

Ain't Nothing But A Found Dog

Could we find the perfect home for a surly stray?

By Nancy Rose

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My husband has a soft spot for strays. Driving down the highway one rainy day, we spotted a hulking mass of grayish-black fur, with paws the size of a bear's, wandering along the roadside. "We already have two dogs and two cats," I protested as he pulled over.

"We can't just leave him there," he said. "No telling what will happen to him." He opened the door and the dog climbed in.

"Okay," I agreed, "but we have to try hard to find his owner." The dog seemed friendly enough, but there was a look about him that spoke of a wilder nature.

We called him Gus, and ran ads in the paper and on the radio, but no one claimed him. For the next year and a half Gus lived with us. He was a boisterous dog, and one day his energy got the best of him and he nipped someone.

A dog his size needed more space to run. *Lord, help us find the home where Gus will be happy*, I prayed. We started a new search, for a new owner, a home where Gus was meant to be. One day a friend mentioned a family that might be interested. "They used to have a big dog out on their farm. The boys were real torn up when Sam disappeared," he said.

Two days later the Delancy family came to meet Gus. The kids piled out of the car.

"Sam!" they cried, as the dog, tail wagging, bounded toward them joyously. "We thought you'd never come back!"

Sam, a.k.a. Gus, was the happiest dog in the world. He was going home at last.