

Praying for dogs

by [Benjamin Myers](#) in the [July 27, 2022](#) issue

A tumor like a portabella on its neck,  
a Pomeranian has poked its head  
into my timeline where its owner posts  
*please pray*. And later at the Wednesday night  
prayer meeting Widow Jones requests a word  
of intercession for her Labradoodle  
who has a blockage in his doggy gut  
and is as bloated as a bullfrog's chin.  
And so at night I find myself in prayer  
like this: *Oh, Lord of endless mercy, Lord  
of grace and wonder please bring healing down  
to Cupcake and to Captain Fluffyface.*

The list grows by the day. My buddy texts  
to ask for prayer when his Great Dane gets hit  
by a school bus. My kids come home from sleep-  
overs and ask their mom and me to pray  
for all the dogs of friends: the overweight  
and cancerous dachshund, the beagle plagued  
with heartworm, three asthmatic pugs who snort  
and cough like dirt-clogged carburetors.

So without ceasing now I pray for them.  
*Oh, Father God, I lift up Bruno, Dot,  
and Buster. God, I pray for Stinky Pete.  
Oh, You who made the endless cosmos run,  
who hung the stars and filled the ocean depths,  
who brought your people out of Egypt's yoke  
and raised our savior from the dead, please bless  
Little Lord Fartington.*

What else am I

to do? They mean so much to all those who  
grind open cans of wet and stinking meat  
to drop into their doggy bowls, who clean  
up all the splendid messes that they make  
by eating pillows and crapping feather tufts  
on kitchen floors, who brush the beggar's lice  
and tangles from their ever-shedding coats.

To pray for one dog is to pray for all  
of us. And so, I bow my head again,  
scoop up the scattered kibbles and loose bits,  
and kneel beside the sloppy water dish.