

One day she put on her coat and went out to sit down beside him under the tree.

“Scottie-Robbie, I know you still miss your ‘Dad’, and you’ve been very good about keeping me company even when you didn’t feel like it. Dogs need a friend like themselves, too, so I’ve been thinking, how would you like a little sister to play with?”

Of course, Scottie-Robbie didn’t know what a little sister was, but he understood that Mrs. Macphee was saying something that might be interesting to him. He looked at her with his big brown almond-shaped eyes, and waited for the some more conversation.

“I’m going to call the Scottie Rescue people tomorrow and see if they might have a little girl Scottie that would like to come and be our dog.”

Whatever that meant, Scottie-Robbie agreed to it. One of the beautiful things about this gentle dog was that he accepted whatever happened to him, bad or good. He took the bad in stride, and was thankful for the good. Everyone who met Scottie-Robbie was impressed with his patience and kindly manner. It seemed his love had no limits.

The very next morning, Mrs. Macphee called the Gilmans who had made the perfect match between Scottie-Robbie and the Macphee household.

“Sally, would you happen to have a little girl Scottie who is ready to be adopted? Scottie-Robbie and I would like to have an addition to our family.”