

her must-do's also. When I pick up my purse and car keys, she knows it is watch-duty time for her, and she retires to her corner in the foyer with no objection.

I have to say, as one who has had eight Scotties so far, five of them being Rescues, that Maggie May is the smartest, the most cheerful and people friendly, the most charming and intuitive Scot I've had. She is the classic Scot in spades! I waited two years for a replacement for Becky, and had given up expecting one to show up, considering the restrictions I had to apply because of possible contingencies. But one day the phone call came...a Rescue was about to be picked up the next day and a foster home was needed immediately. My list of preferences was miraculously fulfilled to the letter. Then I asked, what is her name? Maggie May was the answer. I had never taken a Rescue dog sight unseen before, but the name seemed providential. Our first family Scottie was named Maggie, a nickname for Margaret, my Scottish mother's name. And my middle name is May. It appeared destined to be a match.

And so it has been. There are still a couple of problems to be worked out...Maggie is an effusive barker, but is reading my lips when I say, **QUIET** loudly. The other problem is coming on too strongly with other dogs who don't quite know if she is a friend or foe. Maggie does everything with such gusto, no one would ever guess she is a senior dog.

Many thanks to everyone who has been involved in bringing all this furry joy into being and turning the homestead back into the Scottie kingdom it was for 28 years before Maggie. Squirrels, rabbits, and feral cats beware! This is Maggie May's turf now, and she is relentlessly on duty!

Eddie May Weigand