

A poem written by one of Misty's caregivers.

You died on the most beautiful night in the world
You could practically count every star
And there wasn't a cloud to interfere
You were hurting, but you hardly let anyone know
Except for a couple of us
You were in a losing battle,
but you held on to your dignity
When they came to take away your pain, you knew.
You weren't scared.
You knew, but you weren't afraid
How could you be?
It must have felt so, so good to finally be able to sleep easily.
Every time I close my eyes, I see your funny dish face
And your little white foot
And your big tubby tummy
And your ripply, rich chestnut coat
And your enormous heart...
We all love you, Misty Moo
You won your battle.