

## Thank You for Not Loving Her

Below is an original essay I wrote for the newest member of our family, Tina. Her presence in our family has been pure blessing and total love on her part. She has educated us, warmed us, loved us, and most of all, completed our household. Like our others, she deserves the best we can provide~~[Dogsmom](#)

Thank you for not loving the beautiful little female Dobe enough to keep her! You said you "just don't have time for her," so you "think she needs another home." Truly, I'm not judging you, as I only know you for what I've seen, but I sure am glad you didn't love her enough to keep her. You see, even though we had one handsome, blue, male Dobe, and a young JRT, no one took us seriously when we posted to find a female Dobe. No one thought we knew what we were looking for..."probably just backyard breeders looking for a breeding bitch," they said. But that doesn't matter now.

Did you know this wonderful little female, now named "Tina," would lay her head in your lap all night, if you sit on the couch with her? No, I suppose you didn't, as you said she was never allowed on any furniture. We have nice things too, but a cover quickly made the couch available for everyone...all the dogs. Did you know she gives wonderfully wet, warm kisses when she's particularly happy with her dinner? Probably not, as you said she lived outside all the time, in a run with a doghouse. Did you know she was terrified of loud noises and quick moves? Do you have any idea why she became this way? Maybe, but maybe not. Nevertheless, we're all working on her fears, helping her find peace with things we find silly - but that she sees as monsters, like the vacuum cleaner. Do you have any idea why she runs to hide when we walk toward her with a dinner plate in our hand? What happened to her to give her that fear? Never mind, we'll all work on her uncertainties, and give her a new, stronger self-image.

Did you ever take the time to wipe the sleep from her eyes in the morning? The first time I offered to wipe her eyes clean, she ran to hide...again. But guess what...she comes TO me each morning now, while I brush my hair and wash my face - just to have the sleep wiped from her eyes, and kisses me on the knee? Was she ever brushed? Was she given toys with which to play? She was terrorized by both the first time I offered them...what happened to her, do you know? Bet you didn't get any kisses for doing nails, brushing, or wiping her face clean of dirt. But that's okay, 'cause I get LOTS of kisses!

There is tremendous joy watching her play and run with our other two "kids." She's like a small, black and tan deer. She's fast, sleek, and becoming more and more sure of herself. Occasionally she will still crawl on her tummy to us when we call her. What happened to make her so shy? Our two "first" kids always look us right in the eye, and come running when we whistle. Tina will come, but crawl the last few yards on her stomach, as if she was trying SO hard to apologize for something she'd done. What happened to her? What made her that way? That's all right, though, we're working on replacing her crawl with a more sure response.

Did you know she loves to be rocked in a rocker? Did you know she will crawl in your lap, curl up, and go fast to sleep if you rock and pat her head? Did you ever allow her to show such love? That's alright, we're all SO BLESSED to have her in our lives, and we're showered with her

love. I wonder what you missed all those deeply cold nights in December, when she was left to fend for herself outside in her pen. Her love was always there, just brimming...but not accepted, from what you've told us. Do you remember the day I called your work place, to ask if we could get a copy of her health records, and you wouldn't talk to me because you thought I was going to bring her back? Remember your comment when I asked the receptionist to tell you what I needed, and that she was doing well in our home? You said "Oh, good! I'll talk to her!" Silly...you thought we would let this package of warmth, and kisses, armed with a loving heart, come back to your home. No, I don't believe so, because this is her "forever" home. That was our intent from the onset, and we have been so fortunate. You spent so much money on her, with her beautiful ears and spaying, it's hard to believe. Never did I think I would be glad that someone didn't want a dog...I thought that was terribly sad. This WAS sad, but that sadness had turned into joy, and that joy is ours - forever. When it comes time for her to go to the Rainbow Bridge, I'll be there for her, if we're still on earth. I'll hold her paw, and rest her body in my lap; hold back the tears so as not to make her feel she is to blame for my sadness. With the Creator's permission, my voice will be the last voice she will hear, and my hand the last hand to caress her as she begins her long sleep. I will help her make the transition to the Rainbow Bridge, where I know she will await our arrival. I'm sorry you missed all this love.

~[Dogsmom](#)