

Molly

Ken Kalish

September 4, 2013

Friends:

It was June 16th, 2006, most of a decade now since our sweet Molly-dog died.

Molly was one of the most intelligent and loving beings I have ever had the good fortune to encounter. Aside from her exceptional beauty, she hated squirrels, had absolutely nothing good to say about turtles, and loved to argue politics. She was a conservative, I am a liberal. She felt I spent too much time in front of the television, too little treating her as she wished to be treated, too much time hunting deer and not enough hunting squirrels. She loved Greenies, puppies (although she never had any of her own), babies, and an occasional beer.

Molly felt most loved when allowed to sleep at the foot of our bed, and we felt most loved when she would climb into our bed to lay her head on our chests when we felt ill. She has left a great void in our lives, one that will only be healed when we can once again walk along a quiet stream together, argue politics over a nice beer, and touch one another for no other reason than to assure each other that we love and are loved in such a way that no one else can ever experience.

Some pundit once said that dogs are lucky because they can see God every day, implying that we hairless monkeys are God to our pets. That idiot had it all wrong. At least once in everyone's life God breaks a piece of divinity free from the heavens and sends it out to find us and demonstrate what true unconditional love is. For some it is a perfect life partner, for some it is a holy place, for some it is an orphan. For me and my magnificent wife it was Molly.

The day Molly died I cradled her in my arms as she took her last breath and whispered in her ear, "Tell God that you have been a good girl."

The veterinarian matter-of-factly warned me against picking her up and carrying her to my car because she would urinate when her muscles relaxed. I have been to war and cradled death more than once, and I was astonished. All I could do was to remind her, "We all do."

Molly rests in the bosom of a hilltop on our West 80. She homesteaded the site for those who

have followed her: the cats Pepper and JD; dogs Toby and Blue and Cookie and Bayer; llamas Rambo and Peach and Steph 'N Lee and Allie and Summertime Girl. A neighbor's ancient dog (a giant 15-year-old named Dozer for whom I often care and who is hoarsely barking at me right now will probably join the circle this winter.

Were it possible, I would someday join her there so we can sit together and watch the seasons change. Since that is not possible, I will simply lie down where death takes me and call her name.

Molly will come.

Ken

Messages from Others

Ken, You are good. Now to dry my eyes and continue to heck the mail. Randy Kafka Sept 4, 2013

Ken.... You're special! Bob Nelson Sept 4 2013

We too had a very special dog, not as eloquently eulogized as Molly, but loved none the less. She is buried up on the hill to the west of the house along with her successor who enriched our lives for an additional sixteen years.

Steve

Go to Steve Sevits' Photos and Stories page for his story about their dog, Hundchen.