

The Value of a Life

by Tomaca L. Govan



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Dedicated to my little angel, Reine.



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We journey through each day functioning, doing, being, breathing. We take up space. We impact others. There is this constant flow of energy through our thoughts and our actions. There is a steady interchange and flow between every living thing.

We can't measure the value of someone's or something's life. Simply can't do it. We don't have the ability to see even the most minute impact that one life has on another.

I am often criticized by a friend because I regularly talk about animals. They are in my environment and in my family and thus are a very big part of my life. Two dogs, two cats and five turtles inside and outside there's a chorus of birds who wake me in the morning, there are frogs and other creatures that sing 24 hours a day from spring through late fall and there's the occasional beauty and grace of deer



that may pass through the area. Then there's the fox family. They garner my attention. I stand in awe and watch them from my window or from the doorway- these magnificent and diversified creatures that God made - raccoons that scurry through, the squirrels that furry

about jumping down from a tree, grabbing something and running back up the tree.



We tend to speak about the things that we observe and that impact us as we live our day. I have learned not to speak of these things with my close friend and instead speak inwardly of these animal things that I experience and enjoy by observing and learning from.

Very recently, my son and I pulled into the driveway and there, just to the side, was a raccoon. It was obviously very sick. It kept trying to struggle to get to its feet only to fall down repeatedly. It did this over and over and over again, using its front legs to maneuver in an effort to get up. It was actually going in circles. We watched it for a bit, prayed for it and then went into the house because it was about 9:00 pm and we thought it would be dead by morning.

The next morning however, the raccoon had managed to put itself into the street, still moving in its confusing manner in an effort to stand up. It was as if its back was broken. I called animal control to report it hoping that someone could come and do something for it.

We live at the end of a cul-de-sac, so the fact that it was in the street wasn't too much of a danger. There is little to no traffic. We put a large box next to the raccoon just in case - so a car would swing around him if one did happen to come down the street.

After I left for work, the police came. The raccoon had managed to make its way back up our driveway and was back at the side of the house again. The police shot it to put it out of its misery. It took four shots because the first three missed. It was very sad. My oldest son was there to witness the event. When he saw the police pull up, he said to himself – “what could I have possibly done to make the police show up?” Then he saw them walk to the side of the house and he went out to see what was happening. There they were standing around the raccoon and one of them started shooting.

After contemplating the appearance of this sick raccoon turning itself in circles over and over again in an effort to get somewhere and the fact that it was shot at four times, the meaning came to me and his purpose was clear. I understood its message, I learned from it and I thanked the raccoon.



There are no accidents,
no coincidences.
Everyone and everything
has a purpose and a
reason and a meaning in
this delicately woven web

of life that we experience. It is a web because we are all connected. The impact of a life, the value of a life, is immeasurable and beyond words.

I ended the life of my little angel, Reine.

When you get a pet, the furthest thing from your mind is that one day this pet will die and leave you. The next furthest thing from your mind is that you might actually have to make the decision to kill them, or to use polite terms, “put them to sleep.” It makes sense if it ends their suffering; if they are beyond repair and healing.

I had to learn how to let my little angel go. I wanted to hold on to her forever; be oblivious to her suffering and believe that somehow she would be able to magically heal herself or that God would intervene and give her a few more years.



Seventeen years of
friendship, protection,
courage, love, humor,
affection, reflection came to

an end. I decided to end her life for her. She had ruptured tumors in her mammary glands. They hung on the outside of her body. It looked extremely painful and there is an odor - strong and offensive – but, we would bear it and not complain.

She doesn't do the stairs anymore because she can't. So, at night, when everyone else goes upstairs to sleep, she will walk to the bottom of the stairs and look up, recognizing that she can't make it up there and then go to her bed near the staircase and fall into a very deep, well-deserved slumber.

She protected us fiercely when she was younger. There was no sound or movement that went unnoticed and without her barking to call attention to it. She stood in defense of all of us whenever she felt it was required. And it would always be instant to the point where we would have to jump up and intervene if a friend walked in. There were certain people that she didn't like and though she would comply with us and allow them into the house, when they would leave, she would run and try to bite their ankles. She actually succeeded a couple of times. It's a good thing we had good friends because there were no lawsuits. Thankfully, apologies were enough.

When my youngest son was a baby, my mother came over to sit and hold the baby; that is her passion, to hold babies and rock them. All of her grandchildren and great grandchildren cannot recall a more restful slumber than when held by my mother. Even the most die-

hard hyperactive of the kids who would not and could not sleep, would fall asleep when grandma held them. "*Resistance was futile.*"

My Mom walked in and Reine immediately attacked her. I was surprised because my Mom is such a compassionate, easy going human being and people genuinely like her, as do most animals. And she had her share of pets in her own home. It was probably the only time Reine got a beating. I smacked her good because she had to understand that my Mom was the one person that she could not ever attack. Thankfully, she got the message and after that Mom was a welcome guest in our home and not subject to any scrutiny. Others - ? Ah well, we let Reine be. There were those she felt she could trust and those she didn't. Eventually, she finally got the idea that she



would flow how we did and she began to relax a little more.

It seems, and this is my personal belief, but it seems as though animals who come to families pick one person that they like the best or that they "assign" themselves to.

Yes, they serve the whole family, but they usually chose one to "serve" the most. In our house it was my daughter. She was 12 and

she was Reine's chosen one. She rarely left her side. Upstairs, downstairs, sleeping on the bed and with her everywhere, Reine was her shadow.

Reine (Reina) means “queen” in Spanish. Right after she died, my friend asked me what her name was and how it was spelled. “R-E-I-N-E.”

“That’s wrong, the Spanish word for queen is spelled R-E-I-N-A.” he said.

I knew that he was right, but I had to look up the spelling of the name for myself. I hurriedly typed “Spanish word for queen” in the search engine and there it popped up over and over again: “R-E-I-N-A.”

I had spelled my little angel’s name wrong for 17 years. I smiled, recognizing that it didn’t matter. She was the queen regardless of how we spelled her name. She was my baby girl. I loved her and she was my friend.

She was born with a sister. They were half terrier and half Chihuahua. They were behind a gated fence at a local corner store. She was adorable (puppies are so cute anyway). I inquired about her at the store and was sent to a Puerto Rican man who lived in the building next to the store. He told me her name was Spanish – Reine – (and he spelled it for me) and asked me not to change her name, and asked if I would take good care of her. Of course my answer

was “yes.” He looked at me for a moment and contemplated, then said “okay.”

"Reine means queen, you gotta like that. Now make sure that if decide you don't want her, you back here," he said just before removed the lock on the gate.



treat her
you
bring her
he

There it began, our life with Reine. Though a very small dog, she would protect us fiercely.

We lived in the city for most of her life. She enjoyed running from window to window to look out and bark incessantly at people, cars, dogs, cats, the wind, shadows - everything.

As my young daughter's protector, Reine slept with her and stayed by her side most of the time. If my daughter ever cried out or seemed upset, Reine would fuss over her as if she were the mother.

Reine went through these periods where she "had puppies." She would go throughout the house and gather up all the small stuffed toys she could find, put them in the laundry basket and take up residence. The kids would complain that she took their toys, but I would not let them take the toys back. If they went on a recon mission to reclaim their property, Reine would be very upset. She would run to me and jump around and pace back and forth feverously

to get my attention. It was as if they had actually taken a live baby away from her. So, of course I intervened and made them put the "baby" back in the basket.

We let Reine go through these little periods in peace as often as she needed to. It would last a couple of weeks every time. Mother Reine would just stay in the laundry basket caring for her babies. She would only leave her children if she had to eat and go to the bathroom, other than that, she stayed on her post. It was humorous but quite touching.

She was also extremely active - so much energy. Occasionally she would manage to get out of the yard and she would run! She was fierce and bold and would attempt to go head to head with any other dog regardless of their size if she came across their path. Fortunately, she never bothered people and had no interest in biting anyone when she escaped the yard.

Of course, dogs run a lot faster than humans, so it was impossible to catch her on foot and she did not know her name if you called to her when she was running free. Our only recourse was to jump into the car and call her name.

We would always spot her a block away from the house, running and sniffing – exploring the world.

She loved car rides. We would open up the car door and call her. There were no arguments, no begging or pleading. She actually knew her name in those moments and acted as if she was out there looking for you! She'd run and leap into the car, commandeer the front passenger seat and ride shotgun smiling and wagging her tail with her head poked out of the window.

Well, those kind of Reine-adventures took place a long time ago. In recent years, she took pleasure in just being by Mom's feet, watching movies with her charge and eating dog treats regularly. She doesn't see well, so she likes to stay very close to the house. She doesn't hear well, so she hardly barks anymore unless she wants something for herself and needs to get someone's attention. And, if you want her attention, you have to go and touch her shoulder and you have to do so carefully because she jumps in fear.

She was very happy when we moved to a very quiet woodsy neighborhood. It was just perfect for her. She enjoyed the action and excitement of the city when she was younger, but as an older dog, she really appreciated the fact that she could simply lay around and relax. She didn't have to worry about protecting us from "so many city dangers." The most there is to bark at are the birds, squirrels, and rabbits that are fortunate enough to avoid the clutches of our cats.

We got a younger dog, Shauno, three years ago. It's his job to bark incessantly at the wind and the woods and whatever else moves. Reine happily let him take her place as the "family barker."

I told her that she did a good job for us and now she could retire, relax and just enjoy a quiet life. She loved to sit outside on the front stoop and enjoy the outside. And that's all she would do is just sit. She had no interest in anything that was going on around her. Reine enjoyed relaxing in the open air. She found comfort in retirement.

Reine never ate dog food. She was born with an acid reflux condition and the chemicals in dog food made her very sick. She was fed boiled chicken and as she got older I would chop the chicken up very fine to ease in her eating and digestion.

My daughter moved out of our home this past summer. As is consistent with many stories about people and dogs, when there is a specific person that they've come to protect and be with, and that person no longer needs their protection, they consider their job done and move on. Shortly after my daughter moved, Reine started to take a turn for the worse.

She came into my daughter's life when she was twelve and as I mentioned earlier, hardly left her side. In retrospect, my little family went through a very dark period and my daughter suffered greatly

emotionally from her parent's separation and eventual divorce. Reine was there to comfort her and support her through those difficult times.

My daughter went away to college for four years and would come back home during breaks. Reine was always there, ready and waiting to be with her.

We had two cats who had the run of the house. All of the animals got along well except when my daughter would come home. Reine would not let the cats near her. She insisted that she would be the only one who could get close. She would attack the cats if they tried



to sleep in the bed with them.

Reine and my daughter went for long walks in the woods. They watched movies and ate popcorn together. And when my daughter's friends came to

visit her, she sat close by dutifully, just in case she had to jump up and defend her. Of course, this wasn't necessary, but Reine, though only about 20 lbs, was a female warrior and as such, was always prepared.

My daughter found the love of her life and moved out of the house this summer. Reine recognized that her charge, that little girl that she

so fiercely protected and guided no longer needed her. I truly believe that because her decline was rapid after that. Falling down the steps, falling down while standing, even experiencing a few seizures, all happened in the months after my daughter moved.

Pets show us what love is. They will give their very lives to protect us and they forgive us for many things that we may do to them out of ignorance, anger or stupidity. Their only expectation is love - which they give to us throughout their lives totally and unconditionally. You can't put a price on that. You can't measure the value of that kind of giving. You can't measure the value of a life.

Any time Reine was sick, she would come to me. I was her protector; I was her defender and her Mom. I was her female warrior.



When she was younger, we had her spayed and my daughter picked her up from the vet after the surgery. When she got home, she was still groggy from the procedure and stumbled to come to me. She lay there looking at me with big, glassy eyes with dilated

pupils, clearly stating that she needed me. I fixed a little bed on the

floor for her, gave her some water and sat with her for a very long time until she finally went to sleep. The next day she was much better and back by my daughter's side.

My understanding of the relationship between Reine and myself became very clear to me. I made sure from that point on that if she needed to go to the vet, I would bring her and if for any reason she had to stay, I would be the one who picked her up. She was my baby to care for.

I was the one who made the decision to put her to sleep. Though she always rose to greet me and treasured my touch, I could sense her extreme discomfort and her pain. I told my boys and I called my daughter. We picked the date, Friday, November 6th, which was just four days away. The decision to end her life was the correct one. Though we weren't completely ready to let her go, she was ready to go.

Reine HATED to have her picture taken. To this day, I don't know why. Perhaps she took after the kids – “oh no, here comes Mom with the camera again!”

Anytime you came near her with a camera, she would turn her back and walk away. If someone held her while a camera was pointed at her, she would get very annoyed. I was able to get shots of her if she

wasn't paying attention. I guess I'm the typical Mom, always pulling out the camera...

Interesting enough, the Thursday night before she died, I had the camera in my hand. She saw me with it and saw me coming. The old woman graciously stood and posed, looking directly into the camera. She did this for me because she knew it would be the last picture I would ever be able to take.

"Click" – one shot.

I went to take another picture and she turned her back to me and walked away as if to say, "Hey, I let you take one last picture. That's enough."



She knew.

The next morning – Friday - my daughter came over. We let Reine walk around the yard a bit and then she instinctively walked over to the car knowing that this would be her final ride.

Normally, any time Reine is in the car, she insists on putting her head out of the window no matter how many times she falls down because her hind legs give out on her. But, this time it was different. We put her blanket on the seat and her on top of it. She lay there very quietly. There was not the slightest thought or effort to get to the window and stick her head out. She held her head up during the ride and was just quiet. Sitting in the back seat with my daughter, who was sobbing, she silently sent her love.

All week long my children and I said thank you to her repeatedly and gave her loving touches. I told her that she did a great job for us. I told her that I knew her body had become painful and difficult to be in and that she was going to be able to rest soon. So, when Friday came, she knew where she was going and she was grateful. Her calmness during the ride was testament to that. My son (who is blessed to be very intuitive) heard her say “thank you” in the car as we drove to the vet’s office.

We went to a different vet’s office because the price for euthanasia was much lower than our regular vet’s office. My daughter, my son and I walked up the ramp to the hospital with Reine.

Reine always hated going to the vet. The second she walked into any vet office, she would be asking to leave – pulling the leash toward the door and looking at me with those pleading eyes. This

time it was different. She was calm and relaxed. She knew and she was ready.

We had to be “registered,” and the woman asked for the basic information, name, address, pet’s name, etc., etc. It seemed to take too long. My daughter burst out in tears and fell apart in the reception area. I looked at my son, who is very uncomfortable with showing any kind of affection, and said “go hold your big sister.”

He gave me a look like – Mom, are you serious?

“Go hold your sister! She’s upset and crying.”

He reluctantly put his arms around his big sister (who is five inches shorter than him), swallowing her up in his leather jacket.

She started blurting out loudly how Reine’s been in her life since she was twelve, and she was going to miss her and on and on.

I had brought a box of Kleenex with us. I knew between she and myself, we were going to need it.

I stayed dry-eyed because I had to get us “registered.” Then they started rattling off prices there were inconsistent with what I had been told on the telephone.

Understand - a mother would probably not hesitate to kill for their child. I AM that kind of mother. I would do whatever I had to do to protect a child and not just my child, but any child. I wanted this procedure over and done with, not just for Reine, but for myself and my daughter. I was prepared to do battle with anyone who got in the way of me ending my little dog's painful life in a peaceful way and my daughter's grief. That poor woman was falling apart at the seams and crying uncontrollably.



As my little dog's protector, my armor was already on in preparation for the day. My shields went up, my eyes narrowed their focus on the

receptionist and my voice raised just a little - just a little. I was prepared to leap over the counter and beat this woman and anyone else who got involved to a pulp.

“That’s not what I was told on the phone.” I said very curtly, with a slightly raised voice.

“What are your prices for everything?” I asked.

At that point, another woman came forward and started rattling off prices, euthanasia costs this, if you want to be there, it costs that, if you want the ashes, it costs this, and on and on. During that rattling, I heard the price that I was told on the phone.

“Yes, we want her euthanized, we want to be there and we will take her home.” I said.

With that finally resolved, the price was punched in the computer, the debit card was swiped and the process was moving again. I dropped my shields down to low.

Then they wanted to take Reine in the back to put a catheter in her leg.

“Not without me.” I said defensively.

“No, no, we can’t let you come back there. All they’re going to do is put a catheter in and she will be brought right back to you.”

I consented and gave them Reine’s leash. Reine calmly walked away with the woman which was another first for this tenacious little lady of mine. They put my kids and I into a room.

In most vet offices, there are two doors for each exam room. One is at the front where you walk in with the patient and the other is at the back where the medical staff enters. You’re supposed to be a good, patient person and not open the medical staff entry door. I opened the door and stood out in the hallway with my arms folded. It was all I could do to not go charging through the building to find my little girl. I am Taurus the bull and that nature will rise in me whenever needed. But, I kept myself calm and after a few moments (which seemed like hours), a young lady emerged with Reine in her arms.

There was an unspoken joy when our eyes met. Reine and I were both excited at the site of each other. My little baby.

We put her blanket down on the table and laid Reine on top of it. She was a little apprehensive and agitated. I guess the needle that they put in hurt a little.

A woman doctor entered with two needles and asked if we were ready. I needed to clarify again – “You’re going to put her to sleep as if she was having surgery, right?”

“Yes. She will be asleep.” She said.

“She will be asleep and she won’t feel any pain, right?” I asked again with my shields up, ready to hurt her if she didn’t give me the right answer.

“Yes. I promise, she won’t feel anything. She will be asleep.”

My son, my daughter and I rubbed Reine everywhere and said repeatedly, “thank you Reine, we love you.”

The first needle went in and Reine fell unconscious and was no longer aware of our touches and our words.

The doctor put the second shot in almost right away. Too soon for me. Reine died in seconds – absolute seconds. It was as if she was very anxious to leave and I know she was. Her pain was over.

After the second shot was put in, the doctor found a place on Reine’s body to put her stethoscope between all of our rubbing hands. She gasped and said “she’s gone.”

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“Yes, there’s no heartbeat. She’s gone.”

My intuitive son looked up at toward the ceiling. “Mom, she’s right up there.” he said, pointing.

I looked up, too emotional to open my third eye to see and sense her for myself, I said again, “Thank you Reine, we love you.”

My thoughts and my pain were interrupted by the doctor. The woman who’s throat, only moments ago, I would have crushed with my bare hands if she hurt my dog. “Would you like a box to put her in? It will make it easier for you to bring her home.”

I was surprised – “Oh, you have boxes?”

“Yes, just a moment and we’ll get one for you.”

She stepped out of the room which was dimly lit because she had the foresight and the wisdom to turn the lights down low to create a peaceful effect for all of us involved. After a few moments she and an assistant returned with a very nice, heavy, rectangular cardboard box, the perfect size for my little angel’s body. The top was shaped like a

coffin and there was a pad in the bottom of it. My daughter and I picked Reine up gently. She was still warm, but lifeless. We gently placed her into the box as if it was possible to hurt her. We put the lid on and there was silence for a moment.

The doctor said, "Wait, I'll get someone to carry her out to your car for you."

I said "That's alright, my son will carry her."

My son is 16 and is a strong, young man. Because of the understanding he has about life and death, he was the only one between the three of us who didn't cry and wasn't broken up with emotion. After my brother's funeral, he said to me, "Rod was there the whole time. He's still around; there's no reason to be so sad."

The box had handles and was easy to carry. Reine only weighed 18 pounds. I could have carried her. If she was 100 pounds and if I needed to, I would have carried her. Back problems and all, I would have carried my baby. But, I allowed my son to be a man and carry my little girl out to the car.

I thanked the doctor. She did a very nice job. She showed a great deal of compassion not just toward us, but also toward Reine. My daughter and I even talked about her afterward. I couldn't remember

her name, but remembered what she did. And, the box – we were just going to wrap Reine up in her little blanket and take her home. The box was a very nice touch. They gave Reine her own little coffin. Come to think of it, there probably was an extra charge involved for that, but the doctor just gave it to us. That was her compassion. That was her love for us as we stood in this situation with torn emotions.

“Call your brother and tell him we’re coming home with Reine. Tell him to get the shovels out.” I told my son after we were in the car.

My daughter cried lightly on the way home. Again, that box of Kleenex came in handy.

Upon arriving at the house, the garage door was open and two shovels sat on the side. We joined my son out back and he and my daughter picked out an appropriate place in our back yard. We have woods behind us and I personally would have chosen a place in the woods. But they choose a spot a little closer to the house, just before the fenced-in area.

The boys started digging.

My oldest son is 23, very strong and athletic. The earth moved rapidly as he shoveled and the hole was ready in no time.

I had wandered into the house while they were digging. I looked at Reine's little bed and was so sad that it was empty. I had spread blankets throughout the house so she could rest wherever she wanted to. I even had a large quilt at the foot of the stairs just in case she tried to go up or come down and fell. She was so stubborn for a time about that. She refused to let anyone help her. If we made a move to try to help her by picking her up, she would try to run away. She'd back down to the end of the hall and we'd have to scoop her up and carry her. So the quilt at the end of the stairs served the purpose of protecting her if she slid down the stairs.

I started gathering up the blankets to wash them and put her bed out on the sun porch for the cats to use.

My oldest son came running into the house, "Mom, tell us what you think."

I went out and inspected the hole. It was probably about five feet down. It seemed deep enough. I didn't want any animals digging up her body.

I got Reine's coffin from the car and her blanket. The air was chilly and steam rose up when we opened the coffin. It was warm; she was still warm. Without hesitation, we put her on her blanket and wrapped

her up. The boys gently lowered her body into the hole. We all stood there and looked as we silently hoped for a miracle. Waited for movement. Waited for her to put her head up and say, “Hey! What are you guys doing – I’m not dead!”

We valued her contribution to us. We valued her life.

We all had to say something. We said our thank you’s, put one of Reine’s favorite dog treats in the hole and started covering her up – still secretly wishing there would be some movement.

When she was fully buried, I had the boys go to the stone wall to bring over one of large flat stones. I wanted to protect her. The soil was very loose and I didn’t want some wild animal digging her up.

We placed two very large, very heavy stones on top of her grave and went into the house.

Early November and the weather was turning. It was getting cold outside. We were very chilly standing out there. Born in spring and died in fall. My Reine.

That was Friday. Today is Wednesday and I still have this heaviness in my heart. Today seems to be the worse day and I sit and write this holding back tears and constantly aware of the pain in my chest.

I reflect on my own time. I've been here for five decades. I haven't accomplished much other than raising my own children. I have two cds. (I'm a singer.) I write, but haven't written any novels, nothing beyond essay style writings, songs, poetry and one e-book on making money on the internet. I sing, I dance, I write songs; I am learning how to play instruments this late in life. But, I haven't accomplished anything. I don't have a legacy. What will people say about me when I die? How many "thank you's" and "you did a good job" will I get? What will someone consider to have been the value of my life? What will people remember?

Reine never needed to do anything or be anything but be herself. She was a little being of love and left that love behind. Our cherished memories of her are all fond. Her legacy was her own. She didn't write novels. She didn't sing, but she did dance quite a bit when she was younger. She never complained. Her life was simple. She allowed it to be.

If we could put a price on our lives, how much would it be? What is the value of a life? The value of your life, the value of my life? Who is to say what that is?

What's the value of a mosquito, a turtle, a frog, a dog? Each living thing serves a purpose. People who don't have pets, don't

understand the feelings of those of us who do. They are an integral part of our family structure. They have meaning. They have personalities. They deeply engrain a place in our hearts. They give us love and we give it back to them.

Reine's life isn't reduced to being just a story in the internet. It was a real, full life experience and an adventure with rich, tangible feelings, emotions and expressions. For each of us in the family, she leaves a trail of positive energy, brightness and love. She will be talked about to my children's children. "We had this little dog named Reine..."

Her picture is on my desk at work, on my work desk at home, sitting right next to my deceased brother's in my bedroom, in my wallet and on my altar, again with my brother, my son, my father, grandfathers, and grandmothers. She has just as strong a place in my heart as do others who have deeply touched my life.

There is a hole in my heart now. Until time heals it, I'd like to curl up into a ball and just stay there. I come home and look at all the places where Reine is not and it hurts deeply. She had tremendous value to me.

I understand that I need to let her go. I understand that I need to be happy for her. I understand that all life is temporary and transitory. I understand these things. I believe we are all one. I believe we are

the Creator experiencing himself through us. I believe that Reine and I are spiritually connected, as I believe my children and my family and I are connected and beyond that, all life is connected. I know beyond any shadow of a doubt that I will see her again. But, I miss her now.

My selfishness and my own self pity keeps her from crossing over. She's still in the house. I sense her. Little flashes outside of the corner of my eye ... her familiar smell... I know she's still around for my sake. I still hold on to her. I miss her too much and I need to embrace the love and let her go with all the things I understand.

All Reine ever did was be herself. She would "just be." You can't put a price that. You can't measure the value of her life or the life of any other being. She showed me acceptance, flexibility, love, grace, appreciation...just so many things about life. This quiet, little creature.

I start burning incense throughout the house and light candles and tell my little angel: "Go into the light. Stop hanging around. We'll see each again other soon."

After two days she is gone. The house feels different and everyone can sense it. There's an emptiness that wasn't there before. My angel finally went home.

One of my very spiritual friends believes that four-legged creatures who embed themselves with a family are actually elders - ancient spirits who come to help us with our lives.

So to my little angel girl Reine, whoever you were underneath the fur and the flesh, I say thank you for all you have done for our family.

You have protected us, cared for us and loved us. We love you too and we thank you so much for coming to share your precious life and time with us.

Thank you again for all you have done. The value of your contribution to our lives has been immeasurable.

Farewell little angel.

Step into the Light, go with God and continue your journey to create value.

Love you always,

Mom

About the Author

I'm Tomaca L. Govan, pronounced (to-may-sha) - simply writing down some reflections of my life. If you find anything in what I write helpful to your own life, I am grateful. I thank you for reading.



<http://Tomaca.net>