

I've Written Your Name On The Wind

By Gail McNaughton

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To Celebrate the Life of Fleecy Who Died May 30, 2012

I've written your name on the wind,
To send you a message of love.
Hear my cry to you.
Feel my tears.
Listen to my lament.
Be within my heart.
Be the joyful playing of a flute,
Heard across the water.
Be the nudge next to my body,
And the sighing of contentment.
Be my guide, my companion and best friend,
As I remember our relationship.
You will always be my shadow,
Stepping in time with me,
As we danced a duet of Mother-Daughter.
I simply adored you to the depth of my being.
My heart is filled with the smell of you,
Your big mouth, the tongue that licked my face,
Your lovely breath, your bright, white teeth,
Remembering baby teething time,
And rubbing your gums to soothe the pain.

Those loving, brown, sparkly eyes,
With fashion model eyelashes.
Those floppy ears that I tied in a knot,
And the many blankets and toys I piled on your back,
That you modeled as we pranced and danced in the kitchen.
Your silver, black and gray tail that I could hear,
Swish and wag with sheer pleasure.
With no fear of strangers,
And loving visitors,
You greeted everyone as if they were your best friends.
You were good natured, trusting and sensitive.
Your big puff ball paws and web feet,
Were like comfy, furry, bedroom slippers.
We had our first swim in the backyard pool,
As I carried you in my arms in the water.



Fleecy and Casey on the Bed, 2012



Fleecy



Fleecy's First Canoe Ride

You soon were taking yourself for a swim,
When you were hot with all that shaggy, long, hair,
And bangs over your eyes,
Until we had you clipped like a lamp chop,
That was sheep sheared.
You graduated to boat excursions and swimming in the lake,
And you wanted to swim on us,
And not necessarily with us,
And we kept you at arms-length with our noodle-doodles.

At bath times you barked at me, dropped your toys in the tub,
And draped your head over the side trying to lick the bubbles.
Wanting touching and stroking,
You sat close and sometimes sat on my feet,
On my legs, on the couch, while watching TV,
Or jumped on the bed causing bruises on my legs,
Giving me a psychedelic colouring to match any outfit.
Coupled with black fly bites my legs were much patterned.

Being a standard Goldendoodle at 63 lbs.,
You were able to reach up and steal food off the counter,
Including a roast we never found,
And many meals scrounged from the cat bowls.
Your soft growl to go outside instead of a bark,
But the bark to get inside as I had disappeared from sight.
Your willingness for nap time and watching me doodle,
And to share a space on the bed with Casey, Poppy and Panda Bear.
Our time of talks and walks in the park, down the street,
On the railway tracks, and in the northern cottage woods.
Your pleasing and teasing and pranks with the cats.
And playfulness with Poppy who you adopted as playmate
Who you cuddled, wrestled and chased.

You were a bounty of energy,
That made us smile and laugh.
I hold an empty leash in my hands,
With gentle threads of joy and countless memories,
Of the stages of your young life into the teenage years.
You are locked in my heart with a window to my soul.
Knowing that when I call you,
And write your name on the wind,
I will be able to send you a message of love,
Will give me peace of mind forever.

Goodbye dear Fleecy,
And may the angels give you wings,
To fly closer to be with us,
In God's loving light that shines on our world,
And in the hearts of animal lovers,
Like Bob and I –

Your family and your parents.



Mommy Loves Me



Superhero Heart and Friends



To Dance in the Red Canoe



You're My Hero to Keep Me Warm