

Tuesday, May 03, 2011

Long life and sad days



May 2nd, 2011 Monday

Well, as always is the part of owning pets the time came for us to let Major cross the rainbow bridge. He left us around 12:30 today. He had led a great full life and was just short of his 17th birthday! We had never had a dog live that long, as all the others the limit seemed to be 13. He far exceeded that by almost 4 years. He came home with Deanna because when she picked him up at

the pet store he had his claws locked into her sweater and said she couldn't get him to let go :). The best \$20 she ever spent!

Through all the life stages he took he was always a character, from when he was young and would always want to chew your finger if you tried to pet him to pushing Keesh out of his way to be the first out the door. After Keesh left he went through a transition stage of missing his big brother to becoming keeper of the home. He never was the type of dog to allow much hugging, he would tolerate it for about 5 seconds then he was done with it but never minded being petted.

He hated water and anything that would look like water from showers and baths to ponds rivers and puddles. Gradually as in his later years he came to accept getting wet to a degree, for instance if it were raining he would still go outside to potty and wander around and on occasion just walk through a mud puddle! Now if it was pouring down hard he would just stand there as to say "I ain't goin out in that shit!" One thing that NEVER changed was wiping his feet, he could not stand to have his front feet messed with and trying to get them wiped was a big ordeal, hind feet no problem but front feet stay away. Showers never changed either, I always had to climb into the shower to give him one.

A good note is he traveled well with us and always loved it, he would flop down between us in the truck when we were traveling full time and eventually in the back seat (with reluctance) after we traded trucks. His biggest perk when traveling between us was if we pulled out a snack he just looked at us and knew he would get some. If he wanted a drink of water he would just stare at you while you took one. He loved to travel, soon as we started loading the trailer he was up and ready to go, even just when I would start to raise the levelers he knew instantly! Soon as we put him in the truck he was happy and content to wait on us till we were set to go. His time limit on travel was about 2-3 hours then he would stare at me to let me know it was time to pull over, which worked out just as well for me. :) So we were lucky to have him with us that long and he got to visit a lot of states that many people will never get to travel to.

Many years of age started taking its toll on him slowly, first a little stiff to get up or a little reluctant to go outside or the big surprise was when I had to wake

HIM up in the morning to go outside, some days I had to literally shake him to wake him up. He had lumps and bumps all over him from small tumors that the vet said were just fatty tumors and she must have been right cause he didn't live to be almost 17 with anything serious coming from them.

His final days he had stopped eating, weeks before he was reluctant to eat his dog food so Deanna would cook him rice and hamburger or chicken or ham just anything to get him to eat. His snacks which were the most important time of the day were no longer a priority and often just left them laying. It was the no eating for days with no interest of food what so ever that told us he had other things going on. The vet thought he possibly had a tumor in his mouth that was hampering his eating. Regardless of what it was we knew we owed it to him not to let him suffer. He never showed any signs of discomfort other than stiffness and we gave him daily medicine for that and it definitely made all the difference in the world for him.

It was our duty as loving parents to save him from pain and suffering, even with the pain it caused us to say goodbye, we kissed and hugged him and told him to tell Keesh hi when he got to the other side, and we know for sure that right now they are chasing each other all over :)

So farewell our beloved Major Pain, you touched our lives to never be forgotten and thank you for all the great entertainment you provided us and protection. Hope we did the same for you!

PS: This is odd but this morning somehow we both slept though my alarm clock going off at 5 am, well ok no big deal I suppose that could happen but the second odd thing was when the guys came in the shop this morning (which I always have opened up and the alarm turned off) the alarm started beeping warning that it was set and will go off in 30 seconds.....the alarm blew a fuse and did not set the horn off! I do not have a religious bone in my body but somehow have always believed in spirits I guess, but some how I think it was Major telling us "Great job, take the day off and get some sleep, I'm in good hands with Keesh now and having a ball!"
We miss and love you Major, Mom and Dad!

So to close this post out here is my favorite poem,

If it should be I grow frail & weak,
And all that's left is peace in sleep,
I know you'll do must be done,
to end this fight that can't be won

I don't fear death as Human's do.
So let me try to comfort you,
Come...let us take a quiet stroll,
And share some quietness soul to soul.

Do not grieve, it should be you,
Who must decide this thing to do,
We've been close, we two these years,
Don't let your heart hold any tears.

You will be sad, I understand,
But don't let grief then stay your hand,
For on this day, more than the rest,
Your love & friendship must stand the test.

We've had so many happy years,
That what's to come can hold no fears,
You'd not want me to suffer so...,
When the time comes, please let me go.

Take me where my needs they'll tend,
Only...stay with me until the end,
Hold me close with soft good-byes,
Till life's bright light has left my eyes.

I know in time, you too will see,
It is kindness that you do for me,
Although my tail it's last has waved,
From pain & suffering I've been saved

The final sound I need to hear ,
Is your soft voice upon my ear,
Your loving face will fade and dim,
As the rush of Heaven closes in.

-Unknown

To honor his love for traveling we chose to have him cremated. Now when we camp some place he will travel with us and we will leave a pinch of him behind. Some of his ashes will be buried with his big brother and some will be held to be mixed with ours when we go. He was such a big part of our lives in the past that he needs to remain so in the future.