

Saying goodbye

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What can you say about a goofy-looking dog who has been a part of your life for twelve years, who has never been sick, hardly ever been a pain in the butt, who has loved you no matter how grouchy you've been, and who has never asked anything more of you than an occasional biscuit and a scratch under the chin?

And now he is telling you that he is old, and ready to go?

Well, you think back to that line in *Charlotte's Web*, the one that your seven-year-old son once told you solemnly was the saddest line he had ever read. *No one was with her when she died.*

And so I am sitting here with my dog and telling him it's okay, and that we understand, and that we'll stay with him.

But I'm all choked up.

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