



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The photo on the cover of this issue is one I took several years ago. It was a cool, bright Spring day and Zeus had just finished excavating a colossal hole in what was then our backyard. I have a complete series of photos from that day — a study in Siberian landscaping. I suppose I could have attempted to dissuade him from his digging, but he was having so much fun and he was working so hard at it and the expression on his face was just so happy. So very happy.

I'm glad now that I let him dig. Those pictures are some of the only things I have left to remember a life taken far too soon.

Zeus passed away late last year. It was an unseasonably warm, bright Fall day and he spent his last moments outside as shadows from the sun-dappled trees danced on the grass. He was with people he loved, people who loved him back so much. So very much. He gave me kisses and a big goofy smile and I told him stories about when he was a puppy. I wrapped my arms around him and cried into his fur — and even then, it was he who held me up, it was his strength that gave me strength, it was his courage that became my courage and steeled my soul.

Because that's what our dogs do for us. They make us better. They lift us up. They show us how to live even as their own lives expire too fast.

They say you get the dog you need, and I did. I got Zeus. And I am thankful for every day I had with him. That I had the privilege of sharing his life is one of the greatest gifts I will ever receive. He was my best friend. He was my good boy. He was my dog.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Brooke Mabbitt". The signature is stylized and cursive.

Brooke Mabbitt
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