



Forever FRIENDS

DEDICATED TO THOSE SUFFERING THE LOSS OF A PET

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MY SISTER SADIE

Sadie was a rescue dog my dad had gotten before he ever met my mom. So, when they married and had me, I didn't know what to make of the animal, but the first time we met our bonds quickly strengthened. She wasn't the only dog my mom had introduced to the family, because not long after, she got Chip as a playmate for Sadie. Chip was also a rescue dog. When I was little I always referred to them as brother and sister. Sadie took care of me when I was little and helped me out. When I was a little older, I returned the favors by feeding her my dinner food under the table. I always trusted her. One time she was in her pen by our barn and I noticed the latch to the pen was covered by a daddy long legs spider. I was so scared to open it, but when I looked into Sadie's firm, but loving eyes, she told me it was going to be okay.

When I entered first grade, I started to notice that things were different with her. She was slower, not as jumpy, and had to go to the bathroom more. In second grade we discovered that Sadie's brother, Chip had cancer in his stomach, and he died at the vet hospital shortly after.

After that we knew that Sadie's time was running short as well. I still remember her last Christmas with us. We had gotten her a box of milk bones. I ran into her room and opened the present for her and gave her two treats. She seemed happy with this, but I said no more because I didn't want her to have an "accident" that was bigger than



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and she drifted away,
I kept saying, "I love you."*

usual. Sadie didn't think she was given enough treats, because when I went to take her out, I discovered that she had grabbed the box off the shelf and had eaten the whole box of treats. The only thing left was three crumbs by the opening of the box. But how could you get mad at her?

About a year later we took her to the vet for a checkup and found out that she was deaf, half blind, and always very tired. After this visit we knew it wouldn't be long and the time for her to go was coming. As a third grader I didn't know what that meant, until a dark December winter morning when I woke up. Sadie had an accident during the night. Not knowing what had happened as I cleaned up that bathroom mess she had laid in that night. I remember getting sick to my stomach too, because it was so bad.

I went to class that morning, but then got pulled out of school. It was

my mom with Sadie. As we drove to the vet I asked my mom if this was a checkup and she just needed my help. She solemnly replied that Sadie was going to be put to sleep. I begged her no and begged her not to but she said it was for the best. We got there and waited for the doctor to come. I cried and cried begging the doctor no. I tightly gripped Sadie's paw in my hands as the doctor placed the second needle into her. As her breathing slowed, and she drifted away, I kept saying "I love you". Sadie died at the age of 15.

Now I have two dogs named Trooper and Scooter. They are the two best dogs anyone could ever have, but I constantly think of Sadie and Chip. I know I will see them in a better place someday, but until then Sadie will be forever in my heart. I love my Sadie!! 🐾

*From FP - 7th grade,
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