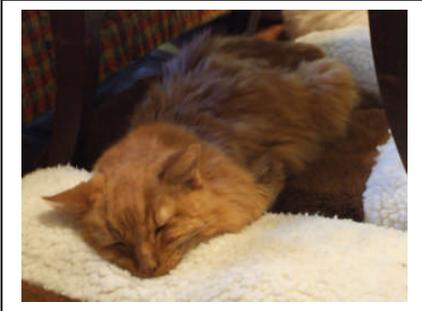


Trevor – February 24th 2008



Just three short weeks ago at the grand old age of 26 years, Trevor told us of his impending demise and invited us to join him on his journey. As so many old souls before him this huge old lover boy knew his path well and spent his last days basking in the love of his family – both humans and animals. He died so peacefully just a little after 430am today.

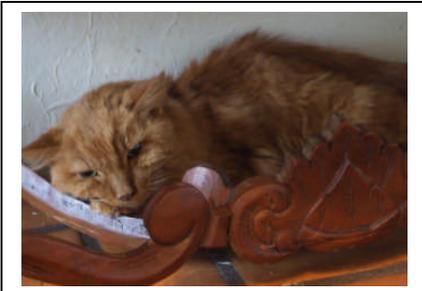
You may already have seen the story of his journey over the last weeks, but in case not, I enclose it here so you can enjoy the beautiful pictures of him being cared for by his animal friends, aided by us, a few well chosen homeopathic remedies from his Dr Chris, and ever flowing Reiki.



The last several days showed us no changes. Trevor's breathing perhaps began to seem even a little easier and everyone was still gathered close. Two days ago Trevor realized he could no longer take food – He tried a few licks and then took water instead. Yesterday it was the same story and then we knew that time was short. His feline caregivers, Gingi, Beauregard, Vancouver and Simon left him then to stay at a distance. Farewells had been said and their job was done: They were tired and weary. Did Trevor dismiss them? – or was it the other way around? We have seen this pattern so often that we knew our turn had come; it was finally time for us to be close and to say our own final goodbyes.



Yesterday morning Trevor had a final burst of energy and spent some of the morning saying a final farewell as he visited different rooms in the house. It was a slow, gentle and dignified process, after which he returned, exhausted, to his chosen place in the hallway to rest peacefully.



Rest he did – and so peacefully and contentedly all day that we wondered if he was indeed going to leave. Richard, Fray and I had taken turns each night for weeks, to stay close to Trevor and his friends, not wishing to leave at all, but needing to take some rest from time to time. Last night was no exception and Trevor chose Richard's watch in the early morning hours to begin his departure.

Richard quickly awoke us and he, Fray and I gathered on the couch to bid farewell to this splendid chap who never asked for more than love. I held him close in my arms and the tears fell as within just minutes Trevor gave a sigh and easily left his body.



Today is a day for rest, memories and celebration of this special being. By the way did I ever tell you of the day, several years ago, when Blanca really "saw" his wings? An angel you might ask? – indeed is my answer, for surely he was.

"Make yourself familiar with the angels, and behold them frequently in spirit; for without being seen, they are present with you."

St. Francis De Sales

