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## WEDDINGS/CELEBRATIONS: VOWS; Jennifer Good and David Adler

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WHEN David R. Adler, a guitarist who is now a music writer, took up with Dr. Jennifer M. Good, now a veterinarian, he had no idea that to love her was also to love a house full of animals.

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At the time they met, in April 1999, Dr. Good, a Barnard graduate, had been working in entry-level jobs at Condé Nast and Miramax. But she had a drastic switch of careers in mind. Of Condé Nast, where she wore funky dresses with motorcycle boots, she said: "A lot of value is placed on how you look. I'm no model." Manolo Blahniks? "Never," she said.

It was natural for her to apply to veterinary school. As a child, her closest companion was a German short-haired pointer called Sally. Her mother, Mary Safrai, said, "She'd cry and wipe her tears with Sally's ears."

By the time she and Mr. Adler met, at Shine, a SoHo music club, she had been accepted by Cornell. Mr. Adler was just then also changing careers. A fan of John Coltrane's later, more difficult music, he was starting to write about jazz. (He is now a contributor to Down Beat magazine and other publications.)

Dr. Good, now 33, had gone to the club to hear her best friend, Jamie Obstbaum, sing with Methuselah Jones, a rock band in which Mr. Adler, now 35, was playing. Dr. Good developed an instant crush on him. "He has black hair, a cleft in his chin, lovely sideburns," she said. Lovely sideburns? She begged Ms. Obstbaum to ask him to call her.

"I said to David, 'A friend of mine who was at the show thought you were the cat's meow,'" Ms. Obstbaum recalled. Flattery worked. He called, and they had dinner at Bistrot Margot in SoHo, where she ordered a messy pâté sandwich. "It's the wrong thing to eat on a first date," she noted.

The date started at 7 p.m. and ended at 2 in the morning. They had a second date, a "Want to come hear me play?" kind of invitation. Afterward, Mr. Adler asked her to a movie, which was followed by a visit to a Greenwich Village bar -- and a kiss.

That was it, except for bridging the distance between Manhattan and Ithaca, N.Y., where in the fall of 1999 she moved with Olive, her tiger-striped cat, to begin her studies. He would drive upstate to see her. Other times, she would visit him in the East Village apartment he shared with his friend David Snyder and Mowgli, their aggressive black-and-white cat. "He was allowed to attack guests," Mr. Snyder said.

"He drew blood."

By 2000, Mr. Adler and Mowgli moved into the Upper West Side apartment that Dr. Good had kept. Meanwhile in Ithaca, Dr. Good had taken in a stray black-and-white male kitten, whom they named Harley, and took him to Manhattan to room with Mowgli -- a matched set. Luckily, Mr. Adler is a cat lover. "I associate them with cleanliness," he said.

In May 2000, Dr. Good was studying greyhounds in an anatomy class and decided they should adopt a greyhound, a retired racer called Suki, who soon joined Mowgli, Harley and Mr. Adler in Manhattan. (Mr. Adler, who has no tolerance for long-haired animals, succumbed to the greyhound adoption because it is a short-haired breed.) But then Suki ran from Dr. Good in Riverside Park, crashed into a railing concealed by a bush and died.

"Losing her made me more of a dog person," Mr. Adler said. So when Dr. Good wanted to get another greyhound, Angus, Mr. Adler said yes. Last year, Margot, a yellow Labrador, who was flea-ridden when Dr. Good treated her at Cornell, joined Mowgli, Harley, Angus and Mr. Adler in the apartment.

"How much harder could it be to walk two dogs?" Mr. Adler asked himself. "Exponentially harder." But with Dr. Good studying day and night, he was the househusband.

She returned to New York after graduating in the spring of 2003, but she could not offer Mr. Adler much of a break from his animal duties. She is an intern at the Oradell Animal Hospital in Paramus, N.J., and works at least 12 hours a day treating, she said, "lizards, turtles, chinchillas, guinea pigs, hamsters, birds, birds, birds."

The only four-legged animal present at the couple's wedding at the New York City Fire Museum in SoHo on Jan. 31 was Chief, a brown mutt, once a firehouse mascot who climbed ladders and was immortalized by a taxidermist. When the Rev. Thomas B. Fenlon, a Roman Catholic priest, asked Dr. Good if she would take Mr. Adler as her husband, she answered with a simple "Yup!" And at the end of the ceremony, in which Rabbi Albert L. Sturmer also took part, Dr. Good boogied down the aisle.

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