

Hoping perhaps a new companion would help restore my Becky to her happy self, I introduced another Rescue Scottie girl, but this became a disaster. The dog bit both of us, and was so aggressive, she was unsuitable for adoption. So Becky and I were on our own for the rest of our journey together. She followed me around closely, and always had to be in the room where I was, like a small black shadow. I did, indeed, have to be on guard that I did not stumble over her because she was never far from my footsteps. This is the way it was for two and a half years following the loss of Mandy. Becky remained grief-maimed for the rest of her life.

On her fifteenth birthday, Becky had a stroke or some major system failure, and could not stand up. Her hind quarters were not functioning and she was in pain. There was no choice but to help Becky cross over Rainbow Bridge.

As I write the Becky book now to add to the library of stories from this earthly kingdom of Scottish Terriers, my heart is heavy. It has been only ten days since Becky left to join Mandy. After a lifetime of being a Scottie home provider, I know that we can never replace a dog we have lost because there are never two alike. The fact is, grief is a two-edged coin. On one side, our peculiar joy that was resident in one dog is gone forever. On the other side, we can confidently get another Scottie without hesitation because the new dog will not contribute long to our grief, but will be busily making its own conquest of our hearts. In time, we will mostly remember the joy that every dog has brought us and gladly tell the tales that would make the whole world smile.