



These pictures were taken on September 1st, 2003.  
We went for a visit to Spanky's favourite beach.  
It was cool and cloudy--- a perfect dog day.  
On September 5th 2003... we said good-bye.  
Spanky is off catching frogs and rabbits....  
we miss her every moment of every day.

Spanky is my other eyes that can see above the clouds;  
my other ears that hear above the winds.  
She is the part of me that can reach out into the sea.  
She has told me a thousand times over that I am her reason for being;  
by the way she rests against my leg;  
by the way she thumps her tail at my smallest smile or slightest move;  
by the way she shows her hurt when I leave without taking her.  
(I think it makes her sick with worry when she is not along to care for me.)  
When I am wrong, she is delighted to forgive.  
When I am angry, she acts goofy to make me smile.  
When I am happy, she is joy unbounded.  
When I am a fool, she ignores it.  
When I succeed, she brags and struts.  
Without her, I am only another hapless human.  
With her, I am all-powerful and magical.  
She is loyalty itself.... plain and simple.  
She has taught me the meaning of unwavering devotion.  
With her, I know a secret comfort and a private peace.  
She has brought me understanding where before I was ignorant.  
Her head on my knee can heal any and all human hurts.  
Her presence by my side is protection against  
my fears of dark and unknown things.  
She has promised to wait for me... whenever... wherever - in case I need her.  
And I will - I always have.  
She is my dog....

She is Spanky....  
dog most loved and adored.  
good bye my boobala.....

These words were interpreted from a poem by Gene Hill.