

How Venus Became Fred

Not long ago while decluttering with a client, she outlined her overabundance of commitments! Among them was Venus, the turtle. A beloved pet during the childhoods of first a nephew and then a son, Venus was now basically forgotten by everyone except my client. Splashing around in her tank Venus didn't demand much. But for my client, turtle care often felt like the last straw.

I confess, clients are used to having me suggest "re-homing" when something is no longer used or loved. I make regular trips to the Hospice thrift store - dropping off boxes of give-away items for clients who don't have time to make the trip. I love the win-win! My clients get more space and a donation receipt; the purchaser gets good stuff at a low cost, and Hospice gets much needed funds.

Occasionally, when a client tosses an item which I know someone specifically needs, I'll ask permission to deliver it if my client doesn't want to. A very snazzy dog leash is still being gratefully used in its second home. However, last week when Venus became Fred it topped all else (so far).

My client and I finished working. On my way out the door I mentioned a friend who loves turtles and is the regional expert on them. I was given the go-ahead to ask if he knew of anyone who might like to offer Venus her next loving home.

Well- the timing was miraculous! The best friend, of the daughter of a neighbor, had been asking for a water turtle for months and her birthday was the following Saturday! My friend had been on the search but the parents had almost given up hope that they would be able to produce a turtle in time.

The email I received the other day was as good as it gets. You guessed it ... my friend discovered that Venus was EXACTLY what had been wished for - a BOY turtle who could be named Fred! That's what happens when you have a turtle expert. Fred's new family is thrilled.

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