

FIND A PET PAL AT MY FURRY VALENTINE FEBRUARY 14 AND 15

It was love at first sight. She was a “ginger” with the most stunning red hair. And while everyone around me was in a panic, she seemed to keep her cool. I’m not sure if she noticed me at all, but how could I forget those dark, dark eyes? They say her name is Josie, after Josie and the Pussycats. Rather fitting for someone with three cats as “siblings.” And her dad, well, it’s no surprise that he’s a radio personality.

The first time I spotted Josie she was standing watch, almost guarding the Oakley Petsmart. She was simply observing all the other dogs as their human families came to adopt them. I learned that Josie came from West Virginia, but wasn’t given much more background than that. In fact, I don’t think anyone really wanted to know the background because it was just too sad to even comprehend. I overheard someone talking



Jamie and Ray walking a very happy Josie!

about Dream House Rescue and Josie being “saved” from living a life chained to a tree, abandoned and skinny.

Thankfully, Josie was adopted by “Ray” and his wife, Jamie. They live a few blocks away from me on Dana Avenue. Sometimes I get lucky and see Josie passing by The Echo where Ray’s mom works. I know she loves going to Otto Armleder Park when Jamie isn’t working at the Enquirer.

If I am out walking early in the morning, through the window I can see Josie sleeping on the bed. She’s often right in between Ray and Jamie with her head on the pillow. And if it is 4:30, I am in luck. Because at 4:30 Josie goes out for her quick walk with Ray before he heads off to WVMX 94.9. She dances down the sidewalk. Her ears alert, tail spinning so quickly you might think she would lift off!

Josie is smart, loving, protective and beautiful. She was all these things and of something more. I had to say that. That’s a quote from one of Josie’s mom’s favorite books, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*. But it’s true. Josie IS of something more.

I think that “something more” comes from being rescued, or maybe being a survivor. Her love for her parents makes me wag my tail every time. While I sniff around looking for where Josie is or has been, I am so grateful for that day in May when I first spotted her.

If you are looking for that something more, come to the fourth annual My Furry Valentine, (www.myfurryvalentine.com),

Same show, new style – now with
the live gardens at the heart of it all.



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