

JAN 12

Posted 10:52am

3rd Day Without Scout

I am literally blanketed in comfort by your words of kindness and empathy. Thank you, all of you out there, for your profound insights, your poetry, your moving stories of your own lives (and losses) with your own special pets.

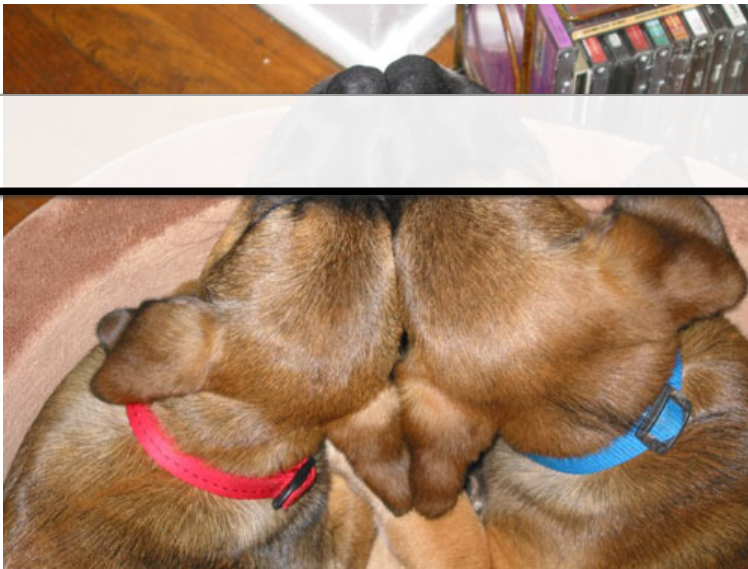
On the third day since Scout closed her eyes for the last time, I will tell you the sorrow has been gripping.....yet I am awash with the unique love we animal lovers are privileged to experience. The power of that love lifts us above the pain.



Those first 48 hours, my body seemed in another world. My feet couldn't quite feel the ground. My brain seemed drugged. Today I am coming back, although tears still burst at unexpected moments, such as reaching for Teddy's leash and realizing, of course, Scout's leash hangs there, too.

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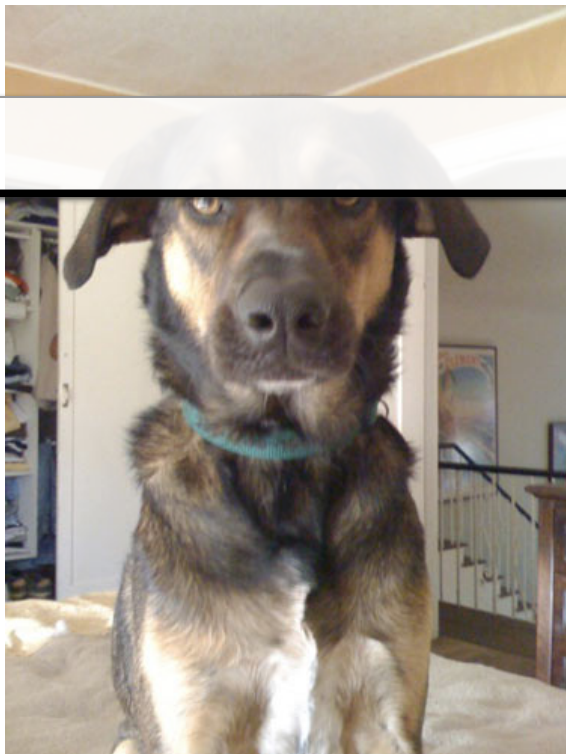
Today the gratitude fills me with joy. == She was never supposed to live, her kidneys were so bad. My lifelong soulmate Candace (pictured here with puppy Scout) was the one who told me when the negative diagnosis came in 7 years ago that Scout just might be the special one who beat the odds.



== Tuesday night's seizure and Final Moment were devastating, but Scout and I had 40 long, tender days to say good-bye to each other. We were enraptured to be so intensely engaged in caring and being cared for.

== Bonnie (pictured here with both puppies Teddy and Scout) came over 40 days running to deliver Scout her IM fluids. The family bond was deeply comforting. But why am I surprised? When my mother was here in California for her final years with Alzheimer's, Bonnie visited Lucy SIX DAYS A WEEK for EIGHT YEARS. That's the kind of friend we all dream of.

== A friend told me yesterday, in rebuttal to my story that atheism deserves defending by virtue that, were there a God, our animals would live our same lifespans, that perhaps proof that there is in fact a God is that we have dogs at all. Then we both came to the mid-ground that, aside from any sweeping religious beliefs, let's just say that dogs are Divine beings. And that goes for cats....and horses....and birds.....and all our beloved pets.



Teddy and Scout came into the world together. They have never spent a moment without each other for 7 1/2 years. If they weren't actively playing, they were bookending a couch, like an old married couple, deeply content just to be in each others' company.



Teddy was right there when Scout left us Tuesday night. When we got home, he sprinted to the blanket where she had suffered her seizure. He dug the cloth, smelled it furiously and weighted his body on that place for the next twelve hours.



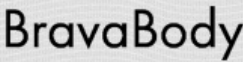
Our family has been a happy three all this time. Now we are two. We are sad. Yet we are grateful. Grateful that Scout was such a delightful and devoted companion. Grateful we have each other. And grateful for all of you, loving your own extraordinary animals, and sending me such kindhearted solace. We try so hard to express how much they mean to us. And perhaps that verbalization seems to fall short because they by nature are non-verbal souls.

Thank you again for your compassion. Please know that I am in return feeling a similar tenderness for all your furry loved ones.

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