



REFLECTIONS

July 4, 2010

Each of us should please his neighbor for his good, to build him up.

Romans 15:2-3

A Dog's Life

We never knew his full name. Maybe he didn't have one. We only knew him as Buck, and we also knew that God made only one like him. He was a friend of a friend, but after a while he became a friend of ours too.

The air filled with excitement when we entered Buck's province. He wanted everyone to know when we arrived, even when we wanted no one to notice. And when he came to our house, Buck made himself right at home. He knew that we were his friend.

There are few friends like Buck—dependable, loyal, obedient, and protective. He cared when no one else seemed to; was quick to forgive when a wrong was done; and brought laughter when gloom tried to prevail. But times change and, as with so many friends that pass through our lives, our paths eventually took us in different directions.

Recently we learned that Buck had passed away. It brought a time of reflection of the way he lived and the joy he brought to the world. Buck lived a dog's life; but that was not so bad for him. He was one. He lived with his master in a small cabin in the open spaces of the Texas hill country. He enjoyed the warmth of the indoors on a cold day, and air conditioned coolness when summer heat came, but he was at his best romping and chasing about in the open air. He loved to chase squirrels, wild hogs, and cattle. He also enjoyed the water and retrieving big rocks that were thrown into it. Once we thought he might drown himself while trying to retrieve a heavy one his master had thrown.

But I think the most important contribution Buck made to this world is expressed in the final words of the obituary his master wrote:

"When the earth claims our limbs, then shall we truly dance!" (Kahlil Gibran)

Buck's health had been declining severely for a few months and his blood test revealed the likelihood of liver cancer among other things. He could not eat or drink anymore and was not likely to improve. He went to Pig Ears' Heaven at 10 am this morning.

According to The Vet Clinic, Buck was no less than 12 years old, more than likely 13. He loved to chase cattle and hogs, was a great security officer, coon and squirrel dog,—and entertainer. Most of all he was one [mighty] good friend of mine!

Patrick

Pets like Buck are a true gift from God. But I wonder sometimes if God places them in our lives for another reason too. I wonder if a dog's life lived as Buck lived his serves as an example for us to follow.

His obituary suggests it is.

"You are the light of the world."

Richard +

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