

Dog Report and La-La-Land Again



By Anna Von Reitz

In all my life I can only remember one rainy birthday. The first week of June is usually like the weather of charmed Camelot, with wild roses in bloom, strawberries ripening in the sun, and blue skies. It was certainly that way on my birthday this year and again, today.

One of my college chums sent me a gorgeous bouquet of roses and Gerbera Daisies and stocks. I charmed the guests with my pound cake and fresh strawberries and fresh raspberries (your choice) and whipped cream in lieu of a traditional birthday cake.

I have my own world and time, when everything is perfect and the music is gentle and the wine is smooth and everyone smiles because the purity of the day is so undeniable and sweet.

It's a great time of year to have a birthday--- after school is out, before the weather gets too hot.

The only sad note to a June 6 birthday is remembering D-Day; because of that long shadow, it is a memorial day of its own. There's a quiet to it, an echo of cemeteries instead of brass bands. A time of remembrance, I used to say, and not just of a year gone by, or the passing of my time. I stood in the doorway as the wind was rising and listened to Pavarotti.

Evening came and storm clouds gathered in the East, soon there was lightening and thunder and pouring rain, and I went to sleep, snug and warm in my bed, listening to the rain on the roof, smelling the fresh cool wind, feeling blessed.

My dog, who has survived so much, is recovering nicely from surgery and our primary concern remains keeping him quiet long enough to actually heal. His nature as a Labrador Retriever is so exuberant --- his tail wags SO hard --- it's difficult to keep him calm enough, even with the sedatives the vet provides. If he makes it through the next two weeks, we can start to breathe easier ourselves and count the operation a success. By all means, keep the prayers and good thoughts coming.

With love and blessings and lots of rest the next two weeks, he can hope for a few years more of bumping along at my side, and snoozing with his nose on my foot as I sit at my desk --- his proven method of knowing whenever I go anywhere or do anything, the signal for him to get up and follow me wherever I might go. This morning, only two days out of surgery, he was ready to hop in my old Suburban, otherwise known as The Dog Car, and go snoop around at the world.

Tonight, I pour a little oil of lavender and oil of marjoram into my palms and rub it on the fur of his golden ruff, and sense how the smell relaxes him and bids him to rest and to sleep, rest and sleep. That is about all he can do or should do for the next two weeks.

Also tonight, I was amused to read a long and rambling expose by Sun-Tzu, who still imagines himself to be Jesus and who just discovered the infamous Act of 1871.

How many generations of American Patriots will it take to realize that the Act of 1871 was repealed in 1874? How often must we learn how it was passed piecemeal and how the rats finally achieved their aims in 1878? And then, too, how long before the worthwhile message of his meanderings comes through?

Yes, they incorporated everything, including the Church. They reduced life to business franchises, dead things without souls, without mercy: eating machines locked into a single inflexible purpose: profit, profit, profit, profit at any cost, profit by any means, including war.

So now they have their profit, but not their souls, their corruption but not their names.

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