

Dog Days

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I found a rugged quartz crystal in our garden yesterday and brought it to my writing table, to gaze at its beauty and reveal its mystery as I write, like gazing into a crystal ball.

The five crystals in the center of it are perfect, in their own wild way, like the days I spent in total conflict with myself, with society and the world.

It brings to mind one of my favorite Alpha stories, my golden German Shepard Collie of the 1960's, the pre-Funk commune years, occurring several months after the communal caravan arrived in San Francisco.

We found our large Victorian house after several weeks of illegal camping around the jagged Pacific shore hideaways and in the many untamed parks for which the city is famous.

The caravan people had remained disgruntled in spite of the constant dog/God guidance surrounding us.

A chasm developed between those who wanted to join the ranks of the work-a-day world, and the four of us who went on to establish the Funky Farm community and knew that going to work was antithetical to living creatively by the seat of our pants.

I had come to a place within myself where I needed to live outside of the mainstream, established 9-5 hohum I'm beaten down, kill me now style of existence I imagined my father ascribing to for his thirty-five working years, at the same place, doing the same job, everyday. I'd think of an exhilarating alternative, bet on that.

My life as a rip off artist now began in earnest.

One day, I took Alpha Lee for a walk in Golden Gate park. A squirrel distracted her from the beloved stick, and damn it if she didn't run in front of a fast moving car. She crawled back to the side of the road.

I remember crying and kneeling beside her, going over her body, getting a sense of how badly she was hurt. A car pulled over and a young man asked to take me where ever I wished to go.

He had an old blanket and we carefully laid her on it.

Then he drove Alpha and me to the big rambling Victorian house that was our temporary abode.

We prepared a bed for her with old blankets and rags.

She'd look at us with a forlorn Muki eye, the dog who joined me 28 years later to show me true love.

That look inspired me to slip into the meat department of a local Safeway, and steal one steak a day for her, and for her only.

Then we'd sit with her for hours, stroking her neck and body and encouraging her to come back to us.

The long intimate times we spent with her were patient and happy. We did not desperately plead with her to live rather than die. Rather, we coaxed her gently, showing her our love, and gave her the great option of living with a handful of rogues completely alienated from society.

She opted to spend a few more years with us in our experiment of living--dangerously.

Kate Loving Shenk is a writer, healer, musician and the creator of the e-book called "Transform Your Nursing Career and Discover Your Calling and Destiny." Click here to find out how to order the e-book: <http://www.nursingcareertransformation.com> Check Out Kate's Blog: <http://www.nursehealers.typepad.com>