



# Helping Furry Friends Looking For Love

After a challenging day at work, I can't wait to get home where I'll be greeted by an enthusiastically eager furry face. No, not my husband, it's actually our dog. Our Beagle Floyd is my favorite fuzzy four-legged friend. I really love the little guy, so much that my husband Joe teases me that Floyd is my true

love. Joe noticed him at the pound about five years ago; we brought him home and I've been smitten ever since. He's rather large for his breed, built like a semi and weighs about the same as a small Labrador retriever. The bigger the dog, the more there is to cuddle with. I still remember when Joe saw him at the pound.

"I stopped at the pound. There's a Beagle there. He's really a nice looking fella," Joe said to me one day after work. "Hmmm, really?" I didn't give it much thought. We had briefly discussed getting a dog, but I didn't know if we were ready for one yet. Joe brought it up again the next night after work.

"I stopped to see that Beagle again. He seems like a nice little guy. I think you'd like him."

Joe continued to tell me about his daily visits with the little hound until he wore me down. Maybe it was time for a dog. We

weighed out the pros and cons of adding a family member and then we paid that pooch a visit. Joe was right, he really was quite the looker and a nice pup, a bit timid but friendly tri-colored Beagle. He came home with us on a trial basis and instantly found his forever home. Our son, a teenager at the time, picked the name Floyd, which seemed a perfect fit for his relaxed and laid back demeanor.

Floyd has been a great addition to our family. His regular evening walking routine makes us take time to enjoy nature while getting in some exercise, though I can't say I truly enjoy walking him in the winter. He even helps me unwind at night, not an easy task due to my high-strung nature. Most late evenings Floyd expects me to sit on the floor so he can snuggle in beside me while I read, write or watch TV. Floyd has become so spoiled with this routine that if I try to vary from it, he sits in our usual spot and continuously lets out a loud "Rrroowwffff" until I take my place beside him. I guess you could say that he has me well trained.

Floyd serves as a prime example of the fantastic furry friends available at the local pound and humane society. October is the American Humane Association's Adopt-a-Dog Month and reminds us that there are many reasons to consider adopting a dog from a shelter. It's estimated that 3-4 million animals are in shelters each year, waiting for someone to adopt them into their safe and loving home, according to [www.americanhumane.org](http://www.americanhumane.org). A dog can become a friend, companion,



*We refuse to...*  
*Sit and watch the weeds grow*

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