

Ode to a Spotted Dog.

Description

There will be yarn too, I promise. See, just look at the first picture. Already I'm keeping that promise.

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Tidbit. Sabrina MCP (Mighty Cute Puppy). Dancing Dog. Bouncing Dog. Baby Girl. She kept the title of, “The Puppy” all her life. I spent a good bit of time this morning looking at pictures that ranged from the day before she left us to when she was truly tiny. It doesn’t seem possible that it’s been almost 18 years since we brought her (and her two brothers) home from Fredericksburg. She brought a lot of joy to our lives and complications as well. I haven’t forgotten her persnickety-ness. She was definitely Queen Bee and the “ee” changed to different letters when she decided she didn’t like most other dogs.



Dizzy yet? The gif on the left was when she was maybe 6 months. And the one on the right when she was full grown

So you can see she was the same size as Sam when she grew up but look at these pics of her when she first came to us.









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It has been very quiet at our house since Tuesday afternoon. I keep thinking I need to go look and see where she's sleeping. She slept most of the time these last few months. And I also realized that we have a *lot* of photos of her engaged in that strenuous activity that were made throughout her long life. I thought she slept with her tongue hanging out because she'd lost most of her teeth! and then I found a pic from her puppyhood that showed her little pink tongue hanging out. So cute.



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And I could go on because I really did spend at least two hours sniffing over photos. But, I promised you yarn. And, I didnâ??t promise this but you get some costumesâ?; well, different versions of more or less the same thing. She did also have to act as makerâ??s model for projects designed/being made for other furry critters .











And hereâ??s where I digress because it occurred to me that since Iâ??m calling this â??Odeâ?• to a spotted dog that somehow I should write some poetry. However, a true ode is a bit more than I want to tackle and you really donâ??t want me singing (an ode is usually a lyrical poem *sung* to honor someone or something). I can offer this:

Sabrina came from a litter of five,
For almost eighteen years she thrived,
Her ears didn't function,
Her smeller was awesome,
She had a pink tongue, one brown & one blue eye.

Or maybe this:

Sabrina sweet pup
many tricks and stinky breath
always in our hearts

And, now for more yarn. During one of the more recent virtual yarn events, I discovered [Ancient Arts Yarns](#). The presentation the owner did, the stories she told about how she ended up dyeing and making yarn was interesting. You can read more about her by clicking on the link and going to her website. One of her passions is animal rescue. To help support groups in her area (Calgary), she has two collections that are mostly breed specific for dogs and also cats. I'm planning to make a sweater with her yarns that will represent (hopefully) all of our furry canine friends. I also have plans for a cat cardi. She has told me that if I don't find the colorations I need, I can send her photos of our pups and she can add their color ways to the collection. Yay! I ordered some yarn from her for another project but it is still in the dyeing stage so I cannot show you a photo yet. Stay tuned!

One last group of pup pics!

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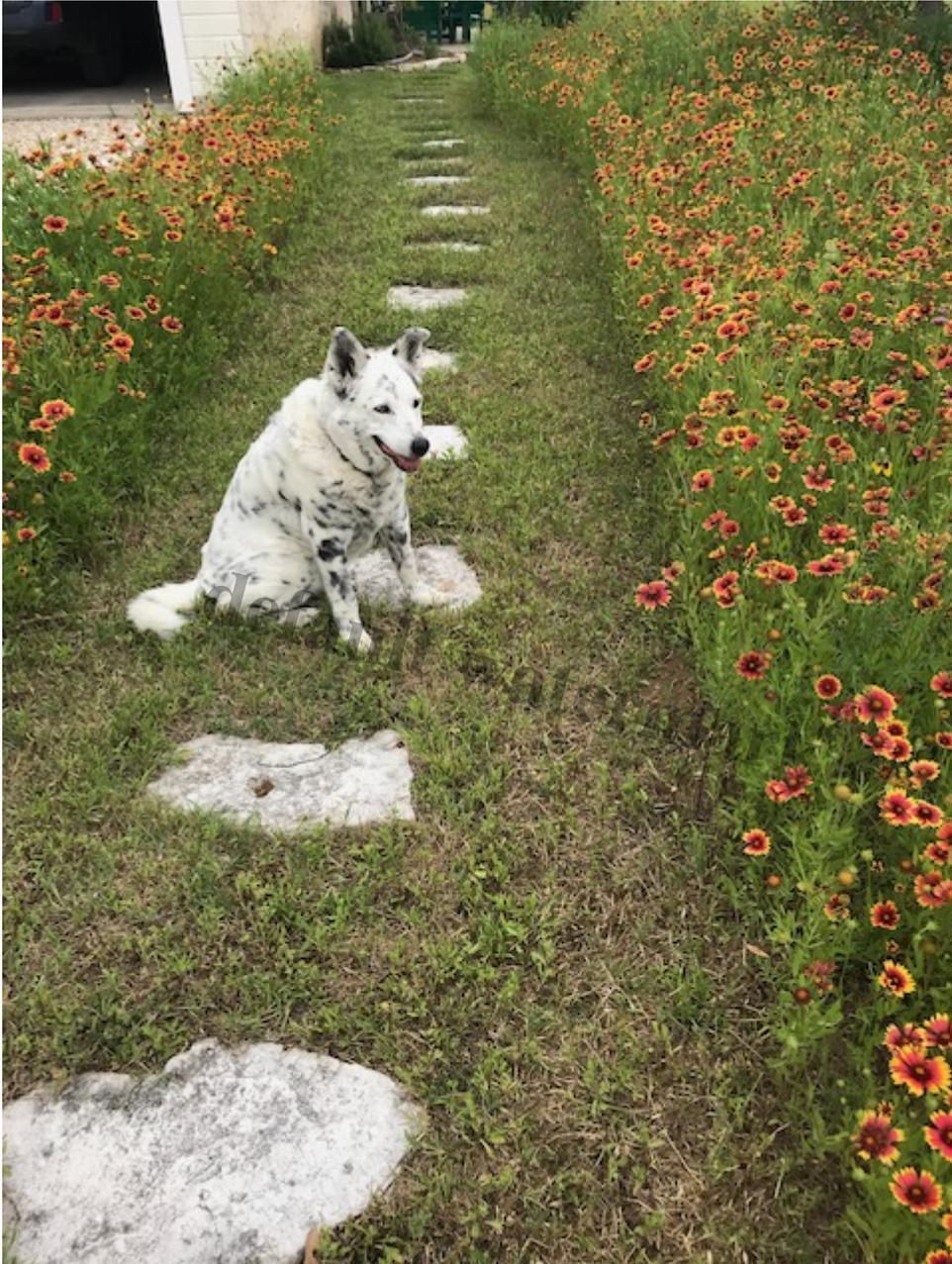


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And just about the cutest thing ever. This I made very recently; mind you, the tableau didnâ??t last very long but lâ??m glad I had my phone close by to capture the moment.



Weâ??re headed to Fbg for a week and it will be very strange to not have a stinky dog in the car to keep me company and make me stop for a break.

All of you with beasties, please give them a hug or two from me.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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