

HOPE & FAITH'S Story



While volunteering with another Rescue group, HOPE and FAITH came into our lives and changed us forever. Honoring Hope and Faith Rescue, Inc. is our attempt to keep their memories alive by rescuing other high risk adult dogs and puppies from the streets and local shelters. Hopefully someday there will be a time when puppies are born into loving homes, not in the dirt of a garbage strewn lot or a cold shelter floor.

Hope, along with her mom, dad and siblings, was rescued from a garbage strewn lot next to a convenience store in North Houston. The lot was enclosed by a six-foot chain link fence, the two gates closed with a chain and padlock. To the left of the gates was what looked to be an old picnic area, with broken wooden tables and was overgrown with weeds. An old gravel driveway led back to a tumble down shed: an old wreck of a car, rusted, oil leaked dried puddle underneath; fire-ant hills, feces and glass everywhere; igloo dog house not even big enough for one dog; dead tree limbs

with termites. The pups were hidden away underneath that old shed, far in the back. Most of the pups came out on their own, interested in meeting the rescuers. But some were still underneath the old shed. One of the rescuers brought her daughter, who was the only one small enough to burrow under the shed to look for more. HOPE was the last, almost not found. She was injured, not moving. Covered in spider webs and fleas, she had a misshapen nose, and her eyes were sealed shut with dried mucus. We thought we were too late, until she yawned. When we wiped off the spider webs, she opened her eyes and one was milky white.

We brought HOPE into our home. Her ulcerated eye was treated, and she regained her sight. She had an upper respiratory infection that was cured. She had growing pains, we kept her immobile. But almost two months after her rescue, Hope had a bloody nose. The original diagnosis and treatment was for a bacterial infection. The bloody nose didn't go away, so she was rushed to the emergency Vet. The emergency Vet hypothesized that her ulcerated eye and misshapen nose may have been caused by trauma and her nose was fractured. Because of the antibiotics from her other health issues, the infection was kept in check. But the infection became resistant.

HOPE was taken to a specialist where she received multiple nasal flushes, targeted antibiotics, breathing treatments and around the clock veterinary care. She had x-rays of her nasal cavities, which indicated that her nasal cavity and soft palate were improperly formed at birth. However, no obstruction was identified. Reconstructive surgery was determined to be too risky for her age and size. HOPE got weaker and weaker; she couldn't eat and was being sustained by an intravenous feeding tube. The hardest decision was to let her pass. She was only in this world a little while, but she is loved for a lifetime.

One week after HOPE went to the Rainbow Bridge, we were called about another little pup. She, along with her mom and littermates, were rescued from a local shelter. They had been born in the shelter and developed respiratory infections that turned into pneumonia. Then they were diagnosed with



Distemper. After receiving the experimental cure, the entire litter fought hard to live, some survived, and some did not. This little girl was in between. Heart beating and breathing shallowly on her own, but unresponsive to stimuli. The vet called it “failure to thrive” and recommended euthanasia. She was in isolation, with no one to love her or will her to get better. Did we want to try?

This was a hard decision, we just lost HOPE and this little pup had everything going against her. What made us decide to take her? We couldn't leave her there in isolation, without knowing warmth and a loving

touch. We knew she probably wouldn't make it, but she deserved someone to call her own.

We prepared - special food, special equipment, medication, 24 hour contact. She was renamed FAITH and given breathing treatments, fluids, everything needed to possibly recover. The only time she wasn't held was when she was in her specially made chamber for her breathing treatments. On the second day, she seemed to turn a corner. She lifted her head and looked around. She tried to sit up, even putting weight on her front paws. She started to cuddle and moved her head to have her ears scratched and vocalize.

Less than 48 hours after bringing her home, she was gone. She was being held, sleeping and she let out a little sigh. Then her little heart gave up the battle. We believe that she held on long enough to feel loved. She was, and still is.