# Losing Sophie

July 15, 2014 By Rae Lewis-Thornton

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Two weeks ago today I stopped living after I put my baby girl Sophie down. Like for real, for real. Honest to God, I have never felt grief on this magnitude. While I still had breath in my body, my life stood still. Sophie was a special dog that left a foot print on everyone she encountered. For a moment I didn't think that I could go on. The grief was all consuming but like with most things in my life,  I kept going in spite of the pain. So here I am, still missing my baby girl and adjusting to life without her.

The last time I blogged was to tell you that Sophie had Liver Cancer. I thought that I had a week to find a solution but Sophie took a turn for the worst that night within hours of posting that blog. She didn't want to eat or walk and her breathing became erratic. I felt so helpless as the night progressed. The only thing I knew to do was to be as close to her as I could. She didn't want to sleep in the bed, so I made a pallet on the hardwood floor next to the big chair in my living room that she laid under. It was one of the longest nights of my life. She was restless and breathless. Every time she moved, I moved. When she got water I watched her until she was back under the chair resting. A few times she laid under my arms and then on the pallet, but mostly under the chair was her comfort zone.

By day break with almost no sleep Sophie was struggling just to breath. My baby girl was slipping before my eyes and I didn't know how to save her. It's still hard to believe that less than a week before this day, she was barking for bacon. Determined to make the plan Dr. Gill and I agreed on work, Tiara held Sophie in her lap as I gave her each medication. She looked up with sad eyes, "No mommie I don't want it," but it was all I could think to do.

In the two hours waiting on the animal clinic to open I prayed for a miracle as Sophie precious eyes cried, "help me Mommie, help me." I was asking for God's help and she was asking for my help. When I finally reached Dr. Gill and filled her in on the night, I was still hoping for a solution; a way to help my baby girl. After I finished, Dr. Gill said, "You know there are only two choices and I'm not sure that she can make it through surgery. "I know, I know" I said defeated and filled with anogny, with my baby girl next to me looking up at me, "Help me Mommie, help me." There was a pause, "Are you ready?" Dr Gill asked. Through my tears came, "yes."

Tiara and I rode in silence to the clinic while baby girl laid in my arms trying her best to catch her breath. “I’m sorry baby girl, Mommie loves you,” I whispered to her. Once we arrived, Tiara and I took pictures with Sophie before I handed her to Dr. Gill to place the catheter.

She was in so much distress, Dr. Gill looked at her, “That baby can’t get her breath,” she said to Sophie. Tiara stood in the corner tears flowing.  I stood over sophie lying on the table still trying to get her breath. I was so overwhelmed with grief. “Thank you Sophie for eight wonderful years,” I whispered to her, “Mommie will always love you.”

Watching my baby girl die was one of the hardest things I’ve had to do, but yet at the same time I knew it was the best thing, most human thing. It was the last good thing that I could do for her.

**Sophie Barking For Bacon** 5 Days before I put her to rest.. Her BFF Kennedy was just hanging in the cut waiting... LOL... She barked for bacon ever morning I cooked... She barked for a treat each time I had a meal, it was our routine. She was so full of life the entire 8 years she was with me. I’m glad that her suffering was not long, but I’m sad she had to go. I miss her dearly...

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