R.I.P.

I don’t know about everyone else, but my dogs have always been a part of our family. On Tuesday, we lost, our 18 year old pet who we lovingly referred to as a member of our family. It was in approximately 1994, that we got a little wiener dog from some local people. He was so small you could hold him in the palm of your hand, plus he was brown, so we named him Brownie.

Like all pets, Brownie became a part of our everyday life. When he was young, he could run super fast, shake the innards out of his stuffed toys and jump close to four feet in the air. In fact one time Brownie jumped up so high at a campaigning politician that he nabbed onto the candidate’s watch.

Brownie was always a big eater and could eat at any time of day or night. He used to be able to stand on his back legs with his little paws up, begging for hours. Naturally, we thought it was cute, so we usually shared our food with him.

Through the years, Brownie was always there. Whenever we would come in from being gone, he would wag his tail and always be glad to see us. I could confide my deepest thoughts to him, play the piano full blast, dance and act silly and Brownie would just sit back and watch.

As the years crept by, Brownie began to lose his dexterity, his eyesight and his sense of

hearing. He could still eat though and loved going outside in the warm sun to warm up his bones.

Yes, Brownie became a senior citizen dog. He walked a lot slower and could not stand up and beg.

One morning last week, I went out to the kitchen and Brownie was just sitting there with his leg under him. He acted like he couldn't walk so we moved him onto his favorite blanket and he slept for a whole day.

After his rest, he actually stood up and walked and ate. We thought he would pull through, but his condition only worsened. After taking him to the veterinarian, we knew his time had come to an end. We cried and went back home to the house without Brownie.

Three days later, I still find myself tearing up when I think of him. Is this just me or does everyone suffer like this at the loss of a pet?

Brownie was not just a pet, he was our best friend and a vital part of our household. Everyone has different feelings about religion and Heaven. I often find myself wondering if dogs and animals go to Heaven?

I know the Bible does say the lion shall lay down by the lamb, so that gives me hope that maybe there is a special place for our beloved pets who pass on.

I like to think of him being in Heaven with other animals, running, jumping, and chasing a ball. R.I.P. Brownie and all the other family pets who are greeting you.

Does your pet feel like a part of your family? Have you ever cried over the loss of a pet? Do you believe there is an afterlife for animals? Let me know and I'll give you a Penny for Your Thoughts.