ANCE: By Bill Pugh

In our front yard a callistemon tree has a secret. Beside it, hidden beneath the soil is the grave of our little dog, resting peacefully, after a life of love, play and joy for us.

We called her Angie, short for angel because she was sent to us. A rescued dog who was nervous because of ill-treatment, but who smiled and stood up to greet us as we passed along the row at the Lost Dogs' Home.

The happy years passed by for Angie, until age and arthritis set in.

She had trouble walking. We kept her going. Visits to the kind vet. Lots of advice till the final day came. She limped over to where I was sitting in the lounge room and flopped.

We took her to the vet. "I can keep her going for a while but her quality of life is poor and she will suffer. You have to make a decision." She was tempted with a tasty treat as she was given a lethal injection. Happily chewing away she was gone.

Reflection:

So many memories of a faithful friend. We brought Angie home and buried her in a specially prepared grave beside the towering callistemon. Each year bursting into brilliant red of spring, bring precious memories of Angie to us, joy to us, our neighbours, and all who come up our driveway. When Angie came into our lives we became a family of three. Ever blessed on our journey each day at home and away. A friend for life and a companion for the road.

www.victas.uca.org.au/resources | Photo by Annie Spratt | February 2021

