

Only in Wellesley

July 20, 2003

Disclaimer: I really do like dogs. This past week our local newspaper ran a story about a very enterprising Wellesley housewife who created an at home business making "high-end beds for dogs".

Here's a description of what one looks like: "featuring a polyfil bolster pillow that attaches to a round foam bed. The foam bed is encased in a hand-quilted cushion, which is covered with a decorative cotton fabric shell... with toile, checks, stripes and flowers among the options for owners, these are a far cry from your typical dog beds... the beds sell from about \$35 to more than \$100."

Hmmm. Now I applaud anyone who wants to work hard in a culture of entitlement but I couldn't help but think about the global (never mind spiritual) implications of dog beds. Doesn't it strike anyone as strange (tragic?) that while most of the children in the world sleep on and in horrendous conditions (just think about where street children sometime sleep and with whom), there is a thriving business for... dog beds.

As I said earlier, I love Fido but couldn't Fido sleep on an old comforter and the \$100 could feed... oh... about 50 children for a month in certain parts of the world.

I know that Jesus said that we would always have the poor with us but Jesus also told a parable about the sheep and goats - the sheep going to heaven, the goats going to hell... and what was the criteria of judgment?

Listen for yourself: "Depart from me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devils and his angels. For I was hungry and you gave me nothing to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me nothing to drink ... I needed clothes and you did not clothe me, I was sick and in prison and you did not look after me." (Matt. 25: 41-43)

There's an old expression, "let sleeping dogs lie"... fine, just not in \$100 beds.