



Pictures for the Fridge!

It's a spring afternoon and I'm lying outside on a chaise just soaking up the sun. And the slobbery kisses.

Somebody's licking my face. I don't even have to open my eyes to know who it is: Janie, the Wonder Dog!

The "wonder" is that she's alive to be here licking my face.

You see, Janie is a lovely young female TM that I am fostering for TM Rescue until she can recover from the abuse/neglect by her former owners and find her forever home. When she arrived at my house, she had large patches of bare skin where her hair had fallen out, and she was so skinny that my hands could fit around her "waist".

She's a big girl, the same height as my tallest male, Calyp. Calyp weighs 135 pounds; Janie weighed 65. Calyp makes 2 of Janie, literally. Looking at her from the front, her front legs touched: She had no chest at all.



I start to giggle from all the kisses and reach out to pet her. Janie sees a chance at play, and tears off at full speed, circling back to see if I'm going to lend chase. Nope. I can't keep up with her now. Her first day with me, I could have run circles around her. When she would take off running like this, her weak front legs would fold under her, and she would skid across the ground on her neck. Now, she prances in circles around me. The joy that sparkles in her eyes brings tears to mine.

I watch her and wonder: What has this precious, sweet dog had to endure in her short life? And why? These are questions that I know I'll never have fully answered. No matter. I can't change the past. But for Janie, and other TMs like her, I *can* change the future.

Over the last 6-8 years, I have fostered 7 TMs. Some for only a few days, some for 5 or 6 months. Each one has left a paw print on my heart.

I don't have a kennel. Rescues come into my home and take their place in the family. They eat, sleep, and play with my dogs. I approach every one like he/she was my own dog. I don't have any professional experience with dogs or working with abused or rescued animals. I just try to figure out what each one needs and how best

to meet those needs. As they progress, it's exciting to know that I've played a part, however small, in their recovery! Doesn't it feel great when you know you've done something good?

Some TMs that I have fostered have been so badly abused that they were afraid to even get near people. For these, I have just sat with them. Long, quiet, lazy days of sitting in the sun, being intensely scrutinized. Tough work, huh? Others, like Janie, personify the meaning of forgiveness, and hold no grudges against those that have hurt them. They take a licking and keep on licking (My apologies to Timex!). Janie needs only to be renourished and strengthened. And loved. And played with. And someone to lick. *Really* tough work.

So far, every dog that has come through my home has been successfully placed, and some have sent me pictures and even Christmas cards. They're my babies, and I almost always have one of their pictures on my refrigerator, right up there with my grandkids.

Do you have any room on your 'fridge? If so, I'll help you find a picture to fill it.

Debbie Mayer

[TM Rescue](#)

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Noble Legacy Tibetan Mastiffs