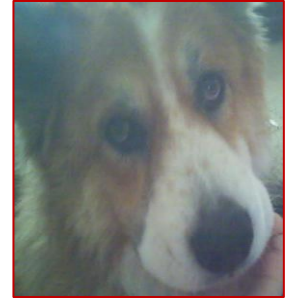
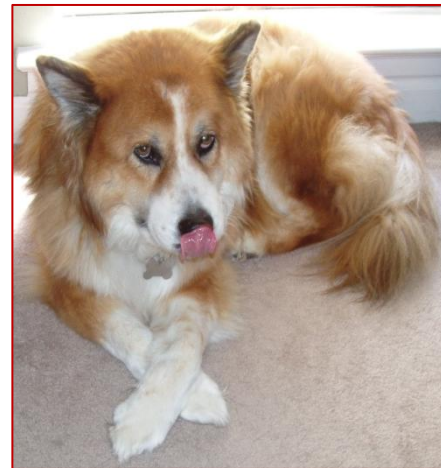


**And Then You Came Home One Last Time  
(In Remembrance of Our Beloved Bubbles, “Bobo”)  
Summer 1998 – January 12, 2013**



She came home the very first time,  
Shaggy, frightened, yet simply sublime.  
She arrived nineteen hundred and nine eight,  
Inside a box, or was it that crate?  
Without a whimper, a growl, or a bark,  
Her eyes spoke love, like the singing of *Larks*.  
From the Shelter my daughter she found  
This beautiful St. Bernard-Collie Hound.

From God’s own hand, made from Above,  
For fifteen years, she gave puppy love.  
Bubbles, her name, it fit her so well,  
Hearing, she ‘wagged that big bushy tail.’  
A year into life, Bobo found trouble,  
Hips with dysplasia, yes it was double.  
Van Hooser, her vet, he came to her aid,  
Extending her life, by years, he had made.



For weeks, our Bobo, confined to crate,  
Some whining, some crying, but *this* she did “hate.”  
Recovering from surgery, finally it came,  
And out of the crate Bobo did strain.  
Into the yard, she took with great fun,  
To say, “I Am Dog, Watch Me Run!”  
A whoosh and swoosh Bobo did fly,  
Twas’ not hard to understand why.

In Summer, the tree, its shade did cool,  
In Winter, outside, Bubbles did rule!  
She chased that tail, round-and-round,  
And after a while, she sat on the ground.  
One Summer day, she chased a big bee,  
Then caught it, stung, fat cheek on she.  
These and so many other things we see,  
In memories, in love, of our Bobo, so free.



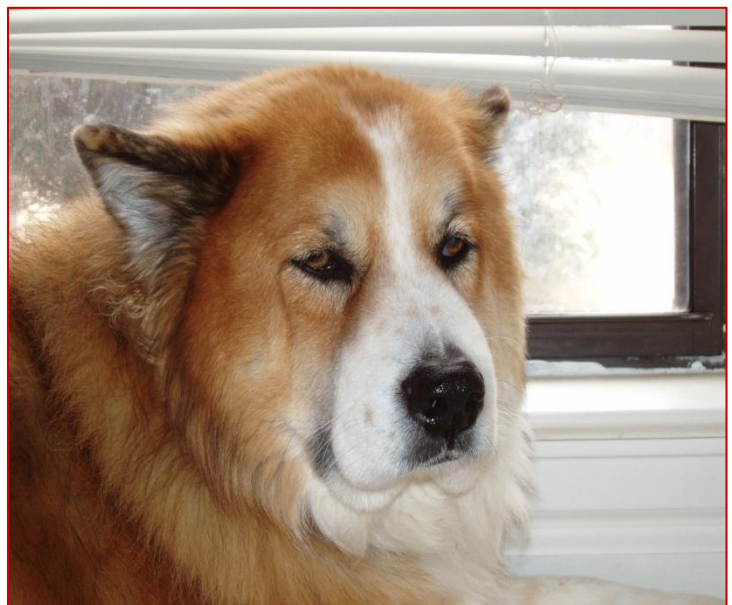
No respecter of person or creature on Earth,  
When age calls our name, the call is Dearth.  
“Slow down,” it says, by choice you have not,  
Life is not long, lest you forgot.  
Bobo in years, her eyes and ears in decline,  
In difficult hardship to even recline.  
Our hearts in breaking, our spirits bruised,  
Knew her time was fading, up-used.

The day drawing nigh, I dreaded with sorrow,  
Yet it came, was just one tomorrow.  
I said my good byes, “God, let it be true,”  
“All Dogs Go To Heaven”, will Bobo be there too?  
Beloved Bobo, rest in Eternal sleep,  
You will never be forgotten while we weep.  
You gave us your love, your very best,  
Into God’s Hands, we give you now rest.

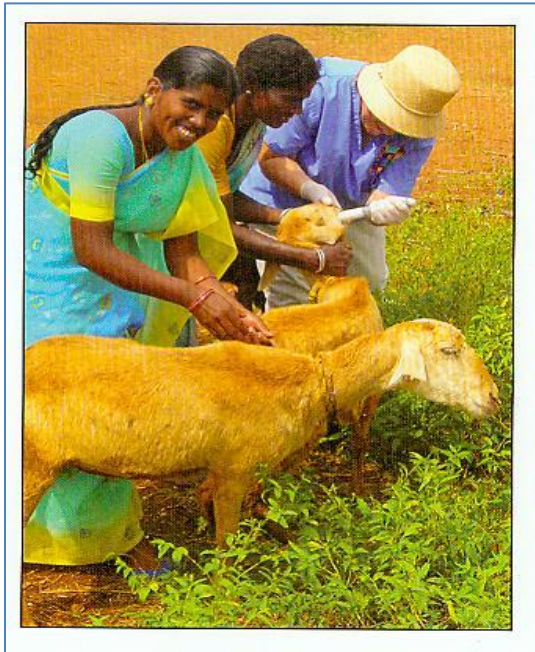
You came home the very first time,  
Shaggy, frightened, yet simply sublime.  
You arrived nineteen hundred and nine eight,  
Inside a box, or was it that crate?  
You left us Bobo in two thousand one three,  
We laid you to rest near your favorite tree.  
You beautiful St. Bernard-Collie Hound,  
We cried as you made your final sound.

And Then You Came Home One Last Time.

**Bubbles “Bobo” Scott  
Summer, 1998 – January  
12, 2013**



## You have been remembered, Bubbles.



### "India"

For over 30 years Christian Veterinary Mission has been sharing the love of Christ through veterinary medicine and bearing witness to the Gospel of Jesus, which offers eternal hope. Through CVM, men and women in developing countries learn to maintain the health of their livestock and develop sustainable sources of forage and water.



Christian Veterinary Mission  
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CCC

January 28, 2013

***"With my great power and outstretched arm  
I made the earth and its people and  
the animals that are on it."***

*(Jeremiah 27:5)*

Dear Tera,

A memorial contribution to Christian Veterinary Mission has been made by Carriage Hills Animal Clinic in affectionate memory of Bubbles.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to you for your loss. However, please know that this memorial gift allows veterinarians to help people in need all around the world.

We hope that you will take comfort in knowing that God cares for all of creation.

In His Name,

Kit Flowers  
President