

A Family Addition...

It started innocently enough. Last Thursday, I received a text message that read: "Going to look @ puppy @ 1:00."

Now, I am rarely accused of being the best husband when it comes to reading between the lines, but I knew well what this text message translated to. We were getting a puppy. Looking would be done, followed by the adopting, then the taking home of the lucky little puppy. Honestly, has any wife/mom ever gone to the pound and just "looked" at puppies? Not in my experience. It just doesn't happen.

Actually, I figured this day was soon coming. We lost both of our Labs last summer and the kids are getting old enough to enjoy and take care of a pet. Plus, our monthly feed bill was getting low. I figured rescuing an abandoned dog might add a little welcome New Year's karma. A new puppy that would live outside would be okay.

My plan was to go to the pound with my wife to provide moral support, knowing full well that any opinion I might have against getting said puppy should be kept to quiet. Next thing I know we're getting back into the truck with a cardboard box of, not one, but two active little mutts. We were also on the phone, scheduling for puppy number three, to see the vet to be neutered. Somehow, our trip to get an "outside" dog had morphed into a puppy adoption spree that I had lost control over.

Enough was enough and I was forced to put my foot down. "You know these dogs are not coming into the house, right," I asked in my mean voice.

So we spent the weekend playing on the living room floor with the kids and their new dogs, Copper and Pretty Lady. Apparently, a fluffy coat of fur does not protect pups from bitter cold. The barn is not considered a suitable place for our new family members, although the cats seemed to have gone into hiding there. We braved the weather to go and buy puppy food, flea dip, dog beds, kennels, and dog treats. Mean old Dad got up at 4:00 each morning to brave the frost and let the little buggers out. The kids were ecstatic and Mom smiled quite a bit. It was a good way to spend a cold weekend.

Only one more dog to pick up this week...I think I'll have to lay down the law and see that he doesn't come into the house.

Until next week, keep smiling.

-Please send comments to Drs. Parrish through www.ParrishDental.com.