



Lost my Duke October 1, 2022 at 2:06PM. 14 years, 3 months - 99.67 in dog years. There will never be another. There are no words. He never hurt me like people do - he was perfect. See you in Heaven Mr. For sure.

Duke Swan
2008 - 2022

Duke's Dirge

He died October 1 because he made it until our October, the crescendo of our outside time together. The day he died I walked him at Kenbrook and the path was clear. The next day - yesterday - when I retraced our steps in those same Kenbrook woods with Rusty - a tree

had fallen over the path. I could not trace the roots of it. It was a Maple - the only one in the forest with red, orange, lime green and yellow leaves. I grabbed 1 of each. Like Grandpa's butterflies, I felt it was from Duke.

Perhaps the colors began after it fell. I could use some color again in my life. Jack and I did a full on respectful funeral for Max. This is Duke's in a single song. But I shall walk outside with Rusty every day this month and watch the colors change - a 21 gun salute from nature to Duke. Oh how I'll hate to see October go.

Duke deserves honor and respect for how he lived and how he died. The day he died he fell 15 times. Without complaint and with a smile he forced himself back up to come to my side. He was there when I would pray on my knees outside. I would look up and see him, feel his soft face and his gentle touch. I would often look him back in the eyes and say "Here I am, and there you are, together again...and, I love you!"

There was a flag draped over Duke's coffin. The flag simply says "Mama" - his one and only, his purpose in life - to protect her. That was his banner of love over her.

Duke's personality will never melt into the memory of other dogs. He was human, and now Duke is Divine. He gave us the full nine lives. I understand October is considered breast cancer month. To me, October is Sir Duke's month. And it's colors aren't pink and white. The official colors are orange, yellow, red, and lime green.

For Duke - forever and always - a voice for him to capture - at least for me- how he lived, how he died, and how he will always be remembered until that day when he greets us and does his happy dance, where the joy is so great Duke has to run around the house to let it out - just because we're together again.

When October Goes

by Barry Manilow

And when October goes

The snow begins to fly

Above the smoky roofs

I watch the planes go by

The children running home beneath

A twilight sky

Oh, for the fun of them

When I was one of them

And when October goes

The same old dream appears

And you are in my arms

To share the happy years

I turn my head away to hide

The helpless tears

Oh, how I hate to see October go

And when October goes

The same old dream appears

And you are in my arms

To share the happy years

I turn my head away to hide

The helpless tears

Oh, how I hate to see October go

I should be over it now, I know

It doesn't matter much how old I grow

I hate to see October go

In October colors: <https://youtu.be/YPqNGzg4M8c>