



## Rosie Adkins

July 21, 2025

Rosie was 14 and a 1/2 years old, she was a 1/2 cocker spaniel, 1/2 Husky and German Shepherd cross. Rosie's favorite toy was a Plush Bear, and her favorite treat were Beggin Strips. Some of Rosie's favorite things to do were play in the water, creeks and ponds. A favorite memory of Rosie was the day we went down to the creek and she got the zoomies. She ran past me back and forth, up and down the creek for at least 20 mins. So fast I couldn't catch her. When I finally did, she was covered in burrs, she was very proud of herself. I spent the rest of the day picking them out of her fur.

I want to include a short story about this beautiful baby because she deserves recognition for her story and how amazing she has been. It's nothing groundbreaking but very meaningful for me. Rosie and I were abused by the same man. I watched like a coward when he kicked her, shoved her poor little puppy face into fiber glass insulation as "punishment", chased her through the house as she ran terrified to her kennel just for him to yank her out by the collar and beat her, etc. For years after I finally removed that "man" from my life permanently (who btw "apologized" for his behavior through gritted teeth and resentment), Rosie saw me through emotional trauma and severe depression. I had those problems before, but they were worsened by the abusive relationship. When Rosie would hear the first sniffle from me because I would be about to lose it, she would immediately come over to me and lay her head across me, usually across my neck because I would be lying in my

bed. She wouldn't move a muscle (sometimes for hours) until I stopped crying. Sometimes, it felt like she was the only one who understood because she was the only one that really knew what it was like. She was the only one who was there. She experienced it with me. Even until her last day, she still feared and distrusted most men (including my current boyfriend who has been nothing but understanding, sweet, and kind to her). She deserved so much better than how her life started. She has been a truly amazing friend and companion for 14 1/2 years. She declined rapidly in the week before her passing. She was too weak to stand and could not even get to food and water on her own or get up to use the bathroom despite pain meds and help. She didn't deserve anymore suffering.

I love her so much. She will never know how much she has done for me. It's very possible that if she hadn't been there I may not have been able to cope as well as I did, which honestly still wasn't that well at the time, so who knows, maybe she saved me. I've had and raised many animals in my life. I think this one might be the hardest one to let go. I only wish her life could've started out better, but I did the best I could with the rest of it. I hope she knows that. I will miss her terribly.

Rest In Peace Rosie