

April 24, 2015

Hello everybody.

"Happy anniversary to me, happy anniversary to me." Remember me? I'm Robyn, now known as Ginny, 'cause I'm from Virginia. It's been one year exactly since I came to my new home in Pennsylvania. And wow, what a year. Where do I begin?



First of all, let me say a huge thank you to my rescue shelter, Humane Society of Amherst County, VA, and my Foster Mom Shannon. Thank you, thank you, thank you. You are awesome people. You saw the potential in me and gave me a second chance.

When I came to Pennsylvania, I was a little skittish and not feeling too good. I kind of had a bad case of worms, three different kinds, so we tackled that war, and it was a huge one. And guess who won! And thanks to my new Uncle Randy for helping me with that, too. So I started putting on weight, getting rid of the rib cage showing, and looking my normal, good-looking self.

Mom and Dad, that's what I call them now, let me settle in at my own pace. In the beginning Dad would lay on the floor and I would sneak up to him and cuddle. Guess who's couch buddies now.



Then Mom started walking me. Oh, boy. She went out and got lime green accessories, collar, leash, etc., which matches my coat quite well, and we go for at least a mile walk a day, weather permitting, and Mom's work schedule permitting, too. All she has to do now is hang that lime green walking leash in my face, and we're off!!



So maybe it's not every day, but I have a huge playroom just in case. They call it the living room, but they're never in it, so I use it a lot. Back and forth, back and forth, throwing my teddy bear. Oh, I love my teddy. Foster Mom Shannon sent him with me, and he's my favorite toy.

Soon after I came here, we're off into this camping stuff. Didn't know a thing about it. First trip out, I'm panicking. All these strange noises and things I didn't like. Met some other canines. They were fun to play with. Ran with them in the dog park. Then later on, all of a sudden a storm blows in. Everybody's running and scurrying around. I'm freaking out, run and knock over the grill. Freak out some more. Mom scoops me up and we watch the storm inside on the couch. I settled down. But, she got me a Thunder Shirt soon after that. Works great, if she gets it on me in time.

Then another time camping, I finally figured out what they meant when they kept saying "sit." We have a picture of my first time. I've been doing a lot of sitting since then. And I can shake paws, too. Mom thinks I shake like a princess.



And I'm proud to say after a season of camping, I am a pro now. No more freaking out over all the strange noises, except for bad, bad storms and heavy rain. But I have a safe corner I go to that controls my shaking.

Otherwise, I hop into the camper, jump on the couch, which is padded with a nice blanket for me, and off we go. And, get this, I have been in every state from Pennsylvania to Florida, and out to Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and maybe some other places I don't remember. Dad is a really good driver, too. And, of course, everywhere we went, everybody just loved me.

I've come to find out I'm not a cold-weather canine. We went to Florida for the winter, December through March. I loved it. I would sun bathe every chance I got. I loved the sand. Mom would put a blanket out there for me to lay on, which sometimes I did, but I really liked the feel of the sand. And as I was laying there just chillin', everyone would walk by, pet me, ooh and ahh. I would lift my head and acknowledge them, thank them for the attention, and do some more chillin'.

One week it got really cold and I was outside a little too long. Well, like ten minutes. Mom came out and got me and she heard my teeth chattering. No kidding! Got inside and Dad heard it, too. They laughed like crazy. I didn't think it was that funny, but I got over it.

Then one time I tried to tell Mom and Dad there must have been a cat in the camper that got into her yarn. I sure did look for it, but I couldn't find it!! (eh-hmm)

Anyway, I'm rambling. I think I must get that from someone. I'm just so grateful for everyone looking after me and taking care of me. And I'm looking forward to another camping season and Florida in the winter.



Later Gators!

Oh, don't say gators when I'm going to Florida!