

## Farewell, Old Friend

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Those of you who read my blog on a regular basis have read about Flax, a 16-year-old pit bull. He and I got along great and his pet parents felt very comfortable leaving him in my care.

I spent my Valentine's night with Flax. Two weeks ago, his family requested I sit with Flax again. When I got to their home, I could see that Flax was not doing well. His hips seemed to be bothering him, he wasn't very interested in food, and in general he just wasn't himself.

The second night I was with him, I heard a plaintive moan and immediately woke up. It was Flax. I got up to check on him and could see that he had deteriorated further. Flax could no longer get up and was in distress.

I stayed up rest of the night with him, trying to comfort him and making sure he drank water. I put him on his favorite blankets and petted him. Flax seemed to be telling me it was his time to join his sister across the Rainbow Bridge.

In the morning, I called my boss at the pet-sitting company and we made the decision to call his parents and advise them to come home early. They arrived within a few hours and took Flax to his veterinarian after they had the chance to say goodbye to him and let him know how much he was loved.

I love most aspects of pet sitting, but saying goodbye to elderly or sick pets is the most difficult part for me. Having worked with some of the same clients for almost four years now, I have seen several pets pass on. Since my clients know I have a bond with their pet, they usually will e-mail or call me to let me know that their pet has passed away.

I was glad Flax did not have to be alone at the end and that his parents had the chance to say goodbye. So farewell, Flax, you were a good boy and you touched my heart.

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