Mona Lisa

Oct 2, 2011 – July 13, 2020

 My sweet, loving Mona. Where do I start? Your life with us began on Aug. 16, 2016 when we decided to bring you and Diego home to enjoy a new and much better way of life.

 As we looked at several other greys to see who would fit into our lives, your constant crying, whining and begging drew me to your kennel. I finally asked to get you out for a better look. Once I touched you and saw your vibrancy and zest for life I knew you were the one. What pure joy to see the speed of that muscular little body as your feet barely touched the ground, twisting, turning, doing laps all the while staying in front of Diego!

 It was easy to realize why your racing career lasted over 2 ½ years. Only winners do that!!!

 As is the nature of your wonderful breed you loved everyone, although our dear friend Kelley was your favorite, and ignoring you was just not an option. A little squeal and a paw shake told us you wanted more loving.

 Daily visits from our golf cart friends and their little dachshund, Mandy, were the highlights of your day.

 Any little wild creatures that dared to get in the yard didn’t stand a chance against the speed of your swift body.

 When you kept cutting your right front toe in the same spot, wearing booties, wraps, bandages, having sutures and finally amputation of the toe, it didn’t slow you down. You always accepted these things with your sweet personality. Ever so tolerant of misfortunes as long as there was lots of love and attention.

 I will always have a special memory associated with the little bush behind the garage. It was your favorite back scratcher, as you circled those low branches making you get so ramped up to sprint into your laps around the yard. What a happy, happy girl, doing what every greyhound loves to do.

 Although you and Diego ran zoomies together for a year or so, you soon tired of his rough exuberance. In fact, sometimes you put him in his place when he got too rough. There were never any serious conflicts, but that big boy cowered when he knew you had enough.

 If only I could have known the turn of events that transpired those last months of your life, little girl, I would have made some different decisions. In less than 4 short months, you went from a vibrant, muscular, gorgeous greyhound of 62 lbs. , to a shell of yourself, because of the vicious disease called PLE (Protein Losing Enteropathy). As the medicines and disease robbed you of precious nutrients, you did your best to keep up a happy gentle demeanor, while enduring so many harsh drugs and tests. My heart aches when I remember how you were so brave.

 We almost made it to the 4 year anniversary of bringing you home. We should have had more years together sweet pretty Mona.

 There is a saying that each pet gives you a piece of their heart when they come into your life, and when they cross the rainbow bridge, they take a piece of yours. Thank you Mona for giving me a big piece of your heart. I will cherish it forever.

Until our hearts and souls unite, run like the wind, Mona.

Loving and missing you

Mommy, Daddy and Diego