
Spotlight On A Veteran



CH Pheasant Hollow's Macho Camacho

His name CH Pheasant Hollow's Macho Camacho -- Hector to those who know him. Just like the human boxer he was named after. The minute Hector came into this world he knocked me out! An empty space in my heart filled to the brim. I was a new breeder at the time, and this was the first pup that I bred who, when I looked into his big black eyes, I felt I looked into the mirror of his soul. It was almost like I knew him before and that he had known me. The connection to this dog was almost bizarre. Surely this guy has been here before and was a old soul. It was love at first sight. I cradled him in my arms every night, and this is why when we go to bed to this day, that's where his spot is to sleep. Right in my arms. My teddy bear, to this very day.

It was interesting how he came about, really. As I said, it was in the beginning of my breeding career. We had bred a couple of litters with little success. At the time, my eye was not a trained one and I depended for guidance a lot on those who'd been in the breed longer than I had. My mentor, Linda Mastrapasqua (Lyndell Boxers and breeder of Lyndells Metropolitan Man, Lyndells New Yorker, and many other beautiful champions --she bred an ABC winners dog as well) was my handler at the time. Coming from horses, her eye was a sharp one. A successful breeder herself, she was a fantastic teacher and mentor — especially adept at teaching me the faults in my dogs. One bitch we were showing at the time had a low tail set and poor angulation and Linda urged me to place her as a pet. I remember her saying that the tail set would bite me in the next generation or two if I bred her. She urged me to keep only the best and to be very critical of my own dogs. In the beginning I was a bit down and frustrated about my current breeding program.

One day, Linda came to visit. In the corner of my kitchen she saw Kiowa sitting on one of the dog beds. She is a very plain, almost muddy colored, brindle girl with a dark mask and big black eyes, with the longest eye lashes ever. We had kept her from our first litter due to the fact that her mamma had died in the c-section. We kept her as a pet for my young son, since he was so devastated about losing her mom, who was his pet.

Kiowa's little chimpanzee face and beautiful head drew Linda close to her. Linda stood her up and stacked her and a big smile came over her countenance. I remember to this day her saying "Kerry, here she is. The mother of your next great dog! Breed this beautiful bitch and

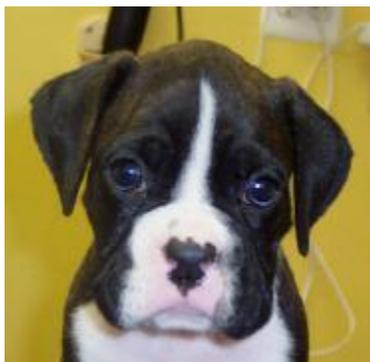
you will have a lovely litter. If you breed good to good, you most certainly will get good. Place your other females and breed her.”



Hector and His Mom Kiowa (at 12 years)

As much as it broke my heart, I placed both of my other girls in lovely pet homes, leaving me just Kiowa, as well as Arapaho, our first champion.

With some help from Linda, I chose to breed Kiowa (a Mad Max Of Turo granddaughter) to a beautiful, strapping fawn male -- CH Jacquet's Super Nova SOM . Linda was handling for Rick Tomita at the time, and advised me that he was producing some of the most gorgeous heads she had ever seen. Nova was a A CH Bravo Of



Hector at 7 weeks

Goldfield Son, a beauty in his own right, and from Turo lines as well. 63 days later 2 young pups were born. Only two, BUT -- Hector was

one of them. I always stress to other breeders something Linda taught me: If you get one great dog in a litter, you have done well.



Hector at 6 months

When I took Hector to the Regional series in Maryland at 6 months of age, he won his class every day. And he went Reserve Winners Dog the Regional, itself. The classes were very big at the time. I remember how great it felt to have a puppy I was so proud of. Reserve Winners dog in such a large and lovely field of competitors was almost as great as a Best of Breed to me . People were coming up to me and raving about his beautiful head and his tight cat feet... Suddenly, everything about a Boxer that I thought was beautiful and great resembled him. He became the blueprint in my mind of breed type. A few breeders offered a lot of money if we'd sell him, BUT he was already like a child to me and I could have never sold him for any amount.

To this day, Hector follows me everywhere I go. He is my constant companion. He is the best friend I have ever had, a service dog to my disabled husband, and the most loyal, trusting

and loving dog I have ever owned. He makes me feel like I am the most wonderful person on the face of this earth, and he was put here just to love me. I wish I was really as wonderful as he thinks I am. His favorite place is in my lap. I love to wrap my arms around him and snuggle my nose into his fur. I know this sounds crazy, but he has his own special smell. It is the most wonderful aroma, and it is only his. It is a beautiful scent. When I close my eyes, a feeling of safety and love overcomes me. When he is on my lap and in my arms, I savor every second. When I leave to go out, if I don't take him, he sits by the window and waits for my return. We go to work together, on all car rides. As I write this, he lies across my feet. When I am sad he understands, seeming to sense my



Hector

sorrow, and in his own way, he tells me it will be ok mom and I love you. Sometimes while he is lying in my arms and I close my eyes, I wish that I could freeze that moment in time, savor it forever, and never let it go. I often ask God to wrap his arms around Hector and keep him safe and healthy, because I never want to experience what it feels like to be without him. I can't bear the thought of losing my boy.

Yes, he is MY heart dog. My soul dog. He is THE dog. The dog that makes me such a pet person...



Hector and Kerry

So many people look back at one of their veterans and remember all of their wins. Hector did well, but he really never did anything to shout about. When I look back at my veteran, I will remember his beautiful face and those soulful eyes, the sculpture of his chiseled head, and of course the fact that, for his entire life, he has loved me with every breath he took. This dog has done nothing but make me happy since the moment of his birth.

I understand conformation faults, and, yes, he has them. But the beauty of this dog, besides what he is on the inside, is that he stamps his exceptional head over and over on his get. There is always a pup in his litters that has his beautiful face and black-eyed expression, very wide bite and very short back. All of his pups can jump six feet from a standstill, and I'm told over and over again that they are the best, most loyal dogs that people have owned. I have been told many times by owners of his kids that they have never had a dog like theirs. None of those puppies will ever be my Hector, but I am lucky that glimpses of him through his children, grandchildren and onward will always be here on earth to remind me of him he is gone. Hector is nearly a Sire of Merit, bred mainly to my own girls. One bitch produced 4

champions bred to him, and now is a Dam of Merit.

I think every successful breeder is known for some of the good attributes in their programs, for what they have contributed to the breed itself, and for a specific type of dog they produce. People ask me "How do you keep producing those heads? The consistency, it is amazing." Hector, that's how. He is the foundation and the original idea that my whole kennel has been built upon. I know there are many factors that make up a dog, and every factor is important to create the whole picture. After living with a dog like Hector and having the privilege to appreciate eye expression at its



Hector now at 9 years

best, the Boxer head has become the most important thing to me as a breeder over all.

I know that, personally, I will always will need to look at the end of my lead into the beautiful face that makes our breed individual, and makes me complete. My biggest challenge thus far as a breeder is to try to correct the

faults in my program without losing these



Hector and Daughter Fancy

heads, because of the extreme importance of that element to me, and to the breed as a whole. A beautiful Boxer head is something we are losing in our breed and the good-headed dogs are becoming the odd men out. When competing they look different than a majority of the others. This confuses judges, making them think that this type of head is not correct. But the Boxer's headpiece is what makes it a Boxer, and that's what my dog seems to have a gift of stamping onto the pups in my line.

When the day comes that I must say goodbye, a huge part of me will go with Hector. The thought of it is almost hard for me to bear, and sometimes I sit and cry even at that thought. I often wonder if I will have the heart to keep moving forward in the breed, once I lose him. It really has never been about winning for me. In the end, it's not about the championships, the ribbons, the fame, or the success. It's about God putting someone very special on this earth just for me, for a time — a time that goes so fast. Someone that has touched my life and heart at such a deep level.



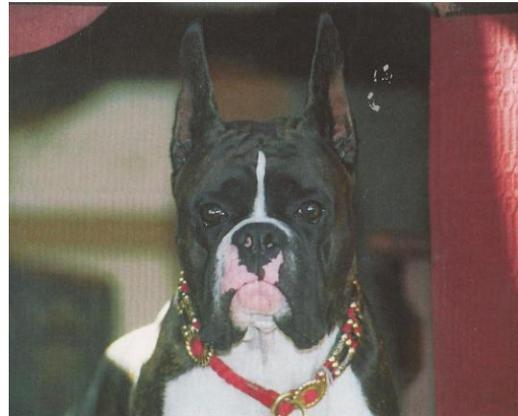
Hector Granddaughter Daughter, Damsel

Places in my soul that no human has even reached. An unselfish and a pure love. When I look at his beautiful face, my heart fills with joy and satisfaction. Like an artist looking at a completed piece of fine artwork, it gives me an overwhelming sense of delight to see it in front of me. I can't even imagine never being able to see his face again.

One thing that I have observed through breeding and getting to know other breeders is this: Each breeder's motivation when breeding dogs (as well as their own general understanding and interpretation of the standard) seems to be based somewhat on the reflection of a dog that they have found beautiful in the past. A dog that left a mark on them. More often than not it is a dog they have loved once so deeply that every dog in their program that looks like him is a step toward success. We consider what we loved so much about that dog, trying to keep the things that we loved as well as attempting to fix what we did not, never losing our original blueprint. Doubling up on the type we like, striving to get a glimpse of that dog through the next generations we breed. Perhaps in a better form

overall, but with the particular look that that dog embodied.

I have been blessed for having the opportunity to look into the most beautiful eyes in the world, and to look at, in my opinion, one of the exceptional American Boxer heads in this breed. Am I kennel blind? Probably. I AM



Hector

blinded by the love for a dog that I have been so blessed to experience. As long as my dogs in the future look a little like him, I will always consider myself a success as a breeder. As he ages, the lines through his face have gone grey, his eyes are cloudy, and he shows the grace of age in his beloved face. Yet he still prances around like the beautiful champion he is. To me, he is as lovely today as he was when he was born 8 years ago.

If you haven't had a heart dog, I wish each and every one of you the experience. It changes your perspective on things -- on dog shows, certainly, and even on life. The wonderment of the Boxer goes much deeper than any ribbon, or any prize. At the end of the day, the shows really are about "my dog is prettier than yours" and is not of the most importance to me overall. A fun hobby, YES -- but when you love a dog for his soul, it's about the connection you have that truly enriches your life, and adds value

to it. I love to show. I love to breed. But most importantly, I love the role that the Boxer plays in my life. Especially this particular Boxer.

So, Hector, I say: "My heart belongs to you. You are truly the love of my life. You came into this world and took my breath away. There will always be a special place in my heart that belongs to you, and to you only! I thank you for giving me the opportunity to love you."



So may I present to you the champion of my heart.... Best in being Special... Multiple Best in Home.... CH Pheasant Hollows Macho Camacho, owner of Kerry Jones, Pheasant Hollow Boxers.

Some hector Kids



Pheasant Hollows Fancy footwork



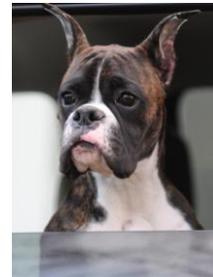
CH Mucho Macho



Pheasant hollows playmate of the year



Pheasant Hollows Bitter Ex Girlfriend



Brandiwine's First Round Knock Out



Pheasant Hollow's Saint Miss Behavin

