

Happy Tails

by Jill Blasdel-Cortus

One of my first 'doxies' [dachshunds] had been returned to the pound, because she had not been potty trained. I had planned on having her spayed right away, but when I saw her, I canceled the appointment. I didn't figure she'd survive the surgery.

A starved dachshund

Isabella weighed seven pounds. You could almost touch your middle finger and thumb around her waist. She had been starved and was eating her own feces, attempting to find nutrition. Nearly all of her hair had fallen out, and she had no whiskers or eyebrows. Her tail looked like it belonged to a rat.

She had been bred to near death due to her unusual Chocolate and Tan Dapple coloring. She still had a sparkle in her eye though. She came home to the House of Many Long Dogs to recover.

Isabella loved sunning herself on the deck. Eating was pure ecstasy. She even smiled while she ate! My other dogs accepted her without question. They knew she was in rough shape. My alpha dox guarded and looked out for her interests.

Three days later, she quit eating. The vet had said to keep a close eye on her as her abdomen had felt unusual. Bribing her with the usual treats brought no results. A McDonald's cheese burger was mildly interesting. Definitely a problem!

Expensive surgery, but a keeper

I rushed her to the vet; x-rays were taken. They showed an intestinal blockage, an intussusception! Her intestines had slipped back on themselves, like a turning a sock inside out. She required immediate surgery. I sat with a few close friends and held vigil. Would she survive? She was so tiny and frail.

But she loved life. That was so obvious. After several hours the vet called. She survived, and the prognosis looked good. Isabella went in the record books right then and there. She was the most expensive rescue I had rehabilitated to date, and she was the first one I just had to keep.

Izzy, as she prefers to be called, has had her ups and downs. She requires more frequent dentals than the normal dog. I don't know if it is breeding or history. She still worries that she won't eat again, but we are working on that. She is a bit overweight, but I am not worried about that right now.

The ultimate devotion

She celebrated her first year with us, and there is no dog that is as loyal and devoted as she is. I call her my Velcro Dox.

I recently had a back problem that kept me in bed for several days. Izzy skipped meals to stay with me. For her, that is the ultimate devotion. I am a very lucky woman to have Izzy in my life. Who really rescues whom anyway?

Jill Blasdel, Greensburg, IN, established Dachshund Rescue of North America (DRNA) in 1998 to even out the supply and demand of homeless dogs by cost averaging vet expenses to enable all dogs to be placed at a flat fee, regardless of the vet care needed.

DRNA was incorporated as a non-profit charitable organization and given 501c3 status by the IRS in 1999. She and her husband, Neil Cortus, work together to raise funds, coordinate the transportation for supply and demand and maintain a website: www.drna.org. Jill's had dachshunds since 1966.

Jill was given the Leadership Award by an Indianapolis television station RTV6 on January 14, 2005, which selects "the people in our community making our neighborhoods safer, cleaner and more enjoyable places to live and to share positive stories with central Indiana."

When interviewed by the TV station, Jill said, "When you see a need, you have to act on it."

Jill Rene Blasdel-Cortus *From: William J. Blasdel, Harry, Quincy E., Charles B., Rev. Franklin T., Lt. Enoch Blasdel – (6.228) — and —
From: Ella Mae (Jackson) Blasdel, Nancy J. (Harper), William A. Harper, Joseph M. Harper, Sarah B. (Blasdel) Harper – (6.234)*