

Trust...A Deadly Disease!

There is a deadly disease stalking your Italian Greyhound, a hideous, stealthy thing just waiting its chance to steal your beloved friend. It is not a new disease, or one for which there are inoculations. The disease is called "Trust."

You knew before you ever took your IG home that it could not be trusted. The breed expert who provided you with this precious animal warned you, drummed it into your head. IGs must never be allowed off lead!! Heeding the sage advice, you escort your Italian Greyhound home, properly collared, tagged, the lead held tightly in your hand.

At home the house is "IG - proofed." Gates placed where needed, windows and doors properly secured, and signs placed in all strategic points reminding everyone to "Close the door!" Soon it becomes second nature to make sure the door closes immediately after it is opened and that it is really latched. "Don't let the dog out" becomes second nature. You worry and fuss constantly, terrified that your darling will get out and disaster will surely follow. You know that to relax your vigil for a moment might lose him forever.

The weeks and months pass; the seeds of trust are planted; your IG is your treasured companion. At this point you are beginning to become infected; the disease is spreading its roots deep into your mind. You might let him run loose from the car into the house after an outing. "Why not" you tell yourself, he always runs straight to the door, dancing a frenzy of joy and waits to be let in. You convince yourself he/she comes every time when called. You start to believe your IG is the exception to the rule. You may even let your best friend slip out the door to go potty instead of getting the leash.

Years pass – it is hard to remember why you ever worried so much. Your exceptional IG would never think of running out the open door while you bring in packages from the car; or you feel it would be beneath his/her dignity to jump out the window of the car while you run into the convenience store. When you take him for those wonderful long nature walks you tell yourself he "deserves" to chase a bunny; one whistle will bring him safely back to you.

This is the time the disease has waited patiently for. Sometimes it only has to wait a year or two, but often it can take longer. He spies the neighbor dog across the street, and suddenly forgets everything he ever knew about not slipping out the door or coming when called. Perhaps it was only a paper fluttering in the breeze, or even just the sheer joy of running....

Stopped in an instant! Stilled forever – your heart is broken at the sight of his lifeless, beautiful body. The disease is TRUST; the outcome death.

Please do not risk your friend and your heart; save the trust for things that do not matter.

Please read this every year on your Italian Greyhound's birthday.