

Our Beloved Dogs

Margene and I had three dogs over the 43 years of our marriage — Glut I, Glut II and Cricket. All three of our dogs and the human mommy they loved so dearly died on our property in Chimney Springs.

Glut I & Glut II were wire haired terriers; Cricket was a Jack Russell. All three were great dogs that never bit anyone. The two Gluts are buried in the back yard, while Cricket's remains are in the living room beside Margene's.



Cricket on the back deck of our Chimney Springs home. A story about Cricket's last days can be found on p. 11.



Glut II wearing Grandpa Eidson's golf hat on a warm summer day in Dover.



Glut I resting in our suitcase at a hotel room in northern Virginia.



THE ORIGINAL GLUT

The first Glut was the dog I had when I was a six year old living in what is now Dunwoody. One day Glut went missing. Two days later, my dad and I found her in the woods, alive but mortally wounded from a fight with another animal. My dad took me home, then returned to put Glut out of her misery. I told myself that when I was grown and had a dog of my own, I'd name it Glut, which I did, twice.