



*Christy*

April 16, 1998 - August 27, 2004

# *The Rainbow Bridge*

There is a bridge connecting Heaven and Earth. It is called the Rainbow Bridge because of its many colors. Just this side of the Rainbow Bridge, there is a land of meadows, hills and valleys with lush green grass.

When a beloved pet dies, the pet goes to this place. There is always food and water and warm spring weather. The old and frail animals are young again. Those who are maimed are made whole again. They play all day with each other.

There is only one thing missing: They are not with their special person who loved them on Earth. So, each day they run and play until the day comes when one suddenly looks up! The nose twitches. The ears are up. The eyes are staring. And this one suddenly runs from the group.

You have been seen, and when you and your special friend meet, you take him or her in your arms and embrace. Your face is kissed again and again and again, and you look once more into the eyes of your trusting friend.

Then you cross the Rainbow Bridge together, never again to be separated.





*Saturday, August 27, 2004*

*Today I lost my little girl and my best friend, Christy, at the youthful age of six. While it was not nearly as much time as I wanted to spend with her I have to consider myself blessed to have had those happy six years. With all of her belly problems and surgeries, one that many don't even survive, Christy turned out to be a \$7000 puppy; almost \$78 per pound. And she was worth every penny of it.*

*My little girl was one of the biggest parts of my life for six years and was always there for me. And let me tell you there is no therapy in the world that beats a wagging tail and a sloppy wet kiss to make your day, no matter how good or bad it has been up to that point.*

*Christy loved to play! I sometimes wondered if she put up with me simply because I played with her. I would come home and after her first greeting she would immediately run to get her squeaky purple dinosaur as if to say, "Enough of that mushy stuff, dad. Let's have some fun!"*

*She was my literal shadow. One of my favorite games to play with her was to just walk around the house waiting for her to get tired of following me. She followed me everywhere ... and I took her everywhere, including some places that inadvertently got her into trouble. Like the time we went camping and she wound up trampling through poison oak. Her feet were so swollen you could barely tell she had toes.*

*And she loved her dad. Boy, did she love her dad. I tried to leave her at grandma's one weekend when I had to go out of town. She paced around the house all day and cried all night. Once, when I had to leave for a weekend, she went outside and wouldn't come back in until I came home. Some people might call my little girl co-dependent ... maybe even manic-depressive. All I know is she loved her dad with all her heart.*

*It will be difficult getting used to an empty house; getting used to waking up without her lying next to me or sitting next to the bed staring at me, waiting to go potty. And even with as much time, hard work, and money raising a such a beautiful and well-behaved Great Dane was I have to consider myself lucky.*

*Christy gave me all of her life which in turn gave me six of the best years of my life. I only hope my little girl would say the same thing about me, her dad.*

# *Christy and her Dad*



***Christy never took to swimming. She enjoyed wading through lakes & streams, disturbing the fish I was trying to catch, but she definitely wanted her feet on solid ground.***