

my personal and spiritual life. This is an integral part of the bonding process, and it was always a hurdle with Becky. I do not forget they are dogs, but they can be soul-mates in a special kind of way and I must treat them as spirit-filled creatures who are capable of understanding *me* on a deep level.

Organizing the household is a Scottie specialty. Becky had so ordered our lives, I am still living on her daily schedule. I suppose in time I will stop looking at the clock to see if it is time for some Becky imposed routine. She never went on Daylight Saving Time, which threw our day off by an hour but it did not matter since I do not go to work or have any other obligations that could not be fitted into Becky's schedule.

However, Becky's outstanding trait was her quintessential stubbornness. This was definitely the most difficult factor in my life with Becky, and the one that made her so unfathomable. Fortunately for her, I was long trained in the Scottie fiefdom attitude, and was not generally upset with her firm decisions that were not in accord with mine. She clearly thought things over and made up her own mind. Her reasons were never apparent. This happened so habitually, it made her a mysterious creature.

We frequently use the phrase, "stubborn Scot!" as all one word. Yet, more valorously, the Scottish people and their little namesake terrier share the capacity for gaiety despite hard situations, and for bold confidence under provocation. Becky's "ballerina days" were a great and unforgettable joy.