



Kali Collins

November 22, 2011 - July 5, 2025

In Loving Memory of Kali

Adopted November 22, 2011 – crossed the Rainbow Bridge July 5, 2025

My beautiful, brave, and soulful girl.

When I adopted Kali, I wasn't sure what to expect. The rescue insisted she was a pure boxer, but it was clear she had some pit bull in her—and I'd heard all the scary stories. I wasn't even there for her that day. I was there to meet another dog. But there she was—alone, with a gimpy leg and no one giving her a second glance. I walked over, knelt down to her level, and she let out a barely audible growl. That was it. Love at first growl.

Kali commanded respect without ever trying. People would ask me from hundreds of yards away what breed she was—she was just that striking, powerful, and dignified. We think she was probably a mix of pit bull, boxer, and black mouth cur. Even dogs twice her size looking to stir up trouble would retreat at just a flash of her teeth. Once, as we were leaving Antrim Park, a chihuahua slipped his collar and submitted himself right at her feet. She never needed to prove herself—her quiet confidence said it all.

She was so beautiful, her nickname became “Pretty Girl.” And she truly was. From the beginning, her older adopted fur-brother Milo adored her—climbing all over her like she was his personal couch. She wasn't quite as fond of Kyle or Dad at first, barking whenever they entered the room. That is, until Kyle finally said, “I live here too.” Eventually, she settled in and became part of the pack. Jackie (my dad's Jack Russell) could bite on her lips, Milo could lay on

top of her, and she'd take it all in stride. Despite her bad leg, she was often the fastest runner when out with other dogs, and she adored zooming around with them. Milo was her best friend; he helped her come out of her shell, and she repaid him by becoming his protector.

She had such personality—prancing, stomping her feet, letting out playful growls when she wanted attention or a treat. She loved car rides more than anything. Once, someone accidentally left the gate open and all the dogs got out. Dad ran out front in a panic, only to find all three of them grinning, safely seated in the front of his open car. Another time, I opened the trunk of my sedan to load something, and Kali just hopped right in—ready for adventure. She was the worst workout buddy in the best way. If you dared lay down to stretch or do ab work, you'd immediately be smothered in kisses. 💕

When the girls were born, Kali was so gentle—almost hesitant, like she was afraid she might hurt them. But she was wonderful. Eventually, she became the dog both girls could walk as toddlers because she was so calm, and we trusted her completely.

I originally adopted her to fill the hole that my childhood dog, Midnight, left behind when he passed. I never thought any dog could do that. But Kali did. She became my soul dog. We just understood each other—no words needed. She trusted me, and I'm forever grateful I got to be the person who helped her heal from her past.

Rest easy, sweet girl. Thank you for loving us so fiercely. You were everything I didn't know I needed.