



I was trying to rescue a laboratory beagle, but somehow stumbled upon this elderly gem I named Glen. His past will always be a mystery, but my vet suspects he had a very difficult life. The few teeth he did have left were severely worn down, he flinched from human touch, and moved like his spine didn't allow him to fully stand up. Midwest BREW suspected he suffered a stroke. We were able to find a diagnosis (cervical stenosis) and he was prescribed medicine that instantly improved his quality of life. Sometimes I was convinced he was 10 years younger! This little man instantly forgave humans and our love affair began. His favorite nap spot was in my lap even though I bought him 4 different styles of dog beds. We walked/waddled at the same speed when I was pregnant with my second daughter and he clearly made an impression on my oldest. "No mamma that's not Glenny, that's my pal, G-man!"

But this is where we part ways, my friend. The 15 months I had with you were incredible. You taught me patience, to slow down and enjoy a good sniff (for you- mailboxes, and for me- Cabernet), and to continue rescuing. I only hope I had a similar impact on you in our short time together. You were an absolute angel Glenny and I will miss you every day. You'll meet another crazy beagle up there named Lilja, be nice to her, she means well. I love you buddy, I hope you're dancing in the sky. Rest in paradise my sweet boy.

*Jessica Miller*