



If it Should Be

If it should be that I grow frail and weak
And pain should keep me from my sleep
Then you must do what must be done
For this, the last battle can't be won

You will be sad - I understand
Don't let your grief then stay your hand
For this day, more than all the rest
Your love and friendship, stand the test

We've had so many happy years
What is to come can hold no fears
You'd not want me to suffer so
When the time comes, please let me go

Take me where my needs they'll tend
Only, stay with me until the end
And hold me firm and speak to me
Until my eyes no longer see

I know, in time, you too, will see
It is a kindness you do for me
Although my tail, its last has waved
From pain and suffering I have been saved

Don't grieve that it should be you
Who must decide this thing to do
We've been so close, through all these years
Don't let your heart hold any tears

author unknown

Friday, April 17, 2009

When I spoke with the ER doc at 1 am Thursday morning, and she said you were not doing well, that you were rejecting your blood transfusion, that there wasn't anything more they could do, a wave of nausea hit me that has yet to pass. I wanted to come and get you right then, but ended up going down a few hours later in the morning. The news was a teeny bit more hopeful, your most recent blood smear showed 50,000 for platelets and a crit of 21% - I had so much hope that I could get you through this. When we arrived home, I offered you some food, you didn't eat, so I syringe fed you some A/D. You were supposed to get meds around the clock. Your ears were turning yellow, they said that was the rejected transfusion. I gave you some subQ fluids. You were mouth breathing as your nostrils were stuffed up.

Something felt ominous to me and a few calls later to OVRS gave me worries that you were attacking your own blood. As the night went on, you had more difficulty swallowing, your mouth was filled with sticky saliva, and you were obviously miserable. I made the decision to only give you the most important meds and I tried to syringe feed you a bit more but you were not swallowing much of it, and what you did swallow you had a hard time getting down. You were very yellow, and I knew that we were running out of time. During the night you snuggled up for a while with some of your friends. I spent a horrible restless night with terrible dreams during the parts where I did sleep - most of the night I kept getting up to check on you. By morning I knew....I called Northern Animal Clinic and asked Dawn if she could fit you in - if she thought doing a quick blood smear would be helpful in making decisions. If the smear showed you still had hope, my plan was to have her put in an E-tube for you so I could get your meds and food down without you having to swallow. Dawn came back and told us that your blood looked as bad as you did. So we let you go. I don't know how I got through that, but we let you go.

Coming home to a house without you was sheer agony. I looked for you at every turn, quickly realizing that I wouldn't see you. I think I was mostly numb, and still unable to eat, my stomach was still in knots and I was still nauseated. Oh Goblin, everywhere I look are pieces of your life. I packed up your meds and cleaned the counter off, I threw it all in a box to deal with later. I did sleep, knowing that I didn't have to get up and check on you all night.

Saturday, April 18, 2009

Towards evening, I started sobbing, I could barely stop. I miss you so terribly I can hardly breathe. I am wracked with guilt and anger at myself for putting you through that last trip to the ER. Oh, how I wish I had just kept you home and had taken my chances with nursing you through it. The end may have been the same, but you

would not have spent your last two and a half days in the ER, being tortured with IV's and needles and blood draws and medications and procedures. You would have been here with me where you should have been. Perhaps if we hadn't done the transfusions this time you would have survived. They just made you worse. I didn't know that they could be dangerous, perhaps if I had known, I wouldn't have taken you down there. I'm so utterly sorry I made those decisions to take you there, leave you, and have the transfusions done. I can't take it back, Honey Bunny. I hope you are able to forgive me for making your last time on this earth sheer torture. I can't believe I've done this to you. It is probably my stupidity that caused this last spiral down, since I'm so terrible at giving you the steroids and such. There was so much I could have done for you and I didn't. I hope one day I can forgive myself, right now it is pretty tough to do so.

I miss you so terribly, sweet Goblin. Just a short couple of weeks ago, you were leaping on me from every angle, chattering at me, playing with toys, head butting me and giving me smooches. You were nuzzling in my arms, purring madly. It is devastating how fast you left me.

Sunday, April 19, 2009

I'm no better today. I've been crying off and on, I can't seem to stop. I'm trying to keep busy, that seems to ward off the worst of it. This house is so empty without you here. I caught a flash of Scorpion in the corner of my eye and for a brief heartstopping second, I thought it was you, but a flash later I knew it couldn't be. I am just so bereft I can hardly breathe.

Tuesday, April 21, 2009

I'm still numb, still missing you at every turn. I made a collage of some of your pictures and put it on my desktop on two of my computers. Your ashes were ready for me at the clinic, and your footprints in clay were there for me as well. I asked about the fleece blanket I left you wrapped in, and they said they thought I meant to send it with you. I asked in surprise if they would have left it with you when the flames consumed your body, and they said yes. That was your hot chili pepper fleece blanket that was always in your carrier on the way to shows. It seems appropriate that it was the blanket I left with you. It is a small comfort to know you left this world wrapped in your blanket.

Tonight doing chores, looking into your half-sister Star's pretty face I see you - the shape of the eyes, the head, the muzzle, the silly attitude.

Barb Phelps called tonight - her email had been down and she just read my email about you. She is heartbroken, and surely knows how I'm feeling. She said that she's

only seen two cats that loved their human quite as much as you loved me - the other was Danny, who loved Barb with his entire heart and soul. It was a two way street with me, I loved you from the moment I saw your little face when you were soaking wet. I told myself then not to get attached, that you might not make it, you never know with kittens. You did make it, and gradually your personality came out. Silly dweeb.

Memories of the times on the road with you, of the shows, of you in the rings, of walking through so many showhalls with you on my shoulder, seeing you lick fingers and faces of spectators and seeing you chattering at judges and their toys.... you would crouch in the cages when the judges were taking their last look, eyes wide open and pupils huge, chattering crazily at their feathers or mylar toys. When I would pick you up from the rings you'd crawl right up in my arms and would give me a big smooch, purring so hard your chest would be heaving. Whenever I'd talk to you, your chest would start heaving and you'd be hyper purring, making those huge Bambi eyes at me.

Ah, Goblin, you are so deep in my soul, I don't know where my soul ends and yours began. I'm so devastated I can't even really cry - it hurts beyond even that. I'm going through the motions, trying to keep up with things. One day, I might be able to breathe again.

Last night when I was trying to fall asleep I was thinking of what Barb had said about how much you loved me. I was remembering a time perhaps a year ago at a show in the Detroit area - Ellyn Honey was in the room next door to me, and she had finished judging and wanted a cat fix. She had a few people in the room, all of whom knew you. So I brought you over along with a mylar toy. You were thrilled to be in a room with me as the only cat again, just like it used to be when we were running for your national win. You were chirping, eyes huge, purring up a storm, and you only had eyes for me. Everyone commented on how devoted to me you were. We could have been alone in that room full of people, for all you cared. You played, you sparkled, you were so happy.

Wednesday, April 22, 2009

Today my thoughts keep wandering back to just how unique my relationship was with you, Goblin. I've had a fair number of special cats or dogs, most of whom loved me as much as I loved them, but I can't say that any of them loved me quite as much as you did. This house seems so empty without your presence here. Hard to believe that a house full of cats could feel stark empty, but it does. I hope I can be content to have had such a special relationship with you. The likelihood of sharing quite that close a relationship again is slim, I would think. You were just

amazing - and always will be. The year we shared on the road with you earning your national win was incredible. At the end of that season, I felt like it wouldn't matter if I ever showed again, nothing would ever touch the fun we had. I think I mourned showing you for months and months after your season ended. You had to adjust to not going to the rings as well, you loved it all and you were confused when you were at show after show and you didn't go to the rings. It took you a long time to be ok with that. I think what both you and I loved about showing was when I'd pick you up from the judging rings and we were again complete.

You had a fan club that followed you through your blazing show career and then followed you at all the shows after. They would come and say "Is he here???" and I would laugh and say "Of course, I'm here, aren't I? Would I be here without Goblin?" They would come and visit you, and two of them cooked special chicken for you and would bring you little meals of that chicken whenever they were at the same shows we were. Whenever I would take you out of the cage after arriving at a show and setting up, you would put your nose up in the air, sniffing like a bird dog for the Chicken People.

At the show in mid December 2007 when you had your first major GI bleed and I nearly lost you, I raced you down to OVRS Friday night and then ended up going home and picking up Mantis and Scorpion who were entered that weekend. The ER doc, Dr. Latra, called me on the way home to ask what to do if you crashed - I remember telling him that if there was any way, I wanted to be there, to try to save you. I knew it was grave. I packed up the two cats and their show stuff and my stuff, and drove back down to Detroit. I drove nearly an hour each way up to Bloomfield Hills to see you twice a day while I was down there. Saturday morning when I walked into the show hall, so many people rushed up to me and gave me a hug, crying with me they were so devastated you were gravely ill. I know there was a large group of us hoping and praying you would make it. I think they all shared my joy when you did survive. I remember visiting you at OVRS the night before they let me take you home again. They brought you into a room and left you there with me for nearly 45 minutes. You were so overjoyed to see me you were squeak-purring. You spent that 45 minutes nuzzled in my arms, purring your heart out. It was beyond hard to let them take you back. I stayed down there an extra night so I'd be close by, and then brought you home the next day.

In a way, it is a relief to not be worrying about you, igh. I've spent three years worrying about you, trying to take care of you, trying to get you past whatever this is. I've done endless hours of research in vet books and on the net, I've run ideas and theories past so many different vets and specialists. It feels so odd to not have to worry about your meds, to not worry about how you are doing, to not be watching you like a hawk for signs of a bleed. I hope you are safe somewhere, and I hope those that say I'll see you again are right, it is all I can hope for. I hope your spirit is still

somewhere near me, I can't believe you could go far. Sometimes I really wonder if there is anything beyond. I wonder if perhaps this really is IT. If this is all there is. If we stupid humans make up these stories and we're trying to make ourselves believe there is more after we die. I can only hope there is.

Thursday, April 23, 2009

The will to survive is strong. I seem to be surviving losing you, Goblin. I feel so out of whack - like I'm hanging in suspension, waiting for something. I also have the oddest feeling that you are not far away. I just can't quite touch you or see you. I hope you are near, I don't know how you couldn't be near.

Many times when I'd be sitting here at my computer, I'd hear the sound of leather squeaking...I would call out "Goblin, that better not be you chewing my shoes!" and I'd look around the corner, you'd be sitting there looking anything but guilty, happily fangs punching my shoes all around the foot opening. I'd say your name again and you'd leap up, chirping happily and would come running to me. It was impossible to not give you some smooches on your forehead. You never did get tired of those smooches, you would bow your head asking for one and then another, and of course I'd comply. Sometimes I would hold you curled up on my chest, and I'd rub your belly and especially your pits, and you'd press your head up against my face fairly hard, purring madly. You'd often give me smooches, and frankly, you always slobbered a bit.

I remember the first time I caught you enjoying belly rubs from Jim. You were always my guy, but Jim would try to woo you over to the dark side. You were laying on your back in his arms, really loving the belly rubs only Jim can give. I said "Goblin!" The look on your face was priceless - you were suddenly pushing Jim's hand away from your belly with all four feet, crying out and saying "No! Ma! Really, I wasn't liking that at all! Honest!" but you were so busted. It always irked Jim that all I had to do was say your name - even softly - and you would come running. And then, you started seeking out Jim's attentions, you'd stroll over to him and would crawl into his arms, and would beg for a belly rub. Then you would slowly swivel your head until you were looking straight at me, as if to say "Hey, Ma, are you jealous yet?" If I said anything, you would leap up and come snuggle with me and give me smooches. If I didn't say anything, you would continue to look at me and would soon get up and come over, to make sure I still loved you. Jim would often hold his hand up to block your view of me, saying "Don't look at her!" It was too funny, you'd peek around that hand and would come running to me. Then Jim would accuse you of just using him to get to me.

Sunday, April 26, 2009

The feeling that you are near is still strong. I'm somehow at peace, at least right now, with you being gone. Goblin, you taught me so much about life and about love. You surely gave your all to me, and then some. I will always remember you flopping on hotel beds, so utterly happy to be somewhere with me, your chest heaving with your purring, your eyes glowing and bright. Coming back to hotel rooms - so many of them - and you trotting to the door to greet me, happy that I was back with you. You curling into a ball that fit ever-so-perfectly in my arms in the hollow of my neck while we slept. You giving me smooches, your tongue was always rough and a bit sloppy.

I'll have some pretty big hurdles to face, Goblin. The first show without you there....the first hotel room without you there....your friends who will mourn you with me....walking back to my benching cages and realizing you are not there....

What I learned from you, Goblin, was to love you with every fiber of my soul - without reservation, without fear of losing you. Your leaving me came so suddenly, I never thought you would leave me like that, igh. But I surely loved you as much as it is possible to love another being.

I hope you visit me in my dreams.....



I'm Free

Don't grieve for me; for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid for me,
I took his lead when I heard Him call,
I turned back and then left it all,

I could not stay another day,
To purr, to love, to work, or play,
Events uncompleted must stay that way,
I'm found at peace at the close of the day.

If my parting left a void,
then fill it with remembered joy,
A friendship shared, a purr, a kiss,
Oh yes, these things I, too, will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full, I savored much:
Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief,
Lift up your heart and share with me;
God wanted me now, he set me free.

Author Unknown

a New Star Shining in The Sky Tonight.....

*There is an old belief that the stars shining
in the night sky are the spirits of those who have died.
They have shed their earthly bodies and exchanged them
for bodies made of light: thousands upon thousands of our
dear departed friends all promoted to glory in the night sky.*

*There is another saying that the brightest flame burns
the shortest. Goblin, you were the brightest star in my
own universe. While I burn on, my flame dimmed by grief
and despair at your passing, the stars are watching me.
They are too far away for me to touch, just as you have gone
somewhere I cannot follow until my own star-time comes.
They cannot be held close for comfort, just as I can no longer
hold you close, though I held you close to comfort you in your final hours.*

*We were together for such a short time, but the stars will burn forever. One day I
will grow tired of this earthbound body, my own star-time will come and my spirit
will soar into the sky to burn with all those friends who have gone before me.
On the inky cloth of space we will be reunited in constellations of joy.
Until then, my flame burns low and dim and cold without you.*

Through my tears I look upwards to see if you are watching me and what do I see?

There is a new star shining in the sky tonight.....

Author unknown