

Goodbye Rosie

I cannot bear to think that our time together is soon coming to an end, sweet Rose. You have been such a wonderful, special part of our lives in your short five years. You deserved much more time; the world so desperately needs truly good and unselfish spirits like yours, regardless of species. What a dirty trick life plays on us by letting us become so attached to precious animals like you, and then snuffing out your lives so quickly.

I will never, ever forget you. Physically you were so poorly designed, and that made life constantly tough for you. Just the act of walking, climbing stairs, jumping up to sit on your beloved Mom's lap, even breathing, was difficult for you. But you never knew you weren't quite like other dogs, you never let it affect your spirit, your good nature, or your love for life and for your Mom and Dad. Few humans could endure the fundamental problems you did every day, and still be as loving, gentle, and full of life as you were, every day of yours. Some recoiled at your mooshed-in little face; I thought it was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

There are so many memories of you I will carry with me until the day I too sleep forever. The first days at Oxnard, when I could actually hold your warm, trembling little body on my shoulder; how you got to love the beach and the (ever shorter) walks, how you lost fear of grass, twigs, and dirt clods and eventually mastered and dominated each of them. I treasure how you would greet me when I came home; each time just as eagerly as the last no matter how long I was gone. I loved all of your strange noises; they became part of our lives. I particularly used to love watching you come out on the deck with me during my cigar smokes on warm summer nights. How awkward it was for you to stretch out and lie down on the hard deck next to me. Nonetheless you did it because, I think, you just wanted to be near me, and perhaps protect me from all the night creatures out there, for a little while. And who could forget how you would do your rollovers when your Mom brought out the HandiWipes? That, the beach, walks, going to bed with us, were your favorite things. I'm so glad you got to do them, even if it wasn't for very long.

Sleep well and breathe easy for once, my beautiful little bulldog. Maybe we will be together again sometime. If that's not the way it works, please know that I loved you dearly and I always will.

++Dad++