

Chloe



Chloe

Good Bye Chloe

I was to speak in Atlanta this Lord's day and it was another opportunity for a stop over to see our grandchildren. We put Max and Chloe in the Pet's Hotel in Greenville on Friday. We had a great time with Rebecca and the children and left for Atlanta as planned, and went to pick up the dogs on our way back to Raleigh. When we received them, Max was okay but Chloe looked traumatized and not like her little happy Yorkie self. We tried to see the local vet but they were closed and figured we would take her to the vet in Raleigh on Monday. After being home for one hour after a seven hour drive, Ivete decided she could not wait until Monday morning and since it was after hours for Bainfield we took her to an Emergency Vet Clinic at 11 PM. Chloe's little stomach was as hard as a football and she whimpered when you touched it. The vet checked her over and came back to say she was very sick. They began giving her IVs and tried to get to the bottom of what was going on. He offered some possibilities. He suggested pancreatitis. Chloe began to have intestinal hemorrhaging. He would give a number of drugs he named, run certain tests, etc, etc. They are a very well-known and respected clinic here in Raleigh. "Go home," he said, "I will call you in the morning when I know more and she has stabilized." (Pay before you leave, of course, up front \$1,100 – a small price to pay for anyone who ever loves a dog).

The phone rang around 5:45 AM. It was Dr. B. "I'm sorry to tell you Chloe has gotten worse. She is dying." I know those who never loved a dog, may think this is all very silly, but I put my hand over the phone and relayed the bad news to Ivete. It broke her heart.

No, I mean it, it broke her heart. Have you ever seen someone's heart break? We decided to stop Chloe's pain and suffering. Ivete could not bear to go. I went immediately and was there as the Vet put her down. Thank you, little Chloe for all the joy and happiness you gave us and especially Ivete. For being there every morning, so happy to see us and for being there when we came home at the end of the day. Thank you for all the unconditional love you gave and for making us laugh. Max (who is adopted and around 15 years old) knows something. They were together in the Pet Hotel and so I believe he knows. He has his own health problems and is moping around and missing his little buddy already. How is Ivete feeling? Only those who ever had to put a little dog down would understand.



Dogs are not people and I am not someone who is going to find some Bible verse to try to teach otherwise, but I do believe that dogs and all God's creatures are here for a purpose. Some years ago I wrote a poem about dogs and what I tried to say is never more true for us than today. We still have Max.

Then God made Dogs

I feel my dog looks up to me
With his brown adoring eyes
He thinks I'm smarter than I am
From what I can surmise
He trusts and also follows me
As he wags a happy tail
He has no fear of poverty
And thinks I'll never fail
He thinks all my jokes are funny
And my arguments make sense
Never asks me for my money
And calms me when I'm tense
The Bible calls them lowly things
Even dirty, this I know
Eating crumbs from poor men's tables
The lowest of the low
But that's where Jesus found me too
With a Syrophenician plea
A Gentile dog- now something new
In Christ a place for me
I think God made these creatures
For a purpose and an end
More than students but for teachers
To show what is a friend- id

Ingimar and Ivete,
So sorry to hear about Chloe. I also am a dog lover
and have had to put them down. We recently got
a German Shepard named Anne and although we
haven't had her long I would miss her terribly. I liked
your poem, it says it all. Take comfort in the years of
happiness and love.
Lorne

Ingimar and Ivete,
My heart grieves the loss of you guys' little Chloe.
Give each other a long hug from Sharon and I. We
certainly can
empathize with you as we lost our Cassie seven years
ago to cancer. They are our special friends and a gift,
one of
the many simple blessings our Lord gives us here.
We have Clancy now and he is a great source of love
and joy. The
poem you wrote blessed my heart.

Your brother,
Carl

Dear Ingimar and Ivette,

I am so very sorry to hear about the loss of Chloe. I think you are absolutely correct that if you haven't had a pet dog for your own and had to put it down, you wouldn't understand the heart break! I remember very well in 1994 when I had to have Wrinkles, our pet Pug, put to sleep. I held him as they gave him the relaxant before the final injection. He looked at me with his trusting big eyes and drifted off to sleep. My heart was broken also. That was 20 years ago, and I am still shaken just writing this to you.

We didn't have another dog at the time, and have not had another since. But I know that you still have Max. I remember the first time I met him. I took pictures of him and his unique smile, you know, the "toothy" smile. Even though he is getting old now, he has a special place in your home and in your lives. Enjoy him while he is with you and I know you also will never forget or stop loving Chloe.

With great care and love, Doug

Dear Brother & Sister,

I was saddened to read of the loss of your dog, Chloe. Some years ago, we too, had gone to Atlanta to speak. We had to get shots for our dog to board it. We knew the owner and he called to say our dog got very sick and had to take it to the vet. We had to put the dog down as well...it turns out one of the shots is what caused its demise. Worship - a dog towards its master. I saw the following and thought it was well done and I hope it might bring some comfort.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5eNKUv6tyVo>

We will be praying that the God of ALL comfort will comfort your hearts. Some glad day creation will rejoice when the Last Adam will reign!

Love in our Lord Jesus,
Keith & Diane & Family

Hi Ingimar

I'm sure sorry for your loss. Losing a dear friend is mighty difficult even with four legs. Give Ivette my condolences.

Dwight

I am so sad and sorry Ivete,
May the beautiful memories of the
happy time you sharred with Chloe
be a comfort to you now and all the days ahead.
I am praying for you .
note and flowers sent by:
George, Bethany and Lulu

It was with heavy heart I read of Chloe's passing. I feel Ivete's pain. Our miniature poodle, Pumpkin, was euthanized 14 years ago. I still miss him, but we remember often how much he enhanced our lives. Unconditional love is always a special blessing. Only those who have had a furry friend can fully understand her grief...my condolences.

Mary Nicholas

Ingimar,

Thanks for letting me know. My heart breaks for what I know you and Ivette are going through. I'm so glad you still have Max, but he's suffering too as he knows things are not like they should be.

If you are like me and you think you'll always have dogs in your home, my suggestion would be that you begin the process of adopting another dog while you still have Max--not this week but sometime in the near future. There will never be a dog to replace Chloe, but hopefully you'll find one that you'll love just as much.

Just last week I got a new puppy from the Humane Society after being "dogless" for two years. (Everyone advised me to wait until I was over my two knee surgeries before getting another dog, but it was terribly hard.) It makes all the difference in the world to have a dog or two around!

Sympathetically,

Joan

Dear Ingimar and Ivete,

Thank you for sending out the sweet albeit, very sad account of what you went through with Chloe. It touches our hearts as we , too, have experienced a great loss (our beloved, faithful, Triscit -- the sweetest yellow lab who ever walked on four paws!) .

Please give a hug for us to Ivete. But, I want to especially thank you for the great reminder of the Lord's special plan for all creation -- little and great-- and what a wonderful God we serve, who looked at a "dead dog" such as I and brought me to his banqueting table !

May The Lord be gracious to you during this time as you sorrow.

In warm Christian Love,

Pam Foster

Hi Ingimar,

Real sorry about Ivete's dog. We know about losing dogs. Every dog I had as a kid, 3 in total, were hit and killed by cars. Two of the dogs our kids had when they were young were also hit by a car and killed. The last two we had lived to a ripe old age, but we had to put the last one down about a year ago. You can really become attached.

The best solution now is to get another little dog.

I always think of Elvis Presley's song, "Old Shep" in these situations.

Bubba

Thank you for your kind words. Ivete and I really appreciate the encouragement you gave us. Only those who have had and loved some little creature God has sent their way know what it feels like to lose them. You have gone through it yourself and know. Thank you so much. Here is a little photo of the basket my daughter and grandchildren put together and sent us. I guess hurts and heartache are opportunities for kind people to be kind, and you were. Thank you for the love you sent.



We do thank God for the memories of all the fun and enjoyment we recieved from having Chloe as part of our family. Again, silly only to those who never had or loved a dog.

We got Chloe when the Jean and Ken Hilton took Ivete way out into the country to look for a little dog. It was out in the middle of nowhere, but it is another example of what can come into your life “out of nowhere.”

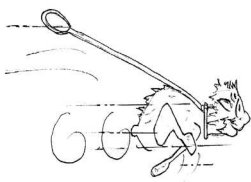
When we got her home she was so tiny that she could easily fit inside Ingimar’s shoe and seemed to like the fit into our family.



When she got a little bigger, Chloe felt right at home in Ivete's handbag and loved to go shopping and do girl stuff.



Then there was the time we took Chloe and Max to Starbucks and I dropped the leash for a second and Chloe thought it was a great time to run in the parking lot along Six Forks Road to show everyone how fast she was. She did not notice all the cars, only the freedom. Then when she came face to face with an unknown person, Stranger Danger set in and she made a U Turn and ran back to us to our relief.



Chloe loved to keep all the rats and snakes at bay (not that there were any- but she would imagine). She would often pull a little stuffed rodent out of her toy box and remind it who was boss. That went for snakes (rope snakes) also.



Ivete would like to take Chloe shopping. A store manager said , “Sorry lady, dogs are not permitted in the store.” Both Ivete and Chloe looked around to see if there were any, and saw none.



These are just a few of the many
Happy memories we have because
Chloe was part of our family.

To the Dogs

Where there is a Shepherd
of course there will be sheep,
but in case you never heard
a dog will help him keep

They help the Shepherd tend the fold.
It's clear they belong to God.
Their value, worth as much as gold
as are the Shepherd's staff and rod.

And whatever is their spirit
it's to dog lovers, no surprise
If not from heaven, they are near it
for the innocence in their eyes.

They hold no hate, nor malice.
They are faithful, loyal, true.
In a poor man's house or palace
they'll lay down their life for you.

Some have angels entertained
says God's Word "unawares."
And sad to say, the poor distained
not knowing, God was there.

Ingimar DeRidder