

# Going Nowhere

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They walk out here same time every day. At an early lunch hour slot she cannot fill. Year round, all weather, all stages of good or ill health.

Devotion to this shared unvarying commitment gives back, providing peace, solace, opportunity for centering and mental stability. For both.

Seems her old dog gets her out the door too. But some days, even New England weather could convince a hardy, thick-skinned Lab mutt to want to stay home, curled up on a sofa.

They got out of the car at the unpaved lot and Lucky looked at her in a way that said very clearly, *he* knew about the wind chill warning.

Turned his head back down the road, disbelieving.

But that look said, “Really?”

They went ahead anyway. Together.

About 200 yards down the old rutted farm road the wind blew sharp, knife cutting cruel, and ruffled Lucky’s fur against the grain. Blew it up from his skin, getting in and against him.

He’d swim year round in any water.

But today his look said, “C’mon, you *are* kidding, right?”

They turned around and went back to the car.

Back home she wrapped him in blankets, rubbed his fur vigorously for 10 minutes.

They walked far enough together down that road that day to make his unforgettable look and its message stick well past Lucky’s lifetime and into her own old age, lasting to when she and he might meet again in Elysium. A message full with meaning. And love.