



My Sweet Baby Chick



On the day we first saw this pup paddle her paws with a look both appealing and coy, Who could have foreseen in this bundle of cream, a life time of unending joy.



This tiny wee soul with a nose black as coal and the darkest of velvet brown eyes,
Had a coat soft as silk, like honey whipped milk and a beauty you couldn't disguise.



We thought long and hard for a name avant garde,
That would echo her sweet loving spirit,
But the name that we chose, very simply arose,
On the strength that it would do her merit,
And in bonding with Storm, an affinity formed,
A connection of deep magnitude,
She had favour and grace and an angelic face,
And abundance of sweet gratitude.



This powder cream puff, this ivory fluff, this picture of sun ripened barley,
This "tea leaf" of time was a partner in crime, with our own champagne blonde little Charlie!





She was sugar and spice and everything nice, she was winsome, obliging and wise,
She was willing to please with the gentlest of ease, and she'd speak with her soul searching eyes.

In the first flush of spring with the promise it brings to the woodlands the dale and the dell,
Young Charlie and Storm, a friendship well formed, in an ocean of vibrant bluebells.







She liked to go boating, quite happy to float in, a launch or a rib on the sea.





And the thought of a fish in her own china dish, had her licking her lips in high glee!



In summer we'd seek in a cove or a creek, a beach that was empty and clear,
Then we'd pitch up "en masse" our flotilla class, for a barbie, a banter and beer!





She'd swim and she'd play with the kids in the bay and she'd endlessly fetch and she'd chase,
She'd bask in the sun having done with the fun, with a salty and silver sand face.



On our first trip away she was booked in to stay at the Hotel St. Martins on Scilly,
Not a paw was put wrong, my faith in her strong, my impeccably mannered young filly.



Our long lazy days, in a shimmering haze, in the heat of a hot summer sun,
Were simply divine for Storm in her prime, my beautiful sweet honey bun!





She swam like a seal with a freedom to feel a harmonious link to the sea,
She'd duck dive and glide and she'd surface with pride, returning her trophies to me!



Her dulcet expression excused indiscretion, which we viewed with a tolerant smile,
She was chic, magnifique, with an air of mystique, she was glitz, she was gloss, she had style.

She was loving and loyal with lineage royal, she was biddable, sassy and smart,
Her telepathy skills would amaze as they'd thrill and she utterly captured our hearts.





When the timing was right and we thought that we might, add one to our family of "goldens"
This sweet loving girl, this Faberge pearl, left us awed and in debt and beholden.

For a couple of days she watched in a haze, with a little restraint and confusion,
Till the penny then dropped and the wishing was stopped that sweet Reilly was just an allusion!



This cheeky we pup, would oft push her luck and snuggle up close in Storm's bed,
But the friendship that grew was steadfast and true - the blueprint of "goldens" well bred.









A light summer breeze gently rippled the trees
and a path through the meadow was shorn,
What a gift from the Gods to enjoy with my
dogs, this magnificent bright May Day morn







She simply adored and she never grew bored of the time that she spent in the sea,
Though sometimes would stress, "that's another fine mess" you've sadly created for me!

Storm would have been five, when Shiloh arrived, like a Diva, a blonde "Drama Queen"! She was big, bold and brash, like trailer park trash, she was scary and lairy and mean! She'd muscle and bustle, she'd mock fight and tussle, she'd steal with an artful disdain, She couldn't care less for the angst and the stress and in truth was an absolute pain!







Her innocent looks were often mistook for a little "Miss Goody Two Shoes"
But the onslaught she wrought without care or much thought, had Storm reeling from true De Ja Vu!
But the passage of time did much to align, hierarchy and calm in the pack,
And if Shiloh transgressed she was roundly suppressed, as I wouldn't allow any flack!



And once in a while a "million watt" smile would light up her face with a glow,
The greatest of gifts, was a whiff or a sniff, and the prospect of fun in the snow!





She'd sing and she'd dance, she'd play and she'd prance with exuberance, with joy and with zest!
The chill and the thrill of cruising "Matt's Hill" was my Storm at her singular best!

In two thousand and eight, a cruel twist of fate, meant survivors of two in a litter,
This adorable pair simply blossomed with care, from their mother and surrogate "sitters"



But Storm was reserved, aloof and perturbed, with a faraway look in her eyes,
And with hindsight I know, though the tests didn't show, that her health was by now compromised.











On the day we were told that she wouldn't grow old and her time left was precious and short,
I wept with despair at the pain we would share for a lifeline that couldn't be bought,
On days two and three with her head on my knee and confusion and hurt in her eyes,
My heart simply broke at this murderous stroke and the fact that quite simply she'd die,
In shocked disbelief this cancerous thief was stealing my sweet heart's desire,
And the speed that it spread, fueling panic and dread, was as swift as a wild forest fire,
But day four was dawning and new thoughts were forming, an angry rebellious approach,
I'd neglected my tribe with such negative vibes and had earnestly gained their reproach.





But this glorious breed neither fester nor feed on our failings, short comings or fears,
They knew I'd return with a new found concern, once self pity had mopped up my tears,
So the counting was stopped and the sadness was dropped and harmony once again ruled,
I'd let my Storm lead, I'd listen and heed with a heart she had carefully schooled.
So my sweet pretty girl, my peaches and pearl, my adorable soft golden friend,
Would walk by my side with such bounce in her stride that I swore that her sickness we'd mend,
We'd amble and gambol through cornfield and bramble, the woodlands and Fal River's Reach,
We'd walk on the sands my small quartet band, through the sea and the surf and the beach.



We lived for today in an hedonist way, with indulgence and carefree delight,
We did as we pleased with a consummate ease with no thought as to wrong or to right,
The hedgerows were heavy with bounty and bevy, with berries and blue blooming sloes,
Our days were enriched by this stoical bitch, and the courage she constantly showed.
The late summer sun, through autumn mist spun, with the leaves turning gold in the fall,
And it seemed that her health, being stolen by stealth, we'd managed to somehow forestall.



As we wrapped up in fleece and viewed the first geese, alight on our shores in great flocks,
I was keenly aware from the depth of her stare that she too was taking great stock,
Our senses were heightened, emotions enlightened, and crystalised memories formed,
These precious last days, laced with laughter and play, were a tribute to my darling Storm,
But her body grew weary and sad eyes were teary, her coat once so glossy grew dull,
A lackluster tail, confirmed she was frail and I knew what was meant by this lull.
She spoke with her eyes, do not grieve do not cry, do not fret for my time now has come,
Our rich bejewelled life, has been happy and rife, I'm fulfilled and my duty now done.





But when the time came, to my undying shame, I wept like a child that was lost,
I tried to stay calm as she lay in my arms, but had woefully misjudged the cost,
And though it would seem that it's only through dreams that our paths will entwine and so meet,
There's a little of Storm in this new breaking dawn in the eyes of the "Goldens" I greet.
But I hope you agree from the pictures you see, that in life she was hugely adored,
And her standard of living, her goodness and giving, was a life that we shared in accord.

Storm's Side of the Story.....

And so my sweet, I'm sure you know that Guardian Angels rarely show, themselves to us suffused in light with burnished wings and halo's bright. More like they come in humbler ways and touch our hearts and briefly stay, a moment just to make us glad, when in ourselves we're feeling sad. A smile upon a stranger's face, a hug, a kiss, a child's embrace. A nose that's black and wet and cold, a loving look and paw to hold. A silken coat so soft to stroke, the company of "golden" folk. But sometimes in the quiet of night, when sleep eludes and tensions tight, when thoughts are turned to loved ones lost, the pain the ache the bitter cost.

Remember all the love and laughs, the being silly, being daft, the walks we shared the scents and sounds, the love returned that knew no bounds. The joyous life we lived and shared, a lasting bond beyond compare. My gentle looks and steadfast heart, my gift to you right from the start. My melting eyes and soft expression, exuberance and indiscretion. A constant shadow by your side, my loyalty and sense of pride. My "welcome" voice and need to please, the children that I put at ease. My tail that wagged and thumped with glee, my nose, soft settled on your knee. My loving eyes, their depth and truth, my honesty from pup and youth. My simply being, iconic style, the warmth reflected when you smile.



And though it seems so deep and wide, the chasms that our worlds divide – tis but a heartbeat once in time, that separates your world from mine. And in your heart my memory lies, bound with silk and golden ties. A treasure trove of precious stones, the like of which no sultan owns. A myriad of halcyon days, laces with laughter, love and play. So do not grieve my time has come, my life fulfilled, my duty done. And now released my soul will fly, like shooting stars across the sky – and life renewed, I'll stand and wait, till you come smiling through the gate.....And know your heart I cradle gently, watching over all intently – wrapped in wings of down and feather, cushioned like a moorland heather. Know my love, I'm cherished dear, with Guardian Angels always near.

In the immediate aftermath of Storm's passing a quiet sadness descended as was witnessed in the subdued actions of Reilly, Shiloh and Kelsey. They were especially gentle, loving and patient in their needs of me. Kelsey, the baby, adopted Storm's mantle and became the faithful "constant" by my side. Whilst the other two would tear ahead, working the undergrowth, immersed in the joy of their own freedom, she was never far, frequently checking my progress and bounding back to make physical contact.

A very dear friend and fellow "golden" enthusiast – told me I'd soon see the odd white feather in the strangest of places which was a sure sign that Storm was still near by.....I thought maybe she was a little strange and away with the fairies and thought no more of it. Several weeks later, I was out walking late afternoon, through particularly isolated and seldom frequented woods. Kelsey had been left at home on account of a swollen hock and as usual neither of my other two trusty compatriots were to be seen or heard. It was cold and raw, the late November sunlight was fading fast and I felt particularly vulnerable and alone....."Wouldn't bloody happen if Storm were here" I mumbled, and instantly, there glistening in crystal white perfection, was a single feather on a bed of gold autumnal leaves! Now I appreciate a woodland environment is not the strangest place to find a feather.....but there, in that instance and moment of my solitude? I wasn't alone, nor have I ever been. Storm is beside me every step of every walk I take and I revel in that feeling of warmth and companionship.

Storm, my once in a life time girl.....21st October 2001 – 13th October 2010.....47 short days after she was diagnosed with a particularly aggressive malignant melanoma and a week shy of her ninth birthday. Rest easy my sweet and run free.....