

In Memoriam

Skyl

2003-2016

Skyl was the bravest dog I've ever known. Toward the end of his life, he would look at me through eyes that seemed almost spiritual. We communicated easily without words. If I didn't know better, I'd swear he knew exactly what I was thinking before I even uttered a word. He was wise in ways that were uncanny for a dog, but then again, Skyl was no ordinary dog.



I remember well the first time I saw him. My family and I were standing in one of the many fields at Glen Highland Farm Sweet Border Collie Rescue. It was January and it was freezing outside. The sun glistened on the crisp snow and the sky was a beautiful shade of blue. I then saw what seemed to be a white flash of light racing across the field heading right toward me. I'm not sure why, but I dropped down on one knee. And then he was there, licking every part of my face as if he knew me.

Skyl loved and excelled at agility. Before his cancer diagnosis we went to agility every Tuesday night. And every Tuesday night after dinner he would wait for me with his nose pressed against the kitchen door to remind me that it would soon be time to go. Being dyslexic I sometimes made mistakes on the obstacle course, but Skyl always seemed to know what to do. All I had to do was to follow his lead. He was a remarkably smart boy who was always thinking. True to his breed, he had incredible speed, almost supernatural energy and intense mental and physical stamina. But what made Skyl so special was the fact that he had an important job to do and it wasn't herding sheep or agility. He was tenacious in guiding me to the path I was destined to take.

Skyl was my faithful friend, my loyal companion and confidant. He changed my life on every level, relentlessly coaching me to where he knew I was supposed to be when I didn't have a clue. He was my teacher, my inspiration and catalyst to the founding of my business as an Animal Communicator, Energy Healer and Reiki Master. The spiritual connection we had was amazing. I've become the person I am today because of him. He passed away in my arms just a few weeks before his 13th birthday, living six years beyond the cancer prognosis of up to 3 months. I believe Skyl held me in his heart the short time he was here. He will live in my heart forever.

- Jill Renée Buckman