



Foxy England

February 19, 2020

She left us recently, all too soon - Mom's Foxy Lady Gypsy Rose Lee - Our Foxy, Fox, Foxereli, and also, Mom's Fox-E-A-Morelly.

A wonderful day, we'll never forget: A warm September day in 2012, as Papa was cutting grass - he saw in the field next door...an animal. As the thin red animal jumped through the grass, he also saw an upturned short white tail...was it a fox, a deer, the morphing of the two? No, as he got closer he saw it was well, probably a dog.

He got his son Ryan to get some treats to entice the beauty to us...would she truly be a beauty, or the possible beast (a fox-deer-dog-combo)? As she hopped over thru that grass we saw - Oh she was a beauty, a red and white dog who actually in short order turned out not to be any of the above, but an angel.

At age 5, the first thing out of Tristan's mouth was - "Can we keep her?" (His dad) Ryan, was pretty much as excited and looked at his mom - who really wanted a little puppy to rescue - but did like this beauty - looked over to Papa. He said "We'll see." Tristan said, Ok, let's call her Foxy...and we did. She kept the name after we found out that she was a stray who had been running around charming the town for a while.

In 25 years of having animals, Papa had never been the one to take them to the vet, buy necessities, etc. He did all that and more for Foxy and she flourished. From the day after we found her, while we were all at work, she never touched anything, nor made a single mess in the house, even when left alone for long stretches. She was not a part of the family, she simply was family!

Ryan met Megan and as they fell in love, so did she fall in love with Foxy, and went along with Ry's mom when she wanted to get Foxy a little sister - maybe perk up the aging angel. So, along came Coco, and surprise - Foxy wasn't thrilled with the wriggling yapping puppy. However, when she warmed up to her, they became friends. Foxy also made friends when the new baby came along, and Jensen was able to lay his little head on her and love her.

She moved around less and, as she aged, she would spend all the time she could looking out the front door and sounding the alarm when anything moved on the street. Life went on like this for quite some time.

Then, a horrible day, we'd like to forget, a cold day in February, she wasn't outside playing and there was no excitement. She may not have been surrounded by all of us as she left this world, but she was jumping through the grass above, looking down on us, loving us - as we loved her, and always will.