

We are His

He lands with a thump and a sigh, off the living room chair, his old bones tired, the sounds of his nails announcing his nightly journey. Clickity clack towards the kitchen doorway. Stop. All is well, night light is on. Clickity clack down the long expanse of the hard wood hallway. Stop. Mom's closed door. Listen for her breathing. Clickity clack. Stop. John's closed door. Listen for his breathing. Clickity clack all the way into Susannah's open room. Stop. Listen by the foot of her bed for her breathing. Clickity clack back down that long stretch and into the living room. Stop. Chin on Bay window still. All seems well outside. Clickity clack back to Susannah's room and his pile of quilts on the floor. Stop. He lands with a thump and a sigh. Job done. His watch is over, as We are His.

Our Alpha dog Clark sits snoring at his post in the den, where he sits sentry over his watch who is still up with the nightly news. For Paul is His.

At night this sounds soothes me. During waking hours, the Clickity clack annoys me, wrecks my nerves. He follows me everywhere. We have names for him: Mr. Clickity, Mr. Click-Clack, Mr. Bo-Jangles. When I'm in a good mood, I'll yell out "Dance!" to the tune of that old song. When I'm tired, I'll yell "Stop it with the nails already!" Knowing even before these words are out for my mouth, I will miss those nails, maybe someday soon, for he is 12, old for a Lab, and We are His.

Louie passed way at the age of 15. We are still His.