

# 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.*