

Hi Maureen – What Tia gave me by Deb Silke:

I woke up at about 4am this morning and immediately was full of thoughts about Tia. Of all the breeds that *have to* have their teeth watched and cared for we both know greyhounds are at the top of the list.

When you sent me that email last week about Tia and Tate going for their check ups and dental visit I could feel as I often do how devoted you and Gary have always been to your pack. You couldn't have done anything any differently. The outcome was as you are calling it. Overconfidence on the part of a Vet who is perhaps more focused on her rep for financial purposes and let her focus fall away from the care of her patient. It's also sad for her that she won't be able to gain anything from this because she is probably going to stay in defensive mode.

The other word about Tia that keeps coming to me is 'ambassador'. She was the official meeter and greeter at DogTalk any time I was there and always came around for a visit right when I needed one.

Seeing Tia and having her come by to see me at my table at the first PWF after I lost Penzi was very comforting. I just loved having my hands on her – and I confess I gave her illicit treats from the kitchen *and* I'm not sorry.

Do whatever you need to do. If this means the issue of veterinary anesthesia and particularly of greyhounds becomes a big black eye for the industry and you're part of it, that's what's supposed to happen. If it means that the subject is now on everyone's radar and you and Gary and Tia are part of that, then her last gift to us was *huge*.

You know Maureen, each time since I have known you that you have lost one of your beautiful companions it has touched the same place in me as the loss of each of my own. Like there's a real and definable territory in our hearts where dog love has completely taken over, and when the bell tolls in one heart it can be felt in all of the others too.

One of my clients came in Wednesday and told me the story of how she found the dog that had been waiting for her at the Methuen SPCA. It was fate. And as she told me of seeing the dog's photo and going right to Methuen and asking for the dog, I controlled my face and my reactions...the truth was that I could feel again that moment when we know we are about to enter into another bonding journey with the most wonderful of all creatures.

When Eleka was just 8 weeks old I had just brought her home. She was asleep in her little cardboard box with the pillow, belly and foot pads all naked pink and warm. As I watched her dream, I suddenly saw what I had done. I burst into tears and sobbed from somewhere deep. I was in love already, I was going to outlive her, and for that moment it was unbearable. Thinking of you. Deb Silke, [Ancient Wisdom](#)