

Last Revisit

Audience/Publisher: The “Oh My Dog!” blog is a dedicated online platform for dog enthusiasts, offering various resources for support, guidance and community. Amongst the resources within the archives, they range from training tips, product suggestions, behavior insights and personal experiences from fellow dog owners. While this short blog essay is primarily meant for dog owners, I also hope it resonates with a broader audience; any pet owner who values their relationship and time with their beloved companion.

Intention: The purpose of sharing this essay is to provide assurance to pet owners that letting go of a beloved pet is okay and normal. It is also meant to encourage euthanasia when the time is right - not for the owner, but for the pet’s well-being. To convey this message, this essay shares an example of my experience with one of my pets, whom my family and I decided to put down simply because of the pain and hardship it was experiencing.

It felt all too familiar. The only difference this time was that the whole family was here, and the mood was slightly more upbeat.

Before my dad opened the second door to enter the lobby room for Dogs and Cats Emergency & Specialty at Bowie, I said, “Feels like déjà vu,” to my mom as I held Hazelnut (Hazel for short) over a blanket to ensure her long, soft hair did not shed on my sweater, her periodic bloody leak does not get me on and to provide her some back support and warmth.

Upon entering, my mom headed toward the front desk as my dad, my brother, and I found a row of four empty chairs near the entrance. After sitting and putting Hazel on the ground on the towel I had neatly laid down, I briefly scanned the brightly lit lobby. The expression of each individual was about the same as last time I was here with my mom and Filbert - uncertainty yet with some sign of hopefulness.

“They said an assistant will come and take a look at Hazel in about 30 minutes,” my mom said.

“Guess Hazel was better off than Filbert,” I said jokingly.

As we waited, I watched Hazel roam around the seat, the only barrier limiting her curiosity being the length of the leash. Despite her shaky back legs and probably blind vision, each time we put her on the floor after briefly holding her for a pat or helping her drink some water, I recalled having to unwind her leash a few times around the leg of mine and my brother’s chair.

“Maybe we made the wrong choice,” my mom said with a smile.

“must been those lobster and crab she had yesterday,” my dad said sarcastically.

we cherished our time with Hazel, an assistant came over and guided us to a gloomy, barely lit room. As she talked to us about the procedure and our options, the only noticeable object in the room was a shelf, consisting of three miniature boxes on the middle shelf, a vase with a flower next to a box of tissues, a framed quote at the top of the shelf, and some cartoon books about pets at the very bottom.

“Just press this button near the door when you’re ready,” she said, pointing to the location of the button before leaving and closing the door behind him.

I noticed my mom’s emotions were more gathered than during our past visit. Instead of tearing up, we questioned how Hazel outlasted Filbert and Gingersnap despite being the oldest of the three dachshunds. When we noticed Hazel had gotten accustomed to the situation and laid down, it was time.

There was a knock on the door. Another assistant entered the room with two different needles: a painkiller and a euthanasia.

Weirdly, during the first injection, she quickly got up and started shaking as if she was lively. But after the last needle, she swiftly collapsed.

Source

“Oh My Dog!” blog post: <https://ohmydogblog.com/>

Euthanasia Process: <https://www.petmd.com/care/pet-euthanasia>

Losing a Lost one: <https://petpartners.org/coping-with-the-loss-of-a-therapy-animal/>