for a bit before we talk, ok?"

I smiled again.



Elizabeth is a teacher and writer who takes motherhood one laugh at a time. She grew up in C-K and is thrilled to be back in such a great community. For more great reading, check out her blog at www.DoesCoffeeComeinBucketSize.blogspot.com



CK'S MOST ADORABLE MUNCHKINS PHOTO CONTEST



A huge thank you to all our entrants!

Meet Our Judges:



After growing up and living most of her life in Windsor, Jenn Cook has been a resident of Chatham-Kent for four vears with her husband Darin and two sons, Ethan and Jonah.

She has previously worked at and managed Starbucks and Chapters stores in Windsor and London, and is now a mostly stay-at-home mom. When she's not with her boys, you can find her working at Ella Minnow Pea toy store in the Downtown Chatham Centre, where she finds it very challenging to leave empty-handed. Jenn loves coffee, reading, and running, and has never missed an episode of The Chew.



Angel Mackness has been a resident Chatham-Kent for almost twenty years. She and her husband have been a part of the farming community

have been a proud part of the dance community for over four years by owning the fabulous boutique, Haute Pink Dancewear. She is excited about her recent expansion and move, from King Street to a new locatoin in the Downtown Chatham Centre!

She and her loving husband, Chad, have two wonderful children with whom they love spending their time.



Rebecca Kalp is a long time resident of Chatham-Kent and a fabulous photographer. specializes in maternity newborn and

photography and has her own natural light studio in Highgate. She is a proud mother of three beautiful babies who are not so little anymore, and has been married to her wonderful supporting husband for over ten years.

To check out her portfolio and to see her amazing ability to create breathtaking images, please visit her website at:

www.openshutterphotography.com

Durjudges had such a hard time deciding who should be the grand prize winner. Dur sincerest gratitude for taking on such a tough task!

CONGRATULATIONS to our WINNER & COVER STAR,



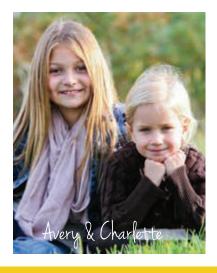
Dur 3 Runners Up... (in no particular order)

Aubree!

OUR CONTEST...

Our contest is not about which photo is the cutest or which munchkin is the most photogenic. It's about a combination of things - the amount of votes (which got them into the next phase of the contest), the photo itself, the story behind the photo, the supportive comments from family and friends, more.

After all, every great photo has an even better story!











Health Matters: EIGHT HABITS TO CREATING GREATER SUCCESS IN FAMILIES AND CHILDREN



Pictured here is Dr. Chawla with his daughter Saveena, and his son Rohan, along with their friend Olivia Todino

As we launch into the new school year, we are all hustling back into a routine that we can thankfully predict with greater ease. After a bustling summer of long fun-filled days, it's time to get back to education, lunches, arranging pickups for our children, and dealing with unexpected illness. The big questions are how do we minimize the risk of our children getting sick and what can we do to make sure they stay healthy, focused, and energetic? How do we create successful, happier, and thriving children?

Well, as I'm sure you already know, there are a few basic principles that help keep children healthy so that they minimize their absence from school and optimize their performance while in school. I'd like to share with you some key basic principles that will help your children be the best they can be and make life more harmonious in the home. Warning - not all of these suggestions are popular, however, they do create desired results. After all, I truly believe that most parents want the best for their children, but struggle with what to do. I know I've experienced this challenge. The answers, as it turns out, are not so difficult. The following are the top eight things to do to keep your kids thriving in school instead of home on a couch.

- 1. Drink plenty of water and avoid juices, pops, and sugary drinks. Water is really the drink of choice for champions. Most people, especially adults, are walking around dehydrated. Water is the fuel to make the mind and body function at its best.
- 2. Make sure everyone gets at least 8-12 hours of sleep on average (see chart at right).
- 3. Wear a helmet when biking, skateboarding, or playing contact sports. (Ask any doctor and he or she will tell you that concussions will change a family's dynamic and can set back a child's physical and mental performance, not to mention their school attendance.) Thankfully most people have adopted this practice.

- 4. Eat vegetables and fruits. They can be tasty. Keep them visible on the table or counter so they are easy to remember and access.
- 5. Spend at least one hour outside in the fresh air daily. We weren't meant to breathe housebound air. We can live four days without water, but only four minutes without oxygen.
- 6. Kids and adults should adopt this but be warned...you won't like this: There should be no TV, iPads, iPhones, or i-things of any kind for one hour before bed. No electronic screens for one hour. Yes, one hour, you've read it correctly. Video screen stimulation hinders sleep and concentration tremendously. The constant images being thrown at the mind's eye have an adverse affect on your brain leading to poor quality of sleep and difficulty focusing on the next day's tasks because your mind is racing too much.
- 7. Create a routine of shutting the house down before bed. Dim the lights and play relaxing music. Don't consume caffeinated drinks or sugary beverages in the late evening. And don't forget to brush and floss your teeth.
- 8. Have a family meeting to establish the above routines. Many families who are reading this are probably thinking "Dr. Chawla is crazy..." but the simple fact is this will change everything in terms of creating greater harmony and joy in the home. Children love to be included as part of family decisions...as they should be since they make up the family too.

HOW MUCH SLEEP DO CHILDREN NEED?

1-4 Weeks Old: 15 - 16 hours per day **1-12 Months Old:** 14 - 15 hours per day 1-3 Years Old: 12 - 14 hours per day **3-6 Years Old:** 10 - 12 hours per day **7-12 Years Old:** 10 - 11 hours per day **12-18 Years Old:** 8 - 9 hours per day

Set times and schedules to implement your new routines. Initially there will be a revolt, especially about the absence of electronics at bedtime. One way to overcome resistance is to add a group incentive that will motivate everyone. This will increase the likelihood of complying with your new habits. I know many readers will say an hour is too much, so start with 10 minutes, then 20 minutes, and work your way up to one hour. Once you turn off your video screens, you can use that one hour to start planning and getting ready for the next day so there's no chaos to pack everything next morning.



The reality is we all have routines. The difference is some families are more conscious of their routines and have it written and verbalized. The ones that don't also have a routine but it is unorganized and unintentional for the most part. Without some organization, the morning can turn very hectic making it feel like a gong show. It can be entertaining for the outsider, but it does nothing to help create harmony in the household. So choose a routine that will serve you, your kids, and the greater community. Which of the above strategies will you activate and discuss with your family tonight? Will you be able to use all or pick one at a time to make things work? Do you have suggestions of what works for you? I'd love to hear them. Please send to info@magicandmedicine.ca

Until next time, fuel your kids and yourself with greater harmony!

Dr. Chawla

Dr. Lalit Chawla, MD, CCFP, FCFP A highly sought after International Speaker, Family Physician in Chatham, Ontario, and an Adjunct Professor at the Schulich School of Medicine and Dentistry in London, Ontario.



"LUNCHTIME"

What will

your child

find in their

lunch box?



Lunchtime is an important time of day for your school-aged children. It marks the middle of the school day, a time to feed their bellies and a time to socialize with their peers.

When they open their lunchbox, it can be a surprise meal, or it can be a meal that they helped make and pack with you. The most important thing to remember when packing your child's lunchbox is to try to include something from each food group. Try to think fruit, vegetable, whole grain, and dairy and don't forget that 100% fruit juice or 100% vegetable juice counts as a serving. There are so many ideas and products to choose from, it's actually endless.

Another way to instill healthy eating is to take your child with you when shopping for your weekly groceries and let them help to pick out some of the items for their lunch. Introduce them to the many fruits and vegetables that the stores have to offer. As they say, shop the perimeter of the store, and explain the difference it makes for their well-being to eat an apple vs. a chocolate bar (no doubt they may prefer the latter.)

Let them help you pack their lunch! Get them into the routine of doing this and you might be surprised when you see them making healthy choices on their own. Pick a day a week to let them have that chocolate bar or food outside of the healthy food group.....give them that treat to look forward to!

We live in an area that is abundant with fresh produce this time of year; take your children to the farmers markets and let them see first hand where these fruits and vegetables come from. And most importantly, remember.....be the example that you want them to be!

- CK Child

Some ideas for:

Fruits - apples, bananas, dried fruit,
blueberries, strawberries, 100% bruit juice
broccoli, cauliflower, 100% vegetable juice
Grains - Brown rice, quinoa, oats,
whole-wheat pasta
Dairy - Yogurt, cheese, milk
boiled eggs, beans

CHECK OUT DR.CHAWLA'S MAGIC & MEDICINE WEBSITE www.magicandmedicine.ca

The Kids are Alright: NINE IS DIFFERENT



by Karen Green

A knock, two friends; a request:

Could you go to the creek with your pals, pretty please?

I glance at the open door. Two girls, one small, one smaller. "Hello ladies", I say, and then I move with the speed of a jaquar. I grab my daughter into a two-armed embrace and pull her tight to me, her arms pinned at her side, and I run out the back door yelling, "You can't have my baby!" And we hide in the shed until the threat, the two little girls one small, one smaller, has passed and my daughter and I go inside and cuddle and drink pink lemonade and...

Except, of course I don't.

I repress my urge to run and scream and vomit behind a smile, not my prettiest.

"Do you girls have permission to go to the creek?" I ask, and heads nod in return; mums know, mums allow, so I must allow as well.

"Sure honey, have fun; don't go into the water, don't talk to anybody you don't know, and be back soon." I kiss the top of her head, but barely, because she's already running out the door.

I look back at my husband, horrified and proud. "I had to," I say, though he hasn't asked. She's nine.

Today, she is nine. I had to let her go to the creek with her friends. But yesterday, yesterday -

Yesterday, she was eight.

Yesterday, I would have said no. No, you can't go to the creek

with two friends, one small and one smaller, with no parents and rushing water and dangers awaiting, both real and imagined. Yesterday, it would have been no question. No way, Jose, I would have said, not without a parent. Not without me.

But today she is nine. And nine is different.

Nine is chapter books, email addresses, closed doors, loud music, a rejection of clothes and activities as too babyish though I swear she loved them yesterday, and a dismissal of my company, my protection, though I swear she needed that yesterday as well.

Nine is the halfway point between infancy and independence and that is where I am stuck, mired in the mud just the same as the mud I'm quite sure my baby must be sliding into right now, at the creekbed, without me.

I'm not surprised by all this, of course, though the churning in the hollow of my stomach is making me feel ill. I had nine months to prepare for her birth, and I've had nine years to prepare for this, prepare her for this, this very moment when she asks to go away from me and I say yes, though yesterday I would have said no, and does one day really make a difference you ask? She is smart and responsible and cautious, and one day makes all the difference. One day is the difference between eight and nine and no and yes.

And I want yes for her. I want yes for her entire life, and where must it start, if not with me and a creek on the day she turns nine?

A tug on my shirt snaps me back from yesterday to today, from one minute ago to right now. "Mum!" It's my six-year-old, towhead tipped up towards me, blue eyes big and desperate. "I want to go to the creek too," she says.

And she is six, and I think of how soon it will be before she too is nine, and life is filled with iPods and rolled eyes and trips to the creek with her friends, not mum and all the yeses she can bear.



I take her hand, still small, in mine. Still mine. And I think of all the differences in just one

No, I say. Not today.

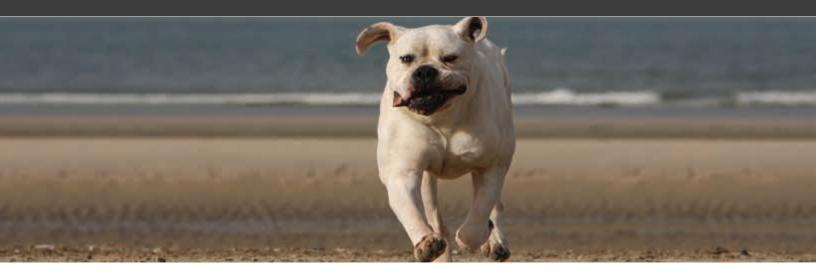


ex-pat. She has been blogging at www.karengreen.ca since 2006, and is a writer for Bell's TheLoop.ca. She is the former parenting columnist for Canadian Family magazine, and her and many other online and print venues. Karen's first two books for early readers were released in February 2013.





Second Chances



by Emily Durbin BSc, DVM

I was just about to leave my clinic for lunch one day in September when something held me back. Chichi had an appointment booked later in the afternoon. But his owner was worried that he was getting worse and couldn't wait.

Chichi met me in the exam room with kisses, but his tail wag didn't have it's normal enthusiasm. After noting his pale gums and weak pulses, my heart sank when I discovered a basketball size mass in his belly. He winced as I carefully examined his abdomen, and I knew for a stoic boy like him this was evidence of intense pain. Chichi, at 70 lbs, is a not only a tough guy, but also lap dog and his owner's best friend.

An X-ray confirmed that the mass occupied most of the belly and was most likely associated with his spleen. Splenic tumors are common in dogs, generally carry a poor prognosis, and are high risk for rupture causing life-threatening bleeding.



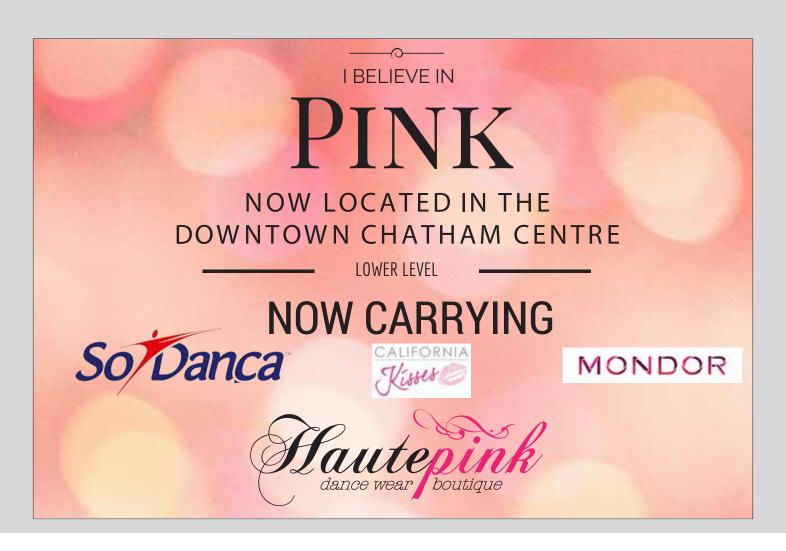
The next few hours that unfolded were very emotional. The treatment choices I presented to Chichi's owners were not pleasant, a high risk surgery that may prolong his life for a few months, pain medication to go home until he lost his battle with the tumor, or saying goodbye. Chichi's owner believed it was not his time. And even though it was against the odds, opted for surgery. Chichi was admitted to the hospital and began a series of treatments and tests to prepare him for surgery the next day, including his first blood transfusion.

The next morning I found a somewhat perkier Chichi in his hospital cage and a very worried owner. I prepped his owner for a very bloody surgery - one Chichi may not survive. His owner requested to stay with him during the surgery; reassuring me he would be able to tolerate the goriness. I knew it may be the last time he saw his dog and I agreed.

Surgery quickly confirmed several suspicions. A giant fragile tumor of the spleen occupied his belly. It ensnared several other abdominal organs including the pancreas and omentum (fatty net within abdomen that the intestines reside in). Removing the monster tumor was brutal and tedious. Some blood vessels were the diameter of my finger!! Chichi was going to need another transfusion. However the extra unit of dog blood we had collected in was contaminated and not useable. Tawnya, the surgery technician who had been assisting in the surgery, volunteered her own dog to be used as a donor. And thanks to Tawnya and Diesel, Chichi received the blood he desperately needed.

After an hour of surgery the tumor was finally able to be lifted and removed from the abdomen. It was a beast weighing eight pounds!!

I quickly finished reassembling and closing his abdomen to get Chichi to recovery as quickly as possible. He was cold and weak and his recovery was touch-and-go for 48 hours. Chichi's digestion and intestinal tract did not function well due to trauma, medications, and blood loss. As he slowly fought his way back we received surprising news from the lab. Chichi's tumor was not what we had expected!! Although it was still cancer that would likely be terminal, it was not the super aggressive form that is most common! Chichi began a form of low intensity chemo and herbal therapy and his recovery improved in leaps and bounds!



Over the last couple months I have enjoyed frequent picture updates his owner has sent me of Chichi enjoying the beautiful



weather and activities he hasn't done in years - like wriggling around on the leaves on his back, feet in the air!

Making a choice for high-risk surgery isn't the right decision for every pet or family. But I felt blessed to be part of this journey with Chichi.

Dr Emily and her husband, Tony, moved from Saskatchewan to Chatham-Kent in 2003. Dr Emily recalls, "I moved here to be part of a fantastic team, at this exciting progressive able to raise my children in a place where they can benefit

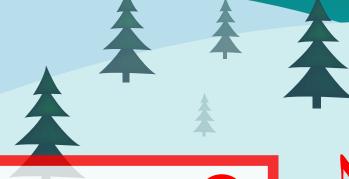


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