

10 Fun Facts About Max

You probably don't know...

Fact #1:

When I wrote the book, I *never* imagined Max would ever travel with me to events. He was the inspiration for the story, but he was also a very rambunctious, head-strong dog who loved to dig up my yard, escape from the fenced yard and be rowdy with his brothers and sisters.

Pressure from a new friend who helped with his book launch was the twist of fate that completely changed the game plan for us all. Max knew exactly what he was supposed to do and he had me trained quite well in almost no time.







Fact #2:

Everyone complimented Max about his beautiful, white fur. They likely could not have imagined that his first action upon arriving home from events was to find his favorite "wallow" spot. He had a dirt spot cleared of all grass - about the size of a small wading pool. He dug it all up himself and freshened it daily to keep it nice and dusty. He loved to lay in it and roll around on his back. He could work the fine dirt all the way down to the skin more quickly that way.

Fact #3:

When I found him, I called him Jax. I had no intentions of keeping him. I fostered him and with the help of a rescue group, we got him a nice family. It lasted long enough for him to get a new name and a hair cut. He came back to me with his hair shaved and the new name, Max. I could not remember to call him Max, and he was a bit sad without his family. I tried to help us both by saying "you are Max-nificent with those polka dots." A few months later...the idea for the book began to come together.



Fact #4:

There was a reason I had originally called him Jax. It was short for Michael Jackson. He liked to moonwalk backwards - 12 to 15 feet - after he finished his "business".



This is Max pretending I did not just tell you that!



Fact #5:

Max had a favorite toy he brought with him when he returned to me. He slept with it on his dog bed and he often carried it around the house. It's a bit tattered now, but still very much loved.

Winnie the Pooh!





"Who, Me?"

Fact #6:

Max was a master escape artist! He loved to dig under the fence and made sure there was plenty of room for all four Great Pyrenees to escape for hours. I have miles on my vehicle and plenty of gray hairs to prove it.

Fact #7:

He was in what I called "Max mode" whenever we were doing an event. It began from the time he walked out the door. He stayed in that state until he came back through our gate. He became a different dog; very calm, attentive, even "zen". He'd get in the car and quietly meditate. When he was around his audience, he'd take control and want to visit each person. With a nod of his head, he excused himself to move on to the next person. I did not teach him that!



Photo credit: Jonah Enfinger



Fact #8

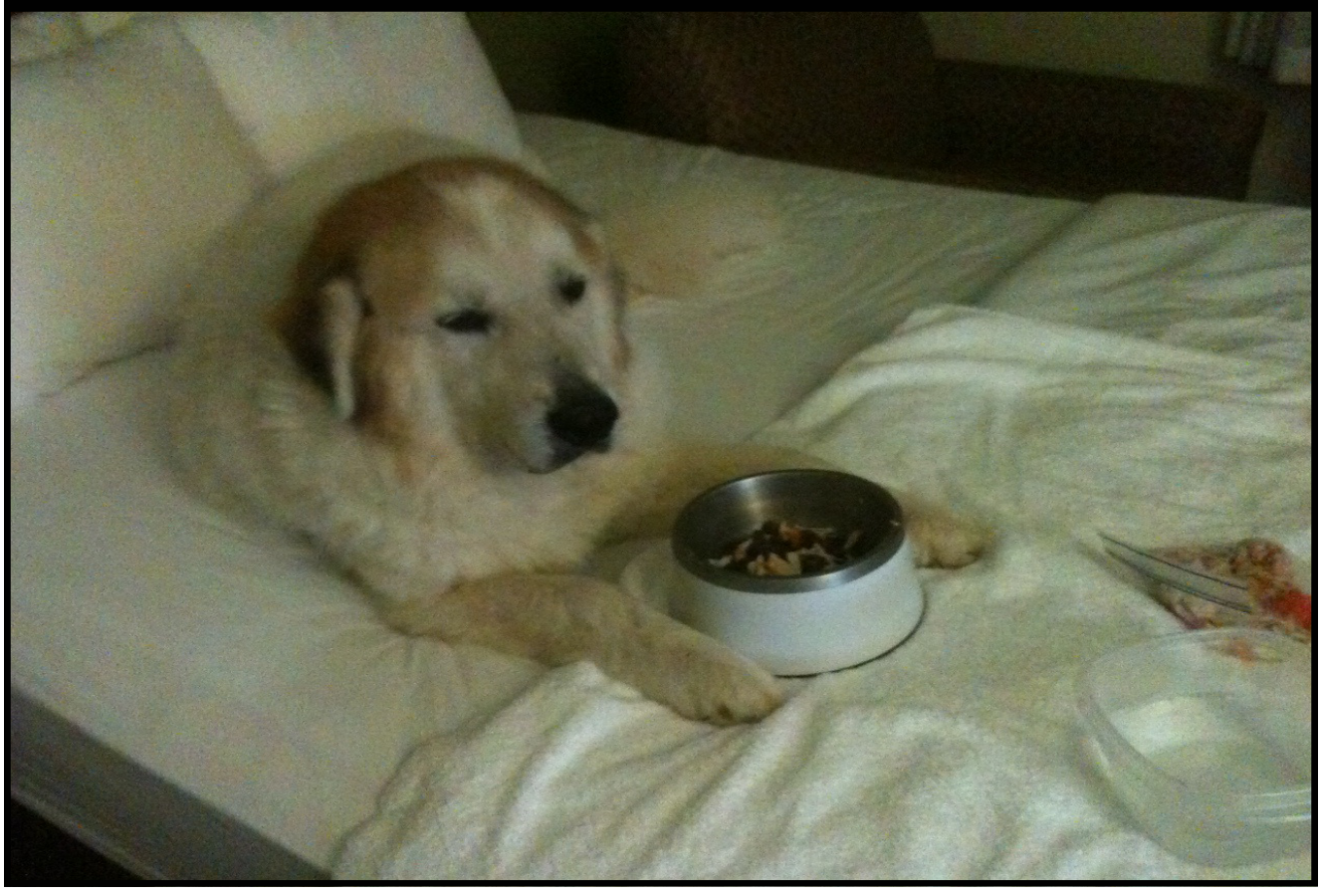
On a trip to St. Louis, Max stayed in "Max mode" for 8 straight days! Perfect behavior, in a strange home, with a completely different daily routine, and having to be leash walked in a neighborhood for all potty breaks. Prior to this long trip, he had never been more than a two hour drive and never over-night.

He was so funny on those potty walks. He'd back his rear end completely into a shrub or large grassy plant and look up at the windows to see if anyone was watching him.

Fact #9:

His one and only time to stay in a hotel was in Montgomery for the Alabama Book Festival. We were the featured Children's Author & Guest.

I was busy unpacking and prepping things for the morning events when we first got into our room. I kept trying to get him to stay on the bed near the air conditioner to feel the cool air. He was restless until I finally sat on my bed. Then he positioned himself between the end of my bed and the bathroom, just a few feet away from the hall door. He was no longer restless. He was in his "spot" to guard me from potential intruders. He stayed there all night.



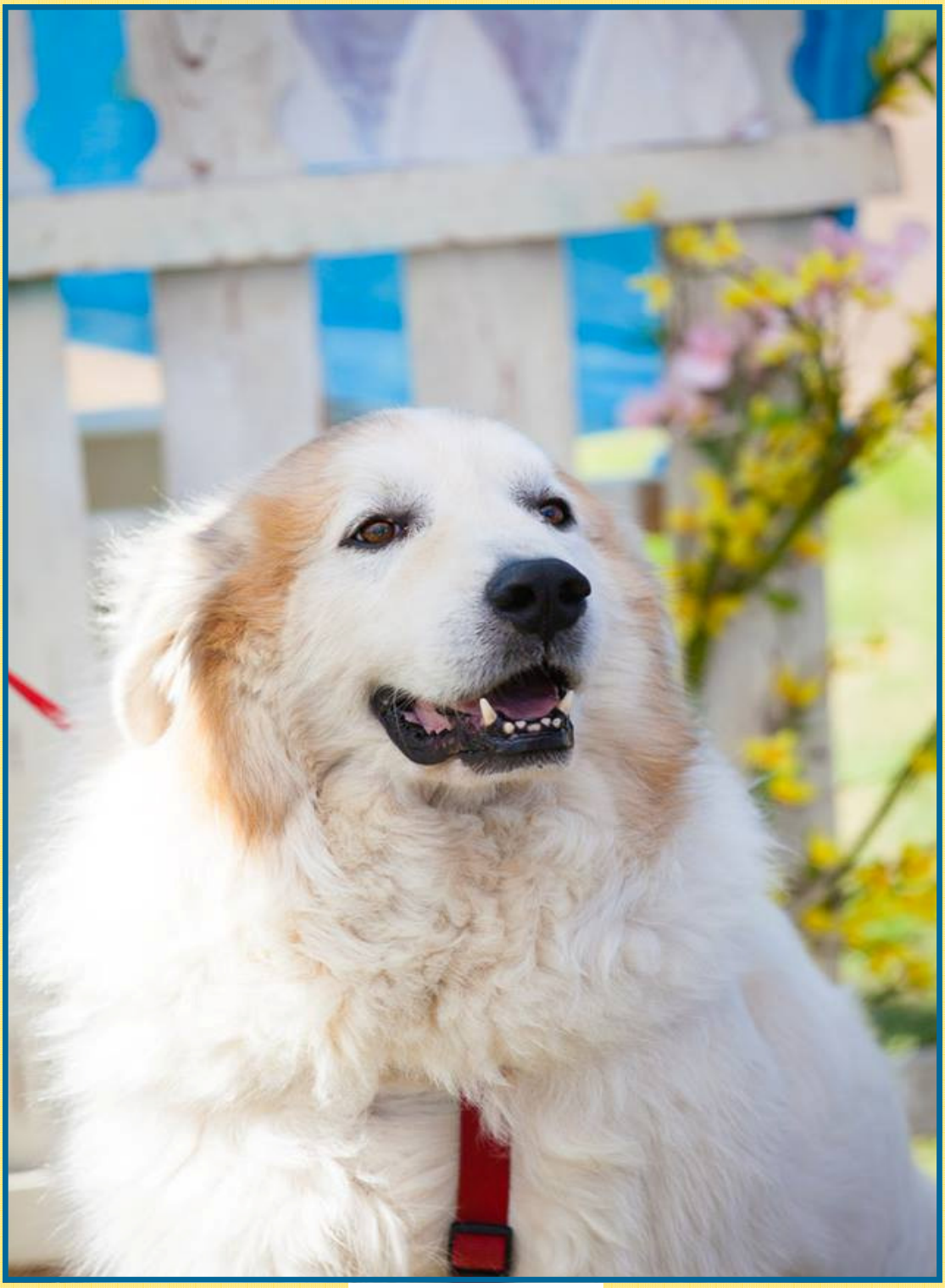
Fact #10

Almost two months after he passed, a lady I'd never met gave me a very special message from Max. It related directly to thoughts I had shared with *no one.*



His groomer took this picture. I have always said these colorful orbs were his angels. You can see the heart on his head very clearly in this photo. Now he is my angel...well, perhaps he was...

all along.



Love It Out Photography

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