

**From:** friendsofnikki@comcast.net [mailto:friendsofnikki@comcast.net]

**Sent:** Monday, May 07, 2012 12:02 AM

**To:** Donna

**Subject:** Bitter Sweet

Dear Friends,

As this evening draws to an end, I remember exactly what was happening 2 years ago. I laid on the floor with my little Doogie, hoping that the medication the vet had given earlier, would help alleviate his breathing distress. By midnight I knew that was not meant to be, and my baby was asking for assistance to the other side. I promised him I would not let him suffer no matter how painful it became for me. I loved him so much, and he always knew it. I woke my husband up, and we left for Red Bank Emergency in Hillsborough. At 1:15am we said goodbye to our little boy.

Well, two years have now almost passed, and I am doing OK. I think of him, and miss him, every day. In group I always talk about the gifts they leave us with. There were many, believe me, but the one that stands out today is the gift of Lilly. You see, today is her third birthday. She came to us when she was a little over a year old. The rescue group said they did not know when she was born, as there were not many records. Somebody decided they didn't want her, and gave her back to the breeder. Her life was saved by Shih Tzu and Furbabies Rescue. The day we picked her up from her foster Mom up in East Syracuse, NY, we received an envelope with whatever info they had. After her foster Mom left her in our care, I opened that envelope. There was one page of a vet immunization record from FL. I looked it over briefly, and then noticed that they had a birth date filled in for Lilly (then known as Pebbles). It was May 6th, 2009. Chills came over me, as I had no doubt that was confirmation that Doogie had something to do with getting that little girl from Florida to East Syracuse, and then to the Kahora family in New Jersey. Lilly's playful personality, and love of other dogs, 7 months later led to our decision to adopt again. I felt ready to have another little boy by this point, and wanted Lilly to maintain her Princess status (as her sister Nikki did 10 years earlier). We started the search that led to Tommy Bahama. They have both been such a joy in our life.

If it were up to me, I would have wanted Doogie with me until the day I died. Since that was not possible, I feel he made room for another (or 2) to share his loving home, and his Mommy and Daddy. I believe he is well, and happy, and that one day we will be reunited. For now, I have to continue my purpose in life of loving these 2 little "monkeys", and doing what I can to help both animals and people in whatever way I'm able.

Thank you, Doogie, for sharing your life with us. Your spirit lives on in your Mommy's heart, forever and a day. I've attached a picture of Doogie taken a few months before he died, and one of Lilly and Tommy taken this evening.

Warmly,  
Donna