

"MISSION TO MEXICO"

DAY 1:

"I am still an American citizen, but I am now also a permanent Mexican resident."

On January 16th, I left America permanently and moved to Mexico with my 10 dogs. I am still an American citizen, but I am now also a permanent Mexican resident.

I drove to Mexico with my longtime friend, Ray Bolton, who served as my driver and escort. My loyal ranch manager and close friend, Ubaldo Ramirez, followed me in my SUV with several of my larger dogs.

The rain was pouring down as we drove out of Los Angeles to the Mexican border. When we crossed the border at Mexicali, we were stopped by the first of many military checkpoints.

The soldiers just glanced at the dogs and waived us on.

It was clear right away that my dogs did not like being crated. They started having panic attacks and projectile vomiting, so I opened all the crates and they settled in on top of me for the 1000-mile drive to Cabo. I am 5'9", so it was a tight squeeze for sure.



We stopped in San Felipe Mexico for the first night. We picked a hotel that allowed dogs in the room. Paid for 5 dogs and snuck in 3 more for a total of 8.

The two larger dogs slept with Ubaldo in the van.

DAY 2:

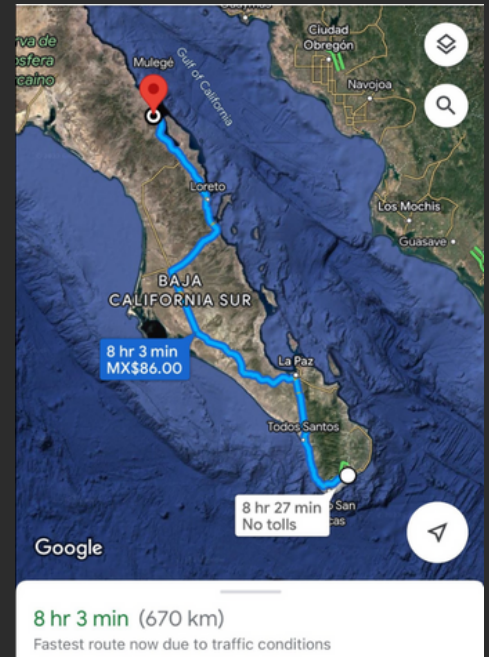
"No Service"



A 7-hour drive with no mobile phone services for 5 hours. I learned quickly not to feed the dogs before the drive, as they get carsick.

I just laid down best I could in the back of the van with them and they just went to sleep.

We passed two military checkpoints at Guerrero Negro and stayed at a lovely hotel in Santa Rosalia. We almost got busted there as we were only allowed 1 dog (strict) in the room.



DAY 3:

"Head straight to San Jose."

We were headed to Loreto, but we made such good time we decided to head straight to San Jose. We arrived at our new home, Casa Ocho, on the East Cape of San Jose Del Cabo.



WHY MEXICO?

I grew up in West Belfast in Northern Ireland. The Troubles broke out in 1969 and all hell broke loose. It was the most frightening time for anyone who lived through it. My family and I endured the relentless sectarian conflict known as "The Troubles". We felt like fearful strangers on our own streets, lost friends to awful violence and grew to adulthood determined to create lives that would not replicate that history but would instead make the world a better and happier place.

In 1975 I arrived in America for a summer holiday, and I never went home! I left my family behind, took the emigrant path like so many Irish before me. I made more than a good new life, and I believe I made my mark on my adopted homeland.

I became involved with the spay and neuter mission only 3 years ago. Johnny Ray introduced me to sterilization clinics in Ensenada. I was struck by the knowledge that I had to do more for the suffering street dogs and overpopulation of dogs and cats in Mexico. For those years since I bought Chiquita's Friends rescue ranch in Agoura, I transported and saved almost 1000 dogs from Northern Baja.

That's when I decided to "blow up my life", sell my beloved Rancho Chiquita my home of 27 years, sell my restaurant "Lula Cocina Mexicana" of 31 years, cash out and move to Mexico.

I am now living my dream in Mexico, surrounded by my dogs and working to make a difference in the lives of street dogs and cats. I am grateful for the opportunity to start a new chapter in my life and to make a positive impact on the world.



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