

BUTCH #01-096

Hello. My name is Cyndi and our family adopted Butch through your organization on May 9, 2001. I'm writing this letter to you with a broken heart as after a valiant struggle with cancer, we had to let Butch go on Wednesday, May 5th.

Butch was the best dog ever. And I am not just saying that because he was our dog. Everyone who met him fell in love with him. He was sweet and gentle. He loved his balls and toys! He never had an accident in the house. He always came when called, although he was never far from our side. He loved life. But most of all, he loved us. And as imperfect pet parents as we were, he always gave us the benefit of the doubt. He always had a sparkle in his eye, a doggy grin and a non-stop wagging tail.



Butch came to us with extreme separation anxiety. He had several homes before he found us and I know he was afraid we, too, would leave him. Needless to say, after a year of coming home to dug up flowerbeds and scattered garbage, Butch finally realized he had found his forever home.

He loved spending time with his sisters, Charm and Gizmo, and his brother, Dewey, but his true love was balls. Any color, shape or size would do. And the few times he didn't have a ball in his mouth, you'd just have to ask, "Where's the ball?" and off he'd go to retrieve one (or several). In fact, it may have been his love of balls and ball chasing that caused his ACL tear in June of 2005. Butch had to have surgery to repair the tear. We had a vacation planned that month so we made the best of a "bad leg" situation. We cancelled our plane tickets and rented a motorhome. We took all the dogs to South Dakota to visit the Badlands and Mount Rushmore. Butch even found out "where the heck" wall drug was 😊 That vacation was the best vacation my husband and I ever took. We loved watching the dogs enjoying themselves and we made some incredible lasting memories!

In the summer of 2008 I opened a doggy day care in Gurnee and I was lucky to be able to spend almost every day of Butch's last years with him. Butch was my ambassador and since he was so easy-going and enjoyed other dogs, I used him for new dog assessments. It was the perfect job for him! He loved the pool in the summer

and enjoyed playing with the other dogs during playtime. He would sneak around the playgroup gathering balls and deposit them one by one on an elevated dog bed. Then he'd climb on top of them. He reminded me of a mother bird waiting for her eggs to hatch! And even after he was diagnosed with cancer and began chemotherapy, he still came to work with me. He didn't spend as much time in the back playing as he did before he was sick, but he played with the other dogs in the mornings and would usually sleep in the afternoons. Not too bad for an old guy 😊 All of my customers loved Butch and their hugs, tears and strong shoulders to cry on during Butch's illness and after his passing showed me they thought he was pretty special too! His bed still remains behind the counter and his picture sits prominently atop the file cabinet. He will always have a place at the daycare and in my heart.

Butch's tumor (hemangiosarcoma of the heart) finally got the best of him. He began bleeding internally and there wasn't anything left to do but let him slip away before he began feeling any pain. We were fortunate enough to have a vet come to our home for his passing. He was surrounded by his family as he took his last breath. He spent his last night at home and the next morning, I took him for his final car ride. He was cremated and his ashes sit on my nightstand, close to me, as I know he would want to be if he was still here.

I cannot bear to think of my life without him. Even though we have other dogs, the house is quiet. Butch was my shadow and wherever I went, he followed. The first night I went to bed without him, I laid awake listening for his snores or his grunts of contentment. It was so silent and so final. My sweet Butch was truly gone.

Your adoption paperwork states, "It has been said that if you want to look into the heart of God, look into the eyes of a golden"! Nothing is truer than that statement. Butch was love, joy, contentment, fun and a million other wonderful attributes rolled into one and covered with beautiful, red, wavy, shiny fur. He was a special dog, a "one in a million dog" and our family was so blessed to be able to share our lives with him.

Thank you for allowing our family to adopt Butch. Our lives, especially mine, will never be the same without him. As much as it hurts to have lost him, I can't imagine my life without ever knowing or loving him. Butch passed away on Cinco de Mayo and from now on, we will celebrate every Cinco de Mayo as a celebration and remembrance of his life.

I have enclosed a few pictures of Butch so you can see what a beautiful guy he truly was. I am also enclosing a small donation in his memory. I hope it helps another family find as much love, devotion and companionship as we did with Butch.

Sincerely,
Cyndi

