

It's All the Dog's Fault



Totally unexpected events can occur in life at a moment's notice – with a good ending for all concerned. Here is one such occurrence . . .

It was dusk on a warm spring evening, just after 6 pm, when my husband received a call from our neighbour, Yvonne. Answering the call, he only heard a muffled voice amidst background noise. After ending the call, within seconds the phone rang again – with the same puzzling response, reminiscent of a struggle of some kind.

He walked over to my room, and as he discontinued the call for the second time, a call from Yvonne came onto my phone. After picking it up and again hearing just background noises and muffled voice or voices, I also discontinued the call. Within seconds, it rang again with the same "story".

After two calls on my husband's phone and two on mine, I seriously felt that something must be wrong, and as much as I didn't want to, I decided to call the police.

In the meantime, it was getting dark. While we anxiously waited for the police to arrive, keeping an eye on the neighbours' house across the road, Yvonne's son, Nick, arrived home. I walked over to tell him of our concerning experience and that we had called the police. He appreciated the information and said he would call his mother after parking the car.

From the time I had placed the call, the police took over half an hour to arrive – but they came just as Nick finished parking his vehicle. Carrying bright torches and no doubt wondering what was going on, three officers entered the driveway.

They met Nick who called his mother in their presence and learned that she, her husband, and their three dogs had gone for a walk. One of the dogs defecated

and Yvonne bent over to pick up after the dog. Strangely, while having two of the small dogs pulling on the leash and her phone tightly fitting in her side pocket, the phone activated and unbeknown to her made the four callouts – two to my husband and two to me.

The couple with all the dogs returned home just as the police, no doubt relieved that nothing worse had happened, were turning out of our street onto the main road. Ironically, as John and Yvonne were nearing their home, they were wondering whose house the police came to and why

All's well that ends well. After learning the other side of the story, Yvonne walked over to explain what had happened at their end, apologized for causing us worry, and expressed appreciation for our concern. We all had a good laugh, grateful that all was well.

Sometimes strange things happen life, with amazing synchronicities. We still have no idea why Yvonne's phone spontaneously called our two numbers twice each, and not any of her other friends or contacts. That may forever remain a mystery.

We had fretted and worried that the police were taking a long time to arrive – and meanwhile were imagining the worst. Yet, the delay meant that Nick arrived home and I was able to appraise him of our experience. So, in looking back, the timing was perfect.

If it wasn't for his presence at the house, the police may have had no way of finding out the truth of the matter before the couple returned and may have even tried to force entry when no one opened the door.

It has been our experience in life that time and time again, circumstances come together in just the right way and timing – even when we may feel impatient or anxious, and wish things were happening differently or moving faster. Perhaps there is hidden help and guidance from behind the scenes? I would like to believe that that's the case.

All phenomena naturally appear in their uniquely correct modes and situations, forming ever-changing patterns full of meaning and significance, like participants in a great dance. (Chogyam Trungpa and Rigdzin Shikpo)

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