

Riley

Riley was the first of many animals I've adopted at ARL. Riley came to Maine on a animal shipment from a high kill shelter in Virginia. Riley was the last on the bus so to speak, he was supposed to be a 7 month old Rottie mix. One of the Virginia workers pleaded his case with the ARL and he was in. Only they didn't send the right dog. My partner and I had been looking for a female puppy for about 14 months. We had decided that a female puppy is definitely what we wanted. Period. For some reason on that strange Thursday I had to go to the Stroudwater ARL. I even nagged my general manager to let me out early that day so I could go look at the puppies. Puppies being the key here. Don't forget the female thing. So there I was all signed in and looking for love. The ARL had just received a shipment of dogs from an over crowded high kill shelter in Virginia. Several puppies included. What did I fall in love with? A 7 month old Rottie mix. I filled out an application and "Rambo" was put on hold awaiting his veterinary check and the waiting period. I was so excited that by the time I had gotten home I had confused all the dogs and was wound tight. Saturday morning we got a call to come and have our meet and greet. By the time we got there, Rambo's name had been changed to Redford. There was another meet and greet going on so we waited with Redford in the hallway; me with a shiny glow and Jan just plain horrified. She was a little harder to convince. Redford was not exactly what she expected. Not female, not a puppy. She, in her non-love glow, did happen to notice he did not exactly look like a puppy. Redford was filthy, emaciated, darn near toothless and the pads of his feet were raw. Oh well, nobody is perfect. But Redford got her. Charm always wins. He did this shoulder thing that could melt ice and it did. It's not a great pic but you get the idea.



Jan saw it and said to do whatever I had to so we could take him home. There was nothing left to do, we were all ready to go. So off we went. It was one of the best things to ever happen to me. Soon after we got him, we changed his name to Riley. We have taught him how to potty out side, get his feet wet and even how to play. He has taught us so much more. We have learned that sometimes you get what you need regardless of what you wanted and has definitely reminded us that looks aren't everything. Riley has charmed almost everyone he has met even to the point of our son-in-law wanting to take him back to Texas with him after his vacation was over. While visiting my grandmother in the nursing home he loved on anyone who he could get to and then some. At my grandmother's last Christmas with us he sat with her and treated her like a queen.

He has now filled out, his coat is thick and shiny, and his paws have healed. He has turned into much more than he was. The first winter he was with us we got him a sweat shirt to keep him warm; it hasn't fit him in years. Last year he even played a certain "Under K-9" for Halloween. And very well I might add

He is our little hero and paved the way for others to join our little family, the ones who are not so perfect or so young and maybe just a bit too much attitude.

Thank you ARL,
Donna and Jan