

WALKING THE DOG

Grand Island, Nebraska

July 2005

An insistent paw on my shoulder dragged me partially awake.

“What do you want?” I asked my beagle, and she whined and pawed at me again.

I found my glasses in the drawer by the bed and got up, grateful that my pajamas looked somewhat like shorts and a shirt. It made these middle-of-the-night jaunts simpler.

I slipped on my shoes, stuffed a plastic bag into the pocket of my top along with the keys to the RV, and snapped Lady’s leash to her collar.

Lady’s urgency slackened once we were outside, and she started sniffing the trail of some small (I hoped) animal. I kept my eyes on the light from the flashlight attached to our night leash, making sure I didn’t step in a hole or on anything squishy.

When she stopped, I no longer had to watch my feet and glanced up. I was transfixed by the array of stars across the sky. I recognized a few of the patterns: Cassiopeia’s chair, the Big Dipper, Orion.

I wasn’t sleepy anymore. I wasn’t irritated at Lady’s midnight intrusion.

“What a wonderful Creator!” I said aloud.

And then, in the dark, in my pajamas, overwhelmed by awe, I danced a quiet little two-step as I sang of the holiness of our wonderful God.

Praise Him, all his angels, praise Him, all His heavenly hosts.

Praise Him, sun and moon, praise Him, all you shining stars.

Praise Him, you highest heavens.

(Psalm 148:1-3)

