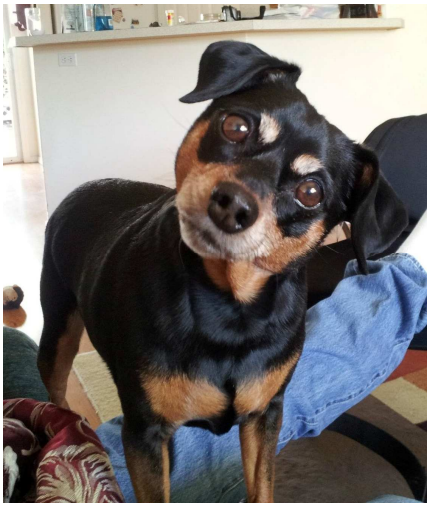


Zoey's Journey

Here begins the story of our journey down a road we never thought we'd be led down. It is a story of heartache but also one of bitter sweetness. That look in her eyes I will never forget as we rushed our beloved Zoey down to the Emergency care hospital late at night. I could sense her fear and she could smell mine. I tried my best to remain calm for her sake but inside it felt as though someone had stabbed a hot knife into my heart. Tears began streaming down my face as we were racing to get to the hospital in time.

You see, my husband and I do not have any children so our two dogs are treated as such…they are our life! We got Zoey at a very early five weeks old. Out of the big litter of pups she was the first to run up to my feet and paw at me, almost as if she were saying, "take me out of here". I knew right then and there, she was the one. We grabbed her and were on our way to our new life. Ben and I had only been married a short time and we felt we needed a companion. She fit in nicely and very quickly began running the household. My husband, Ben is a paraplegic and is in a wheel chair. At first Zoey seemed hesitant at the thought of sitting in his lap and riding around with him. But after the first couple of times she accepted it and grew very fond of this special bonding they were so privileged to share. She began jumping up into his lap right when he'd wheel in to the house from a long day at work.

Two years later we began feeling very guilty for having to leave her to go to work so we thought perhaps it was time she have her own companion. Shortly thereafter Tyke was in our lives also at five weeks old. It was an instant bond between the two and to this day, eleven years later, it still is. We've shared the utmost gratifying life together. I will always be a better person for having had these two dogs in my life!

We made it to the hospital just in the nick of time. We rushed her inside and they took her right away from my arms. I went outside and behind the building and fell to my knees. I prayed to God with all I had in me that he would not take her from us yet, not this way. She still had life left in her and she's a fighter. Calmness came down upon me and sheltered me. Ben came out to get me so we could explain what was happening to the Vet. We walked inside and into a room. The Vet walked in with a solemn look upon her face, I sunk. We went on to explain, "My husband and I had gotten home from visiting family and when we walked into the laundry room we noticed blood all over the place. We rushed to find the dogs and check every orifice of their bodies….it was Zoey, she was bleeding from her vagina". The Vet told us that Zoey had urinated back there and that it looked like thick red wine. She was going to be hospitalized with what we later would learn is called Idiopathic Thrombocytopenic Purpura better known as ITP, a bleeding disorder in which the immune system destroys platelets, which are necessary for normal blood clotting. She was literally bleeding out from numerous parts of her small body. I felt helpless, I felt like Zoey was trying to take on some of me and my husbands medical conditions so as to take some of the pressure off of us because animals do this, it is a proven fact. I felt so utterly guilty. After a week's stay in the animal hospital, becoming anemic from losing to much blood and a heavy regimen of medications our Zoey got to come home to us! It was a bitter sweet day in my memory. She

was kept on a course of medications for one year and then gradually taken off of them; she has not had another occurrence thank God above.

However, in May of 2012 our little Zoey once again became sick. This time it was a really nasty urinary tract infection, Ecoli. Her urine was cultured and she was put on a course of antibiotics for six weeks. It got better but then we began noticing that she was urinating on the couch or bed or wherever she way lying. Sometimes too she would even sleep right through it like she didn't even know that she had just urinated. We would again, take her in where they would again, culture her urine and it would just keep showing positive for a nasty Ecoli infection. One day they decided to perform an abdominal ultrasound and found some small stones in her bladder and kidneys. They suspected these would break apart and find their way out. The Doctors became baffled by this resistant infection. They would all consult with one another to try and find answers and would even consult with Veterinarian Internists' in other states. In the meantime, we will notice that her hind legs seem to be "giving out". She would struggle to get up from a sitting position. We passed this information along to the Doctors. They now suspected Cushing's disease as the possible culprit. Until once again when we had to take her back in one of the Doctor's began examining Zoey, every inch of her….she turned to us and said, "oh my gosh, has anyone ever noticed that Zoey has a very recessed vulva"? We exclaimed, "No"! She then went on to explain to us that this recessed vulva is harboring the bacteria, it's actually keeping it trapped up in her bladder which causes the incontinence which causes further bacteria.

It was all making sense to us now. It was the way she was, well, built. We then got referred over to Dr.s Ochoa and Murphy at WestVet Hospital in Garden City, Idaho where she'd be under the care of board certified Doctor's. Zoey is now scheduled on April 12th for Cushing's disease testing, ultra sound of the abdomen, a heavy duty amount of blood work and another culture of her urine. In the days to follow Zoey will be undergoing a quite extensive surgery to fix her recessed vulva. I've recently began asking myself, "have I honestly became such a selfish person that I would be willing to put her through all of this, instead of saying goodbye to her"?....but then there is another part of me that feels like I want to know that I've tried everything I can to give her the best quality of life…..before I know in my heart of hearts….that it is time to say goodbye to my best friend. But there is a saying I once heard from the Doctor of a dying little boy whose heart they got started; but was brain dead, he said, "hearts are stupid,….as they don't know when to give up"…..is it possible to actually "love too much"?? So I pray each night before I go to sleep that we are doing the right thing for our beloved Zoey and that she will come through this ordeal standing tall, taller than she's ever stood before and I ask you too, for your prayers for our Zoey, for that would mean the world to us.

Our most heartfelt regards go out to all of the donor's who so graciously chose to help out a complete stranger in this, their time of need, all of the wonderful Foundations out there…The Mosby Foundation, The Shakespeare Animal Fund and Paws 4 A Cure who collect donations to help the loving animals of the world, all the Doctors at All Valley and West Vet, to each person who made donations on Zoey's Go Fund Me account and to all of our loving family and friends who showed their support. Words can not express the gratitude that we feel in our hearts and that we always will! May God bless each of you as He has blessed us. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Kelly, Ben, Tyke & Zoey