

Pick 'Em Up, Lay 'Em Down

In Tacoma, Washington, a few years ago, an unlikely hero emerged by the name of Tattoo.

This basset hound never intended to go for an evening run, but he had no choice when the owner clamped his leash in the car door and took off for a drive – with Tattoo in tow.

Police motorcycle officer Terry Filbert was driving near North 21st Street and Adam Street about 7:25 p.m., when he noticed a vehicle that appeared to have something dragging behind it. Filbert described what he saw as a hound dog “picking them up and putting them down as fast as he could.”



Filbert pursued the car and pulled it over, but not before the dog reached speeds in excess of 25 miles per hour – and had rolled over several times. The car’s occupants, a man and a woman, jumped out when Filbert told them they were dragging a dog.

“The couple was distressed and calling, ‘Tattoo! Tattoo!’” the officer said. The dog, 8 months old, was uninjured, and no citation was issued.

Poor Tattoo. We can relate to him, can’t we?

Have you ever felt like Tattoo – picking them up and putting them down as fast as you can? Racing faster than you ever thought you could run? If so, you’re part of the club.

Life has a way of dragging us along as unwilling as poor Tattoo. No matter how fast we keep picking them up and putting them down, we find ourselves racing faster than we could ever run. That’s when it’s good to know that our loving heavenly Father will be there with open arms to brush us off and bandage the wounds.

And because of the help we receive, we ourselves can brush off and bandage the wounds of others, those who have been hurt physically and emotionally.

Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God (2 Corinthians 1:3-4 NIV).

– Beecher Hunter