

The Story of Potter

Potter came in to my life in May of 2014 after the death of my 11 year old miniature schnauzer, Fluffy. Instead of replacing Fluffy I decided to foster and picked out a dog at the adoption fair that was going to be my running companion. I was supposed to get a lab puppy but instead I found this little old 10 year old chihuahua with glazed over eyes, 1 tooth, ears that look like they had been cut up and who walked at a snail's pace. No one wanted Potter but my heart melted when he looked at me. He was such a unique little fellow and there is no description for the bond that formed immediately. I wrapped him in a baby blanket, put him in a baby stroller and took him everywhere I went. He is ferocious in his protection of me but with only one tooth does not pose much of a threat except to scare people with his growl. His presence in my life immediately healed my heart from my loss. Come to find out, I needed him as much as he needed me and I so much love having him in my life. I have since found out that fostering does this to people. We think we are healing the dog but the dog works miracles with us instead. I am so lucky to have chosen to foster a dog in need because I found the dog I needed.