



I lost my beloved Margarita today.
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When Tomorrow Starts Without Her

When tomorrow starts without her,
And she is not there to see;
The sun will rise and find my eyes
All filled with tears for her.
I know she wishes so much I wouldn't cry
The way I did today,
I know she knows much I loved her,
As much as she loved me,
And each time that I will think of her
She will know that she misses me too.
But when tomorrow starts without her,
I need to try to understand
That an angel came and called her name
And petted her with their hand.
She said her place was ready,
In Heaven far above,
And that she would have to leave behind
All those she dearly loved.
But, as she turned to heel away,
A tear fell from her eye,
For all her life she never thought
That she would have to die.
She had so much to live for,
So many sits and downs to do,
It seemed almost impossible,
That she was leaving me.
She thought about our lives together,
She knows that I am sad,
She thought of all the love we shared,
And all the fun we had.
Remember when she'd nudge my hand,
And poke me with her nose?
The boyfriends she would gladly chase,
The bad guy, she'd "bark and bite"
If I could relive today,
Just even for awhile,
I know she'd wag her tail and kiss me,
Just so I could see her smile.

But then she fully realized,
That this could never be
For emptiness and memories
Will take her to a new place away from me.
And when she thinks of treats and toys
She might miss come tomorrow,
She will think of me,
My human-heart filled with sorrow.
But when she walked through Heaven's gate;
And felt so much at home;
As God looked down and smiled at her,
From His beautiful throne.
He said, "This is eternity",
And now we welcome you,
Today your life on earth is past,
But here is starts anew.
I promise no tomorrow,
But today will always last;
For you see,
each days' the same,
There's no longing for the past.
Now you have been so faithful
So trusting, loyal and true;
Though there were times you did things,
You knew you shouldn't do
But good dogs are forgiven,
And now at last you're free;
So won't you sit here by my side,
And wait right here with me?"
So when tomorrow starts without her,
I don't think we're will be far apart,
For every time I think of her,
I will be right there, in her heart.
I know she is with her buddy Ginger who I know she missed oh so much
She was the kid a Mom could have and I will always feel her touch.

(My friend Marcia who is a Holistic healer for animals was with me when Rita passed on today. Prior to putting Rita down, Rita lost all of her spiritual energy. She felt it. She was ready to cross into a new world. I was not ready to let her go. We never are.)

So I come home, I sweep the floor, Look out the window, Make a cup of tea and some toast, But then not eat them, I start to cry, Forget what day it is, Stumble into a corner of the floor and hold my knees tightly, pull yourself together, Make another cup of tea and this time pour it down the drain, Look out a different window, stare at the nose art she made, Stare at that spot on the floor where she used to stretch out, languid and happy, her paws twitching as she raced across sleep meadows and into dream ravines filled with moss and ferns and the scent of foxes, Look for the Kleenex, Wander around the house, my heart feels like a damned anvil in my chest, Heat up leftovers, Push them around the plate before leaving the entire thing in the sink, Look for what is not there, cry

when I see her bowls, Feel the forgotten fur beneath my fingertips, Feel the forgetting begin

Hold a memory, any memory, bright and shining, soft and sad, smelling of wet fur and leaves, with a whisker there and muddy paw prints left on the floor, of a walk of a hike of a trip to the park with a treat and a bone and a belly rub snacks stolen off the low table and tug of war and the squeaky toy a glance of complicity in play , the toys piled up outside hundreds of them, with my hand on her head with tail wagging and breath misting in the morning light or the moon over the trees while an squirrel sends her into orbit, she croons ears are pricked and nose to the ground sniffing, sniffing, sniffing following the invisible trail to its joyful finding, I put on my pajamas, should I turn around three times before I curl up by the rope toy and find myself chasing the echo of a bark into a night that will never end. I loved my Rita dearly and the pain right now is breathtaking.

I think that losing a pet is a purer loss than losing a person, because our relationships with people are so much more complicated that we often continue to feel some level of anger, guilt, disappointment, regret, and whatever else troubled our relationship at the same time we feel the grief. But with much-loved pets, all we feel is the grief in its purest form.

Certainly some are harder than others, though. I lost my beloved Margarita today. Letting go has been hard. Her beautiful brown eyes told me this week she was done. It was the same look my Dad gave me when he passed. When he said to me as the doctors explained to my Mom and brother what DNR meant and had them sign the papers, my Dad looked at me and said," Let me go. I love you, but let me go. " I had to let Rita go today....I am deeply saddened.

It has been a gradual process and I cried when she died but we'd have been saying our goodbyes for a few weeks now. As she hid in all my closets at the end not wanted for me to see her pain. Her vacant eyes had greeted me for so long that the good-bye was just a formality. Her body stopped today.

I have always loved all my pets. Some people have never understood my over the top love for them. They all and Margarita connected with me in such a strong manner. My love for Margarita is the love of a caretaker for a sweet and happy companion. I can never replace the love she brought to my life. The hole in my life will be much tougher to fill, not because I love her more but because I love her differently. She was my everything. I am going to miss her dearly. I only wish the people in the world acted like my Dogs, the world would be a more beautiful place.