

Brayden

Hello. My name is Brayden, and I want to tell you about my “rescue angel”. Her name is Sonia, and she saved my life, nursed me back to health, and gave me a life worth living... if only for a short time. That’s me and Sonia in this picture!

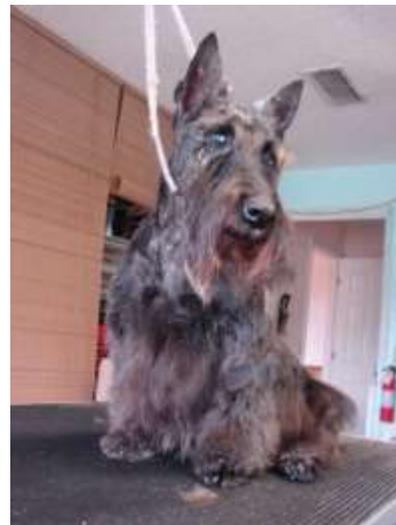


I first met Sonia when I was very, very sick and didn’t think I would have a second chance for happiness. I was ten years old, and I remember trying to hide under a towel in a cage in a strange place they called a shelter. I didn’t know why that man took me there. It wasn’t the home I had lived in with my first Mom, who had always been there to pet and comfort me when I was frightened. I could hear all kinds of loud noises around me- many dogs barking, cats crying, and people whose voices I didn’t recognize... talking... about me. “She won’t live much longer.” “No one will adopt her- she’s diabetic and has too many special needs.” “She’s blind. Who will adopt an old, blind dog?” “We will probably have to put her to sleep in a day or two”. I felt so bad- weak, hungry, cold, tired, confused- and very, very scared.

When I was just about to give up a new pair of gentle hands took me from the shelter to meet Sonia in a city nearby so she could take me home. She had heard about me from Scottie rescue. They told her that I was in a shelter in Tavares, Florida and that I needed help desperately and immediately. I’m so glad she agreed to take me that day. While she drove she talked softly to me and told me everything would be OK. I drifted off to sleep, feeling safe for the first time in a long while. But, I’m sure I heard her crying too. What that *good-* or *bad?* Time would tell. When we got to her house she gave me a quiet place to relax in a fuzzy, soft bed and something tasty to eat. I was very hungry and almost too weak to eat- but she kept coaxing me and I ate just a little bit to please her. Her house was kind of noisy because there were many dogs there... but, I somehow knew those excited barks and yips came from other Scotties, and that encouraged me that everything really would be *good* there.

Over the next few days I understood more about what had happened to me. My new foster Mom Sonia told me that the lady I had lived with all the rest of my life (before the shelter, that is!) got very sick and had to go to a special hospital. She couldn’t take care of me anymore, I couldn’t go to the hospital with her, and no one else in her family wanted me. Mom Sonia explained that I felt so weak because I was undernourished and because I had a nasty sickness called diabetes. I was supposed to take special medicine for diabetes twice a day but I hadn’t received my medicine for as long as I could remember. Sonia took me to the dog doctor who checked me out and gave her the special insulin I needed to feel better. I didn’t like the insulin shots but I tried to be brave and not fuss because I knew Mom Sonia was trying to help me.

Back at Mom Sonia’s home, I slowly got better. Most days were good days; those that weren’t were easier to tolerate due to Mom’s attentive care. In a few weeks I felt stronger, I was eating well, and I was finally interested in meeting all my new Scottie friends. Mom gave me a nice warm bath and a proper Scottie haircut. (My hair was growing back in and I think I looked pretty good for a mature lady in this picture she took right after my haircut!)



Mom even presented me with my own jewelry- a sparkly collar with my name on it that she made just for me! I also had my own little doggie bed- actually, I had two! One was in Sonia's bedroom, the other was in a quiet corner in the kitchen where I could sleep without being bothered by the puppies or bumped by the other Scotties when they played too rough for me. After all, I was older- and not one to rough-house and play with the young ones.

As I got stronger and stronger I also wanted to explore more of the house and the yard. My Scottie brothers and sisters helped me out, and I learned my way all around by following them. I got pretty good at it! I could walk all through the house without bumping into any furniture, push through the doggie door to go outside with the rest of my Scottie clan, and navigate down a ramp to enjoy the yard. It felt so good to sit on the cool grass as the sun warmed my old bones!

And, soon after I came to live with Sonia, the best thing *ever* also happened! Mom Sonia told me one day that I was home to stay. She explained that she had adopted me, and this was now officially my *forever* home. She was going to take care of me always, and make sure that I had everything that I ever needed. I was so relieved, and so happy.



I tried to thank my Mom Sonia for all her love and care in the few ways I could. I was always a sweet girl, with proper Scottie manners to set a good example for the puppies. I was mostly polite to everyone who visited our house- human or dog. I cuddled with Mom every chance I got, and snuggled on her lap in the evenings while she watched television. I also tried to be brave and independent and to do as much as I could for myself so she would be proud of me.

One of my happiest memories was the day Mom had some human Scottie friends over to visit and I heard her tell them "Brayden is teaching me a lot about what life is worth. I feel blessed because, while she is keeping herself going and enjoying life, she is also helping me go through a rough time with a lot more hope than I would have had without her".

Wow! She helped me, and I now I was helping her back. *That's* what love is all about, I say!

Editor's Note: *Brave little Brayden's fight with diabetes finally was too much for her frail body to overcome, and she took her journey to the Rainbow Bridge on December 14, 2012. Someday, at that Bridge, she will once again be able to receive gentle hugs and kisses from both of the human Moms who had loved her.*