

To Chelsea

Chelsea went to heaven one Saturday.
St. Peter greeted her at the gate.
Dogs do not go to heaven, they say.
They have no souls, it's not their fate.
We know better, you and me.
Dogs do go to heaven; for they
In their loyalty allow us to be
Just as we are, with feet of clay.

Chelsea did not care about that.
She took care of each of us, in her way.
She was the queen wherever she sat,
And we were hers to love and obey.
When she left us on that day so sad
We wept, it was hard to say good-bye
To a loyal dog whose grace we had
Now she's at home in up on high.

To Chelsea © Leonard Yarbrough 2003