

## REMEMBRANCE

By Ellen L Fitelson, circa 1980's

As Muffin nestled in the tender green shoots of spring grass, she noticed the busy, yet tranquil pace of life all about.

Just off to her right, a family of robins hopped about and scratched the moist earth, in search of grub worms. Soft, down-covered chickadees splashed in a puddle, resembling children in a wading pool, while cardinals and sparrows chirped sweetly as if singing hymns of praise to the Creator. On the green velvet carpet, where Muffin had now stretched to her full length, honeybees buzzed above her head. They too went on about their business--flitting from one white radiant daisy face to another--busied in the task of collecting honey.

She raised her moist, warm brown eyes ever so slightly and looked upward. Funny, she couldn't recall ever seeing such a royal blue sky filled with thin wisps of clouds gently veiling the spring sun. It seemed so warm as the sun shone on her body, and yet a silent chill seemed to settle within. Lowering her head just a bit, she sniffed the newly washed morning air.

Just then the screen door slammed and Muffin turned her head to see a blur of color. As she struggled to stand on all fours, Matt (her "pet") bounded out of the garage on his shiny black English racer. He seemed to be in such a hurry ... no time to say good-bye. For a moment, while her eyes lingered on the figure slowly disappearing over the hillside. She wished he didn't have to go.

Life around her seemed to be in such a hurry today. Still for some strange reason, everything looked so much more vibrant. The little pink wispy flowers on the mimosa tree scented the air with a smell like freshly cut slices of watermelon. The delicate white and red flowers on the dogwood.....why? What caused her to feel so uneasy--almost as if the pages of a book were closing, never to be opened again?

Then, ever so slowly, she lowered herself to the ground and with a sigh, closed her eyes. Warmth and serenity washed over her in giant waves as she began to dream ... dream of the days when she and Matt romped happily and carefree through the meadow lands.