

Frank lived way out in the country. It was 14 miles to the nearest town. He had a herd of purebred sheep. His prize possession was a special ram.

His neighbor wanted to improve his sheep herd by using Frank's ram. The neighbor had a wonderful pair of sheepdogs. He offered Frank the pick of the litter in exchange for the use of his ram. Frank picked out a cute puppy and named him Teddy. Teddy grew into a big, black, affectionate sheepdog. He grew to love his master and they became inseparable.

Teddy became a faithful friend and watchdog.

No one could come within ½ mile of the family farm without hearing Teddy's challenging bark. Many days, in lambing season, they spent all day together. If Frank needed Teddy, he simply whistled once and Teddy came running.

Their time together was to be interrupted by war. Frank was to serve in the Navy. He tried to think of a way to let Teddy know he'd be gone for a while, but of course he couldn't communicate with him, and with a heavy heart he said goodbye and went off to war.

Several years later he mustered out and took the train to his hometown.

He arrived at 11 PM. There were no taxis and his folks didn't have a phone. So Frank decided to walk the 14 miles home. As he walked, emotion welled up within him. Was Teddy still there?

Would he remember him?

It was 3 AM as he approached the family farm. From ½ mile away, in the pitch darkness he heard Teddy's challenging bark and growl.

He whistled once and he heard a yelp and he knew that there was a big black dog hurtling toward him in the darkness.

In minutes the dog was in his arms and they were engaging in a joyful reunion.

Someone we love with all our soul, strength, mind and heart has gone away. He has promised to come back for us.

Do we long for his return?

Will we recognize his trumpet call?

Or are we so comfortable living here that we'd rather not be bothered by his return?