

The Things I learned from Honey.

For those of you who don't know this, Ken and I had a beautiful goldendoodle named Honey for the last 9 ½ years. On Tuesday, we found out Honey was bleeding internally from tumors and we had to put her to sleep. The days since Tuesday have been very hard. Honey had this amazing personality and joy to her and for my devotion this week, I would like to share with you what this amazing gift from God has taught me over the years.

1. **Enjoy the Ride**---Honey loved to ride in the car and when I would signal it's time for our walk, she would bound down the steps, jump into the car, and wait for me to put the window down. Then she would put her head out the window, feel the breeze, and smile the entire time until we would get to our destination. It didn't matter if the temperature was 15 degrees or if it was pouring down rain, Honey enjoyed every minute of the ride. She taught me to put my window down and feel the breeze and smile.
2. **Be glad to see everyone**---Honey loved to run up to people even if she didn't really know them. We would be working out in the front yard and Honey would be sitting there and if someone would be walking down the street, Honey would run and greet them. Since not all people appreciate a 78 pound dog barreling towards them, we had to always yell, she's friendly and soon her gentle spirit would win them over. It didn't matter what the person looked like, or if they were smiling or anything, Honey wanted to meet them. Honey taught me to be glad to see everyone.
3. **Savor the good things!**---Once a week, Ken and I used to go out to dinner(before the pandemic) and because we had a wonderful meal, I used to give Honey a can of wet dog food for a treat. Well, she would eat everything, lick the bowl clean, and then lick her lips for the next hour, happily remembering the goodness of the moment. Don't we all need to savor the good things of life that God has given each of us.
4. **Don't forget where you came from**---We got Honey from a friend of mine from work and on occasion when we would travel, Mary would offer to watch Honey. Honey would always recognize the street when we would turn on it and when we would get to the house, she would be so excited and would run right up on the porch. Then she would greet her first family with her wiggle butt and happy kisses. Honey taught me there is no place like your first home.
5. **Show unconditional love**---I totally get why service dogs are so important to people. In a world of heartache, there is nothing like coming home from a hard day and having your loyal friend put their head in your lap and be so happy that you are home. Honey greeted us everyday with a ball, circling us many times and bringing smiles to our faces. We had left her alone all day and it didn't matter to her. She loved us unconditionally and was grateful that we were home now.

Friends, I'm grateful that you indulged me to help me work through my grief with this tribute. Honey loved the church and all of you. Thank you for loving her too.