

Little Pee Wee

The “Story” behind this little personal poem:

When our three children were small we bought several different dogs and although we loved them all, it wasn't until we purchased our first registered Labrador in 1955 that we knew we had found the right “family dog.” Anyone who has owned a “Lab” is keenly aware of their wonderful personality and mild temperament. The kids could pull their ears, sit on them or pull their tails and they would tolerate everything the kids did without any sign of hostility. If they “get too much” they just quietly get up and move away. They are easily trained starting at just a couple of weeks old. We consider them the ideal family pet.

Every since then we have had a Lab in our home as our family dog. We have owned several females and several males and at some times we had both. We always purchased registered dogs in order not to get a dog that may have some of the undesirable characteristics of other breeds.

Throughout the years some died from old age, one was poisoned, one was killed by a truck and another one was killed by a tractor being backed over her. We loved each one and each one held a special spot in our hearts. We cried every time we lost one and mourned each “family loss.”

We bred several of our females to our males periodically but not as an active “breeder.” Each litter was a joy to care for and we always tried to find only the best of homes for the puppies. Some of the puppies required more care than others but we seldom lost any. This is the story of one such pup that we lost. She was a very small pup and it was evident from the beginning she had a problem feeding. The Vet offered no solutions to her problem. We hand fed her every few hours for over a week but to no avail. She was unable to digest anything and just wasted away. Her name was “*Pee Wee.*”

Admittedly, I still tear up every time I read this little poem.

- *Bill Brown*

Little "Pee Wee"

*She was born in the night
This little black puppy
And Although she couldn't see
She somehow felt she was free*

*She felt her Mother's Warmth
And her sisters snuggled close
She was the smallest of the lot
This cute black little dot*

*She felt the closeness
of her sisters in the bed
She came to know each one
To feel their wiggle became her fun*

*She strained to see the world
And all the bright things out there
But, She was born with her eyes shut
This black and dainty pup*

*She could hear strange sounds
And wondered what they were
But she would never see
This little pup I named Pee Wee*

*The end came slowly
And in the final hours
Ginger held her to her chest
Pee Wee had done her best*

*As we think about this tiny pup
Some comfort we can find
Because with all her might
She had fought the Valiant fight*

*- by one who cared
(Bill Brown)*