December 27, 2015

Dear Lori and the Fluffy Dog Rescue Team,

January 3rd marks the second year anniversary that my husband and I adopted a wonderful poodle we named Coleman (a.k.a Tito). I had been reviewing the Fluffy Dog website for months and had my heart set on a new posting of a little white dog that had a “pending adoption” notation by her picture. I was devastated, since I believed that was the dog for me. I decided to carefully review the list of remaining dogs and that is when I found a 7-year old black poodle named Tito. He was staying with a foster named June who happened to have a blog where she posted detailed observations of life with Tito. I grew up with poodles and, as I read June’s postings, I began smiling at his antics. I knew all too well how smart and clever poodles are and could only imagine an interesting life with this little guy. Now Tito was a black haired, older male dog and I wanted a white haired, younger female dog, so as far as a match, we had quite a gap. I could not stop thinking about him, though, and continued to review June’s blog where she shared his stories. I decided to apply on-line so that I could call June and really determine if Tito was the one. June spent a total of three hours taling with me and my husband. She was honest in her answers to avoid any surprises later on. June shared that Tito was shy, but curious and would work well in a quiet home. We had just the environment for him, and I knew we could give him a loving home.

We went to pick up Tito at June’s house and it was the start of the polar vortex. The temperature was well below zero and the outdoors was not fit for man nor beast. But despite that, we decided to take the journey to bring our new fluffy friend home. We met June outside and the winds were fierce and unforgiving. She tightly held Tito to keep him warm, but then handed him over to me. He laid snug in my arms and, despite the bitter cold, I felt instant warmth in my heart. As we left June’s house, her other dogs could be seen all lined up, looking out the picture window and barking with excitement as if to bid their friend Tito “farewell.”

Our first few days with Tito were rough. He would not eat or go outside. I sat and stared at him and he sat and stared at me, as if neither of us knew what to do with our new situation. I called the local vet who assured me that Tito would not starve himself and that he just needed to get acclimated to his new home. A few days went by and our concerns grew. When would Tito eat again? Then it hit me…bacon! I made bacon and filled the kitchen with its delectable aroma that Tito could not resist. He slowly came out of his crate with his nose high in the air sniffing as if nothing else mattered but meat. So, it was then that he decided maybe a few pieces of dog kibble would be okay. All was good after that day and our trust building began.

We decided to change Tito’s name to Coleman. The “Cole” was because he was dark like coal and the “man” was because June called him her “little man.” Every day, I wake up to the joy of having Coleman in my life. He is a best friend, cuddle companion, playmate and the most gentle, loving dog I have ever encountered. I fell blessed that the volunteers in Alabama and the Fluffy Dog Rescue devote so much time to helping such wonderful and loving dogs. The truth is, we don’t rescue the dogs; they rescue us as they continue to remind us of the compassion and unconditional love that we should give to each other every day.

Thank you for all that you do.

Diane, Byron and Coleman