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*excerpts from*

presents

**15 PROFESSIONAL PET SITTERS**

share their

**favorite tales**

FROM THE PAST YEAR

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*edited by Nancee Marin*

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Pet care professionals are an extraordinary bunch of individuals.

Aside from the obvious love for all living creatures we share, the professional pet sitter must work all major holidays in order to give their appreciative clients the time away to spend with their own friends and families.

Also, the professional pet care provider must create a strong, well-balanced business to support the service they provide. In other words, the pet sitter must create, run, and manage the day-to-day operations the very same way as all other local small business providers.

This is sometimes missed or overlooked by the pet parent, especially when the sitter simply wants to perfectly serve the client in any way possible.

Just like an amazing magician or performer, all the behind-the-scenes work and effort is protected from the audience, giving the illusion of an effortless show.

Truth be told, the pet sitting business owner must serve their local community in a way that is financially profitable. Without a profit (or without otherwise earning the means to survive another day), the professional pet sitter could not be there at a moment's notice for the client.

The truly successful professional pet sitter earns respect and admiration from their ideal client and industry colleagues by maintaining a set of procedures and policies, remaining available and transparent, keeping the lines of communication open, engaging in ongoing industry training, education, and support, and by living their best life possible.

Here are the recollections of four out of the fifteen featured pet sitters in this series.



## The Most Meaningful Five-Dollar Tip Ever Received

On the surface, it may appear that our profession has us only forming strong bonds with the precious pets in our care.

While this is certainly a fact, many in our industry develop strong and meaningful friendships with the human client, too.

This is the case with the spotlight on Anthony Mucci of [dailydogwalkers.com](http://dailydogwalkers.com) in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Fair warning: Have a box of tissues close by for this one.

### The Personal Side of Pet Sitting

When I started my pet sitting business back in 2008, it was all about the pets. I never gave much thought to the wonderful cast of characters that I would meet along my journey.

I have had the pleasure of meeting an author, a New York playwright and screenwriter, a professional opera singer, an actress, professional athletes, doctors, lawyers, entrepreneurs, along with many fascinating people from around the world.

Many stand out in my mind, but this story is about a particular Englishwoman named Genevieve.

My pet sitting business was pretty new, and I had recently acquired a dog client named Benjie, a wiry Jack Russell terrier, in an old part of town known as Sailboat Bend. He was somewhat unstable and spent more time jumping rather than walking.

Upon returning from my walk with Benjie, I found a note on the windshield of my car. I could tell that it was written by an elderly person. The note read:

“Dear Sir, if you have a moment, would you kindly stop by my residence?  
There is a matter that I would like to discuss with you.”

It was signed Genevieve, and her address was written at the bottom.

My first thought was *some old bird is going to yell at me because Benjie pooped on her lawn*. I hesitated for a moment and then walked down to her house.

She lived in a quaint light blue cottage with gingerbread trim around the front

peak. I unlatched the gate and knocked on the front door.

After what seemed like an eternity, the door opened about two inches. “Oh, you came. I wasn’t sure you would,” she said to me in a surprised tone.

She opened the door the rest of the way and introduced herself as Genevieve. She invited me in and offered me a seat. She was dressed as if she were going out for the day. Later I found out that this was her normal daily attire.

I glanced around. It felt like I had stepped back in time. The cottage was furnished in a Victorian motif. Everything was old but in impeccable condition. It was June, and the cottage was very hot. There was an oscillating fan on a table, and every now and then I would catch a bit of the breeze.

Genevieve started to speak. For the first time, I noticed that she had a British accent.

She cleared her throat. “I have been watching you walking that scoundrel of a dog from down the way, and I wanted to inquire if you are for hire.”

“Yes, of course,” I replied. “Do you have a dog?”

Genevieve smiled warmly. “Yes, his name is Harry. I named him after Prince Harry. I will fetch him, but beware—he can be a bit of a bugger around gents.”

She excused herself and came back carrying the cutest little Westie. Harry was adorable and warmed up to me immediately.

Genevieve went on to tell me that her legs could no longer take her past the house next door and that Harry needed a proper walk. Since she was on a “widow’s pension,” her finances only allowed for two days per week. She thought that Tuesday and Friday mornings would be best.

Weeks turned into years, and our friendship grew.

Genevieve insisted that I call her Jenny. That was what the people she fancied called her. She called me Antony—no *h*.

Jenny shared stories of her husband, how they met, their life together, and his slow, painful death from “that bugging cancer.” They had one daughter who sadly passed on as well.

Jenny didn’t have a computer or television. She could not afford cable and never turned on the air conditioner. Her connection to the outside world was a little radio that sat on the end table next to the oscillating fan.

She would often ask, “Antony, what is going on in the world that would be of interest to me?”

I looked forward to Tuesdays and Fridays just as much as Jenny and Harry. She wanted Harry walked in the morning before it got too hot. I would usually spend extra ten or fifteen minutes to visit with Jenny.

Every Christmas Jenny would give me a card with a crisp five-dollar bill inside and a note thanking me for caring for Harry.

Sadly, this past summer Harry’s health failed. It was time for him to cross over the rainbow bridge. Jenny asked if I would accompany her to the veterinarian’s office.

We drove in silence. Jenny held Harry on her lap, gently petting his head.

We went into the room together. Jenny placed Harry’s little stuffed teddy bear between his front legs. She stayed for the first sedation shot, but she did not have it in her to stay until the end. She didn’t want death to be her last memory of her precious boy.

I stayed with Harry until the end. He passed peacefully.

Jenny phoned me in early December and invited me over for high tea. When I arrived, Jenny suggested that we sit in the parlor. She had pulled out her best china teacups and had a plate of biscuits on the coffee table. We drank tea and reminisced about Harry.

As I was leaving, Jenny handed me a card. I didn’t open it until I got home. Enclosed were a crisp five-dollar bill and a heartfelt note thanking me for taking care of Harry.

She went on to thank me for being a kind soul and befriending an old lady.

Truth be told, the pleasure was all mine.

### **Over To You**

I was in tears the first time I read this story, and I am still choked up reading it again.

What I love most about Anthony’s story is how it shows we are not merely a hired hand to pour food into a bowl and let the dog out.

The impact of hiring a professional reaches much further.

Imagine how Genevieve’s days would have been different had she just had a

friend or relative pop over to walk Harry.

The professional pet sitter is an extraordinary person, full of complete love and care for all creatures.

Tell us—which human client has had a profound impact on you, your life, or your business? Is there anyone you have a strong connection with? Was the friendship a complete surprise? What have you learned and taken from this relationship in your world?



## Prepare for the Worst, Plan for the Best

If there is one thing every pet sitting business owner knows, it's the great need of ongoing public education of our thriving industry.

To no fault of their own, some pet owners will look to ask a friend, relative, or neighbor to check in on their fur baby when leaving town.

In this spotlight, Beth Harwell of Dog Walkers and More at [coddlecreekpetservices.com](http://coddlecreekpetservices.com) has experienced firsthand the true lifesaving benefit of hiring a skilled and trained professional pet sitter.

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Sometimes people question the value of paying for a professional pet sitter and wonder why they cannot just use the kid next door or the random person they found on Craigslist.

Last summer we had an incident that highlights multiple reasons a professional pet sitter is the best option.

We are quick to point out that even with professional pet sitters, emergencies can occur. The important point is how the pet sitter handles and responds to the incident.

A little background information will be useful. We had been pet sitting on an as-needed basis for a family with two dogs over a period of eight months. One dog was a large mixed breed, and the other dog was a very small, fluffy mixed breed, off white in color.

The dogs had both been in the home for many years with no issues. Both were rescues and seemed to have settled in nicely. The dogs were not crate trained.

When their family members were away from the home, the dogs had free rein through most of the house with access to each other, their toys, furniture, and their water bowls.

We made three visits daily. During our visits, it was customary to let the dogs outside to potty, bring them inside to eat their meal or snack, play with them, and then put them out for a final potty opportunity.

That was the time we checked the mail, watered the houseplants, washed the food bowls, sent a message to the pet parents, and wrote our note.

Last July I was following this typical routine at the dinner visit when I heard a

great deal of loud barking. I went outside only to find the large dog standing over the little dog chewing on his ear.

I yelled for him to stop, and he growled at me. That was a first with this previously gentle giant.

Thankfully, he then backed off the little dog, and I was able to pick him up. His ear was bleeding profusely, but I could not see any other injuries. However, it seemed prudent to me to have the dog checked out by the emergency vet.

I was able to reach the pet parents by phone and got permission to take the dog to the vet. I would have taken him even if I had not been able to reach the vet, but I felt better getting permission.

### **Next Stop: Vet Hospital**

Upon arrival at the vet hospital, I completed the paperwork giving permission for examination and treatment. The vet was also able to get verbal permission from the owner.

After the vet examined the dog, we talked. I told the vet that I would be taking the dog home with me as it was not safe for the two dogs to be together in the home alone at that time.

Imagine my surprise when the vet told me that the dog would have to be kept overnight for surgical procedures on his ear. The dog had puncture wounds on his head and multiple abrasions around the tip of his ear and under his neck.

I was allowed to go into the crate area to talk to the dog, to pet him for some comfort in this new surrounding, and to reassure him that I would return the next day to take him home with me.

I then went back to the home to make my final visit of the day with the large dog. He was back to his normal self. There were no issues with him.

I talked on the phone with the emergency vet around midnight for an update on the little dog's condition. Early the next afternoon, I picked him up from the emergency vet hospital. He was still a little lethargic from the medications at that time. He had a great deal of edema under his neck and was wearing a cone.

The vet had shaved the top of his head but left the wounds open to drain the serous fluid from the top of his head and under his neck. There was a small additional charge for the overnight hospitalization of around seventy dollars that I



paid as the vet hospital was not able to reach the pet parents on the phone again. I brought the little dog home with me. My husband and I provided care for him at our home for two more nights. We administered his medication and coaxed him into eating and drinking. During that time, we continued to make three visits per day to the home to provide pet sitting services for the older large dog.

We learned that there had been two recent incidents prior to that one in which the large dog attacked the small dog, but each time one of the pet parents witnessed the attack and was able to intervene before any injuries occurred.

Unfortunately, the pet parents thought that they had told us about these incidents, but they had not done so.

The issue was a situation referred to as predatory drift. It is not uncommon when there is a large discrepancy between the sizes of two dogs, and the smaller dog is white or off-white in color with a fluffy coat.

Things turned out as well as they could in this overall issue. The pet parents took the large dog to the vet to be checked out physically to see if there were any illnesses that may have contributed to the incident. There were none, so the pet parents followed up with a consultation with a behavioral vet specialist.

They faithfully followed the vet's recommendations, and there were no more incidents for a few more months. Then one day there was another incident. Their hearts were broken, but they did the only reasonable thing at that point and returned the large dog to the rescue.

The point of our assertion is that a professional pet sitter is a better option than the kid next door or the random person off Craigslist.

- A professional is mature and uses good judgment in making decisions.
- A professional is more concerned about getting proper care than being blamed for unanticipated occurrences.
- A professional carries liability insurance.
- A professional can accurately describe the situation to the pet parents and to the vet.
- A professional will attend to all the duties required instead of needing to run off to another job.
- A professional will handle vet bills if necessary and get reimbursement from the pet parents after the fact.

How many of those points do you think the kid next door or random person off Craigslist would be able to accomplish? This incident is just one illustration of why a professional pet sitter is your best option for pet care.

### **Over To You**

Beth's story highlights a few important points.

First, it's vital that the professional pet sitter continue education and training in her business. The professional needs to be a quick thinker and decision maker when any situation arises.

And second, it was noted that the pet parents did not let Beth know about previous incidents with the dogs fighting. Perhaps the parent didn't think it was relevant, but the professional pet sitter must learn to ask a variety of questions from different angles.

As we all know, preparation is key!

Tell us—how have you personally come to save the day for one of your clients?



## Oh, You Get to Play with Cats and Dogs All Day? Must Be Easy!

I'm not sure I've met any professional pet sitter who can say *I wanted to be a pet sitter when I grew up!*

This means that we have all entered this glorious profession leaving behind another career (or two).

That works out extremely well in the favor of all parties involved. This allows the professional to have life experience and a wide variety of outside skills and training that could easily be useful in our day-to-day business.

This spotlight is no exception. Say hello to Nancee Marin of [anartfuldogger.com](http://anartfuldogger.com). As a self-proclaimed "lover, artist, musician, writer, linguist, thinker, sit-down comedienne, foodie, cheap chic fashionista, and mad Renaissance woman," Nancee is one unique and extraordinary pet care provider.

Here is her story.

### **True Life: the Professional Pet Sitter**

"Any kid can do it."

"You don't need to go to college for that stuff."

"Oh, you get to play with pets all day. It must be easy!"

I hear those all the time.

But it's not all fun and games. Pet sitting is a lot like a box of chocolates. You'll never know what you're going to get. Some jobs are a walk in the park, while some are pretty hardcore.

More often than not, wearing different hats is a fashion requirement in the industry. You're not just a pet sitter. You often end up using skills from various disciplines to perform the job. And luckily, as a Renaissance personality or multipotentialite (in other words, a person with many interests), I am up to the task.

Sure, pet sitting does have its perks. Sure, I get to snuggle all night or all day with those cuties and try to steal each other's covers and bed space, which can be both fun and problematic at the same time. They also like to lie on top of me.

You can see that I can lose sleep pretty often in a cramped-up arrangement, but at the same time I get a lot of love, warmth, and comfort from a dog pile! Quite

often I end up being a “hot dog sandwich”—I’m right smack in the middle of two big Doodles, my favorite regulars, who are attached at my hip.

They usually get depressed when they sense that their parents are leaving, so their mom (who calls me a good surrogate mom to them) and dad always find it remarkable and hilarious that they perk up as soon as I arrive, and they know it when I’m close to their driveway, even when I’m still several feet away from it. They somehow smell or sense my presence from afar. They like to dart towards me, running around excitedly, and wait for me until I get out of my car, and then they fetch some teddy bears for me.

They’re always in “suspenseful” anticipation whenever their parents tell them days in advance that I’m coming to stay with them. They do get sad when they see me across the street because they can’t reach me while they’re locked in the house!

Thanks to them, I was inspired to pursue pet care as one of my career paths. As a Renaissance soul, to me, careers are just like Lay’s potato chips—no one can have just one! (I suppose the same applies to owning pets as well!)

Unlike his more gregarious “sister,” Bella the Goldendoodle, Billy the Labradoodle is friendly, but normally standoffish with people, especially when meeting for the first time, and he was also like that with me.

He’d turn and walk away—until the third day of my stay with him and Bella. He sat next to me on a Saturday afternoon while I was web surfing. Ever since, he’s been by my side most of the time, no matter what I do—eating, sleeping, and yes, sometimes bathroom time, too. He even likes to escort me to my car whenever I go back home.

Billy is one of the most faithful of all the pooches that I’ve met. He’s really protective and fond of me. I even like to say that *all men* should be *dogs*—like him!

I also had the honor of sitting three cats, all rescues. It was probably one of the easiest jobs—feed, clean up litter box, and hang out. Repeat cycle. Annie, one of the kitties, was quite a doozy. Her mom told me that she preferred to keep to herself, so I respected her space during the meet-and-greet by not paying too much attention to her.

Then the delightfully unexpected happened on the first daily visit. Supposedly the most standoffish and skittish of them all, Annie almost immediately warmed up

to me. She was hamming it up with kneading sessions and belly rubs in the throes of feline pleasure. Nine lives in seventh heaven!

For a particular overnight assignment, I had to stay up for an average of twelve hours every day for a menagerie of six dogs of various breeds (separated in two packs due to aggression issues among themselves) and twelve fish tanks. (Yes, you heard that right!) Since all the dogs were rescues (some were previously abandoned and abused and some were seniors, one of which has age-related health problems), they had special needs—medications for anxiety, extra TLC, plus home-cooked meals for the oldest of the bunch, and yes, for the fish, too!

There were also the usual additional household duties. Let's just say that their (human) parents were very grateful that I took on the job because no one else would do it! They actually hoped that I'd stick around and the massive amount of responsibility wouldn't make me bail out on the next sits! Of course, I still continue to work with them to this day!

There are some occupational hazards involved, from minor ones to not-so-minor. Take pet oopsies, for instance. If you can't stomach the triple P (poop, pee, and puke!) on a regular basis, then I don't think you're quite cut out for the job.

Once I found the master bedroom carpet splattered with runny doo-doo all over. Billy had new food. His tender stomach was trying to get used to it. Thankfully, I had my secret weapon (concentrated, nontoxic green cleaning products) to easily handle the bowel "crime scene," and all was well.

I've certainly had a few scares during overnight stays. There were occasions where I accidentally locked myself out in the backyard. Fortunately, the doggy door was open, so little old me simply squeezed through it, and all was well.

At another time, I was locked out in the front yard. Thankfully, I had already made the habit of carrying a small pouch with my phone and keys stashed in it everywhere I went.

Oh, and let's not forget getting stung by a wasp when I was taking out the trash. (Yes, this happened at the same place I had my twelve-hour-a-day sit.) Fortunately, I brought a bottle of tea tree oil, and all was well again.

My knowledge of natural health and wellness came in handy, quite literally, in the above situation and the poop splatter incident, and after my experience with the aforementioned huge menagerie assignment (as well as other ongoing personal life situations happening at the same time that still need to be resolved), I felt

especially led to take up Reiki, a holistic healing modality that promotes balance in body, mind, and spirit.

After experiencing improvement in my health as a result, I wanted to extend the same benefits to my furry charges and living creatures in general.

This may sound woo-woo (no, not the kind of noise that my husky girls like to make!), but I believe there is no coincidence. Interestingly, the mom of those same rescue dogs somehow picked up my vibes and randomly asked me if I started my studies in holistic health. Funnily enough, I had *never* told her anything about it at all! I didn't even hint at it on my social media posts, and I doubt that she's the typical online junkie. As she obviously expressed her openness to try anything that would help calm her household, she was really intrigued and asked me to keep her posted on the progress of my studies.

I decided to test-drive animal Reiki with pretty pleasing results. It has taken some of the pets some time to get used to it (and sometimes I wonder if it really kicks in!), but once they do, they become quite receptive to it. The last time I spent with the rescue dog packs, they seemed to be considerably calmer and happier. Reiki brought much-needed peace in the household. (Practitioners have often observed that rescues love Reiki, being well aware that they need balancing.)

On my last evening of holiday overnight stay, the Doodles hopped in bed with me and started to fall asleep just before I left. I thought it would help them relax even more if I gave them a short Reiki treatment. They ended up lying in bed the whole time after I got up and walked away. But I honestly didn't see this coming. It turned out better than I thought. Bella and Billy, who'd normally follow me and get pretty bummed out at my departure, were seemingly pretty oblivious to the fact that I had already closed the garage door, standing outside, ready to drive back home.

Let's not forget that pet sitters also have to deal with a common mishap: alarm and door lock snafu. The former sets off unintentionally or it doesn't work properly. The latter sometimes just gets jammed for some reason.

It was no happy-happy-joy-joy moment for me when I went back to the rescue dog menagerie. The disarm code on the alarm didn't work this time around. It was an unnecessary quasidrama. There were near-endless phone calls from the alarm company, and cops rushed in needlessly while the dogs freaked out over the ruckus. Fortunately, the alarm finally works now after several hours of repair.

I've also had a problem opening the door of that same house. It took several tweaks and turns before I was able to open the top lock of the front door. There were previously no issues.

Here's yet another occupational hazard: I also almost tripped a couple of times while dog walking. Others haven't been so lucky. Some pet sitters have had to witness accidents and deaths while caring for pets, and not to mention getting seriously injured themselves trying to break up dog fights or being attacked by random dogs!

Heaven forbid something like any of those happens to me. But if push comes to shove, I now have another tool in the box for pet emergency situations. I've completed [PetTech](#) training, by far the most comprehensive training in pet safety that includes CPR, first aid, and snout-to-tail assessment.

Pet parents may be pleased to know that I offer a combination of the assessment and Reiki as a complimentary part of my extended-stay package, as well as live music.

Yes, as a musician, I've also done some "serenading" to help them get into their chill-out state. I can attest to the fact that animals are drawn to music and that many musicians have animal magnetism thing going on. They're huge pet lovers. They have plenty of tall "tales" to tell, but that's another story for another day!

## **Over To You**

We all come from a wide variety of backgrounds. What was the career you left behind to pursue a career in the pet care industry? What life lessons have you learned from that past experience?



## **The Elderly Man Standing in Front of Me Was Covered in Blood**

If there is one thing I have learned about running my own business, it's the power in trusting your gut.

Call it intuition or a feeling, but ninety-nine times out of ninety-nine times, your gut feeling to a choice or decision you need to make will be the absolute correct one.

Too often we get caught up in second guessing what we truly know we should be doing.

Dawn Higgins at [dawnthepetnanny.org](http://dawnthepetnanny.org) in Horsham, Philadelphia, knows about this firsthand.

Something inside her was telling her to make a certain decision, and someone's life was saved because of it.

Professional pet sitters are extraordinary people who go above and beyond for every living creature in their local community.

Hiring a qualified and trained professional to care for your pet while you are away can be the best decision you can make.

### **Listen to What Your Gut Tells You**

I was out walking a regular client's dog named Blue. When we started our walk, I had the thought of taking him to the local community park, which was just a short distance away.

For some reason, I changed my mind at the last minute. So we changed directions. Good thing I did!

We headed off for our walk on what seemed to be like any other day.

We took a nice long stroll around some of the neighborhood streets. We passed a few dogs behind fences that we normally saw and went on our way. Blue had already done his "business," and we started to head back to his house.

Since I had some extra time on my hands, I decided to make one extra loop around Blue's block, which I'd never done.

As we were heading up the block, I heard what sounded to be a little dog barking his head off. Next thing I knew, out from a bush came a little Yorkshire terrier.



He ran past us and right into the road. Of course, my first reaction was to get him for fear that he would be hit by a car! He decided that he wanted no part of being captured, so he played a cat-and-mouse game of catch-me-if-you-can.

All the while Blue thought that it was time to play. He was leaping all over the place. I realized that the dog belonged to a neighbor who lived behind Blue.

I began walking to the door, and the dog took off and ran into the fenced-in backyard. I noticed that because he was so tiny, he could fit right between the gate and the fence post. However, he was now in the backyard and was staying there.

I began walking away with Blue in tow heading back to his house, although I had this nagging feeling about leaving the dog as he could slip right back out into the street.

I looked over my shoulder. There he was in the front yard. I turned around and went to the front door.

I rang the door bell. No answer. I rang it again. Still no answer. I knocked on the door. No answer.

I knocked again but this time with my fist. I thought I saw someone's shadow inside, but maybe no one heard me.

Then the door opened, and I got the shock of my life.

The elderly man standing in front of me was covered in blood. If I didn't know any better, I would have thought a crime had just taken place. I said, "Sir, what happened to you?"

I forgot about my point of being there—the loose dog running around. The first words out of his mouth were "I'm going to catch hell from my kids!" I said to him, "I'm sure your kids will just be happy to have you here with them."

I asked him what happened and why he was bleeding. He said that he fell on the concrete. Now it was starting to make sense. I asked him if he could walk. He said that he could, so I told him to step out onto the porch and sit in the chair.

I asked if anyone was home to help him. He said that his elderly wife was upstairs, but she wouldn't understand and would be upset. As he sat down, he said that he had a bit of a scratch on his head. I know from experience that head wounds bleed an awful lot, so I really didn't know what I was dealing with here. That was until he moved the piece of paper towel. I saw that he had a very large and what

appeared to be deep gash on his forehead. Blood was coming out everywhere! Then I saw his arms. The poor man ripped a lot of skin off both arms when he fell, and they were bleeding profusely as well.

I told him that I was calling 911.

As I was waiting for the ambulance, I asked the man if I could enter his house with Blue to get some paper towels for his head. It looked like a crime scene inside. There was blood everywhere! At this point, I was able to get his dog inside, so at least he was safe!

I came outside and helped clean him up. We were talking. I asked if he was taking medication. He was on blood thinners. That explained the torrent of blood everywhere. I knew that he had a severe wound, but the amount of blood was crazy.

The police and ambulance showed up shortly after I helped him get his face a little cleaned up. He was completely surprised that an ambulance would come to his home for a simple scratch on his head! I told him that the scratch might need a few stitches.

He was completely lucid, trying to tell the policeman that his keys were on the table and that he would drive himself to the hospital. Thankfully, the policeman was having no part of that!

The policeman asked him to spell his name. He asked him again because he didn't understand his last name. The third time around, the man joked, "Don't you know Paul McCartney? That's my last name!" He held his sense of humor throughout the ordeal.

The paramedics wrapped the man's head up almost to the point of looking like a mummy. Then both arms were wrapped up. He started waving, saying that he'd never seen so many bandages in his life. I told him that he was so lucky to see those bandages!

He asked the paramedic if he could walk to the stretcher. He was allowed to do so with help. He got on the stretcher. As he was being wheeled to the ambulance, he waved frantically and yelled, "Dawn, my angel, thank you for saving me!"

I told him that I would be back next week to check on him while out for my walk.

Now that I've had time to contemplate today's events, I wonder what would have become of this man had I not shown up!

## Over to You

While we are hired first to care for a client's fur baby, more often than not, the friendships, bonds, and relationships we make with their human counterpart can have a profound impact on our lives.

Everything happens for a reason.

If we were brought into a person's life via our calling as a pet professional, all the better.

Tell us the impact you have had on the human client.

Visit [petsittingology.com/15-pet-sitter-stories](https://petsittingology.com/15-pet-sitter-stories) for all the featured pet professionals in this story compilation.

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