

Mack



My fox terrier and Chihuahua both passed away the same week, one with cancer and the other died of heart attacks. They were very old.

Waiting as long as possible to respect their uniqueness and knowing that they could not be replaced, after about six weeks I was very lonely and I don't think I smiled any more. My daughter came over and said it was about time I got a little dog.

I prayed that the dog would be the perfect dog for me, considering I am 71 years old and don't not want to die before it does, but maybe around the same time.

Also I am not up to chasing a puppy and trying to train it.

We walked all through the Humane Society adopting location. We walked and walked and no dog was the kind I need. At the very end of the tour we saw a little terrier by herself in a corner in a cage. The people were waiting to get another dog for her to put both in a large area. I looked at her and knew she was perfect. She is a Jack Russell nine years old! Probably other people did not want such an old dog as this doggie. I was told she was very affectionate. While someone on the staff primped her I signed all the papers. The staff did not know her story, only that she was an "overflow" from the H.S. in Dallas or Houston. I think some sweet lady raised her because she was already perfectly trained when I got her home. Probably the old lady passed away and none of her children had room for another dog.

This dog was better trained than I have ever been able to accomplish with any dog. Yes, she is affectionate! She follows me everywhere. If she is sleeping all I have to do is look at her and she feels it, opens her eyes, wakes up and comes to me.

Her name at the kennel was Ilse, a name I had never heard. I wanted to name her something that expressed that she was the Max but it somehow changed to Mack.

I wish I could tell you a tale of her rescuing me from a burning house or some exiting story. This I can say: people say that it was so nice of me to adopt a dog. No, I am not the good guy in this story. The good guys are my perfect dog and the Humane Society here in San Antonio, TX. . Mack has saved me from loneliness and depression. She is the main hero. Also I am grateful to whoever it was who took her to the Humane Society instead of "putting here down" Thank you, and may the Humane Society continue its wonderful work.

A happy grandma, Carol Hawkins