

Once Upon a Time There Was a Pancake

Last week, while Ruth and I were walking Harold Alan, we were surprised to see him jump into a leaf pile and roll around. We both started laughing as his actions immediately brought to mind something that had happened years ago with our “first”* dog, Orville.



Orville



Harold Alan

On one Fall evening, while walking Orville around the neighborhood, we came upon a large pile of leaves beside the street awaiting pickup by our local service personnel. Unleashed, Orville ran to the pile and dove in, head first. He had never done anything like that before and we were very surprised and started laughing. Shortly after his dive, he seemed to be rolling around in the leaves...and then emerged with a pancake in his mouth. Yes, five inch pancake! He didn't eat it but carried it for several hundred yards before abandoning it with little affection. For the remainder of the Fall leaf season, he stopped at that neighbor's pile of leaves, and twice dove in to look around...but he never found another pancake!

We continue to take the same route with Harold Alan but he has yet to find a pancake! Ruth and I still laugh nearly every night we pass “that” leaf pile and think of the many good walks we had with Orville.

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* All of the dogs we have had over the years were our children’s dogs, not ours. We loved Tawny, Clarence, Adam and Marvin, but they “belonged” to our children, not us. When we were about to celebrate our fiftieth wedding anniversary, Ruth said she wanted a wire-haired dachshund, and after a long search, we found Orville. After his untimely death five years later, we found Harold Alan who is now six years old.