

HOMELESS IN PARADISE

April 26-May 2, 2019

PENINSULA PULCHRITUDE - Part 17



WHAT HAPPENS IF LIFE'S SHADES ARE DRAWN ON WINDOWS OF THE SOUL?

By Wanda Sue Parrott

CARING Cooperatives are the lifesavers of human society.

If you're an active participant in a social network like Next Door or Facebook, you're already part of a "caring co-op" in which various ideas are shared, some fairly rash.

For example, this controversial approach to death, resurrection and even rebirth of love was offered in answer to last week's column that asked:

What Happens If A Pet's Human Dies First?

Harold E. Grice, engineer from Salinas, said, "If the pet has no one, do like the Vikings."

"What's that?" I replied.

"If a Viking died in battle, I've heard that his horse was slain, laid on top of him, and both were buried in one grave."

You mean murder the homeless person's surviving dog or cat?"

"It's not popular," Grice admitted, "but it worked."

"Would the horse die with its eyes open or closed?" I asked. "You know the old saying about the eyes being the windows of the soul."

"Some people believe the souls of people and animals reincarnate."

What do you think?

Are The Eyes Really The Windows Of The Soul?

Robert K, a reader from Salinas, put his beloved old cat down after its suffering from old age became unbearable the same day the first column in this mini-series appeared.

Robert commented, “The last thing my cat saw was me. He died with his eyes open.”

I answered, “I remember holding my dear old Blackie and looking into his brilliant gold eyes as his little heart stopped beating. The light went out and a film like opaque oil came over them.”

Fact is, I first witnessed the death screen cover the eye-window when I was six and my Aunt Bud wrung the neck of a chicken to fry for dinner. Its body ran in a circle before it flopped, talons up, and the head landed at my feet, its eyes staring at me as its life light faded.

I was frozen in that hideous-yet-hauntingly beautiful moment as the bird’s vital spark defused its physical form, making it incapable of further functioning as a proverbial “living, breathing soul.”

The upbeat aspect was realization that soul is in all living things and is everywhere, even if it no longer occupies a physical form that can be hugged, stroke and petted as we once showed affection to Fido, Fluffy and each other.

In essence, I learned early in life to accept loss because love is in the air!

Do I believe in reincarnation?

Does nature recycle in annual Spring Revival?

How Are CeliaSue Hecht And Cici?

Several readers expressed ongoing concern for homeless writer CeliaSue Hecht, 69, and her 12-year old dog Cici. They ask if Cici survived her recent bout of weight and appetite loss, and how CeliaSue is doing following recent angioplasty followed by breast cancer surgery.

CeliaSue, currently hospitalized with a blood clot on her lung, emailed on Tuesday:

“I was able to rest for awhile after lumpectomy (am cancer free)... and am back in the hospital with a blood clot on lung... am still concerned about Cici. she is eating again...but she does have a severe heart murmur and has been panting a lot and lethargic... can’t afford to take her to a cardiologist vet... not really sure what to do. She is going to be 13 in July.

“The blood clot is from sleeping in my car sitting up... have not had the valve replacement heart procedure yet.

Thanks.”

Cici is in the same dog boarding facility she stayed in during CeliaSue’s prior hospitalization.

Readers are welcome to contact CeliaSue for further information at cshechtwriter@gmail.com.

How Are Sarge And His Dog?

During the past few months, ongoing postings by neighbors on Next Door have commented on a man I’ve previously described as an apparent homeless loner in General Douglas MacArthur hat and sunglasses, accompanied by an aged German shepherd in Seaside/Sand City.

Nextdoor’s caring co-op nicknamed this man “Sarge,” and revealed how compassionate a social network can be toward a stranger.

Respectful, kind postings circulated about Sarge’s old dog’s death a couple of months ago. Then came follow ups about sightings of Sarge with a new puppy that looks like a Siberian Husky.

Finally came a neighbor’s report that he actually talked to Sarge.

“He is a very nice guy,” the post said. “His real name is August.”

Sarge’s/August’s solution to questions of how to survive the loss of one’s pet is simple:

Recycle love, regardless of whether or not you believe in reincarnation.

Caring Network

A local caring co-op is the Unitarian Universalist Church of the Monterey Peninsula, 490 Aguajito Rd., Carmel. UUCMP's Caring Network, along with its Social Justice and Immigration committees, offer opportunities to help in everything from feeding the homeless to providing rides for those who need chemotherapy or other health care, and even pet-sitting dogs and cats of members in need of temporary assistance. Sunday services are at 9:30 a.m. and 11:15 a.m. Visit www.uucmp.org or call 831-624-7404.

Please let me know of other such caring co-ops that can and/or do provide support for the homeless or about-to-become homeless, especially women with dogs, and I'll post them in this column.

Next week's column will explore some local organizations that specifically help animals that have lost their owners or whose humans cannot now care for them.

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Photo CeliaSue Hecht with Cici courtesy of CeliaSue Hecht
*when Cici's wet kiss
slathers face of CeliaSue
love is in their hearts*
haiku by Wanda Sue Parrott

Photo Blue Dead Bird courtesy of Clip Art
*when eye shades are drawn
on the windows of one's soul
love is in the air*
haiku by Wanda Sue Parrott

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