

Farewell Thor
by
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Valley News Dispatch 1/04/98 - Community Columnist

Love is a risk and I was well aware she could leave me one day. I always made it perfectly clear she had the freedom to go if she wanted. Still, I was unprepared for the day I found her gone. It hit me hard. Why? I had given her such a good home and some of the best years of my life.

That girl with the funny name left me for the great beyond and I was bummed. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out how she cleared my five foot high fence. I searched my yard calling her name and she was definitely missing. I looked through the bales of straw strewn inside my empty shed and she was nowhere to be found. Zeus and puppy Isis followed me around as I asked them repeatedly what happened.

Every dog-lover has that one favorite that comes along in life and for me it was and always will be Thor. When I brought her home five years ago at six weeks of age, I knew right away I had something special.

I lived next to a big farm in Washington Township and Thor was my walking companion at 6AM and 6PM. For Thor, life was a celebration from sunrise to sunset. Horse manure was cotton candy. A giant puddle was Sandcastle. And catching rapid-fire snowball s was fireworks on the 4th of July.

Whether it was chasing deer through the forest or trying to catch wild turkeys in the corn fields, each day was an adventure. There was one problem though. Thor would take off for the woods and lose track of time. When she returned, she would always be wagging her tail non-stop often covered with briars, mud or manure. Did I mention that life was a celebration for Thor and not necessarily for her grumpy, worried owner?

I determined that the answer was dog obedience training. At her only class, I watched the trainer scold and smack a misbehaving dog. The dog cowered in obedience. Call me crazy but I couldn't come close to doing that to my dog. As long as I knew Thor would never hurt a fly, I didn't want that spirit broken.

And now that spirit was gone. Cars were foreign to Thor. She didn't have much of a chance once she took off. I knew she was history. I dreaded driving around seeing her dead on the side of a road. But I hoped that she would either be killed quickly or she would somehow find a way to her beloved woods and live out the rest of her days there. I just didn't want her to fall into the hands of someone that would break that indomitable spirit.

After calling Thor endlessly, I sat on my back steps with my chin in my hands knowing

she could be 100 miles away. I remember praying to God that Thor would be there to greet me in Heaven someday.

Zeus sat on my left looking glum. He always looked sad when he was without Thor. She was his adopted mom. He was lost without her. Little Isis sat on my right. Life was still too funny for her to understand that the world was dark this day. At least Zeus and Isis knew the meaning of the word "come". They would now be my only dogs. Stupid Thor.

As I sat there wondering what to do next, my cellar door began to bang a little bit. Was the wind making it move? To my astonishment, out popped Thor.

"Thor, what the heck.... Where have you been... How'd you get down in there," I cried. Thor just looked at me wagging that tail of hers as if to say, "life is a celebrationI just learned another great trick...you know there is some great clutter to mess up in that cellar of yours...by the way, are we going to the woods today..."

Yeah Thor and for our next adventure, I'm buying a dog sled and the four of us are entering the Iditarod in Alaska.



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