

March 2, 2006. In memory of **Mr. Russell** owned by Marc Erickson.

**The Place
by Kevin Ryan**



There is a place where a dog goes when his fiercely loyal heart stops beating. A place with a vast green meadow where he can sniff and hunt with his nose to the ground and in the air. A place with a hill where he can stand proudly and feel the wind lifting his long hair, renewing age-old instincts. A place with a field where he can run in figures of eight, snapping and growling and threatening with glee. A place with lush grass where he can nibble on the taller stalks. A running stream which he can prance into and lower himself down to lap the cooling water. A place with a large, leafy bush to provide cooling shade on a sweltering day.

A place where every dish of food has a raw egg blended into it. A place he can have his ears scratched and his neck stroked at the end of a long, lazy day. A place with nose deep grass where he can lie majestically like the sphinx and survey his domain. A place where he can frolic in the snow, pushing his nose deeply into it and tossing the snow playfully into the air. A place where he can run to fetch snowballs only to find them become part of the mass in which they land. A place with a low table to crawl under to protect him from thunder and fireworks. A place where he doesn't have to get his feet wet in the rain. A place where he can growl and bark at the mailman as if to protect house and home from him. A place where someone will throw his leash for him to drag back and tug on until it's thrown again.

A place where he can wag his tail at a friendly face or lick a friendly hand. A place where he is rewarded for standing tall with his friends and masters through all the joys and sorrows of life. God makes such a place where dogs go when they die. The place is deep in a man's heart where he will live on forever. And I know that's where Russell will always be.