



Ironically, the house I ended up at was none other than the house of the woman who I had spoken to prior and with Jamie when she was here with the dogs. This woman was very colorful about how hard she had been looking for my Bob and that's not all about this house...This is the same house that Gable, Jamie's scent dog circled around 3 times when we were tracking Bob!! So we get out of our cars and end up in her neighbor's backyard where she saw Bob run into from her own backyard. When we arrived she was out front with food trying to lure him out. But Bob was hidden in a bush in the back. My dad shook a bush and he ran out, this was when I saw him for the first time in 23 days. I screamed "oh my god it's him!" and he ran passed me towards the front of the house. My brother and the woman were in front of the house in case he went in that direction. Bob ran passed them and back into the backyard and then into another bush. My dad and I dug and dug and the next thing I know I hear the woman yell "we have him". I ran to the front yard and saw Bob in my brother's arms and just started balling. I couldn't believe it... we had found Bob! Shockingly he looked pretty good considering, just dirty and considerably thinner.

I'm eternally grateful to Jamie Katz, her dogs and all my wonderful neighbors that brought my Bob back to me! ❤️

- LaRee Pingatore in Boca Raton, FL