

SECTION 3:

*Trials and Tribulations*  
*Joys and Celebrations*

Property of Morphnet

## 3.1 – Coping with Loss

*Dr Rick Stopps of Silmaril Golden Retrievers Canada tells us that the reason it HURTS so much when we lose our Golden, is because we LOVED so much! The pain and the tears are not to be hidden . . . they are validation of the canine fancier's emotional sensitivity and the nature of the relationship they had with their dog . . . it is the 'Communion' that New Skete talked about. Sharing the pain brings help and support in grieving . . . through the denial, anger, depression . . . and on to acceptance. We worry we will forget them . . .but as Helen Keller said :*

“We cannot lose the things we love;  
For those that we truly cared about,  
become ... a part of us” !

### *Francis of Assisi Prayer*

**Patron Saint of all Animals**

Blessed are you, Lord God, maker of all living creatures. You called forth fish in the sea, birds in the air and animals on the land. You inspired St. Francis to call all of them his brothers and sisters.

We ask you to bless this pet. By the power of your love, enable it to live according to your plan. May we always praise you for all your beauty in creation. Blessed are you, Lord our God, in all your creatures! Amen.”



*Guella Oriana by Eng Sh Ch Perrimay Hugo Of Fenwood out of Eng Ch Guella Ilona, bred and owned by Mr & Mrs H Edwards. Copyright Photo by Jane Jinkerson.*

## To Jack

Today you went to permanent sleep  
 Today we wept for you  
 But we hope you understood  
 That your eternal sleep is a sleep of dreams.  
 We hope your life was one of happiness  
 One full of “doggy joy”.  
 A life that we’ll remember  
 As part of all our lives.  
 As you sleep and your life is gone  
 Please remember why you stayed  
 You are a part of us forever  
 A true part of our past and future  
 Goodbye Old Dog!

*Peter 7/7/08*



*Peter Osmond and his beloved Jack on 7th July, 2008.*

## Lad O’Galloway Eulogy

*By Rick Stopps (Silmaril Golden Retrievers)  
 for Sue Kowalski (Ambervalley)*

Niven’s a Golden gone  
 To pleasant meadows far away ?  
 Golden his memories with each dawn  
 His Rainbow’s not so far as Galloway ?

Niven’s a Golden stayed  
 From your memory ne’r departed  
 Your loss of Golden memories afraid ?  
 But depths of him are scents uncharted ?

Humans sometimes wander away  
 Their path both ending and just started  
 In their heart’s memory we stay  
 In proportion to feelings we’ve imparted.  
 “Lad O’Galloway” may be gone  
 But Niven has lingered here yet too  
 A bond of love never withdrawn  
 From Niven’s, and your point of view.



*Aust Ch Ambervalley Lad O’Galloway (AI) by Eng Ch Bethrob Bracken out  
 of Trajimam Mistsov Avalon, bred and owned by Miss S Kowalski.*

## A Prayer for Animals

*By Albert Schweitzer*

Hear our humble prayer, O God, for our friends the animals,  
 especially for animals who are suffering;  
 for animals that are overworked, underfed and cruelly treated;  
 for all wistful creatures in captivity that beat their wings against bars;  
 for any that are hunted or lost or deserted or frightened or hungry;  
 for all that must be put the death.

We entreat for them all Thy mercy and pity,  
 and for those who deal with them we ask a heart of compassion  
 and gentle hands and kindly words.

Make us, ourselves, to be true friends to animals,  
 and so to share the blessings of the merciful.

## *A Dog Loaned*

I'll lend you for a little time a dog of mine" he said  
"For you to love while he lives and mourn  
for when he's dead

It may be six or seven years or maybe more than these,  
but will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?  
He'll bring his charm to gladden you, and should his  
stay be brief, you'll have memories,  
as solace for your grief.

I cannot promise he will stay, since for all from earth  
return, but there are lessons taught down there, I want  
this dog to learn.

I've looked this wide world over, in my search for  
teachers true, and from the throngs that crowd life's  
lanes, I have selected you.

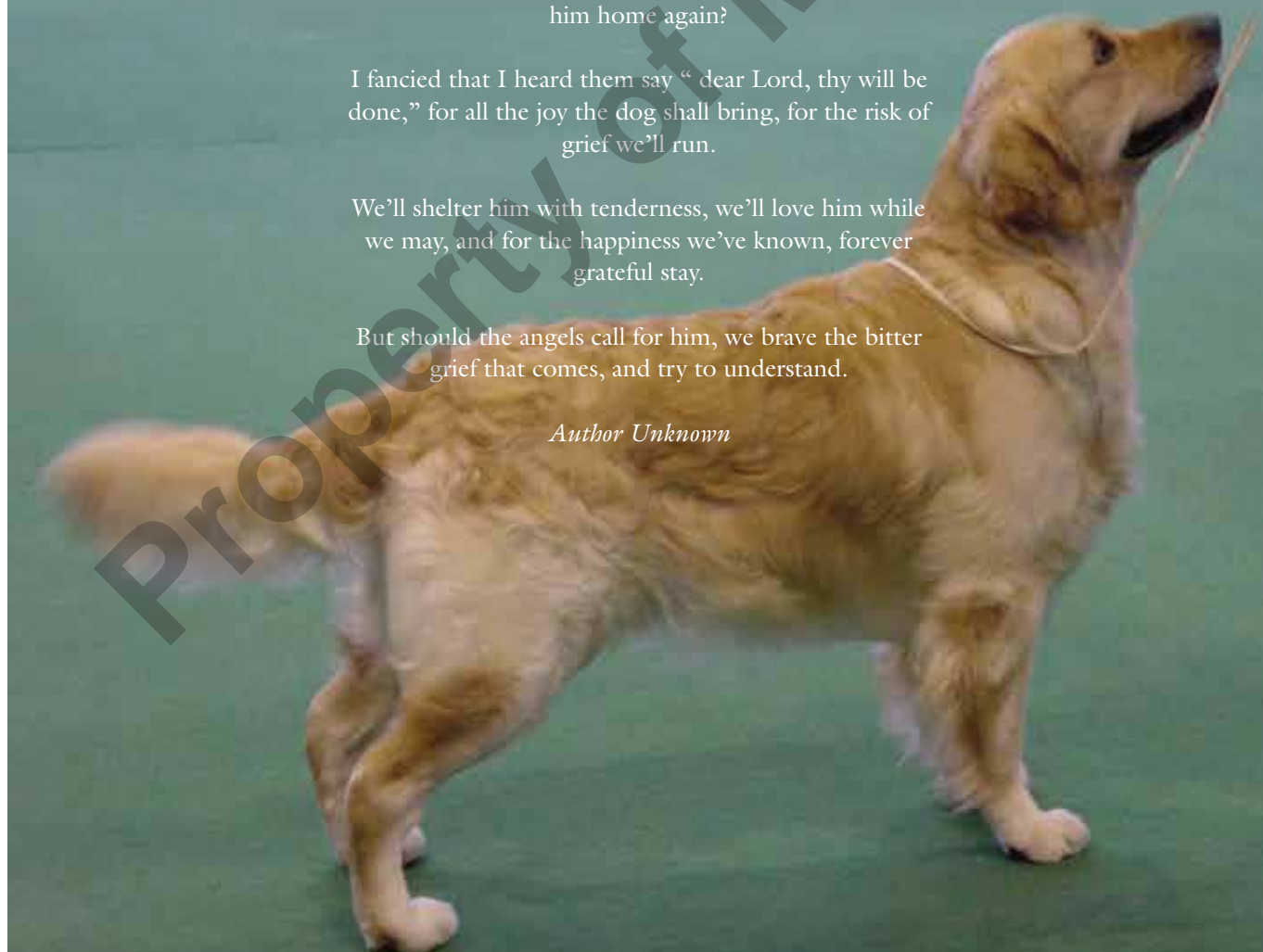
Now will you give him all your love, nor think the  
labour vain, nor hate me when I come to call, and take  
him home again?

I fancied that I heard them say " dear Lord, thy will be  
done," for all the joy the dog shall bring, for the risk of  
grief we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while  
we may, and for the happiness we've known, forever  
grateful stay.

But should the angels call for him, we brave the bitter  
grief that comes, and try to understand.

*Author Unknown*



*Just a Game of Chance by Denmarell by Denmarella Just a Rascal JW out of Harteliana Lady Jane, bred by Mrs A Dru-Drury owned by P & J Lees.  
Photo courtesy of Josephine Lees.*



## *The Old Dog*

One by one they pass my cage,  
Too old, too worn, too broken, no way.  
Way past his time, he can't run and play.  
Then they shake their heads slowly and go on their way.

A little old man, arthritic and sore,  
It seems I am not wanted any more.  
Once I had a home, once I had a bed,  
A place that was warm and where I was fed.

Now my muzzle is grey and my eyes slowly fail;  
Who wants a dog so old and so frail?  
My family decided I didn't belong,  
I got in their way, my attitude was wrong.

Whatever excuse they made in their head,  
Can't justify how they left me for dead.  
Now I sit in this cage, where day after day,  
The younger dogs get adopted away.

When I had almost come to the end of my rope,  
You saw my face and I finally had hope.  
You saw through the grey and the legs bent with age,  
And felt I still had life beyond this cage.

You took me home, gave me food and a bed,  
And shared your own pillow with my poor, tired head.  
We snuggle and play and you talk to me low,  
You love me so dearly, you want me to know.

I may have lived most of my life with another,  
But you outshine them with a love so much stronger.  
And I promise to return all the love I can give,  
To you, my dear Person, as long as I live.

I may be with you for a week, or for years,  
We will share many smiles, you will no doubt shed tears.  
And when the time comes that God deems I must leave,  
I know you will cry and your heart it will grieve.

And when I arrive at the Bridge, all brand new,  
My thoughts and my heart will still be with you.  
And I will brag to all who will hear,  
Of the person who made my last days so dear.

*Author Unknown*



*Aust Ch Calrossie of Westley (Imp UK) by Eng Ch Sansue Camrose Phoenix out of Eng Sh Ch Pippa of Westley, bred by Miss J Gill owned by Mr & Mrs W F Mitchell. Photo courtesy of Mrs Mitchell.*

## *Tribute to a Best Friend*

Sunlight streams through the window pane  
Unto a spot on the floor  
Then I remember  
It's where you used to lie  
But now you are no more,  
Our feet walk down a hall of carpet  
And muted echoes sound  
Then I remember  
It's where your paws would joyously abound  
A voice is heard along the road and up beyond the hill  
Then I remember it can be yours  
Your golden voice is still  
But I'll take that vacant spot of floor and empty muted hall  
And lay them with the absent voice  
And unused dish along the wall  
I'll wrap these treasured memorials  
In a blanket of my love  
And keep them for my best friend  
Until we meet above  
*Author unknown*



*Old Ilex.*

## *If It should be.....*

If it be I grow frail and weak,  
And pain should wake me from my sleep,  
Then you must do what must be done,  
For this last battle can't be won.

You will be sad – I understand  
Don't let your grief then stay your hand  
For this day, more than all the rest,  
Your love and friendship stand the test.

We've had so many happy years,  
What is to come will hold no fears,  
You'd not want me to suffer ... so  
When the time comes, please let me go.

Take me where all my needs they'll tend,  
But stay with me until the end.  
And hold me firm and speak to me  
Until my eyes no longer see  
I know in time you too will see,  
It is a kindness you do to me,  
Although my tail its last has waved,  
From pain and suffering I've been saved.

Do not grieve that it should be you  
Who must decide this thing to do.  
We've been so close – we two – these years,  
Don't let your heart hold any tears.

*Author Unknown*



Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there; I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain;  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the swifter uplifting rush  
of quiet birds in circled flight;  
I am the soft star that shines at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there, I did not die.  
*Mary Elizabeth Frye*



## *Just this side of Heaven is a place called Rainbow Bridge*

When an animal dies that has been especially close to someone here, that pet goes to Rainbow Bridge. There are meadows and hills for all of our special friends so they can run and play together. There is plenty of food, water and sunshine, and our friends are warm and comfortable.

All the animals who had been ill and old are restored to health and vigor. Those who were hurt or maimed are made whole and strong again, just as we remember them in our dreams of days and times gone by. The animals are happy and content, except for one small thing; they each miss someone very special to them, who had to be left behind.

They all run and play together, but the day comes when one suddenly stops and looks into the distance. His bright eyes are intent. His eager body quivers. Suddenly he begins to run from the group, flying over the green grass, his legs carrying him faster and faster.

You have been spotted, and when you and your special friend finally meet, you cling together in joyous reunion, never to be parted again. The happy kisses rain upon your face; your hands again caress the beloved head, and you look once more into the trusting eyes of your pet, so long gone from your life but never absent from your heart.

Then you cross Rainbow Bridge together....

*Author unknown...*



*Aust Ch Cambronze Regina Flame CD TD ET NRD by Aust Ch Tabmero Khalahs Cobra out of Conbrio Marcelina, bred by Mr & Mrs J Whittall owned by Mrs M Bourn. Photo by Andrea Bourne Images.*





*From time to time people tell me, "Lighten up, it's just a dog," or, "That's a lot of money for just a dog."  
They don't understand the distance travelled, the time spent or the costs involved for "just a dog."*

*Some of my proudest moments have come about with "just a dog."*

*Many hours have passed and my only company was "just a dog," but I did not once feel slighted.*

*Some of my saddest moments have been brought about by "just a dog," and, in those days of darkness, the gentle touch of  
"just a dog" gave me comfort and reason to overcome the day.*

*If you, too, think it's "just a dog," then you will probably understand phases like "just a friend," "just a sunrise,"  
or "just a promise."*

*"Just a dog" brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy.*

*"Just a dog" brings out the compassion and patience that makes me a better person.*

*Because of "just a dog" I will rise early, take long walks and look longingly to the future.*

*So for me, and folks like me, it's not "just a dog" but an embodiment of all the hopes and dreams of the future,  
the fond memories of the past and the pure joy of the moment.*

*"Just a dog" brings out what's good in me and diverts my thoughts away from myself and the worries of the day.*

*I hope that someday they can understand that it's not "just a dog"  
but the thing that gives me humanity and keeps me from being "just a human."*

*So the next time you hear the phrase "just a dog," just smile....because they "just don't understand."*

*- Anonymous*