

Lindsey's Story



My name is Ma' Lady Miss Lindsey Lew, but people just call me simply "Lindsey". Way back in 1997, my Mom lost her beloved 17-year-old dog, Holly, and was very, very sad. She really needed another dog but could not find just the right one. One day, at the suggestion of her Vet, she wandered into the Denver Dumb Friends League and there I was - skinny, sick and scared, locked in a tiny glass cage and pawing at it with all my power. I wanted out of there in the worst way! I will admit that I made a very poor showing since I was really hoping to find that perfect home. Then Mom walked by again, then again, and even once again. She stopped, looked into my very needy eyes, and cried. I was taken to visit with her; however I was still a very naughty girl, this time pawing with all my might at the door and snapping at this nice lady who was desperately trying to make friends with me. Somehow

she knew I needed a whole lot of love and decided to adopt me. Good thing because nobody else wanted me. I was just 10 months old in this photo.

We went home that day where I met my two brothers Charlie and Tucker. Yuck! They were cats! I chased them non-stop for days. I was so bad for the first two weeks... barking, hiding in the corner, not eating except for chairs, baseboard, the dining room table and generally being just one little mess. I even dug up my Mom's entire garden! Now that I think about it, I'm surprised Mom kept me. But, somehow, I think she could see through to my soul. Mom took the upper hand and we enrolled, or should I say, "I" was enrolled in obedience school. Within the first 3 or 4 lessons I found myself becoming more relaxed, a little more confident and trying so hard to be a good girl. Things just got better and better. The next thing I knew, I had learned how to be obedient. I eventually learned many tricks and quickly figured out that I got lots of attention and treats when I did all my tricks and my obedience lessons for Mom and all her friends! Nice! They would all laugh which made me feel so good that I tried even harder to be cute. Well, believe it or not, we graduated from school and went on to the obedience ring where I got something called a CDX (Companion Dog Excellent). This was no big deal to me but Mom was very happy!





Our trainer thought we should go to another school to use up some of my energy - it was called agility training. I was not very good at first because I did not listen.... I am a terrier after all! I liked doing my own thing, it was just so exciting for me and I never could figure out why Mom took the long way around the course, when all you had to do was cut across and there I would be at the finish line waiting for treats while Mom was still running around. But we kept working and soon we were ready for another show ring where I could show off my agility skills and sharpen my people skills.

We do not train for agility any more, we are retired, but we are grateful for all the fun and the many friends we made, most of them bigger than me, but Mom tells me it is not my physical size that matters, but the size of my heart! Mom is happy because I have won lots of those silly ribbons and titles she likes to hang on the wall. The judges used to chuckle at me when I ran through the course wagging my tail, smiling and on occasion, stopping to visit them. I guess I was practicing to become a therapy dog. From a Pound Dog to a Performance Dog - that's me!

Well, I guess Mom thought I was getting up there in age, even though I am only 7 years old now. She loves me so much and wants me around forever, but she thought agility was too rough on my little legs, so she wanted to retire me soon. But, I still needed something to do. Through her work Mom met a wonderful lady who was involved with the Delta Society. The lady told Mom to take me to the Breeder's Choice event to be assessed for possibly doing animal-assisted therapy. My Mom and trainer did not think I was a good candidate because I am just too busy all the time. But I fooled them again and did really well! I was on my very best behavior. Mom then went to some of the Denver Pet Partners meetings and discovered that being Pet Partners was just what she and I needed to do after agility. The folks she met were supportive and extremely devoted to helping other people in need. There was a lot of love in those meetings! First we decided to go for the CGC (Canine Good Citizen) - that was a cake walk for me; you know, sit, stay, pay really good attention, anything for a treat. Next came the big Pet Partners evaluation day. We were so nervous and we were almost certain we would not pass, but somehow we managed! I even got to visit Dairy Queen that day! Oh yeah!

In July of 2004 we began visiting at Swedish Medical Center. We were scared the first few times but now we love visiting all the patients and staff and I can hardly wait until Mom says "Wanna be a Delta girl today?" I sure can make them smile! (Did I mention how cute I am?)

Sometimes my Mom gets a tear in her eye because she had no idea just how rewarding this work would be. I work my magic just by lying at these people's sides and letting them touch and pet me and I sometimes do tricks and dance for them. I have grown so much since I was 10 months old. My doggie goal in life is to make everybody I meet happy. I also love to visit my grandma who is in a nursing home. Whenever I go there, all the people pet me and I kiss them and rub up against them. They all call me their best therapy and even named me "chairman of the board"! Mom did not think I would be gentle enough, but I knew I had to be - it was in my heart all the time. I just needed somebody to help me find it.





What is it they say? "There are a million stories in the naked city and this is just one of them".

I guess one visit that stands out would be visiting with a man who was a prisoner with two armed guards in the room. Mom was very tentative about visiting and left this particular room until the very end, then she took a deep breath and we entered the room. As for me, I just sat there next to him being very nonjudgmental. I put my head on his chest and listened as he talked about a dog he once had and how very thankful he was for the visit. Later we saw this same man

walking down the hall with the guards; I immediately went to him for one last visit. Lesson learned - be prepared for anything!

Another story was about visiting with a woman who was supposed to working with her physical therapist. The patient was to lift her arms one at a time in the air as high as she could, however the lady was not cooperating. Mom said, "Hey, Lindsey can do that!" so I started lifting my tiny front legs one at a time while sitting on the bed with the lady. Before you knew it, the lady and I were in total sync. The lady was laughing, crying and lifting her arms, all at the same time. The therapist was especially grateful because she had not been having much luck in getting this woman to do her physical therapy. The therapist even hurried to tell the nurses what had just happened. This clearly demonstrates the healing and comforting powers of our therapy dogs.

Finally, there was a woman at the nursing home who would not speak; she only made strange noises. However, whenever we would arrive at the home she would motion that she wanted me on her lap. We were happy to do this. Each time I would have my Mom tell her my name, then, during one visit the lady looked up and said "I love Lindsey". The nurses were impressed and her husband was immediately called in to hear the first words his wife had spoken in years. Lesson learned - never ever give up!

Mom and I also do Canine FreeStyle Dance demos for nursing and assisted living centers. I use many of my moves when visiting the hospital and especially in the nursing home. The people just cannot resist me when I twist, twirl and strut my stuff; they laugh and always ask when I will come back to entertain them again. We have learned doing tricks and dancing is a real ice breaker especially with those who don't want to communicate. If nothing else, we always get a nice big smile and that is all we are looking for, oh, and of course, a treat.



So that's my story short and sweet.



We would like to leave you with this thought:

"Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

1. Free your heart from hatred.
2. Free your mind from worries.
3. Live simply.
4. Give more.
5. Expect less."

Lindsey Lew Moore
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