

# SHARING THE LOVE WITH MAGOO ... <sup>®</sup>

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This past spring you ran an article regarding a small dog that ended up in our community. Here is what his adoptive "Mom" has to say about Magoo, the little blind dog who was dumped on a country lane in Pueblo ...

Hate to tell you this but Magoo is so spoiled! Just to give you an idea ... Lazy Boy had a big moving sale so I bought myself a new leather recliner. I've never had one before and I loved it. However, Magoo didn't like it because there wasn't enough room for him to sprawl out on. So the next day I had my son take me back up there and I bought a bigger one. Now Magoo is a happy camper. What can I say? That's his favorite place to be and he likes to be covered up underneath the blanket with me.

He takes his job as the official greeter very seriously. He truly believes that everyone who rings that doorbell is here to see him. He's such a happy little guy that you can't help but fall in love with him. Everyone who knows me always asks about him. [I even have him as a screen-saver on my cell phone.]

He adores my dear friend Donna and he knows when she comes over that usually means a trip to the park so when she walks in the door, he goes crazy. I swear his tail is going to wag right off when she picks him up. She loves him too! Last week she made a quick stop here to pick something up and when she left, Magoo sat by the door and cried. He broke my heart – I called her up and told her.

I cannot imagine not having Magoo in my life. After I lost Nikki, I swore no more dogs and I truly meant it. But, I believe God meant Magoo to be with me ... I really do. I must hug and kiss him and tell him I love him twenty times a day at least! I can actually feel his love for me. You're right, he is a love sponge. He brings so much love and joy to my life plus he makes me laugh. It's amazing to think after all he's been through that he can still be so happy and loving. He's a wonderful gift and I feel so blessed to have him in my life.

Judy & Magoo

Magoo's story does not stop there, however. Woven solidly in the fabric of this little blind dog's life is Judy, his new owner/guardian. A closer look at the threads reveals a woman who cares deeply for those around her with no mention of or self pity for the emphysema that has tied her to an oxygen tank 24/7 in what would have been her active pre-retirement years. Besides working for Kodak for decades, she was also a home healthcare aid, a volunteer with Hospice for 8 years, and worked with the Loveland Police Department as a Senior Volunteer. Clearly, someone who cares about the community beyond her own front yard.

When my article about Magoo's story appeared in the local paper, friends told me I'd be flooded with calls as that so often happens when the plight of an animal goes public. Imagine my disappointment when I received a total of two calls ... one of which was from a neighbor to tell me she'd read the article. Disappointment – not because my article had gone unnoticed – but because no one else saw what I did in this trusting, happy and sightless dog. No one except for Judy. And I am struck by the fact that Judy ... like little blind Magoo ... sees with her heart as well.

With the recent holidays I am reminded of and count my many blessings. I am especially grateful for the families who have opened their hearts to these little ones that so desperately needed a second or third chance at a loving home to call their own. Thinking back on the adoptions that we've put together, I have to wonder who rescued whom. There was Dexter (a/k/a Dinky), adopted by a couple whose two adult children had basically told them to "butt out of their lives" and is working to heal their hearts. One of our other strays, Elvis, went to an elderly couple – I heard recently that he is the reason his Mom had such a good recovery from her stroke last year. Oscar landed with an empty nest couple and is busily setting the moon and stars for them. And the list goes on with a sad little parade of Apsos and Tzus who ended up looking for a forever home.

*We need another and a wiser and perhaps a more mystical concept of animals ...  
We patronize them for their incompleteness, for their tragic fate of having taken  
form so far below ourselves. And therein we err, and greatly err.*

*For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more  
complete than ours, they move finished and complete, gifted with the extension of  
the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear.  
They are not brethren, they are not underlings: they are other nations, caught  
with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendor and  
travail of the earth.*

"The Outermost House" - Henry Beston (1888-1968)

May the snows fall lightly on your winter ... and may you always find love at your feet.

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