



Marge Golden and Jack



I do not believe in *coincidence*. I do believe in *connection* [noun 1. a relationship in which a person, thing, or idea is linked or associated with something else].

A week before Christmas, on Sunday December 18th 2011 at 9:50 AM, the love of my life Michael, my prince and my champ was suddenly gone. I was grateful for Charlie our little Irish Terrier with a pacemaker – our ‘Terrier with batteries’ with autoimmune disease.

On February 4, Charlie and I were attacked by a callous being’s dog, that damaged her pacemaker.

Exactly eight weeks after Michael’s passing, and without any forethought whatsoever I departed DIA at precisely 9:50 AM on my way to meet an eleven-week-old Irish Terrier named Jack in Norton, MA. The unforgettable materialization of this little fella came racing down a hall acting like

a wild maniac, tripping over his large paws, sliding on his belly into a corner, and flipping over while barking like a crazy man.

Jack and I boarded a return flight the next day. We sat in the second row, with his carrier at my feet. As we pulled up to our gate in Denver I picked up his carrier and shouted “Hi Jack! Hi Jack! Welcome home!” The passenger next to me grabbed my arm, whispering loudly “What are you doing, you can’t say that on a plane!” **HIJACK!** Oh my God! I tried to get invisible, vocalizing over and over “**HELLO Jack!**” and ‘de-plane-ing’ as fast as we were able, and without consequence, Thank You God!

I failed to relate my objective to Charlie before I left so when I returned I anticipated her big chocolate eyes transmitting “Are you HIGH? WHAT have you done?” Then she immediately conveyed to Jack: “Welcome home, these are the rules, I am in charge!” And they were bonded forever.

It is important to note that I manifest evidence of Adult ADHD, (uttered with love and respect) and while diligent with my medication, bringing Jack home created concern - in my defense I was left unsupervised!



I was then, and I remain convinced that Michael was quite pleased with his intervention for me. My suspicions were validated in March during an appointment I kept with Deb

DPP Team of the Month (March 2018)

DENVER PET PARTNERS



Sheppard [Spiritual Medium, Psychic, Intuitive, Author, Speaker.] With no prior intelligence of my being, and during her prologue Ms. Sheppard stopped mid- sentence to question: “Who’s Jack?” The words took my breath! Before we concluded she also shared that I would be moving. I dismissed that information because there was no way I would ever consider leaving “OUR” home.

Charlie and Jack and I closed on our new home in Castle Pines on the 18th of May, only a couple of weeks after making a prudent offer. My lovely daughter Monique, my awesome son-in-law, my four perfect grandchildren, and my favorite one-hundred-ten-pound yellow lab live down the street. The view is heavenly in every direction...I love it!

There indeed was some chaos attempting to assimilate a new puppy, two dogs without a fenced yard, a new neighborhood, and the animus toward widowhood.



One day while walking Charlie and Jack I stepped off the path, and up a small hill to accommodate two women passing with four dogs. The video would have played with Charlie and Jack barking, pulling on their leashes as I rolled down the hill in the background, stopping just short of the curb; and then a quick cut to zoom in on both women, and their dogs all gaping at the spectacle. A restrained voice is heard: “Oh my! Are you all right?” Camera hovers overhead while Jack sniffs the dirt on my face and Charlie’s focus is on the weeds and debris in my hair. “Not to worry, I reply, “I have the dog trainer’s phone number on speed dial!” “We’ll get it right the next time!”...and...fade-out! to “Dream The Impossible Dream” [My husband was a film writer producer].

Wanting support for me in his absence, Michael propelled me toward this particular neighborhood where I found a small loving and caring group of widows who colonized here on purpose, in close proximity to children and grandchildren. Eleven of us known as **The Girls** meet almost weekly during warm months, and at then least once a month...without Jack, because we are usually eating

In July 2012 my daughter Monique was diagnosed with oral cancer and underwent the first of several surgeries. Soon after her surgery Jack began to exhibit signs of an uncommon connection developing between he and Monique. He reacted immediately to hearing her name or when he sensed that she was near; he knew the color of her Suburban and when he saw her driving by he would not move until she was out of sight. He loved being around Shawn and the grandchildren, and with Monique it was, and is different.

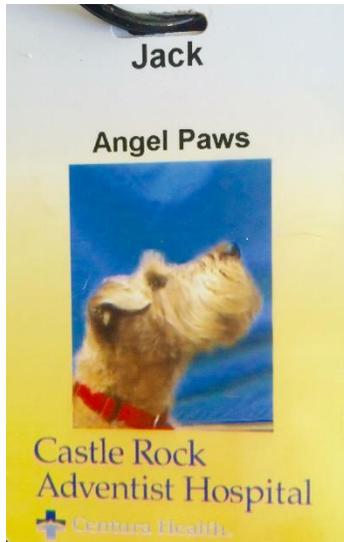
Charlie left us on November 18th 2013 - another broken heart. Jack and I miss her always, and I am grateful for the sense of her spirit when I am attentive.

So ADHDers do not have file cabinets in our heads, and that little “deficit” is responsible for poor organizational skills, among other attributes! I think Jack and I actively started our pursuit towards an Animal Therapy Team in early 2015. In retrospect I was acquiring consistent information about what I needed to do, while Jack waited patiently for me to organize and process it. We failed our first two Evaluations; our bane the neutral dog.



Did I mention I believe in Angels? In the late fall an Angel informed me: *“He does NOT know what you want him to do!”* I resisted at first, and when I paid attention I genuinely sensed a unique and precious relationship developing with Jack. The prior Eval attempts were a gold mine!

We passed our Evaluation on Super Bowl Sunday, 2016 - it was a celebrated victory day for all of Colorado (well, most all I guess)!



Jack was initially tentative about wearing his Team attire, and then I noticed a subtle change whenever he donned his little vest. He was more thoughtful about his ‘work’. We volunteered at DIA during peak travel times, and we attended a de-stressing for cadets at the USAF Academy.

In July 2016 we joined Angel Paws at Castle Rock Adventist Hospital, committing to weekly visits for a year. On the inpatient unit Jack had to stop at each door, opened or closed to assess need. When invited, he walked in with the top of his little head forward, ready for hands to pet. Sometimes he stood on a toweled chair to be more reachable. I always asked, *“Would you like a visit from Jack the Therapy Dog?”*

Most of the time we were invited in, and on one occasion a female patient responded with her eyes closed: *“Don’t need it!”* Jack wasn’t prepared to leave as he gently pulled forward. Observing protocol, he got up on a chair and offered his little head. Avoiding eye contact she half-opened her teary eyes, rubbed Jack’s head for a minute or two, murmured a quick *“Thank you!”* and closed her eyes. I whispered *“You are welcome”* and we left

Jack spent over ten minutes with this older gentleman who asked if he could pet Jack for a while because he had recently lost his little canine friend of fifteen years.

In the Emergency Room Jack always knew which drawer the Staff stashed treats. We were often asked to visit children who were being seen because *“When Jack visits they forget about their ouches for a bit.”*



My daughter teaches First grade at Soaring Hawk Elementary in Castle Rock. I began volunteering in her classroom once a week after I retired, then more often after her cancer diagnosis – what mother gets this privilege!

Jack and I began listening to her first graders read late spring 2016. Mrs. Conley helped us develop a quick measure/rubric tool for word-solving; fluency; and comprehension. Jack and I go to school on Mondays and Thursdays. We carry a special rolled up mat for comfort, and

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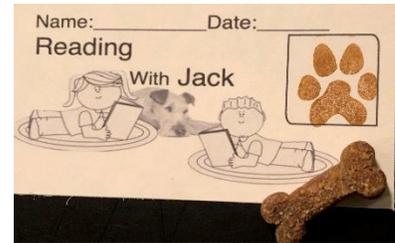
we listen to four or five readers each visit. Each reader gets a sticker, a bookmark, and a little treat to give to Jack.

When Anthony had his first read last fall he quickly took his bookmark, and held it to his chest, stating: *“I’m going to take this bookmark right now and put it in a very special place...this is the best day of my life, I just can’t believe it, I just read to Jack!”*



We were met in the hallway last week by three little first graders asking to pet Jack. Eloisa stepped forward with: *“Wait, first you let him smell you (putting her little fist in front of Jack’s nose), Yup, he knows me, and then you go and pat the top of his head...”* Yup he knows that too, so now you can pet him!

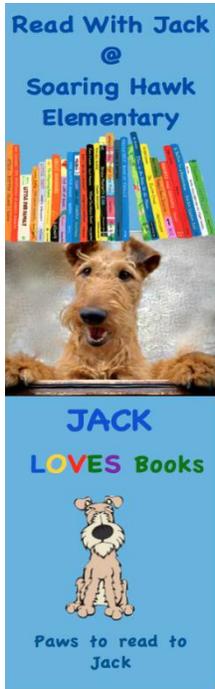
We have been the once-a-month Bark For Books Team for the new Castle Pines Library since January 2016. Children sign up online for a fifteen-minute read to Jack between 4:00 PM and 5:30 PM in a super glass-paneled room next to the Children’s section. We have a few no shows once in a while and there is usually someone in the library who fills the spot. I really love the books the children choose!



In December I entered Jack’s picture in the Cutest Pet In The Pines Contest in The Castle Pines Connection. I did add that he was a Registered Therapy Dog...maybe to enhance his chances a bit.

Sadly, Jack did not win or place, but his picture did appear in the paper with the other entrants. Then after the first of the year I received an email from one of the editors asking if Jack was available for an interview for the paper’s **Neighbor To Know** section. This is how Jack received his recent press coverage.





Captain JACK
is a
Irish Terrier
and a
Registered
Read With Me™
Dog
with Denver
Pet Partners



Jack is a sweet little fella who looks into your eyes with love, and tries very hard, for a terrier, to pay attention!

His motto is:
"I'm here - please read to me...and by the way... do you have any cookies?"

It was very cold last week for our February Bark for Books, and I was surprised to find a full schedule. In addition, two children were 'wait-listed'! Then a mother shared that she signed up online after she and her two children read Jack's article in the paper.

And while I was setting up a woman stopped to ask if she could meet Jack, "Up close" adding "I read about him in the paper and thought now he's someone I want to meet!" She spent a little time petting and talking to Jack while he let her know that he always appreciated adult attention. Then I heard her tell him that she recently lost her dog and she really missed her dog. I offered my sympathies. She responded with "Thank you for being here Jack" and she kissed the top of his head. Jack understood.

We passed our Renewal Evaluation February 10th with Flying Bandannas!

My journey with Jack brings so much joy, and sometimes a heavy heart, missing Michael's always witty critiques. He anxiously waited for each of my returns to home, wanting details of my experience with Mrs. Conley's Kindergarteners: "You got to keep notes of that stuff, I could get that Oscar for Original Screenplay!" He would adore Jack! Sometimes I think I see into and beyond Jack's eye.

