

Our First Texas Rescue Dog, "Chloe"

I was shopping at PetSmart and took my lovely little dachshund-mix, Sophie, with me. I took Sophie with me just about everywhere I could. She was a joy and a magnet for social interaction between other humans, their pets and myself. She was so well-behaved and well-mannered, I never had to worry about Sophie being loud, aggressive or unfriendly or fearful. She simply loved everyone and every being.

On this particular Sunday afternoon in April a Rescue Organization named HART was holding off-site adoptions in the lobby and by the front door of the store. I already had four rescue dogs at that time including Sophie with whom I had moved from Los Angeles to Dallas. I was definitely not thinking about adopting another so soon after our move.

However, passing by the potential adoptees, I happened to glance in one of the crates and saw a pair of the sweetest, saddest eyes I'd ever seen. I bent down to see the sad-eyed dog and discovered it was a beautiful red-haired Beagle/Foxhound mix who was about 7 months old and been left to die in a ditch with her newborn siblings. The rescue group took her in and took care of her providing her with medical attention, vaccinations, etc. They also had her spayed and located a loving foster home for her. She had been in foster care for quite some time when I met her. She was seven months old and named Chloe.

I asked the off-site adoption counselors about her background and personality. They asked me if I would like to see her. I immediately said, "Yes." I had Sophie on a leash and the adoption counselor took Chloe out of the crate and walked her with Sophie and me. Sophie fell in love with her immediately and so did I! She was small and delicate and had four white-tipped paws and a white tipped tail that looked as though it had been dipped in a can of white paint. Her sad eyes became less sad as Sophie and I spent time with her. She was so beautiful and gentle. I really thought about adopting her, but then, reconsidered as I anticipated my husband's response. He would surely say, "We definitely do not need another dog now. Our lives are hectic and busy enough."

I told the adoption counselor I really liked Chloe, but didn't think I would be able to adopt her. I then took Sophie and put her in the car. I heard the words (in my heart, perhaps), "Go back. Go back and get her." I went back to see Chloe by myself this time. I petted her and walked her. I talked to her and told her how lovely she was. She was so beautiful and loving. I asked the adoption counselor if I could fill out the adoption forms and arrange to pick Chloe up in a week. I knew I'd be able to persuade my husband that it was right to add her to our family.

I managed to convince Norm it was right to adopt Chloe. One week after I first met her and was approved for adoption by the rescue organization, Norm and I picked up our new family member and brought her home. One by one, each on a leash, we introduced our dogs to Chloe on the street in front of our house. They all seemed comfortable with her and to like her. We then took her to our park-like 2-acre backyard with a large pond and wooded area. Chloe sniffed the air with happiness and excitement. She then began to

run and run and run as though she simply could not get enough exercise after living in a crate for so many months. It was exhilarating to see her race around our backyard and pond. It did not take her long to adapt to her new home and siblings. Chloe brought us great joy and much love. She died last April, and we miss her terribly, but she will remain a part of our hearts and lives always.