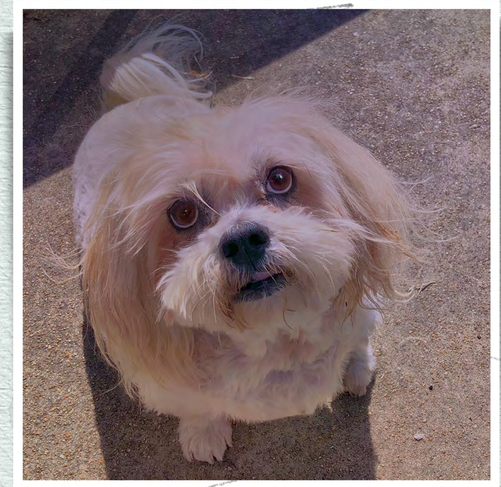
Mandy Suzanne

2/25/06 - 5/20/21



She was born in a puppy mill
Raised on wobbly legs...
Full of worms and parasites,
I knew she had to be saved.

Mandy, sweet Mandy
Cutest girl I ever knew...
Mandy, sweet Mandy
Mama's in love with you.

She had two bones a 'missin
From her small back legs
Some days she caved in,
But got up right away.

Mandy, sweet Mandy
A Lhasa who never knew...
Lhasas are bratty
But not Mandy, her heart was true.

15 windows

A 5-year old boy goes from grade school to college.
A mom ages, losing benchmarks that define her
– dance, career, hope and vision. A dad becomes a
grandfather... We get Mandy for 15 firsts and lasts.
A sweeping landscape. Mandy Suzanne, for 15.

She waddles over, a puffy "hair-do" perched upon stubby legs. The 4-pound pup nestles against my chest and gives me the goofy sideways glance. I'm a goner. I'll call her Mandy. But Mandy's doubtful peer recalls another setting. During her first week home, direct eye contact threatens her. Reaching hands remind her of harsh hands that once threw her from cage to cage. She pauses before open doors, remembering other dogs smashed in gates when they tried to flee. She freezes on a leash. My gentle tug reminds her of a yank by the head or neck.

Love and a loose leash soon erase Mandy's memories of birth inside a Missouri puppy mill. Yet though Flawdogs had tested and vaccinated her for ailments commonly spread inside breeding mills, Mandy grows anorexic and lethargic. She is treated for coccidia and giardia parasites. Her back legs cave in as she walks. An x-ray reveals the head of femur bone is missing in her left leg. The same bone in her right leg is porous, ragged and dying...

You are the base of this new life. As a mom. A wife (oh well on that one). My little Flaw Dog with the sideways glance. Everything feels BETTER with you on the grass. Even when you eat your poop. A thing, apparently, that some puppies do. You are so funny. And human-like in expression. Your face is the most beautiful face I have ever known, the prettiest Lhasa I've had the honor to rescue and mommy. God, I love you so much I am terrified of what's about to open up inside me. Mandy Lu. Mommy's here. Mommy's here. The bridge to you is our lifetime. To all roads traveled. To you, Mandy MooMoo LuLu SuSu Girl. Your eyes look to me from all the familiar places... I am still dazed from lack of sleep and how valiantly Mandy fights to stay Mandy until her final breath. She is the love of my life. She spans my son's childhood from age 5 to 20. An entire landscape has been cut from our lives...

4/28/06 Subject: Lhasa Girl

From: <Gnsives@aol.com> • Friday, April 28, 2006 at 8:03pm

To: <kinshipcircle@brick.net> • Subject: lhasa pup

We currently have a purebred Lhasa pup, female, brown and white. She is not on our website, but will be available at our sanctuary on Saturday or at the Arnold Petco on Sunday from 11 until 4.

There once was a puppy
named MANDY

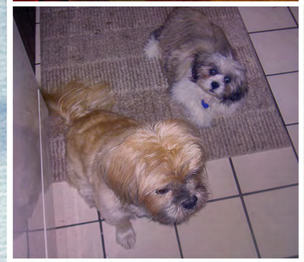
Who became the sister of
CLEVELANDY

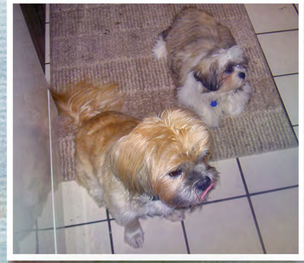
Mommy loved Mandy & Clevers
So much...

Her heart exploded
quite GRANDLY!

Brenda: Mandy Moo Moo LuLu Susu Girl. I'll always remember the look on your little-boy face the first moment you laid eyes on her. She was the size of a guinea pig with those magnificent Lhasa eyeballs.

Elijah: I also remember when she ate her poop!





Thu, May 4, 2006 at 5:21 pm: No vet seems to concur on whether she in fact has Parvo, or another un-named condition spreading among rescue groups in Missouri that mimics parvo, or some other Rhoda virus ... But, treatment is same: fluids, antibiotics. No distemper. No pancreatitis. No other worms or parasites.

In the meantime, x-rays of her legs (limp noticed in hospital) reveal: Left Leg ~ Head and neck of femur is totally missing. Probably born with it and injured at puppy mill. Injury pulls head/neck of femur away from blood supply. Bones die off. Body reabsorbs them. They're gone. Right Leg ~ Head of neck (femur) headed to total necrosis, cut off blood supply. Will also die, be reabsorbed by body and disappear. She'll have no head/neck of femur in either leg. The dying femur on right leg appears to cause much pain. Last night she cried all night. Could have something to do with refusal to eat. Her parvo-like condition still contributes to anorexia, dehydration, lethargy.

Sat, Jun 24 2006: Mandy, rescued from a MO puppy mill with a rough start in life ~ She is now 4-mons old, healthy, and fully integrated in our little ecosystem, with Cleveland (blind 8-yr-old Lhasa-Poodle) and two cats, Isaiah and Rebekkah.

FLAWDOGS a non-profit 501©3 corporation

Date: 4/29/06

Dedicated to the rescue, rehab, and rehoming of little puppymill leftovers*

So in this world of the simple and odd,
The bent and plain, the unbalanced bod,
The imperfect people and differently pawed,
Some live without love.....THAT'S how they're FLAWED.
From the book "Flawed Dogs" by Berkley Breathed (Buy it !)

I am Sooti ,the Lhasa Pup you have chosen to make a member of your family. This is our lucky day.....I have waited for you all my life. We will be partners; I will be there for you and you will love me and take care of me. It may take me some time to understand the wonders of being a pet and I may be confused for a while ….bear with me.

Flawdogs Adoptions wants your adoption experience of a rescued animal to be rewarding. It is assumed that you have asked questions and received answers that satisfy you regarding your new family member. We DO NOT withhold any information, but since our pets have either been recently rescued from a puppymill or turned in by their former owners, their history may be sketchy or even inaccurate. We want you to be aware that animals in general often have health problems that are not immediately apparent and that that could be true with our "Flawdogs", also. We will make you aware of any problems, health or behavior, that we know about. If you decide that you cannot keep your adopted pet, you **MUST** bring it back to us...But we want you to be very sure about the pet BEFORE you take it home....**We give a 50% refund if the dog is returned within sixty days.** These little guys have already been through enough! We give our babies vaccinations and worm them as soon as we get them. Below you will find the dates they received vaccinations and worming. It is assumed that you will provide all regular and emergency vet care for your new pet. Your signature below indicates that you have read, understand, and agree with the above contract.

PRINTED Signature Brenda Shoss Phone: 314-863-9445 DL# 499-76-1463

Mailing Address 7380 Kingsbury Blvd. City: St. Louis State: MO Zip: 63130

Would you like our monthly email newsletter? circle one: (YES) NO Email: info@kinshipcircle.org

Bordatella/DHLPP/Worming Date: 4/24/06 DOB/age: 2/25/06 Alter/~~Dental/Rabies~~ 4/27/06

Note: ↖ due in 3 week

tag# N/A heartworm negative/ preventative (Interceptor) and topical flea last given: N/A/06

Adoption Donation:$ 250 Microchip#: N/A Avid:800-336-2843

HomeAgain: 866-738-4324 / Trovan: 800-463-6738 / 24PetWatch:866-587-2424

Thank you for caring...all adoption money goes for food, care, and veterinarian expenses for the dogs. If you have questions or comments, please feel free to call SALLY at 636-274-2511 or e-mail to GNSIVES@AOL.COM

Our address is: 8646 hwy EE / PO box 99 / morse mill / mo / 63066

SPAY/NEUTER CERTIFICATE

Account #: 25239
Owner: SALLY IVES
Address: 8646 HIGHWAY EE MORSE MILL, MO 63066
Phone: (636)274-2511 (636)399-1047

Animal: SOOTI
Species: CANINE
Breed: LHASA APSO
Color: TRI
Gender: FEMALE - SPAYED
Birthdate:
Age:
Weight: 0.00

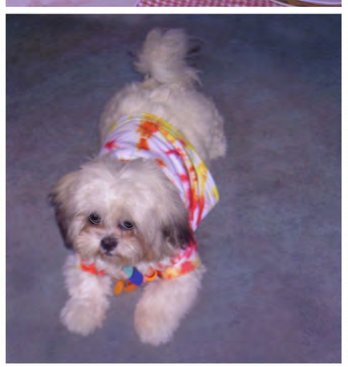
Date	Procedure
04/27/2006	SPAY K-9 < 20

Veterinary Clinic Of The Min. Area
4730 FLAT RIVER ROAD
FARMINGTON, MO 63640
(573) 756-9400

JOHN SWINFORD, DVM

see them at: flawdogs.petfinder.com
or call us at 636.274.2511
FLAWDOGS
*rescue * rehab * rehome*
specializing in little puppymill "leftovers"

8/29/06 Katrina Diaspora Dinner



2/25/06

(Bordetta) Kennel cough DHLPP (2nd) Worming → 4/24/06

Spay → 4/27/06

Sally Ives (used to run Deer Sanctuary)

40 west to 270 South
Gravois – Hwy 30 – Turn Right
19 miles
Turn Left on Highway B
(pass Highway BB - just before)

Go 5 miles on B
Turn Right on Hwy EE
Down EE 1/2 mile on left
8646 Hwy EE
Bright-colored doggie sign
FLAW Dogs 636-274-2511
45 minutes
*Cat carrier – PUPPY FOOD

see them at: flawdogs.petfinder.com
or call us at 636.274.2511
FLAWDOGS
*rescue * rehab * rehome*
specializing in little puppymill "leftovers"

PETSMART

Certificate of Achievement

This certifies that

Mandy Shoss-Ballard

has successfully completed all requirements necessary to complete

Puppy Education

Sponsored By the PetSmart Pet Training Program

Instructor

7-10-06
Date

11/15/06: Mandy attends Elijah's 6th birthday party at Humane Society of Missouri.

Tues., May 2: My vet says Mandy has parvo. Her parvo test showed it. She recommends 24/7 hospitalized parvo treatment.

Tues, May 2: Mandy is admitted to the Animal Emergency Clinic, lethargic, limp and refusing to eat. She begins IV fluids, antibiotics. While in the hospital, they also find coccidiosis in her stool. Animal Emergency vets give her an additional antibiotic for coccidiosis.

Wed., May 3, 6:30am: I am told Mandy made a turnaround. I am told she ate watered-down kibble on her own, that she is yelping, sitting up, etc. The clinic vets want to send her home.

***Emergency clinic vets feel: Mandy never had parvo. Mandy had a "false-positive" parvo test, they tell me, due to her recent 4/24 vaccination. They feel the coccidiosis is bad enough to have caused anorexia and lethargy...but that she is ready to come home.

***My personal vet disagrees somewhat: Mandy has parvo and the coccidiosis isn't bad enough to cause her symptoms.

In any case—they ALL told me she is eating on her own and ready to come home.

Wed., May 3, 8:00pm: I pick up Mandy, along with antibiotics to continue at home and A/D wet food. The emergency clinic tells me to try to feed her when I get home.

Mandy refuses watered down, heated Science Diet kibble.
Mandy refuses A/D wet food.
Mandy refuses heated, very expensive "beef in gravy" Nutro puppy wet chunks
Mandy (FOR FIRST TIME) refuses hamburger

Wed., May 3, throughout night: Mandy whimpers and cries. She appears to be in pain.

Thurs., May 4: I learn (from my own vet) Mandy is anemic. After reviewing xrays of Mandy's LEFT LEG, my vet feels: Mandy experienced a leg injury to the head and neck of femur in left leg (possibly when born, traumatic birth, wrenched from blood supply) or head/neck of femur just didn't ossify, has cartilage there but didn't ossify, or "form bone."

She is likely in extreme pain, which could be why she's NOT EATING and NOT WALKING (at all now).

***We are sending her leg x-ray to Dr. Todd Allen, an orthopedic surgeon in St. Louis, for further analysis of the problem and to determine if surgery is imperative now, or in the near future.

***In the meantime, Mandy is returning to vet for the day to begin pain medication, and HOPEFULLY begin to eat.

***Canine IGY Plus HAS BEEN ORDERED. Until it gets here, they give Mandy Clini-Care, or a similar high-calorie supplement.

Mandy will likely require surgery to fix the leg condition—but I don't know anything concrete until Dr. Todd Allen reviews her x-rays.

Brenda Shoss
314-863-9445
CELL: 314-795-2646
info@kinshipcircle.org

Mandy's Consummate Stare

Across a crowded room. Down the street. At your feet. Bed-top. Through dense fog… The Lhasa Look cuts across noise, clutter and movement. The Eyes are upon you with laser precision. Pleadingly. Meaningfully. With wisdom and intent. The profoundly long span of a Mandy Stare commands action. You stare back. You go to HER – not vice versa. Sometimes The Stare is set inside a slightly cocked Ewok head. Other times it peers into your soul, dead center. Be wary of Stare Context: If accompanied by a sudden sit-down, it means "I don't care if you and the other three dogs choose to walk in that direction. I choose to sit down HERE. I will not move, but I will stare at you. Intently." The Stare may be a gloaming that wills you to give Mandy a bite of whatever food is on your plate. Or The Stare is cosmic love. "I am yours. You are mine. We are forever bound. I look upon you with intense Lhasa love. Do you feel it too? Come cuddle… Now."

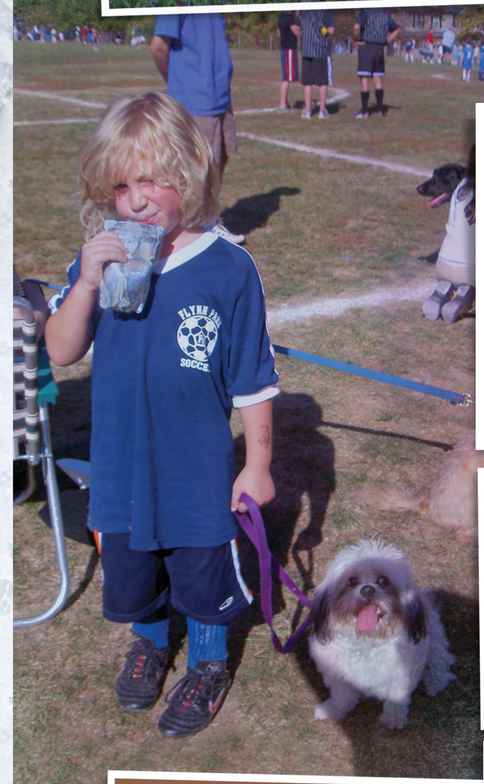
Mandy glues her gaze to me. Always. Mandy looks to me for clues about what comes next. To express trust, opinions, obstinance, humor. Mandy is the Op-Ed section, forever alive in my head. Her unflinching stare conveys comedy, sarcasm, advice, commiseration, love.

Sat, June 24, 2006 8:59 pm: Yes, these are my 4 fur babies (2 dogs, 2 cats). It was painful removing Shannon Moore's email address from my "Friends of Mandy" list. When Mandy came home with me at 8 weeks, from Flawdogs (rescue for pups slated for death at Missouri puppy mills) all of her puppy mill "flaws" began to emerge. We had a parvo scare, coccidia, giardia… and learned she's missing a head of femur bone in lt. leg (same bone in rt. leg is currently dying). The leg deformities are attributed to trauma in her overcrowded cage at the puppy mill. Shannon was unbelievable when Mandy was hospitalized, one day calling me practically every hour. And checking with her veterinarian uncle for free advice…

From: Deanna <dshoss@comcast.net> • Sun, 25 Jun 2006 • Subject: Our little long-hair angel > Amazing that Mandy is doing so well. Bless you for all that you did for her. Now, so if Cleveland is blind, is he still humping everyone, or is it safe to come over? Is humor about your pets completely off limits? I'll be in your class on Sunday, completely out of shape, fat (I've gained 10 pounds in the past year with this sucky job, and lost 15 pounds of muscle). Are you going to Julie's on Tuesday? See you in a couple of days. Deanna

From: Kinship Circle <info@kinshipcircle.org> Humor is a constant. It keeps me sane. Actually, I have been wondering how you could meet Mandy – which I'd love – with all the allergies. If I bring her out to mom's house (without the fur of 4 animals on everything) and Lucca doesn't touch, is that possible? She is SO cute, definitely channeling Stanley…

The Lhasa Look



Comedian In-Residence

Our Daily Stand-Up Comic.

Big googly eyes peer from an oversized head atop a short swayback body. The Lhasa Aerial View showcases the contrast. Mandy is a moon-eyed snuggle pillow with attitude.

Henceforth, we shall remain a 4-dog pack family - as I will be stepping into the role of Mandy Suzanne Shoss. I shall fulfill Mandy's duties best I can:

- Stare in unexplainably long stretches.
- Nosh whenever possible.
- Maintain shaggy Lhasa-cut with bangs.
- Do a Smokey Lhasa Eye: deep-set, dark-lined.
- Take in the view as a car passenger.
- Smell strange dogs and promptly befriend them.
- Smell strange humans, promptly befriend them and attempt to adopt them. (Mandy: Stranger Danger!)
- Rule the backyard… Mandy's Place
- And try my best to be a vessel of humor and love. (Though I will not curl up under Grady's armpit. Sorry Mandroo.)

Feb-Apr 2007: Baby Noah Homecoming with Mandy-Moo

A Friend To All

Mellow Queen. Mandroo is always up for a bath and blowout. Ready to befriend all mammals: Humans, dogs, cats, horses, wild critters… Whereas Libby ambushes and defends – Mandy totters over, "Hey, ya wanna be friends?"

Mandy On The Meramec. On a day jaunt to a Meramec River beach, 4 dogs play at water's edge: Mandy, Etelah, Libby, Mabel. Mandy, always the river-otter Lhasa, likes to paddle. She's so friendly and curious… A voice calls out from a circle of beer drinkers in water chairs, "Does anyone know whose dog this is?"
I glance to my left: I see shirtless dudes and tanned chicks. But there at the head of the circle is a paddling Lhasa. Mandy, of course. Pass me a beer…

Master Road Tripper. Back-Seat Tourist: Your oversized Ewok head rests just above the bottom edge of the windowsill. You are a tourist! The head follows scenery, side to side. You observe each dip, gulley, stream and canyon. A darting deer. Roadside campers. Tree mountains and valleys. Cornball museums and local diners. Side to side. Wonder. Quiet intellect. As with all Lhasas, I am certain you speak human English… While the others pant, wander, topple stuff, fall off seats, vomit (car sick)… Not Mandy Sue. You are a Lhasa Tourist, consuming the views.

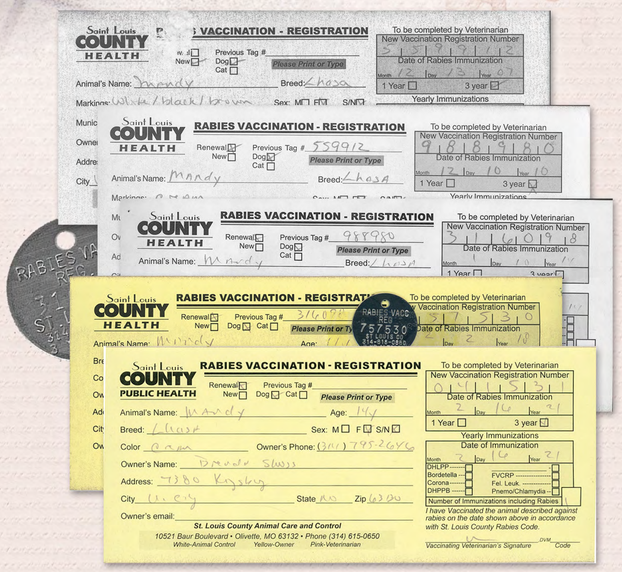
Little miss so & so
She's all wiggly – head to toe.
When she walks down the street
People stop, cause they gotta meet...
Little miss so & so
pretty pink leash & little pink bows
Well, She ate the bows, They're all gone
But she's still our princess, on & on...

Little Miss So & So
She tugs on Cleveland, to & fro
It's okay, cause he's old & blind
Mandy helps him, she's so kind!
Well, not really kind, not so much...
More of a Lhasa bully touch
Still, she's Clevey's best friend
She'll stay right by him, till the very end

MANDY
2008

A Life As Big As The Sky, 4/13/21: Telling myself maybe it's not cancer. Maybe they are lipomas (fatty tumors.) Then the infection comes. Subcutaneous lymphoma. Your nipples, vagina, neck, belly and ears swell with huge inflamed lumps. Suddenly. Horribly. But you still eat. Give me the side eye. Sit up to feel the wind on your stroller rides. To you, the rides are no different than car rides. You turn your head, side to side. A tourist. You love to look. I love you so much Mandy. You've spanned Elijah's life from age 5 to 20. You've been here so long, we aged into old women together. I can't find words that capture our lives together. I don't know how to abbreviate the sky. Just too big. I love you Mandy Moo Moo Lu Lu Su Su Girl.

To Grady: Mandy has subcutaneous lymphoma. "These r most likely infected lymph nodes," says Dr. Lynch. All you can do is give her antibiotic when infection flares up. Becuz she is still eating, engaged... we will do this for her. I am waiting for Dr. Lynch to give me Mandy dosage – using Mabel's leftovers to start out. It will likely be same as Mabel (3x daily) cuz of Mandy weight. But I don't know for sure. I will do before-bed dose, if you do at-meals dose. ***PLS go gently into the dark, dark night that is Mandy leaving us. Mandy Moo-Moo Lu-Lu Su-Su Girl.***



Cleveland

10/1/97 - 7/30/10, The Good Boy

Amazing grace, how sweet the sight
Of Cleveland, my dear boy
He was born to die ~ but he survived
Death row gave way to joy.

Oh Clevey Schmeve, How long you've lived...
Brown eyes, your dance, long drives
You stood behind, And softly tread
Where others stole the light

Yes Stanley first. And Mandy next
They "bullied" you around
You never snipped. You never growled
You stood on patient ground

I love you more – than time can tell
It's way too soon to leave
Your Mommy now. Your Mommy then
I'll care for all your needs.
You'll be forever mine. You are forever mine.

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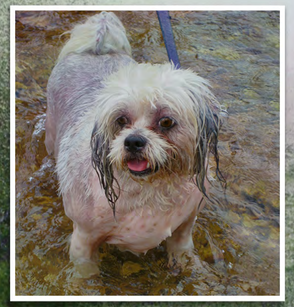


6/10: Mandy and Cleveland on Current River a month before Clevey dies.

6/10: Cleveland, may your hair fly, ears inside out, on boat rides forever.

Fat Dog Running ~ Bless your sweet Mandy spirit! Despite pup-mill induced orthopedic disability that kills off head of femur balls in both back hips – engagement and joy are your modus operandi. You are that fat girl with a pretty face. Grady is promoted to Dog Chef; he excels at minimal portions. Me, not so such. More Jewish Grandma food-is-love, You hoist your heft atop wobbly back legs, a natural phenom. A slow-mo scene set to orchestral music. Belly blub sways as you race toward us. Snapshot. Alton, IL river-banks: Mandy is Fat Dog Running! Belly folds flap in the wind. Oblivious. Joyous. Amazing Mandisimo.

The Plop-And-Stare: Past/present Lhasy-loos include: Stanley, Cleveland, Mandy, Ethel and Etelah. As testament to their Lhasa genes, these dogs walk to their own beat. Usually in the opposite direction of their person. Especially Mandy, who never misses an opportunity to sit or lay down. The Lhasa's mystical Tibetan heritage castes the goofus dogs in a regal light. Their Tibetan name, **Abso Seng Kye, translates as *Bark Lion Sentinel Dog*. Let's deconstruct that...**

BARK > Sometimes, Mandy tilts her oversize Ewok head toward the sky – and howls like a Lhasa Wolf! In ancient Tibet, Lhasas guard interior dwellings, to alert Mastiffs (on the outside) and humans: An intruder is in our midst. Valid. For modern Mandys, the intruder may be rustling leaves, Amazon delivery, dogs, high winds, squirrels...

LION > "A Lhasa looks in a mirror and sees a lion." In Tibet lore, Lhasa Apsos are sacred dogs – thought to represent the last stage of multiple reincarnations, just before transition into human form again. Early Tibetan authorities outlaw Lhasa abuse and forbid export beyond Tibet borders. Mandy lives up to her pedigree: "Strong minded. Highly intelligent. Stubborn and determined to outwit you. Lhasas choose to do things in their own time." True. Such as: Walk on a leash. Come when called (Mandy prefers an escort). "Lhasas have a cat-like tendency to be rather independent and stubborn. "Who? Me? Come to you? Whatever for?" Cue the Mom Escort. Mandy follows me anywhere. Similar to Elijah, Mandy goes to great lengths to get my ass out of my computer chair.

Mandy & The Beagle Mind-Meld: Libby enjoys alpha status in the 4-pack and deploys her Beagle Mind Meld on Mandy. Libby stalks Mandy's large Ewok head, nose to nose, and silently stares into Mandy's eyes. An unflinching stare. Mandy can easily back away, but she's glued in place. The snarl begins. Her underbite is fierce. Mandy's snarl-tooth growl lasts as long as it takes to stand her ground. Seriously. We've timed it. 1 minute, 3 minutes... no breaks for breath. Mandy is suspended in Libby's Mind Meld, unwilling to succumb. Libby also climbs atop Mandy for a good humping, from time to time. Mandy hates this!

SENTINEL / Grand Poobah > While Libby is Our Sentinel, Mandy holds Grand Poobah rank. Libby, Mabel, Ethel, then Etelah, defer to her Elder Status. Mandy knows this. "Lhasas are thinkers and planners. They remember people, places, events. They understand what you say to them. If they could talk, they would carry on quite a conversation!" Duh. Mandy obviously speaks human English. Her face is a dictionary, a world in words. She clearly knows when we try to help her. As we detangle mattes, extract burs, clean boo-boos... Mandy acknowledges the effort with rapid kisses. "No really, thanks for your effort," she says. "Appreciated."

Mandy Is Mama To Etelah: When Etelah is spastic and yappy, Mandy catches my glance with a roll-eye. She and I are the matriarchs, menopausal Jews tasked with family oversight. When our eyes meet, a bargain is made. She sees I'm busy. She notes that Etelah is a brat. So Mandy dog-moms Puppy with gentle but firm nibbles around her ears and saggy neck folds. This swiftly subdues Etelah. Quiet is restored. In fact, it works so well, I try to chew Etelah's ears myself. Without Mandy, discipline vanishes. Oy, I need you Manster.

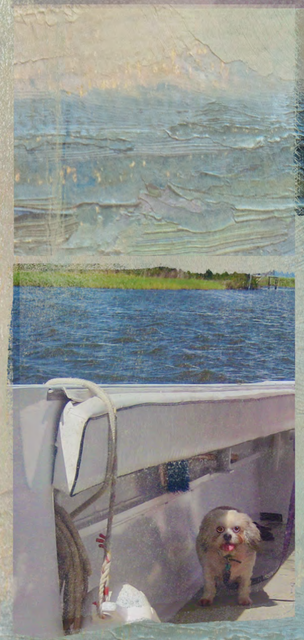
Mandy Pandy, pudding and pie
Chewed on Puppy and kept her in line.

DOG > Lhasa lives commonly span 12-15 years, with some who survive into late teens. The oldest known Lhasa Apso lived 29 years. We get Mandy for 15. Fifteen windows. Fifteen firsts and lasts. A sweeping landscape: Mandy Suzanne Shoss-Ballard. Mandy MooMoo LuLu SuSu Girl.

A Whole Lotta Lhasa

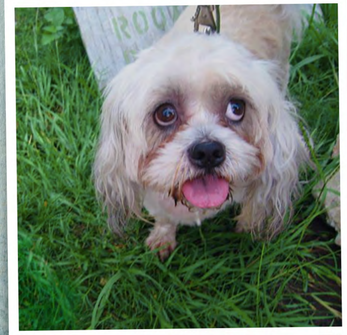
4/2/18: Mandy Mama

8/31/10: Mandy In NOLA

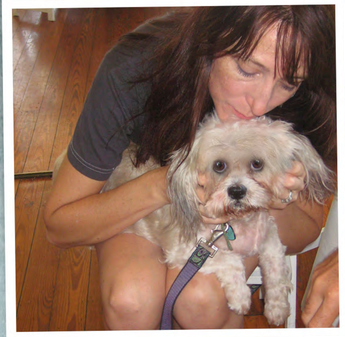


Lhasa Apso On Board

Kinship Circle deploys for Gulf Coast BP Oil Crisis in Aug 2010. Lij, Grady, and Mandy join Brenda with KC-DART team as oiled-animal spotters in Terrebonne Parish, LA. A fierce storm rolls in while aboard a chartered boat. Still, we canvas Raccoon and more barrier islands, nesting grounds for indigenous birds. Trooper Mandy is the most beautiful face of all The Lhasas In The Land.

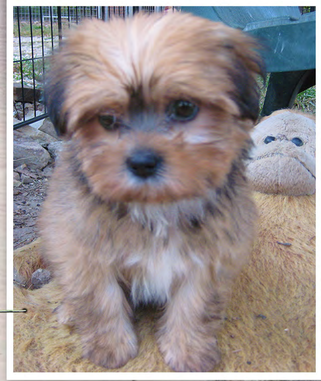


8/29/10+ NOLA > Hurricane Katrina 5-Year Memorial & BP Gulf Oil Crisis:
Lower 9th Ward Parade, with Mandroo and Lij. Grady and Mandy drive around downtown NOLA and French Quarter while Brenda and Elijah do important stuff – lunch with Rich Crook and his wife. Mandy's glorious head detected: windowsill-level, on repeat drive-bys.



Amanda Suzanne Shoss-Ballard
Mandy Suzanne
Mandy MooMoo LuLu SuSu Girl
Mandy Pie · Mandy Sue
Little Ms. So & So
MamMoo · Mamoos
Mandisimo
Mandingo
Manda Panda · Mandy Patandy
Mandroo
The Manster
Mandelay · Manatee Mandy
A Whole Lotta Lhasa!
Grand Poobah
Lhasa Lay

Most Beautiful Girl of all the Lhasas In The Land



Thu, 10/7/10 • Gnsives@aol.com Subject: Beagle Baby • You might want to come on Fri. We have a visiting yard out front so they can be loose together and safe. I'm sending a few pics of the 2 girls, both 9-weeks old...

Subject: Couple questions before we come on Friday / Re: Beagle Baby

"Shit" is the only word that comes to mind with regard to the fact that the Lhasa is also a baby-baby + a girl. I hate you (not really). We'll come Fri. I'll just have to hide Ms. Beagle from Grady until he gets out of town. I am torn about the Lhasa. I feel sick to my stomach with yearning, but know I can't afford her and that Grady might walk out on me.

QUESTIONS: **1)** What is wrong with the beagle's belly? In photo, it looks red, bumpy, irritated like skin allergies I deal with in Mandy. Does she have a skin condition? **2)** Do you think it's safe or even a good idea to bring Mandy, our original FlawDog Lhasa Apso?

Ethel & Libby

FLAWDOGS a non-profit 501(c)3 corporation **DATE:** 10/1/10

Dedicated to the rescue, rehab, and rehoming of little breeder "leftovers"
So in this world of the simple and odd,
The bent and the plain, the unbalanced bod,
The imperfect people and differently pawed,
Some live without love...THAT'S how they're flawed.

I am a Brown Lhasa Apso (M)(F) that you have chosen to make a member of your family…This is our lucky day! I have waited for you all my life. We will be partners; I will be there for you and you will love and care for me. It may take me some time to understand the wonders of being a pet, and I may be confused for a while….bear with me.

FLAWDOGS ADOPTIONS wants your adoption experience of a rescued animal to be rewarding. It is assumed that you have asked questions and received answers that satisfy you regarding your new family member. We DO NOT withhold any information, but since our pets have either been recently rescued from a breeder or turned in by their owner, their history may be sketchy or even inaccurate. We want you to be aware that animals in general often have health or behavioral problems that are not immediately apparent and that that could be true with a "Flawdog", also. We will make you aware of any problems, health or otherwise, that we know about. **Please contact us at the email listed below immediately if you believe that your new pet is seriously ill the first week. We will not pay for veterinarian services after the adoption.** If you decide that you cannot keep your adopted pet, please contact us first…But we want you to be very sure about your commitment to this pet BEFORE you take it home. These little guys have already been through enough. We give a 50% refund if the dog is returned within 7 days with their original paperwork. All dogs get vaccinations and deworming as soon as we get them here at the sanctuary. Our vets perform alters, dentals, rabies and any other needed surgeries. Below you will find the dates they received those. It is assumed that you will provide all regular and emergency vet care for your new pet. **Your printed signature below indicates that you have read, understand and agree with the above contract and information below. Deposits are not refundable….they indicate commitment to the contract.**

Ethel was born 2 DAYS BEFORE LIBBY!

Bordatella 10/5/10 Panacur &DHPP: 1st (2nd) final: 10/5/10 (Alter)/Dental/Rabies: 10/6/10
DOB/Age: 8/30/10 FINAL DHPP due: 10/26/10 (cheapest with veterinarians at Petco).
Rabies Tag# → New owner will be responsible for rabies vacc. @ 4-6 months of age. HW negative (SNAP Test)/preventative & topical flea last given: __/__/__
Adoption Donation: $ 250 Deposit: $___ Microchip#_____
An Albon mix is sent home with young pups to be dispensed as: ____cc daily for ___days.
Thank you for caring…all adoption monies go for food, care, and veterinarian expenses for the animals.
If you have questions, problems, or comments, please feel free to contact:
SALLY at this email: gnsives@aol.com

Printed Signature Brenda Shoss Phone 314-863-9445 DL#_____
Address 7380 Kingsbury Blvd. City St. Louis State MO Zip 63130
Pickup date__/__/__ at the Arnold Petco (between 11 and 4), or Flawdogs or at:

Hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) is common and dangerous is toy/small breed puppies. I have been made aware of most common symptoms and treatments by flawdogs staff:

FLAWDOGS a non-profit 501(c)3 corporation **DATE:** 10/7/10

Dedicated to the rescue, rehab, and rehoming of little breeder "leftovers"
So in this world of the simple and odd,
The bent and the plain, the unbalanced bod,
The imperfect people and differently pawed,
Some live without love...THAT'S how they're flawed.

I am a Beagle (Tri color) (M)(F) that you have chosen to make a member of your family…This is our lucky day! I have waited for y… you and you will love and care for me. It may take me s… I may be confused for a while….bear with me.
FLAWDOGS ADOPTIONS wants your adoption exper… that you have asked questions and received answers tha… DO NOT withhold any information, but since our pets h… turned in by their owner, their history may be sketchy o… in general often have health or behavioral problems tha… with a "Flawdog", also. We will make you aware of any… **Please contact us at the email listed below immediate… first week. We will not pay for veterinarian services a…** your adopted pet, please contact us first…But we want yo… BEFORE you take it home. These little guys have already… dog is returned within 7 days with their original paperwor… as we get them here at the sanctuary. Our vets perform alter… Below you will find the dates they received those. It is assu… vet care for your new pet. **Your printed signature below ind… agree with the above contract and information below. Deposits are not refundable….they indicate commitment to the contract.**

weight: 3 lbs 12 oz

Bordatella 10/5/10 Panacur &DHPP: 1st (2nd) final: 10/5/10 Alter/Dental/Rabies 10/6/10
DOB/Age: 8/30/10 FINAL DHPP due: 10/26/10 (cheapest with veterinarians at Petco).
Rabies Tag#_____ New owner will be responsible for rabies vacc. @ 4-6 months of age. HW negative (SNAP Test)/preventative & topical flea last given: N/A/__
Adoption Donation: $ 250 Deposit: $___ Microchip#_____
An Albon mix is sent home with young pups to be dispensed as: 1 cc daily for 8 days.
Thank you for caring…all adoption monies go for food, care, and veterinarian expenses for the animals.
If you have questions, problems, or comments, please feel free to contact: 3/4 cc daily Eth
SALLY at this email: gnsives@aol.com

Printed Signature Brenda Shoss Phone 314-863-9445 DL#_____
Address 7380 Kingsbury Blvd. City St. Louis State MO Zip 63130
Pickup date__/__/__ at the Arnold Petco (between 11 and 4), or Flawdogs or at:

Hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) is common and dangerous is toy/small breed puppies. I have been made aware of most common symptoms and treatments by flawdogs staff:

Sat, 10/9/10 • To: Gnsives@aol.com Hi Sally, Hopefully you saw my note...and duh...I could not leave the Lhasa behind. Neither could Elijah. Shockingly, none of Grady's threats amounted to a hill of beans. So far he is eerily mellow. I am so glad I followed my gut and heart because otherwise I wouldn't be mom to this amazing pair. How do you want to handle the payment/papers for the Lhasa, whom we named Ethel (for my grandma)? Also, a question for the puppy expert: They are both eating heartily so far. They play, play, play...then collapse into immediate sleep. **I am a bit worried about Libby (beagle); she always shakes. I thought she was cold. But she shakes when warm.** Do pups just shake from fear, trepidation, anxiety? That's understandable for Libby. She is the more timid of the two amid so much new-ness. Should I worry about her heart, more serious issues? Thoughts? ...I think you probably knew I'd leave with the Lhasa girl. In fact, I think everyone knew except me! She is like that unplanned child that you love all the more. Let me know about her paperwork. Thank you so much! Brenda

Ethel & Libby, A Love Story

10/9/10 The love between the Lhasa and Beagle brought me to my knees. Rescued around the same time, they shared pen and playtime at Flawdogs Adoption (the puppy mill rescue where I adopt...and one of the most amazing places on earth for second chances). Sally Ives, Flawdogs founder with a bottomless heart, knew I faced a dilemma. I'd come to bring home a beagle pup. But The Husband had warned: If you bring home more than 1 dog, I will drive her back to Flawdogs myself! We can't afford it and have too many animals already. 3 dogs + 3 cats would bring our total to 6 furkids.

Two months earlier, we'd buried beloved Cleveland – my Lhasa-Poodle mix who'd survived with terminal cancer for nearly two years before passing on July 30. We'd barely rolled up the floor tarps from Cleveland's incontinence and myriad medical problems. I sat at Flawdogs, paralyzed with indecision. Finally, around 6:00pm Sally and her family left for dinner. She let Elijah and I stay behind to make our decision. If we left with both dogs, fine. If not, she showed me the pen to return the Lhasa girl to. By then the pups spooned ridiculously, laid atop one another, tumbled. We're a package deal, a two-fer, ya know?

As the sun set over Flawdogs, we realized it was time to go home – with one or both. "Mom," Elijah, my 9-year old said, "We can't leave the Lhasa here without her best friend. We just can't do it." In a split second, clarity emerged. With my son and step-daughter, 17 (also consulted), plugging for the pair, I scooped them into my arms and fled!

Several hours later, as we pulled into our driveway – I expected the worse. I'd picked up BK veggie burgers on the way home. Grady, sitting on our patio, called out: "Where's my veggie burger?" I approached him with a brown-sack dinner hanging from my clenched teeth, and one puppy under each armpit. I deposited the bag in front of him and said, "Right here." He didn't yell. He didn't even roll his eyes. Instead, he melted (he'll never admit it). He couldn't speak, apparently overcome by The Cuteness. Then he watched them frolic with spastic energy in our yard. And the clincher: He grinned. Big time. I don't know if Grady caved due to love and acceptance that animals are my life...or he just surrendered. Either way, the babies are home.

The beagle is LIBERTY (Libby) a salute to freedom for millions of beagles killed in animal testing labs each year. The lhasa is ETHEL, for my Grandma Ethel. Libby and Ethel, welcome home! Brenda

Two Teeny Gumdrops, 2010 Oct-Nov: Libby and Ethel look like two live gumdrops in the grass. I wheel them around in a cat stroller. Don't know how I function amid this much cute. Libby, at 3 lbs, weighs a pound more than Ethel. Ethel is all hairdo.

Elijah: I still remember the day we picked them up...

Brenda: An epic story. You and I sit with the 2 gumdrops as the sun sets over Flawdogs. Sally goes out to dinner, leaves us to decide. Mandy is a wreck, hyper-salivating. But you, young lad, say words that finally push our feet into the car with Libby and Ethel: *Mom, you can't take one without the other.* At the time, the Tiny Two spoon atop that furry monkey bed at Flawdogs. Separation never occurs to them. They have us, at first sight.

Elijah: They sure did have us at first sight. They were so bonded.

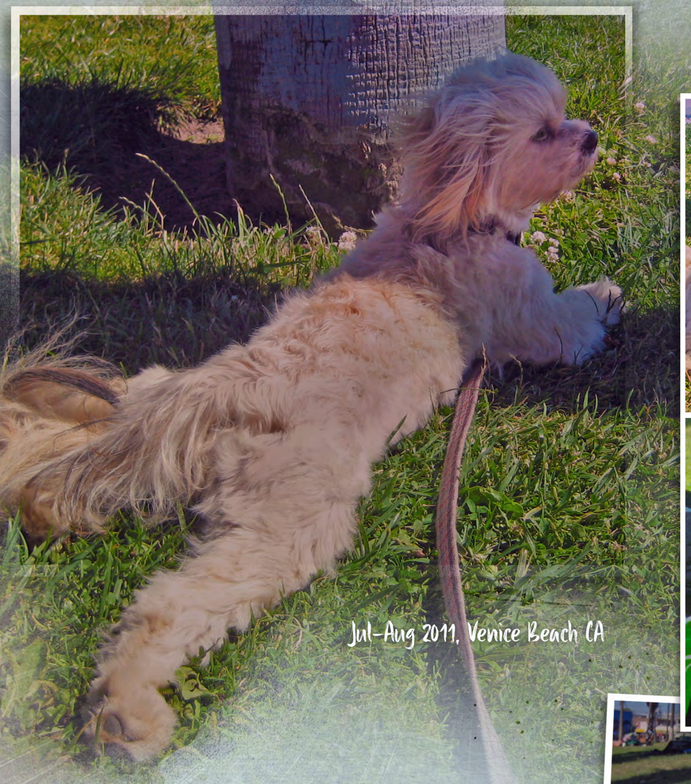
Libby & Her Lhasas

Emily: OMG so tiny. Those luscious blond locks.

Brenda: Elijah is nearly as cute as Libby and Ethel!

Elijah: Almost! hehe. Can't beat those pups tho.

Brenda: Lethal cute. Stopped ya in your tracks...



Jul-Aug 2011, Venice Beach CA

Notes To Our Lost Baby Girl: There is nothing I can say to you that I have not already said everyday since Feb 2, 2012, except this: Each day I live with you. You are my eyes. My ears. My hands and legs…every part that is me, is you. You are my heart. My soul. What I cannot remember are your last few hours on this earth with me. It is black. An erased mark, absent. Did I hold you in bed, before I got up? Did I look at you with that love reserved for my most special baby girl? Did I promise you breakfast, walks and kisses? Did I tell you *I'll be right back?* Like I always did, every Thu. Because I was right back. And each reunion brought me to my knees. Literally. Rolling with you on the floor. Down on on all fours, you crawled underneath me. I was your little tent or canopy. Ethel, no one was more engaged in the business of living than you. It was evident in your bunny hops. Your prancey walk. And that bionic way you held air beneath you, with every jump.

What I've never done is tell you good bye. I don't know if I said good bye those last moments I saw you alive. I don't believe I can say good bye, even now. Ethel, you were here. All 1-and-a-half years of you. Here, Ethel. Your life is bigger than the universe to me. You are alive with me, sweet child, each day that I breathe. And Libby knows you were here, Ethel. You were Libby's warmth and spoon partner, nearly since birth. Two little mushrooms, barely taller than the the rocks and sticks around you. That's how I first laid eyes on you, with Liberty, at Flawdogs. Two teeny hearts already bound. There was never really a decision to make, though I sat with the two of you until after sundown. Elijah and I, on a hill, at Flawdogs. Until Elijah finally said: "Mom, you cannot take the beagle without the Lhasa. You cannot do that to them." **Because it was evident: Libby and Ethel were one. So home you came, the Unanticipated Lhasa. The golden girl. A miracle in our lives.**

Animal Rights Conference
2011, Los Angeles

Notes To Our Lost Baby Girl: How could a creature be so perfect? Golden like the sun. Tumbleweed, up and down our stairs with Libby. Inseparable at play. Inseparable when passed out puppies. One beating heart, the two of you. That's why Libby nearly died that day too. In fact, I thought of this much later. The look in Libby's eyes. The frantic, burn-into-your-soul way she seemed to plead with me: "Mom's home. She'll fix Ethel. She'll make Ethel get up. Mom! Please make Ethel get up. I can't wake her. Something is wrong! You always make us better. Please fix Ethel now." And when I could not, Libby vomited on the exact spot of pavement where you were killed. I tried Ethel. Oh, how I tried. I did not believe you could be dead. Impossible. You must be in a coma. You must be in a suspended state. If I can just get you to the animal emergency hospital, where you should have been taken within seconds of the hit… If I can just get you there now, we can bring you back. Breathe Ethel. Breathe. Breathe life. Gasp like you've emerged from water, from drowning. Gag and cough. Just wake up, please.

Open your eyes. An angel asleep. Your legs, back and belly are perfect. Silky gold fur. Open your eyes. You are in my lap. Wake up.

I tried to bring you back Ethel, because I knew the last thing you wanted to do was go. The last thing you expected was to end. To be, no more. Why did you run out that door? Did you think I was back home? Were you running away or toward something, someone? The shock and pain of hot metal smashing into you. Unimaginable. And I was not there to hold you, my angel. Libby and I, we rolled in your fur sometimes. And put it in our mouths. Your freshly cut fur, saved from a grooming appointment, still with energy. With light. As if it recently belonged to your living body. Still with your smell… Your breakfast bowl sits at my side, even now:

Ethel, forever unfinished. Here is your bowl, untouched since you last ate.
Please come home for breakfast and morning kisses. Make February 2 end. Come back to your mama…

Yanked From Our Lives & Your Own.
From your life with the girls, your pack – Libby, Mabel, Mandy. Yanked: From your family, your home. From me, my beautiful baby girl. Yanked From Your Own Life: Suddenly. Without reason. No rainbow bridges. No long illness. No good bye. Just taken. Gone.

◀ **Memorable Mandy Stare.** It occurs at the Nat'l Animal Rights Conference 2011 in Los Angeles. You waddle across the vast exhibit room. Past booths, activists. From the other side of the room, you plant yourself firmly to stare at me as I run Kinship Circle's display. Libby and Ethel are at my feet. Omigod. Where's Mandy? Then your radar zaps me, a laser beam from afar. A beacon, clear and present. I know you won't move. Till I come to you. You repeat a plop-and-stare several times, in front of a Save Elephants booth. Till the woman there falls in love with you. You are my lifelong comedian Mandy LuLu, whose unflinching stare says: "Well, I'll look as long as it takes to get what I need from you."

▼ **AR2011 Los Angeles, Scared Wittle Wibby.** Remember when I had to bring Libby on stage for the Awards Ceremony at AR conference (2011) in Los Angeles? Look at her wrinkly wittle face. • **Elijah:** Aww, she looks scared. What was the guy's name again? • **Brenda:** Alex Hershaft. Libby giving some seriously sad puppy crinkle eyes.

THE ORIGINAL 4*

2/1/12 Ethel's Last Day Alive. The Four, Ethel Addition: Libby, Ethel, Mandy, Mabel. We always wondered if Ethel were 100% Lhasa, cause she had such lovely long legs. In photos taken just a day before she was killed, she was already a bit taller than Libby – but very thin for a Lhasa, no potbelly.

We call Ethel Ms. Sassypants Super Model and Liberty, The Professor. She looks so focused and academic, like Snoopy in the role of The Red Baron, piloting his doghouse over rough terrain.

The Sentinel. After Ethel is killed, Libby becomes my guardian. Literally. I can't go downstairs late night without her at my heels. We call her The Sentinel. Hours after Ethel's slaughter, Libby walks with my Dad to the spot on the street where a speeding car smashed Ethel into irreparable pieces. At that spot, Libby vomits. Twice. *How does she know?* So holistically that her small body has physicalized her pain? Her shock? She knows.

This day indelibly changes Libby. She is forever at my side. My lifelong Sentinel. She links Mabel, who arrives only weeks before Ethel's murder, with tragedy. She protects me from Mabel! Does she see Mabel as a symbol of the darkest day? Years out from the killing, Libby bullies and triggers random death-fights with Mabel. Libby instigates. Mabel fights harder, leaving Libby with ripped ears, crushed paws... The final fight – that ends with Libby's front leg bones shattered – is likely what kills her. Her managed kidney disease can't handle this trauma. My Sentinel looks out for me till her very last breath. She is my shadow, my bodyguard, even as she hobbles on her cast leg. Libby is gone. Libby and Ethel are no more.

2/2/12 - Subject: Dead. My 1-year old Lhasa-poodle mix was smashed by a car this morning. I was not here, or would have administered CPR immediately. She ran out while Grady and Elijah were here. I don't know any more details. I cannot bear them. Or light. Or being awake. Kinship Circle is suspended for at least the next week. I will be in drug-induced sleep. I don't know what will be after that. I came home from early morning class to feed my Ethel, Mabel, Mandy, Libby and walk them as I do. But Ethel is dead. I cannot find her anywhere. She is one and half years old. I am confused and in a deep state of shock. Brenda

2/1/12 Secrets. When there were 4... Ethel was usually busy nibbling Libby's ears. Sharing Secrets: Ethel whispers puppy stuff to Libs.

2/2/12 I don't miss her yet. I am looking for her. Sometimes you harbor a guilt about *loving one more than the others*. It really isn't your fault. Blame it on The One who is so ridiculously unique, quirky, fascinating. She folds into your arms like a new born infant, front legs draped around your neck, belly on your chest. She falls asleep with her head on your shoulder, unusually warm. Butter melting over your heart. You rock her, say her name...and question your sanity: Can I possibly love anyone else this much? My son? My husband? My other animals, each of whom I'd block a moving car, train or attacker to save? I am guilty. So I save her for last, after loving the others. To steal our moments together.

Ethel is The One. Ethel Jolene Sassypants Super Model. The puppy mill told her rescuers she's purebred Lhasa Apso. But no Lhasa has Ethel's high butt and long, shapely legs. Lhasas are pot-bellied pigs with fur. Bionic Ethel: She jumps from still positions, like a cat, and glides over beds, tables, other dogs...even Mabel, a good head taller. She swims in a river against a current that sends my beagle Libby running ashore.

2/1/12
This might not work out... Weird. I wonder if they liked one another, or had some pack/family bond, in between random death-fights?

2/2/12 Ethel is fearless. An opportunist. When I lie on the floor with Mandy, Mabel or Liberty in full-length sprawl over my belly. Ethel climbs into the teeny the space between the other dog's head and my chin. When I kneel on all fours to wipe away a kitchen mess, Ethel crawls between my legs to emerge under my chin, then settles contentedly with my torso as her tent. I quietly tiptoe downstairs to grab some coffee while working. Ethel follows. She nestles on a back door mat. And watches. The Lhasa stare. That much of her is vintage Lhasa: An unflinching human gaze. (Or, perhaps we humans just gaze like Lhasas?)

I am looking for Ethel. My husband tells me she bolted out an open back door into the street. Lhasas don't bolt. Beagles do. My husband tells me a car smashed into her; sent her perfect, golden body into the air. My son tells me she stood up after the hit.

I am not there. I am teaching a class. I return to feed dogs and get my morning kisses. Ethel is wrapped in a blanket on our patio. Are these people insane? I start CPR and rush her to the Animal Emergency Hospital. I force them to do CPR. I bring her home and my vet takes her until I get a headstone.

But I am still looking for her. I awaken each few hours and shout: *Ethel, come to Mommy.* I ask Grady and my son: *Is Ethel is upstairs? Is she with Libby,* her soulmate, born a day apart at the same puppy mill? Libby and I both roam the house looking for Ethel.

Ethel is 1.5 years old. Golden. Silky ears and tails. A Lhasa's moon eyes. A poodle's long muscular legs. She's never been sick a day in her life. Yesterday and today are days like any other. Ethel should be here. I am looking for Ethel.

Fri, 10 Feb 2012 • To: Dr. Kim Lynch • Post-mortem DNA swab to find out Ethel's mix. I am determined, fueled by grief, to find a girl baby as close to Ethel as possible. I Googled hybrids called *Lhatese* because I know she's mainly Lhasa, and seems to have Maltese. But she also may have poodle, a Lhasa-Maltese-Poodle mix? All guessing, based on her attributes and photos. I still want to do a post-mortem DNA test. I have tons of Ethel's fur. Had Rose save me clippings from her first grooming, along with a few pathetic snips from her tail before Tim picked her up. But I think these labs need an inside-mouth swab. Can you still do this, even though she is without life? Must be my continual stream of valium that is letting me type these morbid words, but I really want an idea of what she might have been.

I am in so much pain, as is Libby. The other day, I took out a ball of Ethel's hair from her first groom. Here's what Libby did: She pounced on it. She rolled in it. She played with it. Tossed Ethel's fur puff like a ball. And then finally, she ate it. Libby needs an Ethel-like baby girl badly. And so do I.

2/11/12. Ethel was my most special. Everyone here feels the loss of her light, energy and wonder. The three surviving dogs don't know how to play. Mabel and Liberty, do not like each other; we've had to break up some vicious attacks. Ethel had diffused this, as the first to befriend Mabel. Libby watched her, to rate where Mabel fit in the pack. Now Ethel is dead and Libby seems even more hostile toward Mabel.

My vet (we're close) advised we get another puppy for Libby (barely a year old herself) ASAP. I am looking for whatever Ethel was. A Lhasa-Maltese? A Lhasa-Maltese-Poodle? I can't help myself this time. The grief is just too all consuming. I have to adopt a baby girl like Ethel. Ironically, I just adopted Mabel, the scrappiest (most loving) Soi-street mutt from Thailand. But for Liberty and me: We're looking for someone like Ethel.

Tue, Feb 14, 2012 at 7:07pm. Sally Ives (FlawDogs) wrote this to me after Ethel was killed. Now I find myself in the same emotional desert, without Libby this time: *You know you will NEVER find another Ethel. You already had one. Your next baby will be a whole different trip. She'll wrap her little paws around your broken heart and mend it beyond anything you can imagine. Time (and a new baby) will, once again, remind you of the resilience of the human spirit.*

6/8/12 • Dear Cara, Random thoughts: Did she poop that morning a final time? Did I give a favorite treat and dinner for her last meal alive? I see my terrified girl wanting a do-over, not ready to leave. I just want to play! Where's my mom!? I see Ethel in everything. Unfinished. I used to sneak Ethel into the basement, to lay with her, do kisses, cradle her on my chest. I didn't want the others jealous (even Elijah and Grady!) I just loved her so much. She was the Unexpected Lhasa, an unplanned child who came home with Liberty. She was special from the start. Sunlight on water.

She comes to me, pleading. Stuck at Thursday, February 2, 2012. Not able to grasp why she can't come inside, play with Libby, have breakfast, morning walks...and get on with her day. And I am stuck there with her, my little baby who knew she was so special.

Ethel Jolene Sassypants Shoss-Ballard
Born: July 29, 2010 – Killed: February 2, 2012

Today the sky weeps, Ash-colored rain outside my window.

A long drought concedes. And water falls from my soul.

Today is July 29, 2012.
She would have been 2 years old. Today is Ethel's birthday.

I was gone just an hour. A Thursday
morning, like any other. I would be right
back, to feed and play with my girls.

You weren't supposed to end,
And probably understood that
in your last moment...
When hot rubber and metal smashed into you.
You stood right up.
A reflex.

But you were broken,
Swept into a red current.
Your screams were stuck in the blood
That gushed off-course...
Drowning you.

Wait!
You are not supposed to end.
You run faster than anyone, even Libby.
You skim earth's surface.
You are strength of light,
Clarity and brightness.

Stop.
You are not supposed to end.
You want to cry, an endless note:
I am here, still.

But your voice is soundless,
Behind the wind.
Your eyes are terror,
The deepest place in a river,
Where water runs slowly.
You are dying.

Please. You are not supposed to end.
You come inside. Play with Libby.
Diva your way through breakfast,
And marvel at the wonder of worms and twigs.

Make February 2, 2012 Stop.
Come home to me,
So my hands can lift you from the street.
My arms hold you.
My breath passes into you,
And my compressions give you a pulse.

Come home to me,
So you are present tense.
Warmth and stillness between us.
Two heartbeats, not one.

Beautiful girl with sunlit fur.
Brown eyes as wide as the earth,
And puppy kisses as soft as grass.

My body aches where you once were:
In my lap at work,
My arms at bedtime,
Tangled together at play.

One and a half years old,
Forever unfinished.

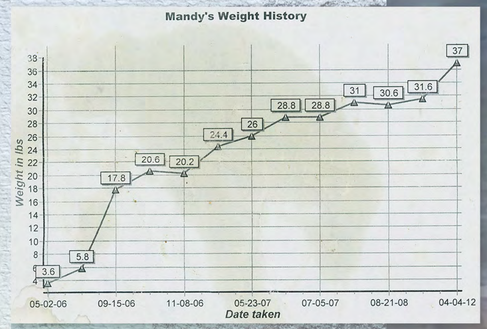
Your breakfast bowl waits untouched
since you last ate.
I love you most. Always.

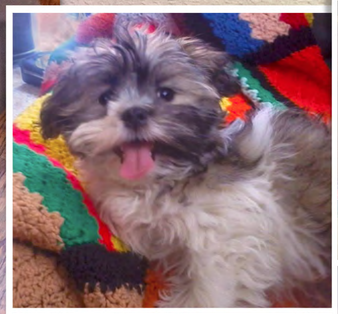
Ethel, you weren't
supposed to end.

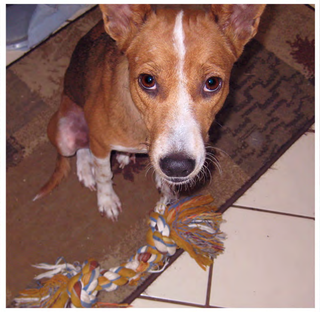
THE ETELAH 4*

2012 May, The Four ~ Puppy Addition

Mandy, Libby, Etelah-Puppy, Mabel. The day we adopt Etelah, we take Mandy, Mabel and Libby along for the drive to Wichita, KS. On the way home, dead of night, teeny Etelah lays nestled in my lap. Libby climbs from back seat, over comforters and other dogs, to wedge herself in my lap – underneath Etelah! I spend the drive home with a Lhasa-Beagle sandwich in my lap. From that drive to now, Libby and Etelah live as a team. Libby seems to understand that Etelah's adoption is as much for her as me, in our shared grief over Ethel.







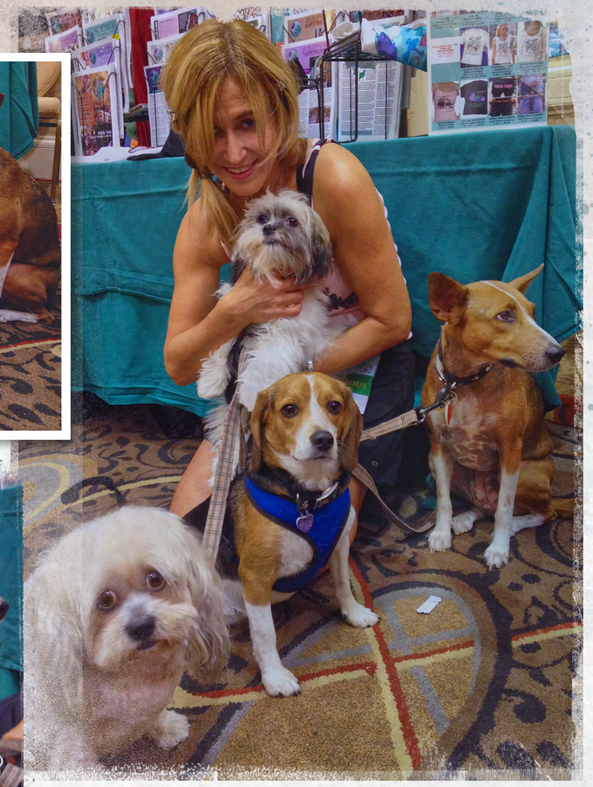
Friends For Life, Till Libby's Last Breath. 4/16/12: Last night, Libby (my beagle) and Etel played for real – full length room runs, tumbles attached to each other, rope toy tug-of-wars. I have not seen Libby this happy since Ethel died. She seems to get it that Etelah is a baby, because she played a little more gently than she does with my older Lhasa Mandy. Grady and I could not stop laughing at the sight of the little puffball chasing a full grown beagle. Like Ethel, little Etelah appears utterly fearless.

Lhasa Day Of Beauty. Mandy lives for groom day at Kingsbury Animal Hospital. She welcomes Olivia's baths, wipe-downs, brush and blow-outs. And Olivia loves Mandy right back! Mandy appreciates a good groom: Silky ears, de-cluttered beard, clean eye area… Etelah, on the other hand, is a Drama Queen who struggles at drop-off; tries to follow Grady-Dad as he departs. As soon as Grady is outta sight, the histrionics stop and Etelah trots along with Olivia. But she'll give you Tasmanian Devil snarl (mouth widens, teeth bared, Ewok Devil Child mode) if you mess with her face too much. Or sensitive cha-chi area.

Mandy Is A Little Ms. Person. All who know her personally recognize this immediately. My own expressions are reflected in Mandy's face. She's just a litter hairier. A sideways glance. Hands licked. The steadfast stare. Mandy: Big googly eyes on a potbellied pig Lhasa body. A snuggly pillow. Young goofus. Old blessed girl. Best friend. Colleague. Fellow mom and menopausal Jew. My Mandy.

Animal Rights conference 2012

Mandy looks like me, her mind adrift in worry about something else.
Mandy is the only dog who stares directly into the camera. Her focus is stellar.
Cara: Mandy's eyes look a bit crazed. Is she stressed out in that picture?
Brenda: No, not at all. Mandy has cartoon eyes. You can't believe the pics!
She is the funniest dog I ever rescued. I told Dr. Lynch I lost my live-in
stand-up comedian when she died.



DOGGIES join demo

Aug 2012 Washington DC ~ Kinship Circle members join a national protest against Patton Boggs, the top U.S. lobbyist for Air France. Activists urge PB to cut ties with Air France – a last hold-out among airlines that still profits from animal agony.

Though primate studies fail to produce clinical symptoms or data relevant to human disease, they are stolen from trees. Stuffed into mesh sacks and tossed into boats. Some are bred inside concrete farms. Animals packed in crates fly inside a plane's dark, airless cargo hold below unwary travelers.

They enter a world bound by metal bars, pain and fear. Primates are induced with human disease and injury. Experimenters poison, overdose, mutilate. Electrodes are lodged in exposed brain matter. Seizures are stimulated. Limbs removed. Still, we're no closer to cures for infectious disease, AIDS, neurological disease (Alzheimer's, Parkinson's)...

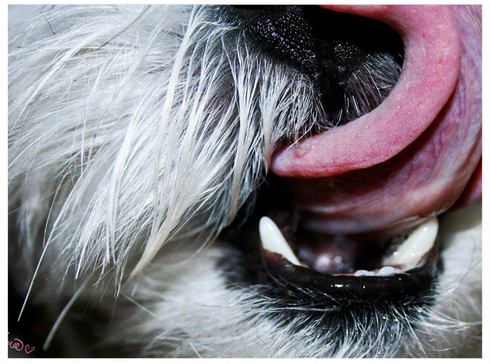
Mandy, Libby, Etelah and Mabel are diligent soldiers in the fight, marching with their family. Liberty Belle symbolizes beagles, commonly used dogs in labs.

Aug 2012
Washington DC

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

AUG 2012: Lhasas are Velcro, so naturally Mandy and baby Puppy get fierce dagger weeds stuck in their fur. Grady, the Skilled Dentist, heads up our delicate extraction team. Etelah squirms and screams like a torture victim as he gently pulls sticky burs from her body. Not Mandy. She cordially accommodates Grady, quite aware that he wants to help. She shows her gratitude by lightly licking Grady's hands throughout the ordeal… Mandy always knows when we try to help detangle mattes, extract burs, treat boo-boos, brush teeth… She acknowledges the effort with rapid kisses. *"No really, thanks for your effort,"* she says. *"Appreciated."*

8/2012 Grady: Hey Libby, get off that table - I promised the guy no pets on furniture!



The Popcorn Tub Caper

6/2013 Animal Rights Conference + Outer Banks, North Carolina > A day at the beach. Dogs play with waves, dart in/out with tides as if the sea is alive. Mandy sits. Plops, actually, to let sparkly water rush into her tummy, sides, legs. Ah, the life. Her eyes fix on the line where water meets sky. Then they turn to me, her tour guide along this splashy shore. While the other dogs are drawn to noise, movement, people, waves – Mandy glues her gaze to me. Like always. Mandy looks to me for clues about what comes next. To express trust, opinions, obstinance, humor.

At sunset, The Four (Mandy, Etelah, Libby, Mabel) - with Brenda, Grady, Elijah - stretch out on sandy towels. The sky castes orange halos over silver waves. It's dreamy time, and all are serene. Except Mandy. An opportunity has come to her attention. **Mandy is sprawled (out of sight) behind us when she spots an open bag filled with the day's remains: half-empty popcorn bucket, apple core, sticky wrappers… SCORE! Mandy concludes: "No one will notice me." Mandy reasons: "Ya know, I don't mind if I do…" And she burrows into that bag. Hard. Mandy's entire head enters the popcorn bucket. Busy.** The crunch of half-popped kernels alerts us to The Great Garbage Gobble. When we turn to face Mandy, we find a waggy tail – with a bucket for a head. Busted!

Mandy Washout → Not Budging

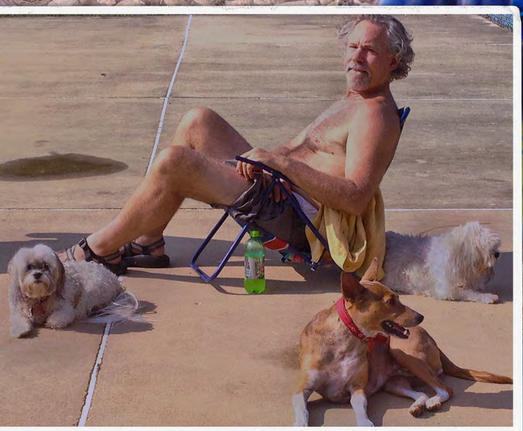
8/2013 Outer Banks, NC

3/8/21 MANDY IS ENDING > She's already an idea. Mind boxes tucked in drawers. But how do you recall warm breath, near your face? An ear's silky fur? A curly-que tail? The fur in the brush. Mattes cut off. Eye boogers gently coaxed away. Where do you put it all? How do you negotiate three-dimensional life with the flatness of death? She's here, but already gone. This metastasized cancer grows in her stomach, breasts… maybe her lungs. How does she still gobble down dinner? Grift her way to another treat? Mama-bite Etelah at the saggy scruff of her neck? Snarl at Libby mind-melds? Mandy carries on, while already gone. The cancer grows; I can't make it stop.

I know the silence well. In narrow spaces. In between light. Isaiah. Rebekkah. Ethel. Cleveland. Stanley. Tikvah. I know the silence well. You are here. But almost between the light. Where they live. In shafts I cannot see. With only tears to gouge out forms. A flicker at my side. Sometimes a rustle. You are here, Mandy. This moment. But almost gone…

Camp Taum Sauk

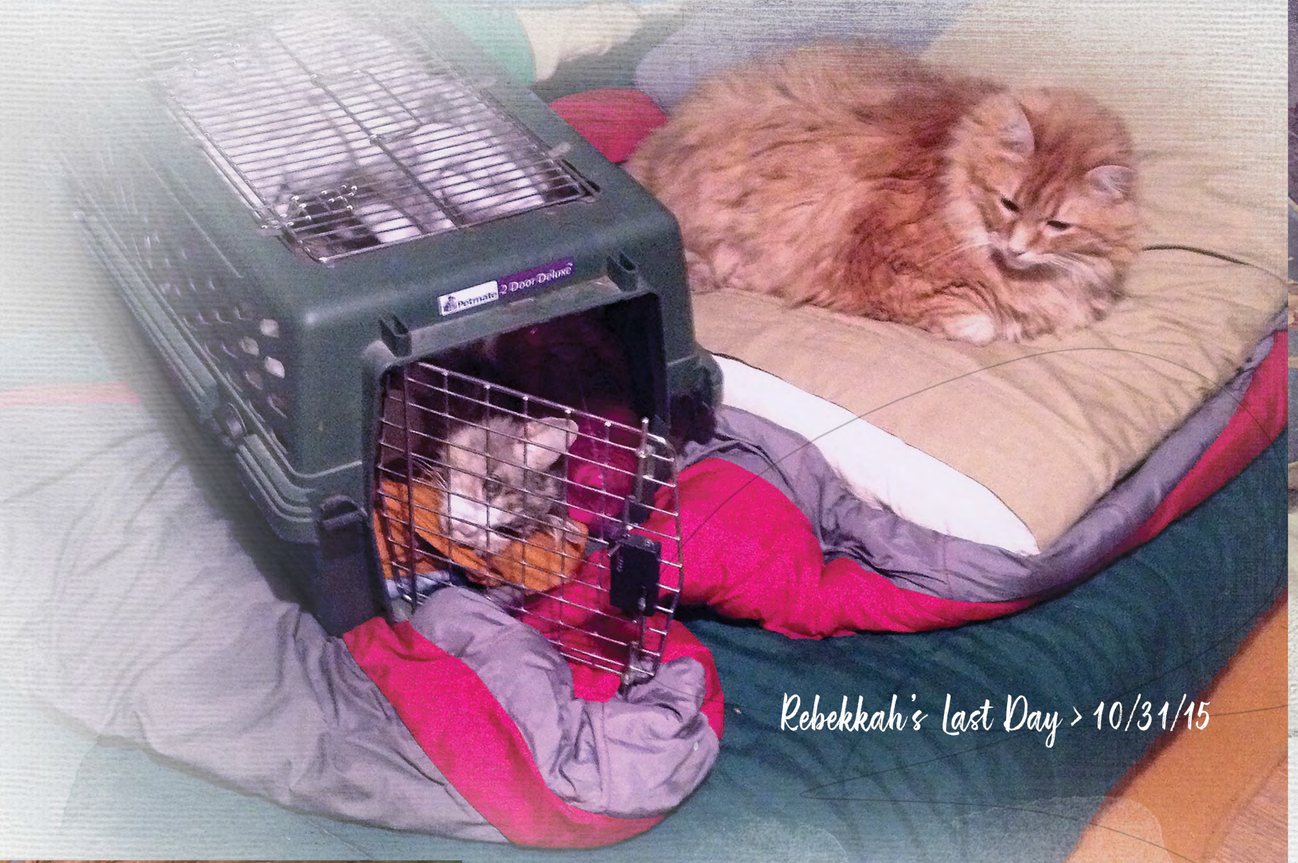
8/2014 On Black River At Camp Taum Sauk > Etelah and Mandy are the swimmers. If I walk up-river to ride the current back: Boom, boom! Four cartoon moon eyes splash after me. Soaked and swift, they move as one creature. Lhasa Otters, paddling cross-current. Two soggy heads afloat. The hounds? Not so much. Libby fears submersion. She prefers beachside watch as Command Sergeant Major Libby. Try to hold her for a swim, she goes squirmy and tugs toward shore. Mabel is tentative, dabbles at shorelines. Sometimes she spash-twirls in shallow waters. But the Lhasas? Splash. Paddle. Burn. Mandy loves to let tides lap over her squishy, warm body. Waddle, waddle plop. This is the life. Give her a shoreline, she's all in.



3/8/21 5:56pm It's Over, Mandy Has Cancer

We won't know for certain until radiologist interprets x-rays, but Dr. Lynch just gave me her thoughts after talking to Gary. Mandy has abdomen and mammary masses + lungs look "weird." Very likely metastasized lymphoma. This is so huge for me to deal with, I can't do anything at moment but nap with Mandy. Other than her inability to use legs, she is still completely Mandy – eating, giving me goofy side-eye, licking my hands, cuddling in bed with me. We got Mandy when Elijah was 5. She's been all over the country with us and has lived with every other animal in this home except Tikvah and Stanley, who preceded her. She is my twin. We make the same expressions. The fact that Dr. Lynch checked Mandy's liver enzymes a few months ago, with none of this present, means it's progressed rapidly.

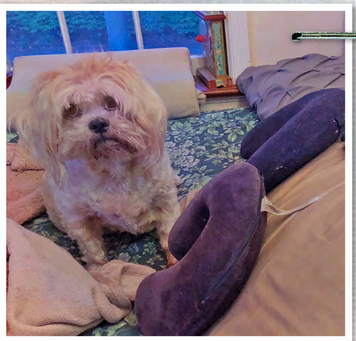
Elijah: Well, she's 15, thats how things work when you are 90+ years old in human years. Still sad though.
Brenda: She's Mandy Shoss. • **Elijah:** Sure is.

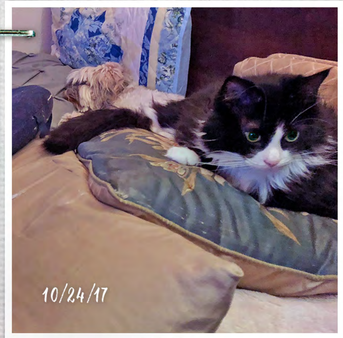


Rebekkah's Last Day > 10/31/15

Each one differs. Tikvah, then Stanley, are forces of nature who inspire Kinship Circle. Cleveland, my beautiful golden boy, endures Stan's bullying, diabetes, blindness, liver cancer. But he does not want to leave. Ethel, my sunlight, senselessly killed at 1.5-years old. Beautiful Princess Rebekkah, her bones and vessels shed to dust in my hands. Don't go, I plead. But lifetimes slip past my fingers. The wreckage of their absence remains. The moment you bring a baby home, you know: Time is scarce. Each day I love Booker a little more than the day before. Each day he reveals small miracles, he is already leaving. That's the deal and it sucks. They are here for an eternity – until they are not. Absence of matter. The weight of a sigh. The proximity of fur. Mandy is mostly absent, though still here. In time, we adopt a new unique soul who takes residence in our hearts. But nothing fixes the injury of absence. I have wretched guilt over Isaiah's difficult life and my no-show when he needed me most. My heart breaks apart. Stay. My heart carries Isaiah for the rest of my days. A burden. A gift. Isaiah's home.

11/1/15 Our lives beyond Bekkah carry on in The Cat Room, Brenda's GB Snore Refuge, with Sai, Mandy, Etelah & Baby Noah at dawn.



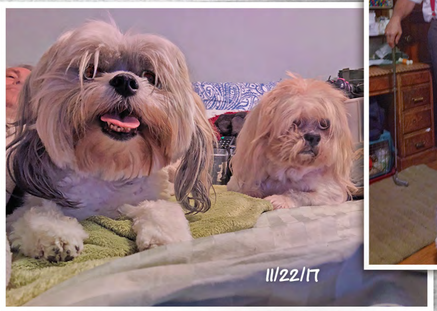


Lhasa Land

2015 GRANDPA BILL AT DELMAR GARDENS
As Dad recovers – whacked out on painkillers (after a neighbor's excited dog ambushes him) – we smuggle Mandy into his room. Dad cries when he sees her, like Mandy is the Canine Rep For All Droonies. Mandy is her well-behaved selfus. No barks. No pee. Just shifts her gaze from person to person, a part of the conversation.

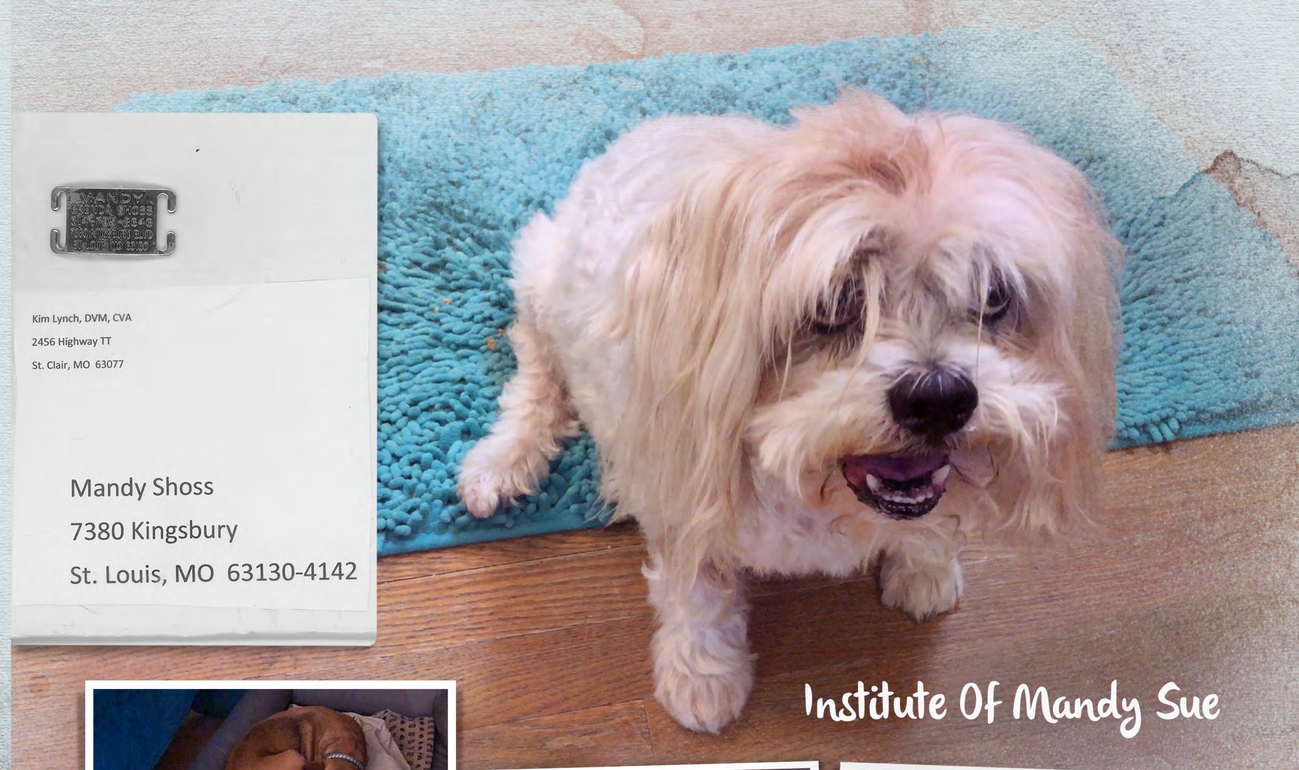
3/8/21 Brenda: Then it got weird. Cuz Dad said drug-induced stuff from his subconscious or just hallucinatory. He went on about how I was a savior to animals and had sacrificed my adult life to save as many as possible. He never said that before and never again. Just that day in his room with Mandy.
Cara: Interesting. Dad wore a purple hat too.
Brenda: Mandy, till about 2 months ago, could still prop up back legs and use front legs to propel herself, sorta hop-walk. She spent long hours in the backyard with us. We call it ***Mandy's Yard***. When ambulatory, she made it around house, near street. We were always on alert for Mandy's GPS coordinates. But in last couple months, she can't lift up her back end at all. Dr. Lynch feels that is why her vagina is irritated and swollen. She eats a very restricted diet, but can't exercise at all.

8/22/14 Grady mentors Lhasas in the Ways of Golf >



Queen Of The Backyard

Born with "two bones a missing" (head of femur) "from her small back legs, some days she caved in – but got up right away!" Never an ambulatory force to wreckon with, Mandy manages to schooch, hop and waddle her way through life. She joins us, leash-free, for backyard newspaper reads and sun-ins. Lodges herself in the tangly bushes alonside the garage. Plops down and stares back at us. Shuffles over to Henry's fence to chat with old Bailey. Greets sidewalk travelers and tries to join them. Mandy never meets a mammal she doesn't like! But sometimes she vanishes from sight. Like the time I find her across the street with a neighbor. Uh-oh. Mandy's in trouble. But ya gotta admire the old girl's gusto.



Institute Of Mandy Sue

3/24/18 Libby, Mamoos, Mabelina. Belly sprawl.

Mandy has the worst skin of any Lhasa in the land: Lesions, scabs, open sores. Oily dirt clogs her fur in endless itch. I bathe, exfoliate, extract. I own every anti-yeast/bacterial cream or spray in the vet universe. We are The Institute of Mandroo Skin Care. Years and years of Mandy in the sink, patient and willing, as I perform doggie dermatology. We eventually learn she's allergic. To everything. Potatoes, yams, turkeys, ducks, chickens (all bird-kill foods), dust mites. Foods from fishes, lambs or cows are stored in Mandingo bins: Allergy-Food For Mandy – NO BIRD/POULTRY. NO POTATOES. Mandy loves her grooms with Mom and Olivia. Med baths and blowouts are her refuge.

Mandy Is Jewish

Resemblance? No coincidence. Mom has Lhasa DNA. Mandy has Jewish DNA.
Squishy, lumpy Mandy has a humanoid face in a Lhasa suit. She is my twin. Our face, hair and eyes share a similar countenance. Mandy is clearly Jewish.
~ We both work a shaggy Lhasa-cut with bangs. Our hair constantly falls in our eyes.
~ We both do a Smokey Lhasa Eye: Deep-set, dark-lined.

I reach down to your nose. You lick my fingers and wrist. Always giving the kisses. That's how I measure that you're still with us, in final weeks. When you lick my face, I freeze in the moment. Suspend myself in Mandroo. A side-eye look. Cartoon eyes roll up. Worried? Commiserating? Emphatic? Old blessed soul. More colleague than baby. Best friend. Aging Jew. My Mandy.

There once was a Lhasa named Mandy
She came from the Land of Pandandy
Mandy liked treats & long talks with Mom
But especially snuggles with Daddy!

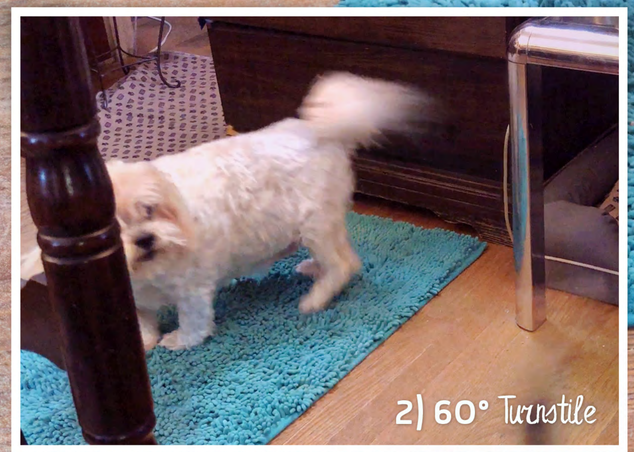
When Mandy Occupies Grady

The Mandy Mush & The Libby Laydown (splayed frog legs in back): Something about Grady in supine Log Mode, a static firm board atop the bed, makes Mandy go all squishy-pillow cuddly. She doesn't so much lay against Grady as occupy the underarm space on one side of his body. Mandy waddles over, burrows her big Ewok head in the crease between GB's shoulder and chest, and smashes deep for some snore-level sleep. If Grady attempts to reposition or shift a limb – Mandy awakens in snarl-tooth growl stance. Mandy to GB: "Don't even think about moving. I own this space against you. I am content." GB to Brenda: "Um… What am I supposed to do here? Mandy won't let me move. Help?" Brenda to GB: "Stay put until Mandy releases you." It's just too rich to watch a Lhasa command a 6'2", 200-pound man!

The **Mandy** 180°

The Four assemble in Brenda's office, for treats: Libby, Etelah, Mabel and Mandy form a half-circle in front of the bins after every walk. (When Isaiah is alive, he slips into the canine circle – assuming we won't notice that he is a cat.) Mandy always occupies the right end of the arc. There she waits, rigid still, focused on Grady's treat-dispensing hand. Just before GB hands-off her treat, Mandy backs up to perform a 180-degree circle. Her back legs become a turnstile as her long torso revolves around them. Every time. Grady and I dub it: The Mandy 180.

1) The Walk Away


2) 60° Turnstile

The Ask

3) 90° Turnstile

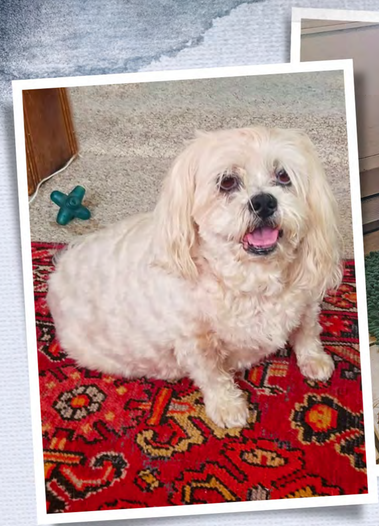
7) The Chew

6) The Treat!

The Yum

5) The Wait

4) 180° + Walk Back



The Golden Potato

8/28/19 Mandy The Golden Potato & Her Dance Of Joy: Mandy, with animals in care of pet sitter Ellen Moeller, is dubbed ***The Golden Potato*** – during Lij trip to American University in DC, freshman year. Doing the Dance Of Joy. Plop and roll on to your back. Backyard rolly-polly, 4 legs in 4 directions, up in the air. Unlike Libby's penchant to roll in critter poop, you likely smash grass to itch your allergy-plagued back. Lifelong yeast, hot spots, infection, inflammation. I try every canine dermatology product on the market. We do tests: You are allergic to foods with domestic fowl (turkeys, chickens, ducks). Pollen, bugs, mold, dust mites, fleas… Cue the special Mandy Allergy Food bin (only cows, fishes). In hindsight, you probably suffer from Sebaceous Adenitis, a Lhasa-prone skin condition that "leads to a variety of infections that may cause pain and omit an unpleasant odor."

VSS VETERINARY SPECIALTY SERVICES
Referral and 24 Hour Emergency Service

VSS-Manchester
1021 Howard George Drive
Manchester, Missouri, 63021
Ph: (636) 227-9400
Fax: (636) 527-0812
Email: reception@vsssti.com
Emergency: (636) 227-6100

VSS West-O'Fallon
7770 Winghaven Blvd
O'Fallon, MO. 63368
For appointments: (636) 227-9400
Fax: (636) 278-1042
Email: vsswest@vsssti.com
Emergency: (636) 392-2200

VSS VETERINARY SPECIALTY SERVICES
Referral and 24 Hour Emergency Service

Estimate
177195(09-27-2019)
Brenda & Graydon Shoss & Ballard
Mandy (232875)
Dr. Shannon Broyles , DVM

Dr. Shannon Broyle DVM

Authorization for Treatment
09-27-2019

Client Details

Name	Br a & Graydon Shoss & Ballard
Address	73 Kingsbury Sa Louis, MO, 63130
Phone(s)	(3 795-2646

Animal Details

Name	Mandy (232875)
Species	Canine
Breed	Lhasa Apso
Age	13 years
Sex	FS
Weight	33.8Lb / 15.3314Kg

"*Mandy*" has en admitted for Diagnostics/ Ultrasound/ Hospitalization / S Care

I, ***Brenda & Grayd*** ***Shoss & Ballard***, consent for the veterinarians of Veterinary Specialty Services, PC, and technicians / assista , to perform and administer such diagnostic and therapeutic procedures (including anesth surgery) as is dee d necessary for the care, safety, and well-being of my pet "***Mandy***". The nature of the pro been explained to n and I understand that this authorization in no way guarantees or assures results of said pr understand the risk nd complications of these procedures, which have been explained to me by the Veterinari

I, ***Brenda & Grayd*** ***Shoss & Ballard***, agree to pay, in full, all charges for services rendered including those c necessary for the dical or surgical complications or unforeseen circumstances. In addition, I agree to pay ar charges related t e cost of collection (including but not limited to, collection agency fees, reasonable attorne costs), in the event t I would fail to pay my bill. All fees are due and payable upon discharge of the patient. A does not release m my financial obligation, including the disposition of the animal.

I further consent to release of medical information to my family veterinarian.

Witness (VSS employee)

Signature (Owner or nt)

Deposit: $900

DESCRIPTION	
Blood Smear (In House)	
Examination - Emergency Center	
CBC (IVLS)	
Pancreatic Snap - Canine (IVLS)	
Radiograph 3 view thorax	
Radiographic Consultation In House	
Radiograph - additional view	
Ultrasound	
IV Fluid Set Up	
IV Fluids Normosol liter	
Injectable Medications Antibiotic, pain reliever, anti-nausea, sedation, etc.	
Hospitalization ICU Hospitalization & Nursing Care (per 8 hours)	
Oral Medications to go home Antibiotics, pain relievers, etc.	
Lactate In-House	
SediVue Combo Strip & Sediment (IVLS)	
Subtotal	
Tax	
Total	
Required Deposit	

This estimate is not a firm quote and as such is subject to change due to unforseen circu of most cases we see, the final charges may vary from this estimate.

We will make every effort to inform you should your pet's changing condition require sul not outlined in the above estimate.

As part of our ongoing commitment to your pet's health, we encourage you to call if you hospital at (636) 227-9400.

derstand and accept the estimate and terms above.

Date: 09-27-2019

Mandy's Next Appointment: at

Dr. Shannon Broyles , DVM

Client Details	
Name	Mrs Shoss & Ballard, Brenda & Graydon
Address	7380 Kingsbury Saint Louis, MO, 63130
Phone(s)	Home: (314) 727-4900 Mobile: (314) 795-2646 Work: (314) 727-4900

Mandy Discharge Instructions

09-29-2019

Diagnosis: Neutropenia (low white blood cell count), Fever (resolved); rule-out infectio s vs neoplasia

Diet: Offer boiled burger and rice. Please referr to our bland diet handout regarding op ns treats.

Medications:
Amoxi-Clav 250mg tablets ☐ GIVE 1 TABLET BY MOUTH TWICE DAILY UNTIL. GIVE W FOOD. Next due
Neopolybac optho ointment ☐ APPLY OINTMENT TO EFFECTED ARE AROUND EYES EVI Y 8-12 HOURS. Ne
Prilosec (20 mg tablets)- Give 1/2 tablet by mouth twice daily for 7 days. Nex dose due at

Continue the tacrolimus ohthalmic solution as previously direct. Next dose d at ____

Monitoring: Monitor for lethargy, anorexia, vomiting, or diarrhea. Call if these signs a noted.

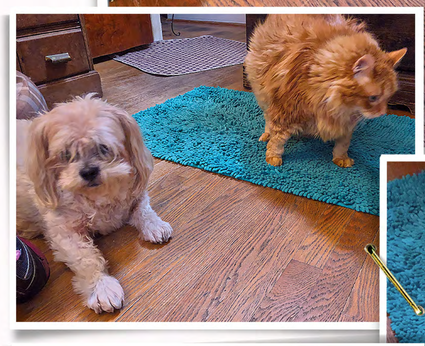
Recheck Examination: In 2-3 days with your regular veterinarian, or sooner with con ns. If you are s ultrasound please discuss this with your regular veterinarian at the recheck.

5/22/20 Old Woodland Dog Man,
whittling ancient tree bark treats
for his solemnly gathered disciples.

10/9/19 Post VSS bath

9/27/19 Mandy To VSS For Anorexia, Vomit, Fever:
13.7 years old • Lhasa Apso • MEDS:
= Tacrolimus Ophthalmic Eyedrops > 2 Drops Per Eye (am & pm)
= Cosequin > 1 Capsule, 1X daily = Wei Qi Booster Tea Pills > 1 Pill, 2X daily
= Shen Calmer Tea Pills > 1 Pill, 2X daily

Mandy will currently only eat wet cat food > use cans I've left with hospital. If she starts to feel better, please switch to her wet dog food. Brenda Shoss • Mystery infection? Toxic ingestion? No diagnosis is confirmed as Mandy recovers on IV fluids, meds. Fever comes down and she eats a bit. Pancreas, liver, kidneys all tested (much to Grady's $$ horror). Great VSS ER doc, Shannon Broyles. Add her to Fans Of Mandy Club. At discharge, a joyous Mandroo waddles over to VSS grass out front, squats and dispenses the longest, iridescent poop ever seen. After no poop for 2-3 days, the Silver Worm glistens and coils under a bright homecoming sun. She is okay, this time.



Isaiah

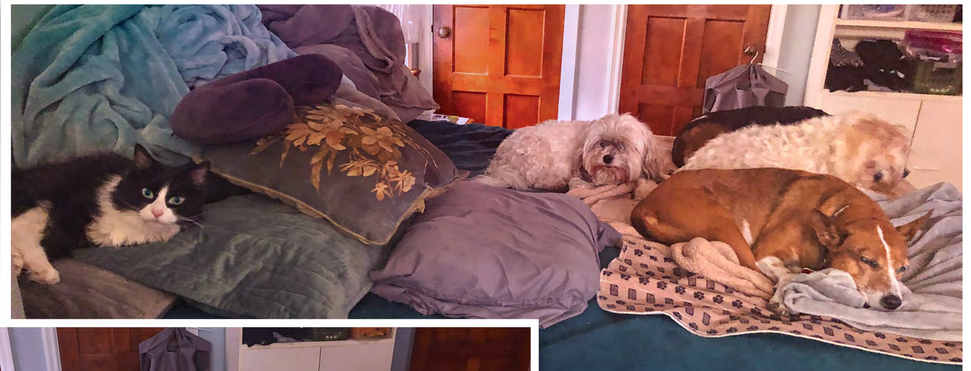
3/2/03 to 11/15/19

Shoulders forward, you inhabit a room.
Big Orange: All alpha and fierce pride.
Isaiah Schmaiah. Sai-Zu, Sai-Zee. Sai Sai.
Behind your bravado? An infinite bond.

Warm paws curl around my fingers.
And your heart beats inside my own chest.
Everything's okay now, right Mom?
Your eyes find answers in mine.

Badass cat spooned in my arms.
Making muffins in and out. Life's beat.
Mommy's here, hands laced in your paws.
Mommy's here, please come home Sai.

My soul breaks open. To bring you inside.
My heart holds you for the rest of my days.
A burden. A gift. Isaiah's home.



11/15/19 11:58am: Mandy turns 15 on 2/2/20. Isaiah, spirits willing, turns 17 on 3/2/20. Stanley, Cleveland and Ethel didn't make it to 13 yrs. So each next-day we get with Mandy and Sai is precious.

Elijah: Thats pretty damn amazing, Can't wait to come home and see them!

Nov 16 2019 • Solidarity Survivors band together after Isaiah is gone.

11/15/19: Isaiah, Sai-Sai, Big Orange Cat literally dies later this same day – cardiac arrest while at VSS for kidney disease, with creatinine, etc. values dropping and plans to bring him home. I am in shock, no words to describe. GB is a wall of cruelty. No comfort. No grief. Nothing.

This cat fully flattens to squeeze behind a desk less than 1" from wall. Springs from the bed to my shoulder, steals a brussel sprout off my plate, bolts. So far, Libby is nicest. Mandy snaps if Booker gets in her face. Libby mostly trots after Books.

12/1/19 10:39pm: A meeting of the minds.
Elijah: So cute. • **Grady:** What r they talking about?

2/19/20: Booker and Mandy stay with Mabel as she heals from Perineal Hernia Surgery to relocate her bladder and remove a dead kidney.

11/27/19: Lij meets Booker, 1st time.

In the dark halfway, where Isaiah lives though gone, introducing:

Mr. Booker T. Cookie

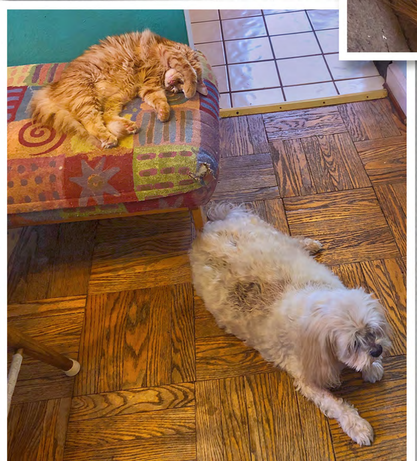
That's Booker T. with a capital T!
Widiculously wittle and humowous.
The Orange Legacy carries on.

12/12/19

12/1/19

9/12/20: Hanging out, oldest + youngest

1/5/20



9/12/20 Brenda: Keeps getting cuter.
Elijah: Awwwee...
Brenda: I just walked in from outside and Booker's legs were cuddled inside Mandy's tail. Random adorable-ness.

Mandy & Booker > Elijah's "Study Buds" during 1.5 year of Covid-19 lockdown college classes from our kitchen table.

1/27/21, Mandy Moo Moo Snow Girl: Last photo of Mandy able to stand upon her back legs to hop and scooch. By Feb 2021, the lifelong orthopedic disease she inherited from puppy-mill abuse overtakes her. She has no head of femur in either back hip socket. Age whithers nearby bone and atrophies muscle. This is Mamoo's Last Stand.

2/24/21 Elijah: Booker don't drink Mandy's water! **Brenda:** All species water. Booker hasing a bit to dwink. The Fairly Odd Kidden.

2/21/21: The Manster beneath an open dishwasher. Why not?

3/8/21: We do not yet have a confirmed diagnosis of cancer from veterinary radiologist, but Mandy's lower abdomen and vaginal lumps have been x-rayed + biopsied. As we wait, I pray the pain and grotesquely swollen vagina are from a month of sit-peeing. In the interim, I sling-walk Mandroo and clean/disinfect her pee area regularly. Sling-walks, baths, and an anti-inflammatory seem to help at first. Mandy drags herself from room to room, perched upon front legs like a seal. She's quite interested in food. She wants to be with her family pack.

Last batch of Mandy pics before the tumors begin and take her eye. Then her life. She can't walk (orthopedic issues) but pulls herself around by front legs like a baby seal. She gives me the Lhasa Look as long as she possibly can. LOVE YOU FOREVER, Ms. Mandy MooMoo LuLu SuSu Girl.

Last Hours In The Unknowing

Unknowing if it's actually cancer. Unknowing that we count in weeks and days now, losing the sum of years. Unknowing her pain. Disfigurement. Collapse of function. Unknowing that her dead sphincter nerves will force me to pull out her poop with lubricated fingers. That her deadened urethral sphincter (at the neck of her bladder) will make Grady lift her vertically to "shake out" pee. That she will die in his arms, during a last pee shake. Unknowing that subcutaneous lymphoma will suck our her right eye. Her beautiful moon lost beneath pus and tumors... Just Mandy and Mom. An afternoon nap. Mandy smushed against me. In The Unknowing, there is still hope. Bargaining. Denial. There is still Mandy.

3/8/21 9:21pm: With my own money, I'm buying this "airlift" rear harness for Mandy. I have to get all her measurements first. This is affordable aid for whatever time she has left, so she can empty her bladder and get her vaginal swelling down. She doesn't need pain from immobility and difficulty going to bathroom – on top of metastasized cancer.

3/9/21 10:36am Brenda: I guess the sling-walking and anti inflammatory has Mandroo feeling bit better. I had her in upstairs bedroom doggie bed. Completely on her own, while I was at desk, she pulled herself outta bed and walked clear across bedroom to re-locate under Great Grandma Ceila's drawers chest (a fav spot of hers). Whatta amazing old girl! I know to expect the very worst later today when Dr. Lynch gives me the radiologist's report. How long can a dog live with metastasized cancer? Couple months? I dunno. But the superficial urine-on-skin and vaginal swelling has been helped by anti-inflammatory and sling-walking. I've taken over all bathroom trips in backyard so I can patiently sling-walk her around house. She got her poops/pees out this a.m. without getting the stuff all over her...

Cara: Wow! Go Mandy. Watch her for how long she can go, and not the X-rays. **Elijah:** awww

3/9/21 10:36am:
Mandy's go-to spot under
Great Grandma Ceila's drawers

3/8/21 5:56pm:
Nap time with Mom

3/9/21 12:59pm Lymphoma

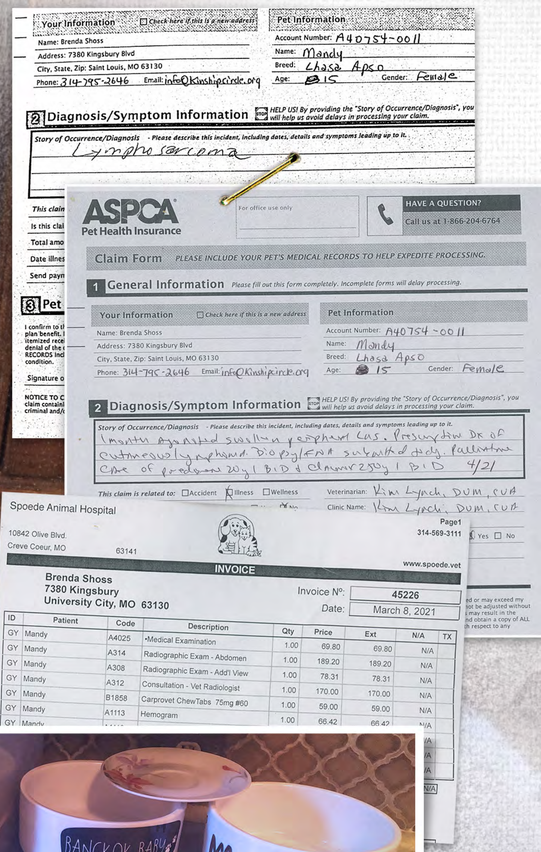
Elijah: I am leaving for gym, will be back to walk dogs.

Brenda: I spoke to Dr. Lynch. Mandy has lymphoma. Lumps on her belly/chest are swollen lymphatic nodes. Becuz her clinical signs (appetite, personality) are so far unaffected, Dr. Lynch feels we may have caught this "flare-up" soon enuf to buy her life till this summer or next holidays at best, per Dr. Lynch. We stop Rimadyl drug today (I'll remove bottle) and give her prednisone, starting FRI. Prednisone is both an anti-inflammatory + may shrink lymph lumps. Rimadyl and prednisone can not be taken together. For Wei Qi immune pills: 2 in a.m., 2 in p.m. (instead of 1 pill each dose), starting TODAY. This is Mandy's best day in weeks, just from sling-walks, getting off that belly, and anti-inflammatory – so I'll do her backyard pee/poops for now... But we must be vigilant about her upped Wei Qi dose + prednisone (along with other stuff she takes) for this last bit of her life. It's the least we can do, considering Mandy's vigilant love and trust in us. Just gonna go moment to moment. Since metastasized cancer only worsens, It's gonna get horrible. But today, this moment, is steady.

3/10/21 Brenda: Mandy, our Lhasa Apso (who turned 15 on 2/25/21) has metastasized lymphoma. Just found out in last 48 hours. This is the same horrible cancer that my first cat Tikvah died from. She has no real clinical symptoms yet – still eats, alert, engaged. But she has enlarged masses in chest and abdomen. We adopted Mandy when Elijah was just 5, after Stanley died. Mandy is part-person and she and I look alike (two old Jewish broads). If we are very lucky, she has a few more months... Brenda

Hi Mandy. Early this a.m., after I towel-walked you the length of side lawn to hoist up those useless old back legs and let you pee/poop, you lay in the grass. So content. Wind blows through Lhasa locks. Flutter ears frame your saucer eyes. Head up, on guard. A bird. A rumble in the street. Leaves rustle. You twitch. And look. The guardian of all things. Master of the lawn. Awake. Full. Present. Even as your body dies bit by bit.

3/9/21 11:51am: Can't stop the girl. While I was on phone she self walked from bedroom into my office!



Your Information — Check here if this is a new address
Name: Brenda Shoss
Address: 7380 Kingsbury Blvd
City, State, Zip: Saint Louis, MO 63130
Phone: 314-795-2646 Email: info@kinshipcircle.org

Pet Information
Account Number: A40754-0011
Name: Mandy
Breed: Lhasa Apso
Age: 15 Gender: Female

2 Diagnosis/Symptom Information — HELP US! By providing the "Story of Occurrence/Diagnosis", you will help us avoid delays in processing your claim.
Story of Occurrence/Diagnosis - Please describe this incident, including dates, details and symptoms leading up to it.
Lymphosarcoma

ASPCA Pet Health Insurance — For office use only — HAVE A QUESTION? Call us at 1-866-204-6764

Claim Form PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR PET'S MEDICAL RECORDS TO HELP EXPEDITE PROCESSING.

1 General Information Please fill out this form completely. Incomplete forms will delay processing.

Your Information — Check here if this is a new address
Name: Brenda Shoss
Address: 7380 Kingsbury Blvd
City, State, Zip: Saint Louis, MO 63130
Phone: 314-795-2646 Email: info@kinshipcircle.org

Pet Information
Account Number: A40754-0011
Name: Mandy
Breed: Lhasa Apso
Age: 15 Gender: Female

2 Diagnosis/Symptom Information — HELP US! By providing the "Story of Occurrence/Diagnosis", you will help us avoid delays in processing your claim.
Story of Occurrence/Diagnosis - Please describe this incident, including dates, details and symptoms leading up to it.
1 month ago noted swelling of sternal LNs, progressive DX of cutaneous lymphoma. Biopsy on # submitted daily palliative care of prednisone 20mg 1 BID & Chinese Rx 1 BID 4/21

This claim is related to: ☐ Accident ☒ Illness ☐ Wellness
Veterinarian: Kim Lynch, DVM, CVA
Clinic Name: Kim Lynch, DVM, CVA

Spoede Animal Hospital
10842 Olive Blvd.
Creve Coeur, MO 63141
Page1
314-569-3111
www.spoede.vet

INVOICE

Brenda Shoss
7380 Kingsbury
University City, MO 63130

Invoice Nº: 45226
Date: March 8, 2021

ID	Patient	Code	Description	Qty	Price	Ext	N/A	TX
GY	Mandy	A4025	*Medical Examination	1.00	69.80	69.80	N/A	
GY	Mandy	A314	Radiographic Exam - Abdomen	1.00	189.20	189.20	N/A	
GY	Mandy	A308	Radiographic Exam - Add'l View	1.00	78.31	78.31	N/A	
GY	Mandy	A312	Consultation - Vet Radiologist	1.00	170.00	170.00	N/A	
GY	Mandy	B1858	Carprovet ChewTabs 75mg #60	1.00	59.00	59.00	N/A	
GY	Mandy	A1113	Hemogram	1.00	66.42	66.42	N/A	

Mandy On Wheels

3/15/21 8:11pm Cara: How's Mandy doing?

Brenda: The immediate situation re: non-use of back legs is more demanding and uncomfortable for Mandy than the cancer. I know that will change. I bought that air-lift harness thing with my own money, but honestly, a long thin beach towel works better. What she really needs is a K9-cart. I wish like crazy I could afford to buy this for her. She definitely feels better since we're vigilantly towel-walking her for pees/poops and rolling her over to sponge bath her belly and privates each time. The vaginal swelling has gone done a bit and her skin is less inflamed. The prednisone, tho, has upped her pee urgency and thirst. That's a lot of heavy lifting for me, carrying still robust Mandy from second floor and out to backyard. I may need a K9-cart myself (hahahaha, I so funny). My hip pain is near nonexistent now; it's my lower back. Dr. Lynch says initial prednisone effects should lessen as her body grows accustomed. Ironically, rather than increase anxiety (as you described with Emma) the pred makes her more zoned-out and sleepy. Mandy is pretty much at my side 24/7 now, whether we sit outside together or take our afternoon naps. That's how it was with Stanley, Tikvah and others in last months of life. I won't travel or leave her alone long stretches as I see her through this last passage.

Cara: You're a wonderful mom to her, Brenda. I wonder if you could rent one of those carts? Or find one you could borrow? Maybe ask Dr. Lynch about that? That's great your hip pain is gone. Sorry about your back.

Brenda: I already asked Dr. Lynch about that. Not a thing. The K9-Carts are custom-built for an individual dog's measurements and needs. Mandy has the weirdest measurements in the world – a small dog's leg circumference, but a med-large dog's potbelly (especially with the lower ab lumps). The cheap carts on Amazon aren't worth anything and don't work; Dr. Lynch did tell me that and direct me to K9carts.com. But these custom-built veterinary carts cost $600-700 or more… My PT is helping me relearn how to walk. Over the last 10 years, probably longer, my deteriorating hip caused a lurch walk, with my pelvis swiveling from horizontal-aligned to near vertical with each step (I know that's impossible, but to give you a visual about what she observed). She feels if I learn to use my transverse abdominus and keep my posture in a lifted "ballet dancer" stance, I may eventually alleviate the back pain. In the meantime, I bought some Tommie Copper back-support tanks (they fit like Spanx, but more comfortable and with lower back support). Those help at bit on dog walks.

Cara: Sorry to hear that. Poor Mandy . Hope you get relief soon for your back.

3/23/21 2:38pm Brenda: In the meantime, Mandy's got wheels! For inside house + carefully down steps. Mandroo Lu exceeds weight limit in this wheeled cat carrier. Un-oh… **Elijah:** Wow!

Brenda: I think this is the funniest pic ever. Looks like ***Giant Lhasa Face On Wheels.*** When I pulled Mandy down street in this cat carrier, a woman pulled over cuz she was laughing so hard. She took a pic of Mandroo.
Elijah: She looks so comfy.

Hi Brenda,

Thanks for your order. It's on-h
received. In the meantime, here

[Order #35339] (March

Product

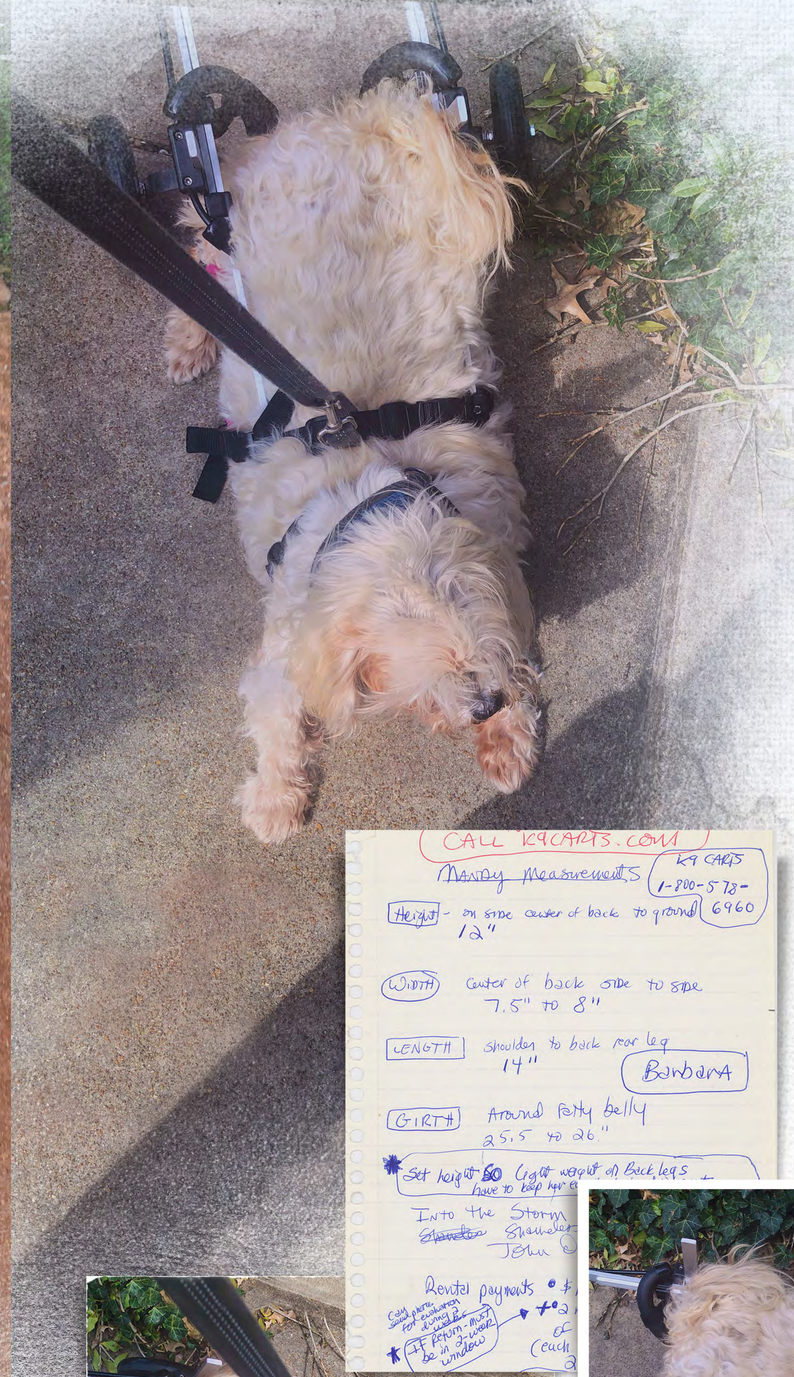
Rear Support Dog Wheelchair Re

Pet Info: Breed: Lhasa Apso
Weight: 35-38lbs
Age: 15
Name: Mandy
Female

Pet Measurements: H: 12"
L: 14"
W: 7.5"
G: 26"

Cart Specs: Rental, RX MBB, MWB13 MSB16 Length 14 Girth 26 Width 7.5 6" Wheels, blue covers

2 week Rental: Second rental payment of $ 139 is due



CALL K9CARTS.COM

MANDY Measurements

K9 CARTS 1-800-578-6960

Height - on side center of back to ground 12"

WIDTH Center of back side to side 7.5" to 8"

LENGTH shoulder to back rear leg 14" BARBARA

GIRTH Around fatty belly 25.5 to 26"

Set weight 50 Light weight on Back legs have to keep her

Into the Storm

Rental payments

If return must be in 2 week window

K9 Cart For Mandy

3/23/21 12:03pm: Hi hopes for Mandy. I got the blue-color straps version. $139 for 2-wk rental window. If it works, we make 2 more payments of $139 and then K9 Cart is owned ($417). If we can get Mandy used to it, she can get exercise and happiness during this last bit of life. **Elijah:** About to come home to walk them (The 3).

3/28/21 Mandy Is Ending: This is the plan Mandy – You stay on prednisone until "it no longer controls your clinical symptoms." Mandy. Until you no longer are. 😢

3/29/21 3:08pm Mandy Stroller Walks: We did it! All 4 dogs on a nice Clayton Loop! Mandy clearly told me (at home): I'm ready for this. You will NOT leave w/o me. And Mandroo looked as happy and engaged since the last doggie road trip. Even brought water for pups… Thx Elijah! Couldn't a done it w/o you!

3/31/21 10:57am: If you hook leash directly on to center of K9 Cart belly strap and lift Mandy onto her legs, she'll walk!! She has to get used to it. Try to use each time out. We can also tweak straps.

4/2/21: Mandy, you are my hero. You try harder than anyone I know. You've got two sets of wheels — K9 Cart and an always-ready stroller. It's as if you are back-seat in the car, a tourist who eye-balls all scenery, when we stroll you! You turn your head side to side, notice stuff the other dogs miss. The wind blows through your shiny hair. You love that. Sitting upright, at attention. The stroller (with Mom-engine) rocks your Lhasa world. Today, diarrhea. Two times, your front legs pull you out of the orthopedic bed and into the living room, to poop on pads. Outside, you walrus-scooch clear across the lawn to poop street-side. Your energy, tenacity and force of personality are immeasurable. Mandy Sue, I love you so very much.

4/13/21 To: Patty Edson, EverlastingStone <paedson@aol.com> • Subject: Mandy
This is Brenda in St. Louis. I hope you are well… I have never contacted you while an animal is alive, but our 15-yr old Lhasa Apso, Mandy, has lymphoma. She's my soulmate and has outlived any dog I've ever rescued. We thought she might make it till next fall/winter, but she has infected lymph nodes. This is so big for me, my fingers shake as I try to type. I just wanna make sure we can pay you and Rowan for another freelance burial marker. It will be identical to the stone/plates you just did for my cat Isaiah in size, style. Content will differ.

Mandy has spanned so much of our lives, this will be the hardest one for me to design. We adopted her when my son was 5 and he's now 20! So again, she is still alive. This email is just a reach-out to you. Whatever time I have left with Mandy is hospice care and I will be mess as she leaves us. Please get back to me, when you get a second, to let me know you saw this and if we can work with you again for Mandy's stone when she passes. I don't know if she'll even make it to the summer, by the look of things at this moment… Thanks, Brenda

From Patty Edson: Hello Brenda, So sorry to hear of Mandy's illness, so so sad!! My heart breaks for you again, losing another child. I hope you're doing well since your hip surgery and all else is OK. I'll talk to you soon. Hugs, Patty

4/13/21 11:46am Brenda: Mandy is dying. I thought she might have till next Fall/Winter, but now I doubt she'll be with us much longer. I am in full-time hospice support as long as she continues to eat, be engaged. But the lymphoma has just infected her lymph nodes, with red swollen lumps all over her belly, nipples, vagina, neck, ears.

Cara: Oh Brenda, I'm so sorry. I know how hard this period is. Please give sweet Mandy a big hug and kiss from her Aunt Cara. May her journey over the rainbow bridge be peaceful and loving. My heart is with you all.

Brenda: "Swollen lymph nodes caused by infections are usually sensitive or painful to the touch. Swelling normally goes down within 2-3 weeks." Again, cuz Mandy has not lost a single pound, still eats and begs for treats, and luvs her stroller rides – I am not ready to give up on her. I am researching dog meds/homeopath to treat the infection in lymph nodes specifically, cuz that can go down despite the lymphoma itself. If you come across anything worth looking at, pls let me know.

Cara: Ok. Will do. Does she seem to be in pain? She does seem to still be engaged. Mae was not at the end, so we helped transition her as our final act of love for her.

Brenda: Main sign of pain: anorexia, This hasn't happened yet. But swollen lymph nodes are sudden, in last few days.

Cara: Is she still on prednisone? Can she have ginger or turmeric? Those both have anti-inflammatory properties for humans. I'm not sure if they're safe, or helpful for animals.

Brenda: Lymph Node Inflammation ~ Causes other than cancer can occur for Lymphadenopathy (autoimmune disease, severe allergy, etc). Mandy's had horrific skin issues her entire life. I'm not trying to skirt the lymphoma diagnosis. I just know that cuz she's 15, no biopsy or even ultrasound has been done. The lymphoma diagnosis came from her general symptoms and blurred blobs viewed by radiologist only.

Cara: I understand. It's not so clear cut.

Taken

3/29/21: Pics shot 1 month before Mandy dies. Libby is just 5 months out from the renal failure + kidney disease that will take her too — less than 1 year after Mandy is gone.

Brenda: Just spoke to Dr. Lynch. We are temp upping her Prednisone dose to 2X daily + starting antibiotics. But, Dr. Lynch feels the swollen nodes are cutaneous lymphoma and that the bacterial infection (that makes them inflamed, nasty) is secondary. She thinks the swollen nodes can't "go away" but small chance they can be "stalled," not grow bigger or spread (for awhile). We also upped her Wei Qi Pills (homeopathic immune booster) to 6 pills per day (3 at each meal; per her weight she can take as many as 8 daily). Becuz we made decision to use Prednisone, rather than full-blown chemo, you can't go backwards and start chemo now. She also feels we shouldn't put Mandy thru full chemo (lots of drugs, more side effects). Do you agree?

Cara: I absolutely would not do chemo. That would make her suffer more. It's worth trying the plan you described, as long as Mandy does not suffer more from the increased meds.

Brenda: When I ran downstairs a minute ago to give her antibiotic and Wei Qi, she gobbled the peanut-butter wrapped meds and licked my fingers clean. The upped Prednisone is temp. That's the only major side-effects med in the bunch, but the bad effects can be significant, I agree…
Cara: Good luck. Hope it helps.

4/14/21 MANDY DISFIGURING TUMORS:
The wretched lumps grow. The cancer in your lymph nodes pushes out your neck, ears, belly, nipples, vagina. But I don't see them unless I pull back your fur. So you look like squishy, lumpy Mandy with the humanoid face. I tap your nose and you lick my fingers and wrist. Always giving the kisses. That's how I measure that you're still with us. When you lick my face, I freeze. Suspend myself in Manddroo. Then it's time for your walk. I hoist you into the cat stroller, with Mabel leashed at my wrist. Off we go for your daily adventure. The smells meet your nose on the wind. Your ears blow back, like silky human hair. Whenever you're ready to do some business, you scooch and cry in the stroller bed. Okay Ms. Mandy. I pull over on curb grass and lift you on to the ground. I slide the towel or lift-harness under your belly, toward your lifeless back legs. And lift. You are a regular bicep/tricep workout Mandy, cuz so far there's no weight loss. You plough forward on determined front legs. A few feet. A block. Two blocks. Then, a poop. Next, pee (always in that order). I clean you best I can with one of the doggie poop bags and lift you back into the stroller. Off we go, to see more sights and smell more smells. Sometimes when I lay with you in the backyard, I pet you, careful not to rub over lymphoma welts just beneath your fur. Each day they grow, we move closer to the End of Mandy. I don't want to feel them grow. In this moment, you are Mandy Pandy, my best friend and look-alike. Lotta Lhasa.

4/18/21 1:19pm Lij: Should I walk them?
Brenda: Coming down in few; getting dressed. Want to do medium walk with all. Mandy has very short time left to live…

Elijah: Can I come?
Brenda: Yes can't do all 4 alone!
(Last Stroller Travels)

Subcutaneous Tumors

4/2021 Waited Too Long For Cancer Supplements!

MANDY MEDS

= PREDNISONE >> 2 PILLS DAILY 1 pill am • 1 pill pm

= ANTIBIOTIC >> 2 CAPS DAILY 1 cap am • 1 cap pm

= WEI QI PILLS >> 6 PILLS DAILY 3 pill am • 3 pill pm

========== Nothing changes in meds below ==========

= FLINSTONES >> 1/2 TABLET Every other day am

= COSEQUIN >> 1 CAPSULE 1 cap am

= EYE: Tears >> 2 DROPS EA EYE am • pm

= EYE: Steroid >> 1 DROP EA EYE am only

==========STOP SHEN CALMER ==========

= Discontinue Shen Calmer for now

Subject: www.askariel.com Order Confirmation
Date: Tuesday, April 27, 2021 at 9:16:52 PM Central Daylight Time
From: Support@AskAriel.com
To: info@kinshipcircle.org
Category: HIGHLIGHT4

AskAriel Your Pet Nutritionist

Thank you for your order. Please DOUBLECHECK Your Shipping Address and Notify Us Immediately Of Any Corrections! We ship to the exact address you provide at checkout. Your order number is 44681, placed 04/27/2021 at 07:16PM.

Bill To:

Kinship Circle Disaster Animal Response Team
Brenda Shoss
7380 Kingsbury Blvd.
St. Louis, MO 63130
United States
314-795-2646
info@kinshipcircle.org

Ship To:

Kinship Circle Disaster Animal Response Team
Brenda Shoss
7380 Kingsbury Blvd.
St. Louis, MO 63130
United States
314-795-2646

Order Details:

Code	Item	Qty	Price	Grand Total
146	Curcumin For Pets	2	$43.95	$87.90
DSC-90	Free Shipping With 2 Curcumin [146]	1	$0.00	$0.00

Subtotal: $87.90
Tax: $0.00
Shipping Cost: $0.00
Grand Total: $87.90

Order Comments: This product is for Mandy, a 15-yr old Lhasa Apso girl with subcutaneous lymphoma. She's on Prednisone and Wei Qi Pills (immune support) but in last week developed lymph node infection with huge tumors on her vagina, rectum, teets, low belly, inner thighs, chest and below ears. She is on Clavamox antibiotic for infection, but vagina so swollen she can no longer project pee stream. Despite horrific tumors, she is engaged, alert, eating. My veterinarian suggested this product to help slow tumor growth and possibly reduce some inflammation/swelling. I have five more companion animals, as I do animal disaster rescue. Based on Mandy's condition + meds she already takes: Is there ANY other product that might help with her cancer-induced lymph node infection? Thank you, Brenda Shoss

Shipping Cost: $0.00
Grand Total: $87.90

Thank you for shopping at AskAriel.com!
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Natural Remedies For Canine Lymphoma

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askariel.com/symptoms-of-lymphoma-in-dogs-s/1870.htm

• Happy Paw Drops

• Immune Harmony

• Curcumin Complex

P.O. Box 723 / Dana Point, CA 92629

https://www.askariel.com/articles.asp?ID=276

Life Gold - Trusted Care for Dog Cancer

Immune support + antioxidant defense for dogs with cancer

More Mushrooms Kit - Comprehensive Care for Dog Cancer

petwellbeing.com/collections/cancer-support-dog/products/dog-more-mushroom-kit

• 1 bottle of Mushroom Immune Gold = 8 oz

• 1 bottle of Life Gold = 2 oz (118 ml)

4/26/21 To Dr. Lynch:

1) Can we pls get more Prednisone for Mandy? 2) (See text above 4/25) Fear kidney failure for Mandy. Vagina so swollen, can't project pee stream. Dribbles out pee drips only; cries when trying to regular pee. 3) Just switched to Clavamox. Anything else to reduce lymph node infection swelling even a bit? Ointment for pee-hole?? petwellbeing.com/collections/cancer-support-dog
4) Pls reply and/or call. Thx very much, Brenda

4/26/21 Mandy's Last Day Of Beauty, Grooming With Olivia

Dear Olivia, We are aware how much Mandy's skin cancer has progressed, even since I last spoke to you. Her vagina is so swollen she cannot really "project" a pee stream. She drips and dribbles. When towel-sling walking, she may lower her front legs – with her back end still raised via towel hold. This may be how she drips out her urine. IF you can, after she drips urine, clean her up a bit with a warm-water compress (like paper towels).

Sorry about all this, in terms of extra work. This may likely be Mandy's last appointment, short of an unexpected miracle with this lymph node infection. We did just start a new antibiotic, so hoping this one brings down swellings a bit…

== Please give me a heads up an hour or so before I need to be there to get Mandy and Etelah.
== I sent a couple disposable pee pads to lay under Mandy in kennel. If you can position her a bit on side (so vagina/belly swellings are exposed to open air), that is best for dribbles on to pad.
== Please save me any fur clippings from Mandy, in a Ziploc bag.
== Please schedule a next appointment for Etelah and Mandy, but I'll be in touch about Mandy.

Thanks very much, Brenda, 314-795-2646

4/27/21 11:38am Mandy Is Almost No More: Note to self to text Dr Lynch Life Gold + Ask Ariel lymphoma med links. • **Elijah:** Okay. Don't eat my Chinese plz.

Brenda: Lij, I'm emotionally/physically exhausted today from Mandy's ordeal as she dies. Can you pls walk The Three today? I did Mandy on way back from vet and will take her out again when you walk other three. What time might you get back? Thx very much, Mom • **Elijah:** Okay

Brenda: Thx. We can do walk together, tomorrow if you want. On Thur, Cindy is supposed to come here… On this day of April 27, 2021, Joy Reid has declared: Henceforth we shall call the male version of "A Karen" – A Tucker. • **Elijah:** 😂🤨

4/27/21 9:48pm I Waited Too Long For Mandy Cancer Supplements!

To: <Support@AskAriel.com> • Subject: New Customer, Need Advice

Dear AskAriel, I am a new customer who just purchased 2 bottles of Curcumin Complex For Pets for my 15-yr old Lhasa Apso girl with subcutaneous lymphoma. Mandy currently takes (specifically for the cancer): 1) Prednisone 2) Wei Qi Booster Pills [immune support] 3) Clavamox antibiotic

She was okay on Prenisone/Wei Qi when diagnosed a month ago. But over the last two weeks she developed a lymph node infection, with huge tumors on her vagina, rectum, teets, low belly, inner thighs, chest, below ears. Clavamox is for the infection (was on Cefalexin). Her vagina has continued to swell so much she can no longer project a pee stream. She can only drip-out onto pads and us. Despite horrific tumors, she is engaged, alert, eating. My veterinarian suggested this product to help slow tumor growth and possibly reduce inflammation. Based on Mandy's condition + meds she's already on: Is there another product that may help with her cancer-induced lymph node infection? Let me know ASAP, as her tumors are rapidly progressing.

I should add that she's long been overweight (tho we restrict her diet + give veggies and vegan cheese/meat as treats.) She was rescued from a puppy mill with a genetic condition that has rendered her back legs non-ambulatory in old age. The Prednisone has plumped her up even more. I look forward to your advice. Thank you very much, Brenda Shoss.

PS: We have 6 companion animals (4 dogs + 2 cats). I run a national nonprofit that rescues animals in natural disasters: Kinship Circle Disaster Animal Response Team. KinshipCircle.org | facebook.com/kinshipcircle.org • Brenda Shoss, Director, info@kinshipcircle.org, 314-795-2646

Subject: Re: [K9 Carts] Order 35339 on March 23, 2021 PLS REPLY
Date: Tuesday, April 27, 2021 at 3:51:18 PM Central Daylight Time
From: Kinship Circle
To: K9 Carts

Dear K9 Carts,
I am unsure if this is the correct email to use. Please reply with an alternate K9 Carts email, if I need to direct this message to someone else.

On 3/23/21 I spoke to a very kind and knowledgeable woman in customer support to relay my dog Mandy's measurements and early stages of cancer. We decided on the rental, since she has cancer (and separately: an orthopedic condition that makes her rear legs 100% non-ambulatory).

I am calling upon your mercy and compassion. At the time of the order, Mandy was doing well on meds for lymphoma. Near the very end of the 2-week window for returns, she developed large, inflamed skin tumors over 72-hours. Her lymph nodes became infected. Her vagina, rectum, lower belly and rear inner thighs have bulging tumors, as shown in photo below. She has similar tumors across her chest and by ears, in front. We changed her prednisone dose, added antibiotics and homeopathic cancer support… praying we could stop the infection and tumor growth. But her vagina is now so swollen, she can no longer project a pee stream… Obviously, she cannot wear the Rear Support Dog Wheel Chair Rental we got from you. We missed the 2-week window while caring for Mandy 24/7 -- scooping out poop from her rectum, helping her "drip" out pee, constant veterinarian ER… This is emotionally and physically traumatizing, as Mandy is still alert, engaged and eating – despite the sudden and rapid growth of these tumors.

We'd like to ship back Mandy's barely used Rear Support Dog Wheel Chair Rental. We kindly ask for any level refund from K9 Carts – partial or full. The veterinary costs for her cancer support/hospice are beyond affordability. Any refund is deeply appreciated. At the time of the purchase, I could never have predicted these horrific lymph node tumors.

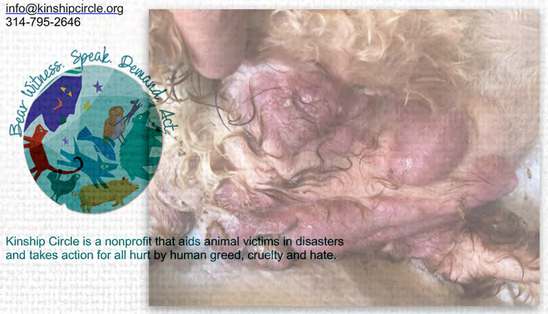
BELOW is our 3/23/21 order-invoice. Please reply either way. We can ship the cart back to you immediately.

Thank you very much for your understanding,
Brenda Shoss and Graydon Ballard

PS: I am director of a national nonprofit that rescues animals in disasters: Kinship Circle Disaster Animal Response Team. We have a home with 6 to 7 companion rescues of our own, at any given time + work with rescue communities nationwide. K9 Carts is an amazing company. I have no doubt I'll need you in the future, for another animal… Brenda Shoss

KINSHIP CIRCLE
Animal Advocacy * Education * Disaster Rescue
www.KinshipCircle.org | www.facebook.com/kinshipcircle.org

Brenda Shoss, Director
info@kinshipcircle.org
314-795-2646



Kinship Circle is a nonprofit that aids animal victims in disasters and takes action for all hurt by human greed, cruelty and hate.

Subject: Re: [K9 Carts] Order 35339 on March 23, 2021 PLS REPLY
Date: Wednesday, April 28, 2021 at 10:21:18 AM Central Daylight Time

Hello Brenda,

Thank you for your email.

We're sorry to hear about Mandy's condition.

After looking over your rental program I see that you've had the wheelchair for just over four weeks, leaving a balance due of $278 on your account. Your first 2 week rental period was up on April 13th and that's what your initial payment of $139 paid for. Since we are now past the 2nd and 3rd rental periods we are not able to offer any kind of refund. However, I can see about applying credits to your open balance for the 2nd & 3rd payments that are owed. So, instead of owing the $278 we can zero this out, but we would need the wheelchair returned right away and in excellent condition. Below is the return address. You can return it any method you wish just make sure to get a tracking number and email that to us no later than Friday, 4/30/2021.

I'll note your account now about the return. The payment of $278 was set to process today, so I've paused that for now. Once I have the return tracking I can void that recurring payment.

K9 Carts
Return Order 35339
7410 Sawyer Circle, #3
Port Charlotte, FL 33981

Warm regards,

Krys P.

Mandy Heartbeats

5/5/21 8:18pm Brenda: Dad just diapered the baby.
Elijah: 😂😍

From: Kinship Circle <info@kinshipcircle.org>
Date: Thursday, April 29, 2021 at 11:42 PM
To: K9 Carts <info@k9carts.com>
Subject: Re: [K9 Carts] Order 35339 on March 23, 2021 PLS REPLY

Thank you so much Krys.

Because Mandy is dying I am on hospice overload and just saw this email. My husband is shipping the cart back tomorrow, 4/30.

I assume it should be shipped to:
K9 Carts
Return Order 35339
7410 Sawyer Circle, #3
Port Charlotte, FL 33981

I will email you to let you know when shipped. I guess we get a tracking number from the post office…

Thank you again. This will not be forgotten. I rescue a lot of animals – so I am glad to know K9 Carts cares about the animals it creates products for… and will not hesitate to purchase from you down the road, for another one or our orthopedic-issue kids.

4/28/21 12:55pm Elijah: Mandy's barking. • **Brenda:** I'll be down.
4/28/21 3:23pm Elijah: I forgot about your car window.
Brenda: I went out and closed it when I gave Mandy her water bowl…

4/28/21 3:23pm Brenda: Elijah, dad's back is out. I'm lifting, slinging and cleaning Mandy alone. But I can't do steps to 2nd floor. I took her out and cleaned her off with hose. She is atop a towel on her ortho-bed. If towel is damp, it's water. When you carry her up, lift her with towel beneath her, wrapped like a baby and try your best to not squish-in her belly. Pls put her on pads on my bed, with towel still on… Thx so much

5/1/21 Mandy Is Almost No More, Sat, May 1, 2021 10:15 am
To: Patty Edson_EverlastingStone <paedson@aol.com>
Mandy will die within May. She has subcutaneous lymphoma, with a lymph node infection that leaves inflamed tumors over her belly, teets, vagina/rectum, ears, chest and legs. The only place without tumors is her back. She's alert and still eats because cancer has not metastasized to internal organs. But she cannot pee or poop on her own, among other disabilities. I'll contact you after she passes. Then I'll begin trying to summarize 15 years of her life for those beautiful plates you create. I seriously doubt she'll hang on beyond this month, but in any case, my Mandy is ending soon. Sorry for this dark note. Kinda sleep deprived as I care for Mandy in final times. My hip surgery recovery has gone well…

Fri, 5/7/21 at 9:48 am, Patty Edson_EverlastingStone: Hi Brenda, Sorry for delay, I was enroute to Vermont, I'm here for a funeral (Guy's mom) and grandkids birthdays. It's been crazy everyday I've been here. I'm sorry to hear of Mandy, I hope it's peaceful when the time comes and you find peace with everything best as possible. Talk soon, Patty

5/4/21 2:42pm Cara: Hi. How's Mandy doing today? • **Brenda:** Lymph node tumor grows over her right eye. Subcutaneous lymphoma is in lymph nodes only and rarely metastasizes to internal organs. While tumors are visually hideous and cause disability such as unable to push out poop or project pee stream, we use trickle hose stream to coax out poop on patio and she leaks pee continually. I shampoo her underside after all patio poop/pee sessions and massage her tumors with Bag Balm or Zomax. Tumors also go in ring from top of her head to across chest, plus inner thighs. Basically the lymphatic system.

She sits up to greet me; eats, wants treats, enjoys time with other dogs atop my bed when we watch TV at night. Dr Lynch says clients who ask for euthanasia at this stage of subcu lymphoma can't deal with tumors + support care. It's about them more than the dog. FYI, Prednisone also acts as a painkiller. Grady diapered Mandy tonight… Mandy takes Prednisone, an antibiotic + 2 homeopathic meds for immune system/cancer. But her lymphoma is so aggressive, it proceeds regardless. Because subcu lymphoma rarely metastasizes I have no marker except pain to determine euthanasia. With Tikvah, euthanasia was clear when his gastric lymphoma metastasized to brain. For Cleveland, we euthanized same day cancer caused liver to rupture. This is SO different, cuz she may never waste, stop eating or go into a fog.
Cara: You'll just have to take it one day at a time, like you are.

5/5/21 3:09pm: I am back, just listening.
Elijah: Mom we were wanted to say last words.
Brenda: Mandy began to cry-bark. I said from get-go I had to help her.
Elijah: OK, I don't think we knew because u didn't say anything.
Brenda: I said it 3-4 times, last time the loudest. No one would acknowledge me, and she was frantic. I had no choice but to leave.
Elijah: Okay lol it's not a big deal.

5/6/21 6:23pm Elijah: Mandy is barking. Mandy needs some help.

5/7/21 6:20pm: Elijah, if dad is there will you please ask him to call me? He won't answer his phone or texts. I tried…
Elijah: He's at the golf course.
Brenda: How do you know? He won't respond to me.
Elijah: Because he's not here.
Brenda: Elijah have you heard anything from dad? It's nearly 7:30 and getting really late for food/meds for dogs. Especially Mandy. I don't know what to do. He simply won't answer his phone or texts.
Elijah: He is at golf course, that's what Sam said.
Brenda: Well he's schmucky. Haven't talked to him since yesterday and he refuses to speak. I don't know why, especially cruel cuz Mandy so sick.
Elijah: He's getting a lesson.

5/8/21 10:26am Elijah: Mandy barks.

5/8/21 10:37pm Cara: So sorry about Mandy.
Brenda: She finally entered a not-interested-in-food stage, literally began this morning on Mother's Day. Mandy is always ready to party, when it comes to food. Even since she was diagnosed with cancer. Until today. She is not in new pain (I got veterinary hemp for her), but she kinda rolls to her side and falls asleep. The little she ate today was from me inserting bits of food in her mouth. This is exactly how Stanley went. If Mandy can die relatively peacefully on her own, I will stay by her side and continue bathing her, pulling out her poop with my Preparation-H coated finger, massaging her with lavender/cham spray… But I don't know what to expect. Can't even reach Dr. Lynch till Tues cuz she runs her sanctuary on Mondays and doesn't make calls. Very scary time…

MOTHER'S DAY Today, this Mother's Day, you tell me goodbye Mandy. Today is first time your interest in food has dwindled. Your head hangs over edge of doggie bed. Thank you for the many kisses you gave, upon my face, just yesterday in the yard. And a day or two before that, when I curled up in the orthopedic bed with you. Thank you Mandy for your very being – and how you changed mine. I love you beyond any words. You are forever Mandroo in my eyes. I'll always look over my shoulder, to meet your determined Lhasa stare. Even when it's gone.

5/8/21 2:54pm: The Obama's dog Beau just died. The family issued a statement about their beloved dog…
Elijah: Aw man. • **Grady:** Good ole Beau.

5/7/21 MY POOR BEAUTIFUL MANDY
My poor beautiful Mandy. My born-in-a-puppymill Lotta Lhasa. Mandy Moo Moo Lu Lu Su Su Girl. Mandisimo. Manda Panda. Mandroo. Mandy Sue. You are so sick. So sick. One tumor grows under the lid of your right eye, closing in and over the eye. Bulging tumors on your neck, ears, chest. I have to coat my finger in Prep-H and gently scoop out poop. Run a hose-trickle as an enema. Your pee just trickles down the steps. On concrete. On pee pads. On you. **Poor beautiful Mandy. The puppy who gave me side eye. The sideways glance. Cartoon saucer eyes. A human expression for all occasions. The stare. Even when sick, I feel your eyes follow me. Look for me.** Feel a little better when I am there. My heart shatteres. Falls in sharp pieces. I swallow. Code. Exercise. Stay numb. But you come through the fog. Mandy ending. No turning back. The horror is so hard, I can't. I can't. I can't.

5/11/21: Mandy rests in yard after poop extraction, soapy bath, med massage for tumors.

5/10/21 RESPECT FOR MANDY Mandy had stopped eating yesterday, as you know, and just seemed out of it. I've never seen it "go back" once they enter this phase. Maybe she will go right back to final-final phase, but not today. She ate great, enjoyed a 2-mile stroller ride and engaged with me. I was shocked, really. I wrote this to Grady:

I quite admire Mandy. She is dying; there is no way to change that. But her will to live, as Mandy, is unmatched. She ate her med-food, treats. I did a lite hose poop and suds-up, then we walked to COCA street and back. Head held up, looking around best she could. She's zonked now, and maybe tonight will be bad again like yesterday. But without much to work with, Mandy does Mandy like no one else. I quite admire her.
Graydon: Grace and Dignity words that come to mind. • **Cara:** She's not ready it seems!

5/11/21 11:49am: IS MANDY BARKING or CRYING right now? • **Elijah:** I don't hear her.
Brenda: Sometimes I hear her in my head. I want to give her time to sleep off pain pill before I go down for her meds and poop… Lemme know if she moves around, cries or barks. Thx.

5/11/21 12:58pm: Is Mandy still sleeping? Has she moved or anything? (and coffee?)
Elijah: Mandy is fine.if you are so worried, then you should buy a camera or something, or maybe come down to check on her yourself. I will get coffee in a second.
Brenda: Elijah, think before you automatically get mad. It's a weird Dad-ism that you picked up. Once I come down and awaken her, that's a Big Thing. I want to let her rest undisturbed cuz she couldn't sleep last night.

5/12/21 1:19pm MANDY'S LAST TUNNEL WALK IN STROLLER: Elijah, we could do the tunnel walk to Forsyth if you're willing/able to carry Mandy down those steps. Just suggesting cuz haven't done that route in awhile.
Elijah: Okay. Sounds good with me. When can we go?
Brenda: I'll be down in bout 15 mins. She already had meds; have to do poop/wash-up and transfer to stroller.

5/13/21 10:27am MANDY'S TIME, MY WEAKNESS AND FEAR: Elijah, Don't ever yell/cuss in a violent voice in front of Mandy (or any animal) again. While it's too late to curb adrenal-stress effects that has on my old immune system – each animal has his/her one and only life. That life is brief, then gone forever. I am comforting Mandy every way possible to guide her out of her life. Dr. Lynch's next visit is to discuss a target euthanasia time, based on a veterinary clinical exam. You may think you know better than a credentialed veterinarian I've trusted for over 20 yrs, but reality-check: You do not. Mandy's end-of-life care is an inconvenience for you, me, Grady and even the other animals. But it's a blip in the bigger timeline – and the very least she deserves after her lifetime of love, humor, devotion and trust in us.

Elijah: Dogs do not understand death. They partially grasp pain and they release it through anxiety. Mandy is in lots of pain. She can not see out her right eye, she can not poop, can not pee, can not walk, can not move anywhere. I have finals this week and I should not have to walk into my study place and smell poop being pulled out of a dog's butt. It is unfair to Mandy, me, you, and dad, as well as the rest of the family. I never said I know more than Dr. Lynch. But I do know how to face reality. Life is more simple than you make it up to be.

Brenda: Step up, Elijah. Find your heart. Your compassion. You know I gently ease out poop each morning, afternoon and evening. I cannot hoist her on to the lawn every time. I shouldn't have to justify this, but I use wipes, deodorizing sprays… When done I transfer a bag with all poop outside. Again, I'll let my consultation with Dr. Lynch inform me if it's become "unfair" to Mandy. Yes: Life is straightforward. So, deal with the momentary poop smell and move on.

Elijah: Of course it's unfair to Mandy. Do you really think she enjoys this? I have found my heart. I spend my own time petting and talking to Mandy when you are not around. I love Mandy, but this is very unfair for her. I have known Mandy my whole life since I was in kindergarten.
Brenda: I did not know that. That warms me, and I am glad you are saying goodbye to Mandy – for yourself and her.

Elijah: Sorry for screaming. I should be on campus right now. It is not your fault; it's Donald Trump's fault. • **Brenda:** Ha! Productive to channel anger into Dotard, not each other.

5/13/21 3:19pm MANDY LAST DAYS: I made Mandy a little shade fort cuz she really wanted to hang outside. She's been very content out here, as I do laundry. 💚💔
Elijah: She is spoiled. • **Brenda:** Damn right. • **Elijah:** ☺️

Circle Of Love

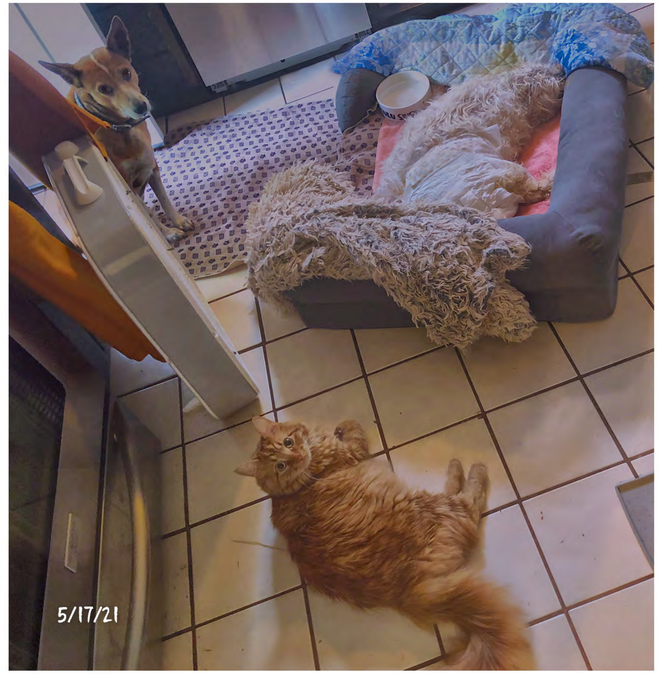
5/17/21 5:56pm MANDY LAST HOURS
Brenda: Circle of Love • **Elijah:** Booker is so sweet for hanging with her.
Brenda: Hey, don't forget bout Mabeline. The Basenji and the Kidden convene around me when I treat/feed Mandroo. Puppy is scared…

5/18/21 1:55pm: Desperately need. 2 bottles Walgreens Soothing Eye Wash: For upstairs + downstairs. Can't be variation. Only this version safe for dogs. ***At end, Mandy's right eye is completely gone, lost beneath thick folds of mushy tumor. I don't know if it hurts from the pressure. She rubs her head over lost-eye area. I flush the horrible disfiguration with sterile eye irrigating solution to keep it hydrated and clean. I know she has just days, hours, left in this life. The indignity – the robbery of her glorious eye – shatters my soul, makes me sick.***

Grady: Rodger that.
Brenda: Hey Graydon, When you get home (before you leave again) can you pls give Mandy a "hang-and-pee?" It really helps her rest thru afternoon. I did poop and cleaned her + lotion, clean eyes… She just needs a PEE. Only your Big Manly Arms can do this for Mandy (Sorry Elijah; men are fragile butterflies).

5/18/21 8:09pm: My sense of motherhood to all mammals (except husbands) intensified when I became mom to you, Elijah. Never a competition. Only a profound call to duty to those who depend on me.

5/19/21 12:34pm Elijah: Do we have any Sprite?
Brenda: No. I can ask dad right now to bring some home. Do you want me to heat up soup for you? Crackers? Going downstairs for Mandy now.
Elijah: Don't know if I can eat. Can't scream, sorry. Should we take temp?



Day Of Death

5/20/21: I hate you fucking cancer. I hate god. You stole her eyes. Her beautiful cartoon moons, with more expression than most humans. More emotion and connection than Grady's eyes ever spoke for a second — let alone a lifetime. You stole her side-eye glance. Her infinite stare. You stole the eyes that followed me for 15 years. You mutilated her body, robbed her of sleep. I hate you. Mandy, you will die today on your own or tomorrow via Dr. Lynch. I am so sick. Just sick.

a day like any other, until Mandy is no more

5/20/21 12:39pm Elijah: 😹😂 Mandy in shades! How long will you be outside?
Brenda: She's slipping fast and for some reason at least at this moment she's better outside. But it keeps changing. Mouth clenched shut. Now ragged panting.
Elijah: Should I come out now?

5/20/21 2:37pm Brenda: Mandy will die on her own overnight, in next 24-72 hrs, or be euthanized. The cancer stole her beautiful cartoon moon eye. Right eye is gone. Overgrown by tumor, just mush and puss. I hate cancer. I hate "god."
Cara: Oh Brenda, I'm so sorry. Is she eating?

Brenda: Yesterday, but not at all today. She even stopped drinking today. I am syringe dropping water in her mouth. She's at different level now, more coma-like than still with me. I upped her pain/relaxant med (per dr Lynch) becuz we can't stop cry barking episodes, whereas just yesterday I could link them to poopy diaper, needs bladder expressed, needs water... So the meds also contributing to her being out of it, not eating drinking. Kinda like a person in hospice on their way out on upped morphine (Mandy drug nothing like that; scenario just feels similar). She's also very hot. Cancer fever. I put alcohol on paw pads to help heat escape, cold clothes and lite ice pack in her blanket, with fan on her. But not anything else I can do. Temps had come and gone, but not now.

5/20/21 4:13pm Cara: It sounds like it's time to ease her suffering. I will never forget the look of pure peace on Mae's face when we let her go. We gave her our last act of love by helping her transition.

At approximately 5:00pm on May 5, 2021: My Mandy Moo Moo Lu Lu Su Su Girl, Mandisimo, Mandingo, Manda Panda, Mandy Pie, Mandy Sue... is no more. But her eyes are everywhere. I can't escape this. Someone is missing. My pack is incomplete. I feel so scared and alone.

5/20/21 MANDY IS NO MORE

For the second time in my life, a FORCE OF NATURE Lhasa is erased. Is no more. Subcutaneous Lymphoma overpowers Amanda Suzanne Shoss-Ballard. Mandy is 15; a puppy mill rescue adopted when Elijah is 5 yrs old. Last hospice months are horrible. She continues to eat and be too-much-Mandy to consider euthanasia, but her external skin layer is destroyed in hideous tumors. In the last weeks, I must finger-out poop from her swollen rectum. Nerves have died in the grotesque cancer. She feels the urge, with no stimuli to push or move. One of her beautiful eyes disappears, consumed in tumors. Elijah and I take her on long stroller walks, until the very day she dies - swaddled in a stroller, outdoors with me, where she wants to be. I miss her so much. Mandy spans every passage in my married/mom/activist life.

She was born in a puppy mill
Raised on wobbly legs...
Full of worms and parasites,
I knew she had to be saved.

Mandy, sweet Mandy
Cutest girl I ever knew...
Mandy, sweet Mandy
Mama's in love with you.

She had two bones a 'missin
From her small back legs
Some days she caved in,
But got up right away.

Mandy, sweet Mandy
A Lhasa who never knew...
Lhasas are bratty
But not Mandy, her heart was true.

5/20/21 5:19pm: Mandy's dead. 2/25/06 - 5/20/21 at approx 5:00. The girl who spanned a marriage and Elijah's childhood is no more.

Cara: I'm so sorry. Rest In Peace sweet Mandy. My heart aches for you. Sending love and peace to you all.

5/20/21 8:26pm: Elijah, try to call Dad please. It's 8:30 and Mandy's limbs are going to break when Grady smashes in her rigid body. He won't answer phone or text. So fucking cruel this has even surprised me. Where did you get that puppy pic? Is that Mandy?

Elijah: I think its Mandy. It's from 2010. (The pic is Puppy Etelah, baby just home.)

5/21/21 8:29am Cara: Hi. Thinking of you all today and of course sweet Mandy.

5/21/21 12:11pm: ***I keep hearing Mandy cry-bark.*** It is the strangest thing I've ever experienced. It's faint and it makes me run to the stairs.

Elijah: Sorry, it will pass.

Mandy Suzanne Shoss-Ballard
2/25/06 - 5/20/21

5/23/21: Mandy, I didn't know. I didn't know. That I'd miss you this hard with jagged hurt. Choke tears. I'm okay. Then it hits. I don't even understand how deep this is. So many years and years. You are the base of this new life. As a mom. A wife (oh well on that one). My little Flaw Dog with the sideways glance. Everything feels better with you on the grass. Even when you eat your poop. A thing, apparently, that some puppies do. You are so funny. And human-like in expression. Your face is the most beautiful face I have ever known. You're are the most beautiful Lhasa I've had the honor to rescue and mommy. God, I love you so much I am terrified of what's about to open up inside me.
Mandy Lu. Mommy's here. Mommy's here.

May 20, 2021

Mandy Moo Moo LuLu SuSu Girl

You had me at that sideways glance.
All 2 pounds of you.

For 15 years, your eyes were my guide.
Beautiful Cartoon moms — more expressive
than any human I've known.

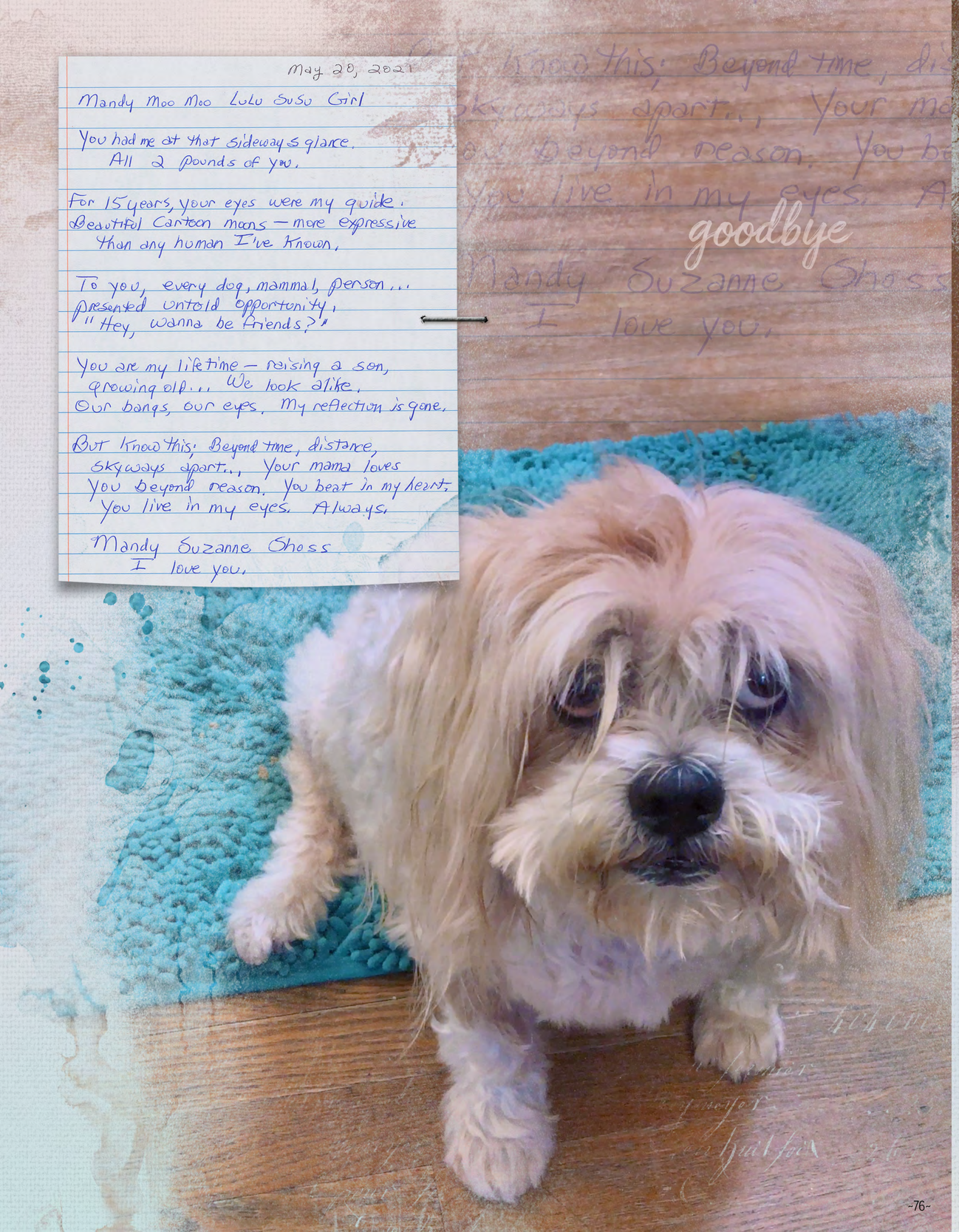
To you, every dog, mammal, person...
presented untold opportunity.
"Hey, wanna be friends?"

You are my lifetime — raising a son,
growing old... We look alike.
Our bangs, our eyes. My reflection is gone.

But know this: Beyond time, distance,
skyways apart.., Your mama loves
you beyond reason. You beat in my heart,
you live in my eyes. Always.

Mandy Suzanne Ghoss
I love you.

goodbye



10/7/21 AFTER MANDY ----------

Dear Mandy, Pieces scattered. No time to sort. Your eyes look to me from all the familiar places. But suspended. Libby became sick - total kidney failure. Dead dog walking, they say.

Suspended. From. You. Mamoos. No bridge from horror to humor.
To you, a lifetime. To you, all roads. To you, Mandy ModMoo LuLu SuSu Girl.
I am sorry. My tears come now. Miss your warmth. A big sunny pillow. Your focus.
Your camaraderie (no one disciplines Etelah anymore. Oy, need you Mandy.)
Miss your waddle. Smashed against the back door. Waiting. Mandy, mommy
waits for you. I love you so much. Blurred.

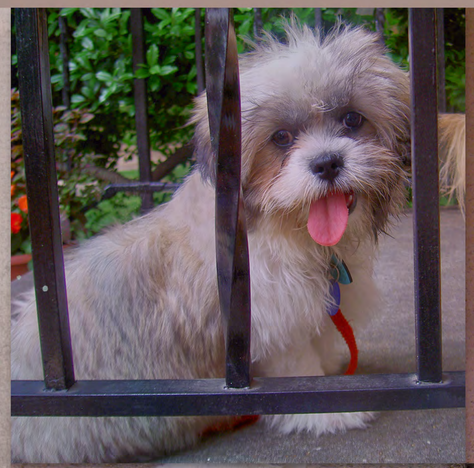
May, 2021

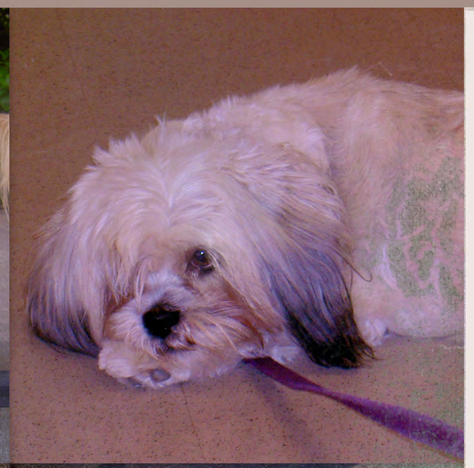
Dear Brenda,
I am thinking of you at this time that you are mourning the loss of your sweet "Mandy". I realize that she will never be forgotten.
You know that I send you condolences, sympathy and Love, Always & Forever,
Mom

So sad to see that little girl leave us. She was such a shining star, even to the end.

Thinking of you,
Ku & Tm

MANDY • 2-25-2006 to 5-20-2021





She was born in a puppy mill, raised on wobbly legs.
Full of worms and parasites. Knew she had to be saved.
Mandy, sweet Mamoo. Cutest girl I ever knew.
Mandy, sweet Mandroo. Mama's in love with you.

Mandy MooMoo LuLu SuSu Girl:
You have us at your sideways glance. Cartoon moons.
A consummate stare. Focus. Wit. Humor.

Our lives unfold across your miles. Marriage, son,
activists, family. All roads converge at you.
Big squishy love pillow. Pal. Colleague.
My Jewish twin: Shaggy bangs, smokey Lhasa eye.
We smart girls worry. Got shpilkes.

15 Windows: Firsts and Lasts.
You beat in our hearts. Live in our laughter.
Mandy Suzanne, we love you.

15 Windows
firsts & lasts