

## HOMELESS IN PARADISE

April 12-18, 2019

### PENINSULA PULCHRITUDE - Part 15



#### IF A HOMELESS DOG DIES, WILL ITS HUMAN JOIN IT BY CROSSING THE “RAINBOW BRIDGE”?

By Wanda Sue Parrott

**EXPLORING** death’s spiritual possibilities annually began April 7, 2015, when a neighbor shot himself as I was finishing my weekly “Homeless in Paradise” column just twenty feet from the wall separating the halves of our Seaside duplex.

*Bang!*

If I hadn’t assumed Matthew slammed a door, would he still be alive?

In a vision just hours after he blew out part of his brain, but was on life support in a Salinas hospital, my neighbor whispered in my dream, “I was homeless in the heart. I wish I hadn’t done it.”

*Too late.*

He died a few hours later, after his organs were harvested, at age 30.

I had no further contact with him through the sixth sense known as my reporter’s “nose for news” aka “highly developed intuition.”

If we could have communicated after his death, I’d have asked: *Did you cross a legendary Rainbow Bridge like many pet-lovers believe carries their precious animal babies into a peaceful paradise remarkably similar to human heaven?*

According to the Rainbow Bridge beliefs, if a beloved dog or cat dies first, it is eventually reunited with its owner.

But, what if the human dies first? Or, the pet dies for its human, essentially sacrificing its own life through suicide by and for love?

Sounds far-fetched, but I witnessed such a case.

## **Animal Suicide By And For Love**

Jackie Dashiell, editor of the Women's World (society) section of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* during the early 1970s, was a living legend in her own lifetime.

I was in awe of this intrepid red-haired journalist who drew eyebrows on her face with stubby black copy pencils and sometimes smoked two cigarettes at a time when conducting a staff meeting to plan the next week's daily society sections.

She was invincible. Jackie traveled the globe to get good stories, was the honorary Lieutenant Governor of the State of Oklahoma, and she had confidence in me, a cub reporter, that I lacked.

Once, when she went to Korea, Jackie left me in charge of the office, and we all survived!

When breast cancer struck Jackie, I was devastated, but she was back to workdays, not weeks, after surgery.

When Jackie was pronounced cancer free, her dalmatian, Erin, developed a fast-growing tumor in the exact spot Jackie's cancer had been. The more Jackie's high energy returned, the larger the polyp-like tumor on the dog's chest became.

One day it sagged like a balloon overly full of water and ripped from Erin's body. The dog died. Jackie lived nearly twenty more cancer-free years.

For all I know, she might have written *The Rainbow Bridge*, whose author remains anonymous.

### ***The Rainbow Bridge (Death Of A Pet)***

*There is a bridge connecting Heaven and Earth.  
It is called the Rainbow Bridge because of all its beautiful colors.  
Just this side of the Rainbow Bridge there is a land of meadows,  
hills and valleys with lush green grass.  
When a beloved pet dies, the pet goes to this place.  
There is always food and water and warm spring weather.  
The old and frail animals are young again.  
Those who were sick, hurt or in pain are made whole again.  
There is only one thing missing:  
they are not with their special persons who loved them so much on earth.  
So each day they run and play until the day comes  
when one suddenly stops playing and looks up!  
The nose twitches. The ears are up!  
The eyes are staring, and this one runs from the group.  
You have been seen, and when you and your special friend meet,  
you take him/her in your arms, and you hug him/her.  
He/she licks and kisses your face again and again  
And you look once more into the eyes of your best friend and trusting pet.  
Then you cross the Rainbow Bridge together, never again to be apart.  
(Author Unknown)*

## **A Rainbow On The Horizon For Homeless Women And Their Dogs In Monterey**

Gathering for Women and Community Human Services will copartner with the County of Monterey to operate the Olympia Shelter for women and children in Seaside if their application for HEAP funding is approved. Corollary to the human shelter is possible shelter for homeless women's dogs on the GFW site at 147 Eldorado St., Monterey. [www.gatheringforwomen.org](http://www.gatheringforwomen.org).

If the inevitability of separation by death cannot be avoided, here is an invocation that helps me release loved ones who, like the old dogs preparing to leave their loving ladies behind, must go. May it help you proceed in peace toward your own version of the mystical Rainbow Bridge.

### **To A Beloved Soul In Transition**

By Wanda Sue Parrott, FRC

*May the Divine Essence of the Universe infuse your Being,  
so your Consciousness is aware of the Greater Light  
with which you are entrusted.*

*And may you merge into this Greater Light  
as a feather is upraised when it rides the white wind  
of the Invisible One humans call God,  
and animals, insects, microbes and plants embrace  
as Commander of their Innate Natures.*

*May you go in Peace Profound.*

*Go now,*

*before I change my mind!*

###

Photo: Bulldog--On April 5, 2019, at Scholze Park in Monterey, an elderly homeless woman's old dog resembling this one gazed sadly with red-rimmed eyes that spoke apologetically like a dream whisperer: *I am dying. I am trying to prolong my life for her but cannot keep sleeping on wet ground or wearing ragged tee shirts to warm my bones that ache with raw pain. I must go. I am sorry...and hope we can be together again soon. Until then, take care of her as she deserves to be respected, not abandoned.*"

Clyde the Bulldog courtesy of Clip Art

Photo: Cici in coat—Also on April 5, CeliaSue Hecht, surviving homeless writer whose dog Cici appeared in the January 25 edition of this column under the headline "Was suicide-bent senior saved by her doting old dog?" sent this email: *Please pray for my Cici dog. Send her healing light. She has lost a lot of weight, hardly eating or drinking, won't go out much either. Vet said her blood work looks good, but she has a severe heart murmur. She is 12. Am worried sick about her. She ate this morning, but not since then.*

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Cici courtesy of CeliaSue Hecht

Copies of this column appear in the Cedar Street Times at [www.cedarstreettimes.com](http://www.cedarstreettimes.com).

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