



Emmy--- January 1994 – October 24, 2009

This picture of my little Em was taken in October of 2008 and is one of my favorites. Her hair always looked a little frowsy, because we would not risk her picking up any germs at the groomer. She depended on me for her grooming and she hated anything or anyone around her face!!! This is also the way I would like for all of you to remember her. She had become so thin in the past two months and was blind and deaf. But her spirit was not diminished.

Emmy entered my life in February 2004 and life was never the same for me. She was a mess when she arrived in Minnesota. Emmy had come out of a mill of approximately 2000 dogs and she was the worst of the worst. The miller had decided to pull Emmy's remaining rotten teeth and in the process broke her jaw. She had "rubber" jaw which is so common in mill dogs. There was no real bone left in her jaw. The jaw was wired shut at first and then later a pin was put in. Her little body was full of infection, she hadn't been spayed and her left front leg just hung limply off of her body. There was no life in her eyes and no real connection to the world around her. She had the blank look that I have seen in the eyes of other mill dogs as they pull themselves into that place that removes them from the pain and horror of their lives. She was close to dead and I think that those of us on the board of Puppymill Rescue, Inc. at the time didn't really know what to expect for her future. The first thing was to see if we could keep her alive!

That was the beginning of the bond between Emmy and me. The days were spent holding her, feeding her and holding her some more. She loved being held. As the days went on I saw the light come back into her eyes. Eventually she started to put on weight and people could tell she was a little Yorkie, instead of asking me "what is that?"

I was the only one in Emmy's world and she didn't need or want anyone else. The bond between us kept growing stronger and was there until she took her last breath. Emmy would not let anyone else hold her if she could see me. She would put up with my husband or daughter as long as she could not find me. When she would see me she would try to jump out of their arms. I have never seen anything like it.

The mill had taken a huge toll on Emmy's body and there were countless trips to the vet. We were at the University of Minnesota animal hospital at 3 a.m. one time and then there was the Sunday when we had to go to the emergency vet so they could remove the piece of wire in her jaw that the vet in Missouri had left in there after putting a pin in her jaw. There were skin infections, a toe that had to be amputated because the years in the mill had so hurt her paws and several rounds of irritable bowel problems. But through it all she was a happy girl who loved to play with her Mommy, loved to race me for the pillows every night and loved to tuck her head up under my neck and burrow in with all her might.

I really cannot find the words to explain to you the love between the two of us. She was such a blessing in my life and those of you who have had a "heart" dog will know and understand what I am trying to say. My mind knew she couldn't live forever, but my heart wished she would never leave me. It was a miracle that she lived as long as she did and I always knew that every day with her was a gift.

The past year had seen Emmy's health start to decline. She started losing weight no matter how much food she ate, her kidneys were starting to fail. She was on a daily dose of Metronidazole to help her tummy problems and a few months ago she lost her remaining eye sight. But her spirit never wavered, and she continued to delight in the bond we shared. Emmy stopped eating on September 19<sup>th</sup> and so once again we were off to the vet. This time she had to be left at the doctor's for the day for four days. She was given intravenous fluids, prednisone and antibiotics. She was never the same after that. Her appetite continued to decline and that was one of the things that I used to determine quality of life for my little girl. She was always such a little piggy with her food!! I had also promised her that never again on this earth would she live in pain. And I kept that promise. She wanted to stay with me and she depended on me to be strong and let her go when the time came. I stayed awake with her all night the night before she died. She still knew who I was and snuggled right into my neck. By morning I knew that it was time to help her to heaven.

Emmy had so many health problems but her heart was always physically strong and it was strong right up to the end of her life. She had a strong will and determination to live and to be loved. It is impossible for me to understand how she stayed alive for ten years in that hell-hole. She must have believed every day that maybe today was the day someone would rescue her.

Emmy was loved by so many people who never even met her but who had gone to [www.puppermillrescue.com](http://www.puppermillrescue.com) and read her story. Her fight to survive brought many people into rescue and saved the lives of many more mill dogs. That is Emmy's legacy.

There are many, many more just like Emmy still in the puppy mills of this country. They wake up every day and hope that maybe today will be the day that someone comes to rescue them. We cannot quit fighting for their freedom. We cannot quit fighting to shut down puppy mills. There should not be any tolerance for animal cruelty.

Now I have to learn how to go on without Emmy. I hope that soon the tears will stop coming so quickly and I will remember the fun we had together, her silly little bark, the love, her Yorkie attitude and her fierce determination to survive and not let the millers win!