

# *In Memoriam*

Tasmin Foster  
Born December 12, 1996  
Died July 20, 2008  
"We Miss You, Little Girl"



Tasmin,

It took me *forever* to write this for you. I felt guilty that I wanted you to live, to keep you with us and you wanted to go. We tried to heal you, but nothing worked. We tried to get you interested in things: in us, in foods, in playing. We know you heard us and reacted to us. I remember that last Saturday saying "Where are your leashes?" to you and Gryphon and you wagged your tail and even got up, but you were so weak. I remember you ate a hamburger from In 'n' Out the Saturday before, at the Russian Reunion Picnic where lots of people came to see you. You were well-liked and well-loved.

We loved you. We still do. We really miss you; your playfulness, your ability to climb like a cat, your "Chase me, chase me" that you played at dog parks. I miss having you slip behind me in my office chair and having you crawl under the printer stand to sleep. Mom misses you playing under the bed, attacking Gryphon "like a piranha." Mariya and Nina miss you because you were the fun, outgoing pup while your brother was the cuddly, huggable dog. (Although I recall a whole summer when Frank would visit and sit or stand with you draped across his arms for hours and you didn't squirm or complain.)

Anastasia feels lucky that she got to visit and hug you those two summers before you passed away because you weren't here when she finally came to live with us. Gryphon was sad without you. He finally lost weight because he no longer shared his meals with you so he just wasn't that interested. Even when we brought in a couple of new, female, puppies, he never got over the loss of his life-long companion.

You may not know it, but we kept your figure with the family on the back of our car window. You just got a little halo because you ARE still a part of our family, then, now and forever; and, you were and are an angel. You and Gryphon were the best dogs ever and any future dogs any one of us let into our lives will be compared to you and your brother.

You'll always be "our little girl" even when you were being "Spazmin" going crazy and doing silly, funny stuff.

Love, Dad.