

BUTTONS

It's about time I share Another of God's blessing and intervention in our lives.

It's not that there aren't multitudes of memoirs to write about, but it's a matter of managing time.

We lived on an acreage just north of Sherwood Park, Alberta and some friends gave us a white female poodle named Nicki. Now Nicki was about twelve years old when we got her and we enjoyed her for three years before she passed away.

My wife & daughter were especially attached to her and wanted another poodle. Now being the breadwinner and loving husband and father, I said "there is no way I am going to pay a ridiculous price for a dog". Well after some cold shoulder and some guilty feelings applied by the Lord, I sorta repented and said I would look around.

The place I worked at in Edmonton took me right by the Edmonton City Dog Pound. I prayed and said "Lord, if there is a poodle in there I would not only be saving a dog from being put to sleep, but wouldn't have to pay as much for one either". Well I stopped faithfully every day for two weeks and there was nothing that even resembled a poodle. I was getting a little discouraged as the family wanted a poodle and I wanted them to have one. It was just that I didn't want to part with the \$300.00 they wanted at the pet shop, plus you had all the training to do. I said "Lord I'm not Trying to be cheap, but we were given one dog fully trained. Isn't there another poodle out there somewhere".

The following Monday as I was going by, I wasn't going to stop. But I felt I just had to. They knew me pretty well by now and as I walked in, one of the employees said "hey we finally got a white poodle in, it's in the last pen". Well I went flying down to the end of the kennels and looked in at this dirty scruffy animal that sure didn't look like a poodle to me. I went back up front and ask, "are you sure that's a poodle" and they assured me it was. So I said OK I'll take him. They laughed and said that's good as long as someone don't claim him before 10 am next Monday.

When I got home that night I told the family they had a white male poodle about 13 inches high and if it was still there Monday, we could have it. They all started rejoicing and said we'll pray about it and don't worry, he'll be there Monday. I had no doubt, because one thing I learnt was that when my family united in prayer, God moved mountains. (see past memoirs)

I was at the pound at 10 am sharp and after paying \$40.00 I was the proud owner of a scruffy dog they called a poodle.

He still didn't look like a poodle, so we threw him in the tub and gave him a good bath. The whole time we were bathing him he growled but he never bit, just showed his teeth and growled. Now I was raised on a farm where an animal was an animal, it was OK to love them, but when it came time to sell or eat them you maybe a little sad. But that was the way of life, but to have your own dog growl at you was a no-no. I was amazed at my patience that day.

Once cleaned up and combed, and taken to the local pet grooming place, he did look like a poodle. I also noticed he had a tattoo in his ear so I contacted the registration office and told them how we obtained him. It took about ten days before they got back to

me and said it was an American registered number. Seeing we got him through the pound, any previous owner was blacked out and they registered him in my name.

We had him for about a week and we called him every name we could think of trying to get one similar to his own. One night some friends came over and we were playing with the dog, when the lady said, "you have such cute little eyes, they are just like two little buttons". Well as soon as she said Buttons the dog got real excited so we named him Buttons.

A few months later the same friends were over and we said "I wonder if Buttons knows any tricks" and of course the first thing was can you dance. He stood on his back legs and danced all around the room. Next was can you roll over, sure enough he flopped on the floor and rolled over. There were other tricks they ask him to do and most he knew. The one thing I couldn't understand was every time you ask him to do something, he would show his teeth and growl then do his trick. It was then that I recalled we went to a circus about ten days before we acquired Buttons. In this circus was a poodle act with about six poodles. This one poodle always argued (growl) when told to do something. It was cute and made the act. I tried to remember just what all them poodles could do and everything I could recall, Buttons could do. So now we figured we had a circus dog. Regardless, the family was blessed because of him and he seemed happy and at home.

A couple of years later we had to move into Edmonton and an apartment that didn't allow pets. Our neighbor on one side of us loved Buttons and ask if they could have him and the neighbor on the other side wanted our cat Camrose (memoir). We figured they'd have good homes so we reluctantly said OK.

We were only in the apartment a few months and hated apartment living. Some single dwelling town houses were built just a few blocks away, so we moved there. We were only moved in a short while when the phone rang and when the wife answered a lady ask if we owned a white poodle named Buttons? The wife began to cry and said yes. The lady lived on the North East side of Edmonton and we on the South West side. She said this little poodle was running up and down past her house so after a bit she went outside and called him and he came. She took him in and bathed and fed him, then phoned the number on his tag (which was the veterinarian we used) and they gave her our name and dogs name. She then phoned information and got our phone number. The wife went over and picked him up and when Buttons seen her coming up the ladies walkway, she said he went ballistic. (whatever that is) The lady was very nice and refused any compensation as she said seeing his reaction was worth more than any reward.

This was in 1978 and in 1981 we moved out to our farm by Wetaskiwin, Alberta. Buttons loved it out there, but he never got over his fear of the chickens. Geese, Ducks and Turkeys didn't seem to bother him much just chickens.

Our normal bed time was around 11 pm and when we got company, Buttons would get his little blanket and sit down in front of them and stare at them. When ask what he wanted we'd say he wants you to go home it's bed time. When our friends got to know this, they would tease him and say no I'm not going home then he was OK.

Buttons was not only a blessing to us, but everyone he encountered.

In 1985 he went blind and then could not control his bowels. I took him into the vet. and he said he is full of cancer as well as arthritis and at his age the most humane thing to do is to put him to sleep. So with deep remorse I agreed.

The wife missed her little pal very much and so a few years later she wrote Buttons life story as if coming from him. This will be the next memoir. A must read.

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken