

## Lacy's Forever Family

My name is Lacy. I'm a senior Scottie- about 11 years old! I can hardly believe I'm *that* old. In my years I've had my share of up's and down's, and have been through some very hard times for a Scottie. One of the best times of my life, however, is *right now*- with my forever foster Mom Leslie. That's us in the picture at the right.



Lacy and Leslie (January 2015)

Most of my rescue friends talk with excitement about going on to a new adoptive home. My situation is a little different. I'm considered a "forever foster" because I have a lot of health problems and I'm a more mature Scottie lady. Not many people would want to adopt a Scottie of my age who has health problems. (More on that later!) But that's OK because my foster Mom Leslie has told me I don't need to worry about going *anywhere* else. I'm home to stay with her clan- and it feels *so good*!

My memory has faded a bit as I've gotten older, but I do recall that my life started out happily. I was raised by a sweet lady who had been breeding and showing Scottish Terriers for a long time. She found a good home for me with a lady who lived in Orlando and all went well for a while. I also had two Scottie companions there to hunt and play with. A few years ago, though, my home situation gradually took a dark turn. No one knows why, exactly, but the woman my friends and I lived with stopped taking care of us properly. At the end we were living in a home that had been condemned (that means that neither people nor dogs should live there because it was filthy and unsafe) and had very little food and water. Fortunately for me concerned neighbors reported the situation to authorities and one day I was removed from the home and taken to Orange County Animal Services. For my two Scottie friends, however, help came *too late*.

I wasn't in very good condition when I arrived at Animal Services; they later said I was barely alive. But as is typical of Scotties by nature, I am a *fighter* and I wanted to get *better*! The nice people who evaluated me told me I had many health and nutrition issues to overcome to be happy and health once again. Their list of concerns included a huge mammary (breast) tumor, chronic eye and ear infections, and a gallbladder problem. My nails had not been groomed in a very long time and had gotten so long they curled up into the pads of my feet. That made it ouchy to walk. I had hardly any hair as this picture shows. And I was very weak and didn't have much energy. They started treating me right away with a lot of different medications, good food, clean water and tender loving care. Unfortunately, there were *many* dogs at the shelter who needed a *lot* of attention. A private rescuer with a huge heart who was familiar with Scotties heard my sad story (it *was* all over the television and Internet for a while) and came to pick me up from Animal Services. She took me to the veterinarian and raised thousands of dollars to help pay for the expensive treatment I would need then- and in the future. Soon



Lacy (October 2014)

after she made a call to Scottie Rescue! The hope was that they could find me a foster home where I would get personalized one-on-one attention and later be placed for permanent adoption with someone who loved Scotties. Foster Mom Leslie came to pick me up and helped me settle in with her family. There were other Scotties there and I was happy to have doggie companions again. Mom gave me my medications, bathed me, and made certain that I was eating properly. Slowly I got better and stronger. After a month or so my blood tests were better so I was spayed and the mammary tumor removed. Sadly, we found out that the tumor was cancerous, but not immediately threatening. There was life in this old girl *yet!!!*

Then one very memorable day Mom Leslie told me I would be staying with her *permanently*. I never needed to worry again about being hungry or moving to another home. I was *so* relieved and *so* happy! I was getting stronger, and it was comforting to know that I could enjoy the remaining years of my life with my new family. *That's* what she meant when she said I was a "*forever foster*"! I will be staying in Mom Leslie's loving home with my friends and family.

It's been a long slow process of healing but I am doing *well* now! I am a lot prettier, as you saw in the first picture in my story. I have more hair- no worries that it's mostly *gray* - and a nice Scottie haircut. I look and feel better than I have in *years*! I look forward to meal times and treats now, and I go out in the yard and enjoy the grass and sun. Sometimes I even teach the younger ones how to hunt. I play with the many toys in our house and enjoy lying on the couch and on my parent's bed. One of my favorite times each day is when I sit on Mom Leslie's lap on the couch and we watch TV together. (Well, *she* watches- I mostly sleep!)

The dog doctor told Mom and me that my cancer is stable for the time being and that it probably won't cause any serious problems for at least another year. No further cancer surgery or treatment is planned other than to keep me comfortable. The focus is for me to spend my remaining days in a loving home. Perfect!!! My special care and medications are very expensive for my family, so I was relieved to learn that rescue groups and private donors who've heard about my story have been making contributions to help Mom with them. It's good to know that there are so many nice people out there who care about a little old Scottie like me.

To close my story I just want to say *thank you* to all the kind people who rescued me from a desperate situation and helped me find my loving forever home.

I want you all to know that I'm a *happy* girl, enjoying life with my forever foster family.  
I'm sending thanks and Scottie kisses to everyone who has helped me!

-Note-

Lacy's story was featured in the March 2015 newsletter of the Scottish Terrier Club of Tampa Bay, which you can view at <http://www.stctb.biz/newsletters22.html>

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