

January 2013



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Through the Eyes of a Child

Dear Reader,

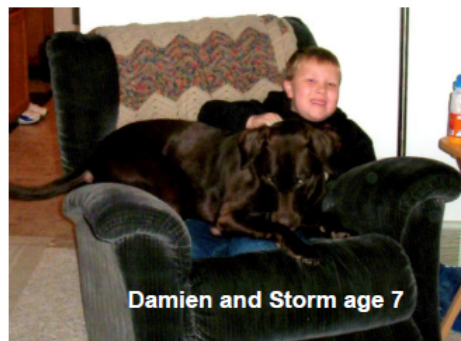
My name is Damien and this is a story about my Chocolate Lab, Storm. He was a great dog that was with me since I was born. My parents bought him not too long before they had me. We grew up together, played together and he loved me. He was very protective. He also loved to hunt, go camping, and do anything with my family. He was my best friend and always slept on my bed with me every night. My mom told me that Storm and I once ate a dog treat together. I don't believe her. She told me that Storm and I fought over a bone once too. It makes me laugh when I think about it. When I turned 5 my dad said I could go along hunting with him and Storm. We loved hunting together. We used to wrestle in the mud but as soon as my dad shot a duck we stopped and Storm would go retrieve the duck. He was a great duck hunter. After he

brought the duck back to my dad we would start playing again.

I often felt sad as Storm started getting older and sicker. He once ate a whole chocolate bar and didn't get sick. He also ate a whole onion. That didn't look tasty at all. Then I felt really bad when he started to get so sick and he wasn't eating anymore and getting so skinny. We decided we were going to have to take him to the vet to have him put to sleep. The day we were going to go to the vet my mom stayed home with him. That morning we said our goodbyes it was sad. When I got home from school my mom had to tell me Storm died lying next to her at home. My mom was in tears and then so was I. I lost my best friend. I couldn't get to sleep the night he died. I stayed up all night in my bedroom. Lucky I didn't have school the next day. Storm was such a special part of my life. Even though we had another dog it still wasn't the same. There was only one Storm. We got him cremated

at *Forever Friends Pet Cremation Services* and I got his remains to keep in my bedroom. I said right then and there that I was going to get buried with his remains. It gave me some comfort. My mom and dad had a blanket made for me, it has a picture of Storm and me together, so he is still sleeping with me every night.

I miss him so much. It was hard for me to be without him there for the longest time. But I knew in my heart he would always be with me and one day we will see each other again.



Written by
Damien Hock, 13
Green Bay WI

PET BEREAVEMENT SUPPORT

- **The Association for Pet Loss and Bereavement**
(718) 382-0690
www.aplb.org
- **Petloss.com**
For pet lovers grieving the death of a pet or an ill pet
www.petloss.com

- **Books available for checkout from Forever Friends Grief Support Library**

Charlotte's Web
By E.B. White

Pet Loss by Herbert A. Nieburg, Ph. D. and Arlene Fischer

The Fall of Freddie the Leaf
by Leo Buscaglia, Ph.D.

I'll Always Love You
by Hans Wilhelm

When A Pet Dies
by Fred Rogers

Lifetimes by Bryan Mellonie and Robert Ingpen

The Tenth Good Thing About Barney
by Judith Viorst

More titles available.



Artwork Provided by
Donna Brown, White Barn Gallery

A Dog's Plea

Treat me kindly, my beloved friend, for no heart in all the world is more grateful for kindness than the loving heart of me.

Do not break my spirit with a stick, for though I might lick your hand between blows, your patience and understanding will more quickly teach me the things you would have me learn.

Speak to me often, for your voice is the world's sweetest music, as you must know by the fierce wagging of my tail when the sound of your footstep falls upon my waiting ear.

Please keep me inside when it is cold and wet, for I am a domesticated animal, no longer accustomed to bitter elements. I ask no greater glory than the privilege of sitting at your feet besides the hearth.

Keep my pan filled with fresh water, for I cannot tell you when I suffer thirst.

Feed me clean food that I may stay well, to romp and play and do your bidding, to walk by your side, and stand ready, willing and able to protect you with my life, should your life be in danger.

And my friend, when I am very old and I no longer enjoy good health, hearing and sight, do not make heroic efforts to keep me going. I am not having any fun. Please see to it that my life is taken gently. I shall leave this earth knowing with the last breath I drew that my fate was always safest in your loving hands....