

MAGGIE MAY – A SCOTTIE ANGEL

This is not a fairy tale. I had always envisioned angels in the form of human beings, and winged human-bodied creatures are commonly drawn to represent these heavenly visitors. With the unexpected advent of Maggie May, a 10-year-old Rescue Scottie, the relationship with her from the beginning seemed like an otherworldly encounter. I now wonder if this was more than what is pedantically called a dog's "sixth sense." The extraordinary joy she brought into my life so briefly was indeed, out of the ordinary. Cancer took her after just a year together. Consequently, there are not many biographical anecdotes to write about. However, her presence for a mere twelve months left an indelible cache of memories of a happy, affectionate Scottish Terrier. There was no "dour Scot" in Maggie May. She also left a profound legacy of what a dog can add to our own existence.

Her story will be told mainly in pictures and sympathy cards. She was a small, eighteen-pound bundle of friendliness and remarkable intelligence. In just a few days after being adopted, she figured out I was talking to her and expected a response. She became conversational in fact, and I learned to listen to what she had to say. It was bona fide communication, and an exhilarating experience. I've had eight Scotties during my lifetime, and while each one was unique and their distinctive lives have been preserved in print, this one was so special, I believe she was heaven sent. Thus, the title of her book gives Maggie May her angelic personality and memorializes her coming to be my perfect companion even for a short while.

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