

All Dogs Go To Heaven

March 23, 2011

Today was a bad day. The day began by being awakened by the barking of our 3-month-old Golden Retriever. Since I was about to leave town for a week to preach in a gospel meeting, I thought I would help a little and do the "chore" of giving her a bath. My wife and daughter were at a Ladies' Retreat so when I left town, my son Matthew was home alone. I had driven about 15 miles from home when my son called and said that something was wrong with our dog. I could hear her struggling in the background, so I turned around as quickly as I could and sped home. When I reached the back yard, I saw her lying on her side. When I called out to her, she mustered the strength to raise her head, look at me, then she took her last breath. My son and I both did what we could in an attempt to revive her, but with no success.

If you don't have a dog, you may be saying, "It was just a dog." And I agree. I am thankful to God that it was "just a dog," but it was a death nonetheless. As hard as it was to lose our precious puppy, it paled to the pain and heartbreak I felt when I saw the look of pain and desperation in the eyes of my son.

As I said, it's been a hard day. But what today has done for me is it has reminded me of a time and place where the pain of death and loss will be no more. Next time you experience hurt and loss, lift your eyes to Heaven!

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