

Lanie

(aka Trinket)



My husband and I both grew up with spotted companions. So, when we married there was no question that our first dog would be a Dal. Lexy (Ch. Cimmarron Jubilee) was our "first" baby. In fact, we bought our first home to ensure her comfort. I reflect back on that time and chuckle about how our entire lives revolved around our "Rocky Mountain Spotted Varmint," as we used to call her. Last October, Lexy earned her wings. Our home just wasn't the same without spots. So, as we waited for a Dalmatian puppy, we decided to foster. Our third foster was a six month old female rescued from a high kill shelter in New Mexico. She was given the name Trinket. The coordination it took to get her to Colorado was nothing but amazing. Finally, I received the call. It was time to meet Trinket and help prepare her for her

new life with a forever family.

Trinket settled in and quickly adjusted to her temporary home. Her playful antics, sweet temperament and adorable little face certainly had me at "Hello." Apparently, I wasn't the only one who felt that way. In less than a week of fostering Trinket, my 10 year old son proclaimed:

"Mommy, how much does it cost to adopt? I'm going to work really hard all summer to earn enough money to pay Dalmatian Rescue so we can keep Trinket! I promise I'll work really, really hard to get the money. I have some good ideas on how to do it. Can you please give me a chance? She is the best dog ever and I don't want to loose her!"

This statement came from a child who rarely asks for anything! My heart melted.

That night I went to tuck my son into bed. Both he and Trinket were already asleep after a long playful day. I had to laugh, they both were sleeping in same exact positions!



The following day, my four children decided it was time to give her a new name. My two oldest girls wanted to name her "Lanie." My son agreed as long as they kept her

middle name as Trinket to honor the person who realized she was worth naming. Again, my heart melted but this time into a big pile of mush.

In the evening, it was time to tuck my son into bed again. Almost laughing out loud, I noticed, yet again, he and his newly named buddy, Lanie, were sound asleep in the same positions. I soaked in the moment and came to the realization that these two were a match made in heaven.



Needless to say, we found our pup, another Rocky Mountain Spotted Varmint, and Lanie Trinket found her forever home. Sometimes, the best gifts come when you least expect them!



*The Thomson Family
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