A Dog's Life

By Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

"Rover's very sick, my boy," the vet informed the child. "His body's plagued with cancer; I'm afraid it isn't mild. This illness will consume his life before three days are through. I know this doesn't please you but there's nothing I can do. You see, his mother passed to him her tainted blood of grime. He never really had a chance. I know, it's such a crime!"

"Oh, doctor!" cried the shattered boy,
"My dog has got to live!
Look deep into your textbooks
for a drug that you can give.
I can't allow this fearful plague
to work its horrid strife.
Evil must not win the game
as victor over life.
Is there not some unheard of cure no matter how extreme that when applied with tender love
will foil this evil scheme?"

"Well, my son, there's one I know that's certain to succeed. But it requires a sacrifice that's quite extreme indeed! Within your body, small and frail, lies medicine profound. You need just give it lovingly and Rover will rebound. He only needs to eat your flesh and drink your blood for food. The curse will then be cast away; his life will be renewed."

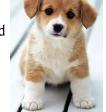
"Wow! That means I must die so he will have the chance to live. This is the most expensive gift one man could ever give. I never thought a painful choice would be what love would ask.

I hoped that it would always be a sweet and easy task. But yes, I'll do it willfully; He means that much to me. I'll suffer death so he can live and from his pain be free!"

And now, dear friend, of this boy's choice, what is your candid thought?
Was his decision wise and brave, or was it all for naught?
We'd likely see it as far-fetched, to die to save a pet.
He could just get another one; this one he'd soon forget.
I know he loves his dog, it's true, But die for it? That's wild!
The dog is there to serve him; It should die to save the child!

Well, that is what we celebrate at Christmas every year: that God became a man like us because he holds us dear. He came to give his life for us, and just before he bled he gave his flesh as food for us; on his body we're fed. We serve him, yet he gives his flesh to take away our sin, restoring to our nature what we each lost through our sin.

And so dear friend, I hope you see why God became a man: to join us to him on his cross was his eternal plan.
By giving us his flesh to eat, we're on the cross with him, and buried with him in the tomb so we can rise again.
We share his risen glory when we take Communion's Bread. So come each Sunday, eat your Lord and to him you'll be led.



Sincere thanks to Nicholas Grevas, who once gave me the inspiration for this poem.