

## The last thing I wanted was a dog

A dog? I didn't think so. I was too busy. Although I was single, I was married to my career. When I first saw her I got this crazy thought that I wanted a puppy. But that was unrealistic and not logical because I didn't have time.

Then I held her. She had been abandoned and found in the "projects." I was told that when they found her she was so covered with fleas that she had bare spots on her head and back where the fleas would cluster. She was also infested with worms and underfed.

I think what surprised me the most was how peaceful she was even after her rough start in life. Or maybe she was just really tired and lonely. I knew that if I didn't take her I might be her last chance at a forever home before she was gone forever.

So, even though my heart was saying "yes" my head was still saying "no." It's not logical. I don't have time. I am only having an emotional moment that will pass but a puppy is a "for better or worse" commitment.

That night I couldn't help thinking about that cute puppy and what her probable fate was going to be in the next several days. I didn't sleep well. The arguments that occur between the head and the heart are the most challenging.

By morning the battle was over and there were three winners, my heart, that dang puppy and me. I didn't know how I was going to make it work, but that didn't matter. I just knew I would. Necessity and love are the mothers of invention!

We quickly became best friends. Except for work, I took her everywhere with me. But I struggled to name her. Nothing seemed to fit. So for a while I just referred to her as "dog."

Then it hit me. My little friend wasn't just a dog she was "Jeff's dog." In that moment JaDee was named. My initials inspired her name and became a sign of my commitment to her.

Now I'm of the mind that listening to my heart was one of my best decisions.

Jeff

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