

Lessons From Missy

Missy was just a dog,
A dog I first got for my mother,
A spoiled house terrier,
When Mom had no other.

When Mom was gone, Missy became my pet.
It wasn't Missy's fault, that she was so spoiled.
For I was the one that set the example
And taught her to beg at the table.

Missy taught me all the time,
Even when gently eating from my hand.
Missy has provided me with several spiritual insights.
It seems that man's best friend can be used by God to teach him many lessons.

She loved me unconditionally,
And was happiest when lying at my feet.
When I was not there, she would sleep in my chair.
I would say, "May I please have my chair" and she would jump down, leaving her hair.

Missy always wanted to be as close as possible.
It seemed that her life and world were spent in loving me,
She would sit on my lap with her nose tucked under my beard.
Missy lovingly licked my fingers or hand as if to say, "Master, I love you."

Missy was very faithful,
She never strayed from home while I was away.
When I returned from a trip,
She would be waiting to greet me in the driveway.

After I returned home, she would often run in circles,
And sometimes become mischievous.
If I spoke cross to her in any way, she would shiver and shake in fear,
Even though I was never mean to her.

Missy was faithful, loving, obedient and trusting,
Always happy to be in my presence.
Can I be as happy and contented to be in God's presence,
As Missy was to be in mine?

God is Love,
And because He loves,
All of His creation can experience Love,
Including the Love of a pet.

Even when her 16-years here on earth had come to pass,
She looked at me with loving, trusting eyes, while breathing her last.
Remembering her loving eyes and the tender licking of my hand is a constant reminder,
That God longs for me to love Him just as Missy loved me, and to "lick" His hand.

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