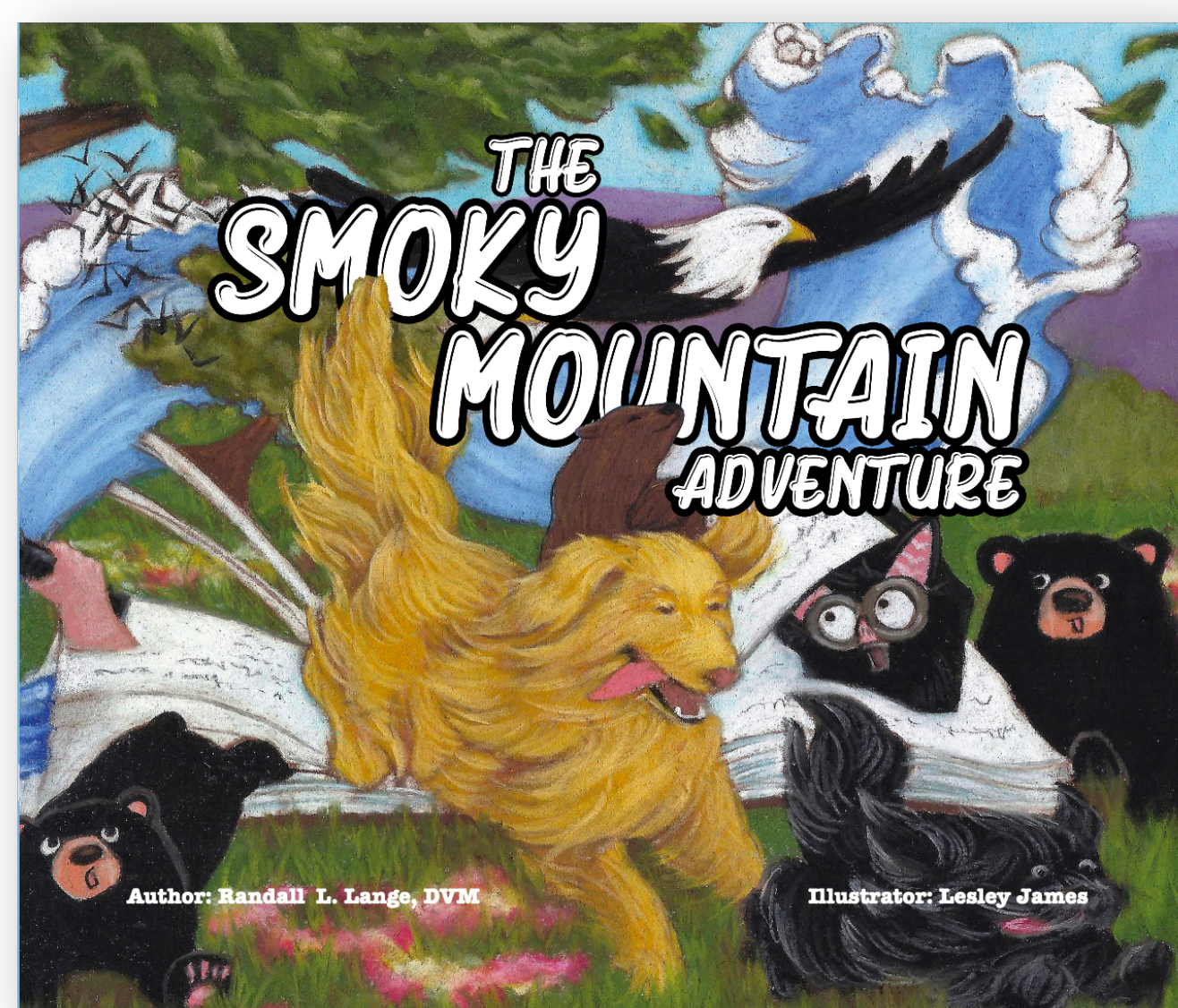
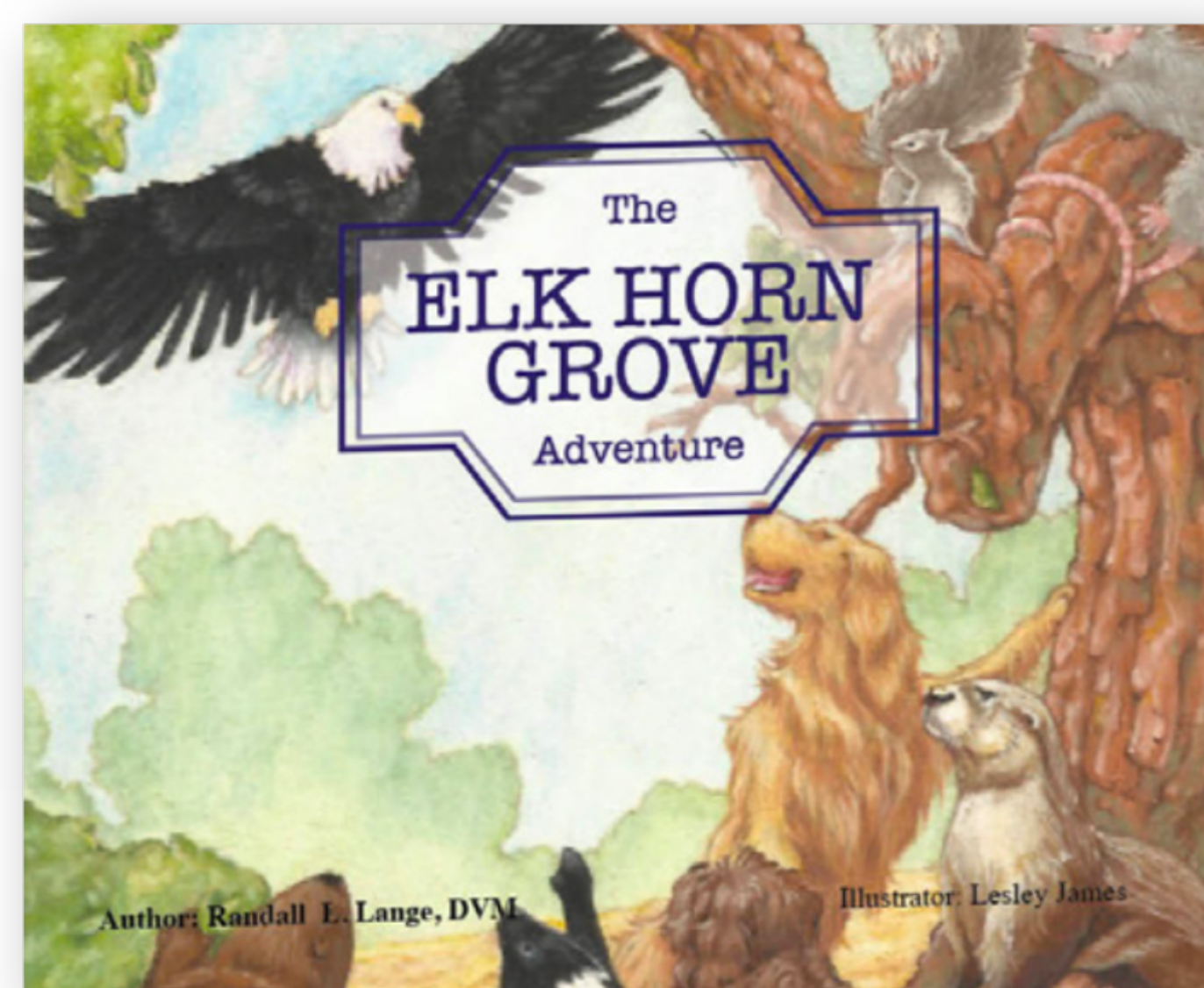


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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I was born in Iowa and raised in a rural community and on a family farm. I attended Iowa State University with my identical twin brother, Rick, and we both graduated in 1975 from the Iowa State College of Veterinary Medicine. I grew up always loving animals, and we had many pets during my early years.

When we moved from a small southwestern Iowa town to the farm, we acquired even more pets, having two German Shepherds (Silver and Princess) and one very large Malamute named Dink. We also had many farm cats, raised pigs, and cared for feedlot calves. Needless to say, it was an excellent opportunity to develop a special heart for the care of animals. Our first “patient” was a baby piglet attacked by some feral dogs in our barnyard and left for dead. We found her one cold spring morning buried in the mud with all muscle and skin chewed off her entire dorsal body, leaving her vertical spinous processes exposed.



She was hypothermic, bleeding badly, and not breathing when we found her. Rick and I took turns forcibly breathing air into her lungs, and by God’s grace, she started breathing again. Dad okayed our rescue attempts, so we immediately took the piglet into the house and warmed her up and cleaned her wounds. Rick and I slept by her side for three or four days to care for her wounds and manually feed her until we were sure she was strong enough to go back outside. She slowly improved, and when she had sufficiently recovered, we took her out to the barn and kept her in a large box in our feed room with a heat lamp and three dogs excited to meet this new acquaintance.

Her name was Brownie, and once she recovered, she was a typical rambunctious piglet with one exception: she was raised with our three dogs, so this was her new family! Our dogs loved her and adopted her as one of their own, and Brownie grew up believing she was not a pig. Instead, she was sure she was a dog, albeit an unusual looking one. She was allowed to roam free on our farm with the dogs and soon did her best imitation of a dog. She attempted to chase rabbits and squirrels (with very little success) and would greet any visitors to our farm as one of four canines guarding the homestead, circling any visiting vehicle and oinking joyfully in chorus as her family barked alerts to the Lange family that someone was entering our farm yard. Brownie was a big reason Rick and I decided to pursue careers in veterinary medicine.

While at Iowa State, Rick and I had a pet raccoon named Sean Coonery, whom we acquired from a professional raccoon breeder. He was totally litter-trained, had free rein of our apartment, and was a most unusual pet. He loved both Rick and me and would shuttle back and forth between our beds every night, snuggling up close to each of us under the covers until he decided it was time to move to the other brother. He was leash-trained, and we would walk him around the sorority houses. We were amazed at how easy it was to meet so many beautiful young ladies as they came out to meet Sean!

Rick and I graduated from ISU in 1975, and Christy and I moved to Honolulu, Hawaii, where I began my small animal veterinary career.

From Hawaii we moved to Miami, Florida, to be closer to Rick, who was practicing in Hollywood, Florida. After much research and deliberation, we selected Knoxville, Tennessee, to be our new home. In 1977, together, we opened Lange Animal Hospital.

Rick was unfortunately killed in a car accident in 1999. I managed and owned the hospital alone until my retirement in May of 2020. There are currently five veterinarians serving our clients. I now spend my time writing, working out, and playing pickleball. My wife Christy and I have our sixth Golden Retriever, Josh 4.0.

