

Diesel

For a year prior to completing our new house on 10 acres, we periodically scoured the labs 4 rescue website for a needy homeless lab. In these bad economic times, we thought we could help another lab, not that we needed a 3rd lab to complete our already happy pack.

While most of those sweet faces quickly found homes, others seemed to linger. Diesel, for nearly the entire year we were "looking", was one of those who seemed to linger. Why no one had seriously inquired about adopting him was beyond me. His heartfelt story was that he had been starved and near death, at the end of chain at a drug house in the heat of Tennessee. A soft hearted police officer, after arresting the owners, managed to get Diesel into the labs 4 rescue system. His body ravished from starvation, but with an unwavering spirit for life, took a long tedious time to heal with the dedication of his third foster mom, Sara.

When it came time for us to proceed with an adoption, Diesel was actually at the bottom of our list of older doggies. We had our share of dogs with serious medical problems and were not up to that; assuming that Diesel may have medical issues due to his past neglect. But we felt so bad that he was "unwanted". As all the other potential doggies fell through, there we were talking with Sara about Mr. "D".

We met Sara in Massachusetts to bring him home and the first time in the car he urinated-just great, what is next?-he did the same thing in the house. He bears the battle scars of survival all over his body. The emotional scars are obvious as this sweet soul takes his own time blending into his new pack. His security blanket is a tennis ball in his mouth for at least 12 of 24 hours. His food and water obsession is excessive for even a lab, but clearly understandable. His loving personality is slowly unraveling as he gains trust. We love the hugs and kisses that he lavishes on us, which speak a thousand words of "thanks".

7 years on: March 25, 2016-"DB"-Diesel Boy

With great sadness "DB" passed. We absolutely loved this boy. Having him 7 years was not enough, but all we luckily had. He was a trooper and a survivor.

He was a very happy boy in spite of being partially blind in one eye from nearly the time he came to us, to going near completely blind the last few years and nearly completely deaf.

He had a mast cell from his paw removed 4-5 years ago and did great. Within the last several years he was diagnosed with a degenerative spinal muscular atrophy, but did a short walk (a difficult one) the day we put him to sleep. While he was not able to do stairs or chase his beloved tennis ball, for 2-3 years, he still loved his walks and made sure we got up every am to feed him on his schedule. Last year, before the holidays, he had a rectal mass removed which luckily was benign, but developed bloat the night of the surgery. He was taken to the ER vet and survived one of the worst cases they saw, with little damage to his stomach (most likely because he did not have any food for over 24 hours). Our vet in his 30+ years of practice had never heard of such a thing. Even with his degenerative spine problems, he pulled through, only to develop pneumonia before he was fully recovered. He was rushed back to the ER vet and then did a full recovery from that. We had concerns about his swallowing because of his neurologic issue, but he did great. He had a month long episode of colitis, which we were able to get under control. In the past few months, his degenerative spinal muscular problems were progressing and he was accidentally stooling while sleeping. We were not sure how much longer he would be able to go on, but he was happy and we just adjusted to his needs. But last week we found enlarged nodes, which we suspected was lymphoma. In less than a week, he began to fail and the masses progressed very rapidly. Our vet came yesterday (march 25th) to send him to heaven. He went out to do his business without any accidents, we made a special breakfast for him with boiled chicken (he made it up the few stairs, which we normally had been having to help him with, on his own, as he knew breakfast was waiting) and he did a very short walk before his passing. He kissed (licked) us goodbye and quietly fell asleep in our arms.

We were honored to have been his caretakers and guardians He was much loved and he gave his love and gratitude back in so many ways

Lisa and Pat