

A DOG'S PRAYER

A Dog's Prayer

By Beth Norman Harris

My Beloved Master, for not heart in all the world is more grateful for kindness than the loving heart of me. Do not break my spirit with a stick for though I should lick your hand between the blows, your patience and understanding will more quickly teach me the things you would have me do. Speak to me often, for your voice is the world's sweetest music, as you must know by the fierce wagging of my tail when your footstep falls upon my waiting ear. When it is cold and wet, please take me inside...for I am now a domesticated animal, no longer used to the bitter elements...and ask no greater glory than the privilege of sitting at your feet beside the hearth...though you had no home, I would rather follow you through ice and snow than rest upon the softest pillow in the warmest home in all the land...for you are my Devoted Worshipper. Keep my pan filled with fresh water, for although I should not reproach you were it dry, I cannot tell you when I suffer thirst. Feed me clean food that I may stay well, to romp and play and do your bidding, to walk by your side and stay ready, willing and able to protect you with my life, should your life be in danger. And Beloved Master, should the Great Master see fit to deprive me of my health or sight, do not turn me away from you. Rather hold me gently in your arms as skilled hands grant me the merciful boon to eternal rest...and I will leave you knowing with the last breath I draw, my fate as ever safest in your hands.