

On Friday August 23, 2024 about 4:50 pm, I was at home when my husband called. I was expecting to pick him up from work that afternoon. The connection was poor and I thought I was to leave to get him. I sent him a text at 4:51pm that said IDK what that was. Do I need to leave? You ok? He replied with No but I'm with a squad and police. Got bit. He said Face and leg. I asked Where?? On my way. He said Fleek then a second later said Hospital.

I beat the ambulance to the hospital and had to wait for Michael to arrive and get in a room.

When I went back to see him, I was stunned. He was covered with blood, and had a large hole in his face. He had the bite on his cheek, a bad one on his right leg, as well as small bites, and claw marks on his other leg and both arms.

The emergency physician came to the doorway and said they were not equipped to handle such an injury at LMH and Michael needed to go to Grant to be seen by the trauma team. They stated they could transport by ambulance however, that would have taken a long time. I drove us there and Michael was seen immediately upon arrival.

They cleaned Michael's leg and other wounds but the face bite needed the most attention. There wasn't a surgeon available so he had surgery the next morning at noon. He had a wonderful plastic surgeon named Dr. Mark Wells, he did a great job putting Michael's face back together. Michael had stitches inside and out along with having a drain placed.

Michael has been extremely resilient about this situation, when looking from the outside.

He had surgery to repair his face, which looks wonderful. He has a scar and teeth marks on his cheek still along with scars on his leg. He is walking a route eight hours a day, due to restrictions from his doctors he is still not to a regular day. He sees a therapist regularly who has diagnosed him with PTSD. He is taking everything as it comes but it's when it's just the two of us I see how different he is.

He went back to work in January with restrictions. He knew he would be going back to work at some point and spent a lot of the time that he was off trying to figure out ways to keep himself safe. He was looking at sprays, batons, horns, things he knew he couldn't use but was still exploring all options for his own mental health. This is when I realized that he wasn't moving forward as quickly as he let on.

Now that warm weather is here, he is worried about doors being left open and a dog charging a storm/screen door. He won't deliver mail to homes that have a dog in the window barking and jumping. He stated he wants to drive by the house of the offending dogs to see if their door is open now with the weather being warmer.

He worries about someone else being attacked by these dogs. He worries about himself being attacked again. With the dogs and the owner having no consequences other than spending money on discount insurance and a sign in their yard, it's been difficult to reconcile the inequality of what happened.

For me, personally, I have a difficult time with the owner only having a waiver to pay. How has my husband, myself and our entire family changed because of her and her choices and nothing has changed for her? She's living the same life she's always lived without a second thought.

Trust me, I understand how much people love their dogs. We have two and one is a pitt bull mix, same as one of the dogs that attacked Michael. We don't hold grudges against the dog. We hold grudges against the owner. They are who has trained or not trained the dog. Why is she able to live her life with just paying a waiver and nine months later, my husband is still not back to work fulltime. We all worry about him constantly when he is at work and some of our children, who are adults, have developed a new fear for all dogs that are outside.

I am thankful that our testimonies are not what so many others are, who have lost someone because of the senseless violence. A dog is who it is because of the owner. There has to be consequences when someone is injured or even killed. It cannot continue, this happens too often.