

My name is Suzanne Luther, I live in Hayward, California. I adopted my 3 month old puppy from NCGRR. A vet and several vet techs in Fremont learned that a puppy mill in Arkansas was going out of business and auctioning off their breeding stock. The vet raised \$10,000, rented a van and drove to the auction to save as many dogs as they could. They saved 80, placed half in local shelters and rescues in Arkansas and brought the rest back to the Bay Area. Linkin was the only Golden pup. His foster mother took him to an orthopedic specialist because he walked funny. The specialist told her he had osteoporosis and would get better with proper nutrition. I adopted him and noticed his vision was not "right". After seeing an eye specialist, the orthopedic specialist and my own vet - they all told me it was neurological. Instead of taking him to UC Davis, I was referred to a local neurologist. He quickly agreed with their diagnosis and ordered an MRI. Even though it came back clean, Linkin continued to decline. He was healthy in every other way, but he kept falling and eventually could not get up to walk anymore. It turns out his body was not producing enough "myelin" (the coating over every cell that helps send/transmit messages from the brain to the muscles etc.) He was the most gentle, beautiful puppy I've ever had. He had a very happy life, we took him everywhere with us. My broken heart needs to tell his story and that's why I've written this poem. Hopefully someone will learn about the awful truth of puppy mills through my poem and then tell others. I've been researching puppy mills and purchased flyers from [www.stoppupmills.org](http://www.stoppupmills.org) a website put out by the Human Society of the United States. I am distributing them to local vets, shelters and pet shops to help spread the word. This is my mission and it is helping me through my grieving.

Memorial for Linkin Bark February 12, 2007 - September 10, 2007. Owner is Suzanne Luther.

## PUPPY LOVE

A dog I was in need,  
I'll adopt the Golden breed  
an older one would be best --  
yet, none could pass the parrot test

but, here's a pup that's all alone  
he's just 3 months and without a home  
One look and it was puppy love  
Surely he was sent from up above

A sweet and golden angel.  
Happy, calm and very gentle  
It most surely had to be  
that he was meant just for me

Rescued from a puppy mill,  
I will love him better still

with a funny walk and strange vision.  
His utmost health would be my mission

Grand Canyon, Tahoe and the Cabin,  
what a busy 2 months it has been  
Now vet appointments and check ups,  
the specialist then interrupts

It seems to be neurological.  
To UC Davis you must go!  
No! no! This just can't be  
not my sweet precious puppy

Test after test and MRI  
he's still the happiest little guy  
Yes he falls and slips a lot,  
but once he's up he can trot!

But as time moves on and weeks go past,  
it is true, his days won't last  
He's as happy as can be  
but he can no longer walk you see

7 months he is not just yet,  
but so so many trips to the vet  
I help him on to Rainbow Bridge,  
he's no longer my sweet privilege

Sorrow and sadness take ahold,  
I've just lost the gentlest soul  
His name was Linkin Bark and he was family.  
He meant SO very very much to me.

All the puppies from puppy mills,  
usually come with many ills  
Tell all the people you know,  
that puppy mills breed only sorrow

My heart is more than just broken,  
the pain is extreme and genuine  
I so miss my golden puppy from up above.  
For me it was pure Puppy Love!