

JAKE'S JABS & JABBER

What I Did on MY Summer Vacation, *ie*,
How I Came To Be
At St. Leo the Great
e-i-e-i-oh

Dissertation by Jake the Jokester



My master died. It was me and him. He hoped someone in the family would be able to take me, but they weren't able. So off to the pound I went at the ripe young age of seven.

I hadn't counted on that at all, what with my adorable and fun-loving approach to life. (And, if I say so myself, a cute-as-a-button disposition.) Now, why would a dog like me end up in the pound? Luckily, Louie's Legacy Animal Rescue recognized my indomitable character and scooped me up. Lots of other pups weren't so lucky.

Over Memorial Day weekend, the official summer vacation kicked off by my being adopted (by some character known by you all as Father Jim) for the purpose of being a companion for his napping, hardly-lifts-an-eyebrow-for-anything dog, Clancy. (A big shout-out to our dog-loving Facebook friend, Pamela, who brought Louie's to the staff's attention. Whew! Saved me!)

I've now been on staff for 3 months, most of which has been explaining my presence, who the heck I am, where I've been, what my experience is, and lots of other questions. You might say, then, that my summer has been very "quiz"ical so my bio and resume is incorporated into this Summer Vacation Thesis. Does this now address everyone's questions?

Bottom line, *ie*, what I've learned this summer: How to jump the wall in the front yard, how to fly down the steps, how to nap (thanks, Clancy!), how to enjoy Aretha's *Rescue Me*, and how to be part of the larger team and an even much larger world.

We all need, and are all here for, each other.

Finis



Arfin' is Awesome; Yippin's so Yuckie!



- Jake