

Asking a Blessing

It was a time of night that was just starting to go kind of soft... the light was fading from a hard and discrete point of white then yellow light to an all over pearl gray that was edging toward charcoal. The ambient light had faded to a point that the Tuart leaves burning in a little hissing pile were throwing flickering shadows around the grove of young Eucalypts at the bottom of our property.

Ever since the core of our extended animal family has called this whispering grove their place of repose, it has seemed to have an attraction for both myself and Alison, my better half, at all times. Times of stress, from work or whatever, good times, times for laughter, times when communication and counsel had to be sought, and times when just being close was enough.

Even the birds that are here are subdued: the Wattle Bird asks "Pardon?" in it's guttural voice almost apologetically, and the Zebra Finch peeps in a manner that Bill Gates would love to have as a sound file.

I know that it sounds a touch morbid, but I have come here to ask Breasley, Espirit, Pride and Chaska a question. As I sit there in the gathering, flickering gloom, I can see them sitting at my feet, tongues out and grinning at me the way that only Mals can, and my heart breaks just a little bit more at the loss of these gentle souls from my life.

You see, I have come to ask these spirits of the old pack if it is all right for us to bring into the pack a new member, a little girl. It may sound strange, but I am seeking approbation, almost a blessing, from these memories. The trouble is that these ghosts are so strong to me that I can see them and feel them lean against my leg, asking for a back scratch, just like not all that long ago.

The prospect of a new little Mal to say hello to when there is no wind and the moon is full quite excites my phantom pack, the pups Pride and Chaska looking expectantly at me as if I am going to produce the little mite from a pocket then and there, and the older girls smiling their approval at the idea.

I wish I could tell you how this made me feel... it certainly put a different complexion on my mood this evening... I guess that it was important to me, so it was important to tell you, the group of people that have supported me through a very trying time.

To a lovely little girl Mal, I am going to be a dad.

Kindest Regards,
Andrew Gaynor, Australia