

IN MEMORY OF AMBER

1994 – April 17, 2007

Amber, named so for her beautiful amber coat, was found at a golf course between Bridgeport and our place in Paradise in July of 1998. We figured she was probably four years old and other than being skinny, was in good health. It was so hot and she was happy to get into the truck.

Amber was such a sweet girl, I thought she would be adopted quickly but as she grew older, what interest there had been began to drop off. It looked like she was going to be with us for the rest of her life. She was a quite little girl being content to simply lay in the sun and sleep. She was never much for roughhousing or romping with others and while friendly, would not seek attention like the other dogs.

A few days ago, Pat said there was something wrong with her. She wasn't eating and her teeth needed to be cleaned. We put her in a pen by herself and started her on antibiotics and gave her soft food, which she inhaled. Still thought, we could tell she wasn't feeling good.

When I took Tracy to the vet, I also took Amber. I thought they both just needed a good tooth cleaning and to be put on antibiotics for a couple of weeks. Little did I know that it would be the last time I would see them? When the vet called about Tracy, he said Amber also had cancer of the mouth. He even asks if they were related because of the coincidence of them both having cancer of the mouth. I said no but after I thought about it, they could very well have been but who knows.

We allowed sweet Amber to cross over with Tracy and she too rests with her at our plot at Pine Hill.