



10/10/13

Today I said goodbye to one of the best friends I have ever had, my beloved Zeke. After 13 years of love, he let me know he was tired and ready to move on to the next thing, which I believe for loved dog like this is nothing short of a warm and hearty welcome from God our Father for a job well-done.

Zeke came to our family more than 13 years ago after the loss of our good friend Kita. I had never quite moved beyond my broken heart over that loss when God put Zeke's picture in the paper in the Rescue column for the third time. Cole with great wisdom said, "You keep cutting this dog's picture out of the paper; you owe yourself to meet him." So the entire family (for some crazy reason) piled into Cole's 1956 Mercury (with no air conditioning) on a triple digit temperature day and drove up to the shelter at Camp Pendleton to meet him. When the helper opened the door of Zeke's pen, in which he'd spent 8 of his first 12 months of life, he politely stepped out, and as I had crouched down to say hi he gently put his paw on my knee and planted a big kiss right on my mouth. Always a push-over for a great kiss, I was sold. (He remained to his last day one of the all-time greatest kissers in the world).

We loaded Zeke into the car and after an hour and a half of blistering hot driving we finally arrived at home. We spent a few minutes acclimating him to the front yard, but then in the throes of heat exhaustion I could stand it no more and ran down to our pool and plunged right into the deep end, clothes and all. To my surprise, a second later I heard a big splash and turned

around to see Zeke, his eyes wide, paddling frantically in utter shock. I swam him the 30 feet or so to the steps and helped him out, but he did not return to the pool area the entire rest of that first summer.

Having been raised in a pen, Zeke was unsure around all kinds of things a normal dog would have taken in stride, including cats and fire hydrants. On the other hand, his lack of aggression combined with his good looks garnered him much attention. In his earlier years, we were often approached by awe-struck little children asking if he were a wolf (although being raised in a Camp Pendleton Shelter made that somewhat unlikely.). Zeke was kind to everyone and never met a person he didn't like.

While he wasn't crazy about the pool, he did love camping and outdoor adventures. He loved our outings to Anza Borrego, Joshua Tree and especially Huntington Lake, where he got to spend one day on board a party boat every summer.

Zeke was without a doubt the most loving, affectionate and easy dog I will ever hope to have. I used him as an example of unconditional love in many a Bible study I taught and enjoyed being the recipient of that love every day. It is only because we shared that love with unfettered abandon for 13 years that I was able to say good bye today with no regrets.

It was a great privilege to know this dog whose only thought was what love he could give to others, and a great lesson to learn from his life that if you love well-enough every day you do not have to worry about regret later on. Zeke's abundant love was a blessing in my life for so many years I can feel nothing but privileged, even though at this moment my heart is once again on the verge of breaking.

May we all remember to turn to someone we love today and tell them what they mean to us!



Zeke and his big little brother Samson.



Zeke had a great dog smile.

Lots of love from your friend with an aching but happy heart,  
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