



When an animal dies that has been especially close to someone here, that pet goes to:

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

There are meadows and hills for all of our special friends so they can run and play together.

There is plenty of food, water and sunshine, and our friends are warm and comfortable.

They all run and play together, but the day comes when one suddenly stops and looks in the distance.

His bright eyes are intent, His eager body quivers. Suddenly he begins to run from the group, flying over the green grass, his legs carrying him faster and faster.

You have been spotted, and when you and your special friend finally meet, you cling together in joyous reunion, never to be parted again. The happy kisses rain upon your face; your hands again caress the beloved head, and you look once more into the trusting eyes of your pet, so long gone from your life but never absent from your heart.

The young pup and the older dog lay on shaded sweet grass watching the reunions. Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, sometimes a whole family would approach the Rainbow Bridge, be greeted by their loving pets and cross the bridge together.

The young pup playfully nipped at the older one. "Look! Something wonderful is happening!"

The older dog stood up and barked, "Quickly. Get over to the path."

"But that's not my owner," whined the pup, but he did as he was told.

Thousands of pets surged forward as a figure in white walked on the path toward the bridge. As the glowing figure passed each animal, that animal bowed its head in love and respect. The figure finally approached the bridge, and was met by a menagerie of joyous animals. Together, they all walked over the bridge and disappeared.

The young pup was still in awe. "Was that an angel?" he whispered.

"No, son," the older dog replied. "That was more than an angel. That was a **RESCUER!!!!!!**"