

FRITZ HENRY

It is hard to believe that I adopted little Fritz Henry and his sister Eleanor Crickett approximately one year ago. I had a dental appointment, with my favorite dentist (my husband) and one of my husband's employees, Mikey, told me about the little Dachshunds and Dachshund mixes who needed to be adopted at a nearby shelter. She and her husband adopted two, but there were several remaining in need of a home. They had been at the shelter too long, and their time to be euthanized was coming up.

With considerable misgiving, I decided I would not go to the shelter I could not possibly adopt yet another dog. We already had nineteen – other people's neglected, abused and abandoned castoffs. I left my husband's office and headed toward home. Yet, somehow I found my car headed toward the shelter where the Dachshunds were facing imminent death. I turned around several times admonishing myself to be realistic – we really couldn't take in any more rescue animals.

However, as though the car had a life of its own, I found myself driving toward the shelter.

I had made up my mind – if the two remaining dogs were still unadopted, I would take them. If I didn't keep them, I would at least save their lives and find them a permanent home for them.

Arriving at the shelter, I inquired about them. I was led by a shelter toward the back. I had to consciously avert my eyes so that I couldn't take in the agonizing presence of so many sad, terrified and beautiful dogs in need of help. As soon as I laid eyes upon the two tiny little Dachshund mixes, I knew I could not leave them behind.

They weighed a little over three pounds each. Fritz had the Dachshund body shape and common black and tan coloration. His eyes and ears were more Mini Pinscher (Min Pin) like. Ellie was dappled and had very long legs. They were littermates – biological brother and sister. Their two tiny bodies were huddled together in the back of the huge kennel. They were the very last ones left – the ones no one else wanted.

I spoke softly and soothingly to them, and let them know that they would be going home with me – to be loved and cared for – for the rest of their lives. I found the shelter worker, signed the necessary paperwork, retrieved the tiny dogs and holding them close, carried them to my car.

These little dogs would never be left alone and uncared for again... They were to become my loved babies.