



Today my beautiful Scrappy crossed over the Rainbow Bridge.
January 14, 2004 - February 22, 2014

I am devastated. My Beautiful Patriarch Scrappy has crossed over.

I want to honor this beautiful life by telling you her story.

Scrappy came to GreenePets Foster Network, Inc. with Scrappy his sister, and seven of his nine siblings. This was in March 22, of 2004.

Scrappy was from the litter produced by Lady, a small lab mix who JK Carter credited with saving his life the prior July when he collapsed near a pond on his farm. Lady didn't stop until she got help to come to Mr. Carters aid.

http://www.greenevillesun.com/news/article_56624a12-fbbf-5aa1-96d3-a266e6356813.html

In the photo, I am on the left holding Domino, and Tracy Sargent is in the middle, ironically holding Scrappy on the right.

All of the puppies except for Domino and Scrappy were adopted. People would come and meet them, but when they discovered that a couple of Scrappy's feet weren't normal, she was passed over time and again. Scrappy was never adopted, because these puppies were born outside in very early January, and several of Scrappy's toes are missing probably due to the cold.

It didn't matter, the more these two were passed over, the more I cared about them until I decided to adopt them myself.

This is my Scrappy's life:

When they were brought from JK Carter's farm to our kennel, I would take all the puppies out to play on the hillside in front of the kennel when I got off work each afternoon. I would sit at the top of the hill, and all the puppies would play and play. Miss Scrappy was well named, because from before this time, she was Queen of the Pack. Brother Domino her page...he assigned himself as Scrappy's caretaker for the rest of his life, eventually adding Winkie to his list of responsibilities.

Scrappy was horribly devastated when we lost her brother in 2014. I am sure her love received her quite happily just an hour ago. I can see them now, frolicking in the fields like they did here at home all their lives. Serious business checking out the farm to see who had been here overnight.

They both adored riding out to the kennel each morning, and bailing out of the car to take off on a great rabbit hunt for the next couple of hours.

I was telling a new student just yesterday about Scrappy's penchant for rolling in recycled cow chow across the road, and one day her tail got in the electric fence. She bayed all the way back to the kennel, where she promptly received a bath adding to her upset. She never bothered to cross the road again, but was still adept at finding things to roll in.

I will miss reminding her that when she has a treat she is supposed to eat it, not lay there guarding it from Winkie and Aeron while barking her rules to the pack.

Last year, my beautiful Scrappy suffered a copperhead bite above her eye. She got over it in a couple of weeks, but she never went down to the barn again after that. Her normal walk-a-bout in the mornings had been a trip to the barn to check on the rabbits, over by the chicken lot to see what they were up to, then back to the front porch to lay and soak up the sun for a while. Her days of hunting the fields were long gone, she preferred the quiet life without her Domino.

She loved being with me and when I was at home, she guarded my whereabouts constantly.

She had taken to sleeping in an overstuffed chair beside my bed because Aeron flips and turns all night long. However, the past few weeks, she had taken up her old place at my back with her back up against the spare pillow. She didn't snap at Aeron to move him, she only had to give him a look, and he moved to the bottom of the bed.

That was her power, Scrappy always got her way with everyone, human, and dog. She never cared if I tried to correct that, Scrappy was queen, and it was her place to keep everyone else in line.

My Dearest Scrappy, I know you are now in a pain free better place with Sam, Duke, Chester, Bree, Drea, Maddie, and Brochin. As you wait at Rainbow Bridge, I know you will be keeping an eye on the rest of us, Houston, Dusty, Winkie, Honey, Zeke, and Papa, we all miss you. Until we join you, I love you little red headed wench.

Thank you Dr. Cook