

Daisy

Daisy Went To The Bridge November 22, 2002

Three years ago, I didn't want another beagle. Three rambunctious boys were plenty of beagle for me. When Pam called and told me her friend had rescued a stray female beagle, I said we'd go see her, but that I wasn't sure we would adopt her. I allowed that we might take her in and foster her until we could find her a home.

We went to meet her on November 19, 1999. Pam fell in love instantly. Daisy came home with us, and she knew she was home to stay. It took me longer to realize this. She was skinny and sick, and we didn't know exactly how long we would have her, but we were determined to make whatever time she had left the best time of her life. She never missed another meal, or a treat, or a walk, or a belly rub. She had her own couch, and from there, she became Queen of the household. The boys deferred to her at the door, at mealtime, and whenever treats were handed out. From the moment she entered our lives she brought us joy and laughter, and gave us unconditional love and trust.

When we first noticed her eye, we had no idea that it was the beginning of the end. Daisy endured everything - the examinations, the medications, the tests, with a calm serenity and grace that only acceptance provides. The second week after her operation, she began wheezing a little bit. We (even the vet) thought she had an infection, so we gave her antibiotics. Her appetite had been declining slowly, and by Monday the 18th, she was panting. On the 19th, she wouldn't eat her regular food. I did get her to eat two hot dogs, though.

I called the vet and took her in first thing in the morning. And on Wednesday, I found out about her eye, AND the tumor in her chest. She and her brothers knew before we did. They sat with her on her couch, sat with her in the sun, and stayed closer to her during the whole time. Only in hindsight do I recognize what they were doing. They were saying goodbye. The look in her eye said that she was ready, but that she would wait for us to catch up to her. On Friday, her look said thank you for catching up. She died in our arms, calmly and peacefully and without the slightest hesitation or struggle. At the very end, her nose twitched - I said she was hunting rabbits - Dr. Johnson said. and catchin' 'em too!

We are grateful that we found our way into Daisy's life. From Daisy we learned what unconditional love is, we saw courage, grace, and serenity. Daisy also led us to seek out BREW, to become involved in beagle rescue.

We are grateful for the time we had with her, and we are grateful to the BREW community. Thank you for your wisdom, your comforting words, your understanding, and your support. This is one of the the last pictures of Daisy - taken Friday morning. She is calmly surveying the yard she loved, looking over at the brothers who protected and adored her.
--Becky and Pam