

November 3, 2016

Rufus Of My Heart

A Love Letter



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Oh, How I Love You!
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Let me count the ways.
I cannot count the ways.
There are too many ways.
I love you many ways.
So many many ways.
For all your Poofy days.

—Silly song for Rufus

Following are excerpts of a sort of journal for my Rufus Poofus Poofington. After a very long goodbye, my Rufus made his leap to The Rainbow Bridge on Tuesday, October 25th, 2016.

Oh, Poofy.

Are there any words worthy of expressing the depth of the love I feel for you or how completely devastated I am that you are gone? I miss you. You were my best friend, my warm and furry soulmate, my everyday for almost nine years. From the first day I saw you until the last moment I held you in my arms you were my heart. You still are. . .but now you are gone and I don't know what to do. I am broken. The depth of pain I feel in your absence takes my breath away. I just want you here with me where you belong. Rufus of my heart.

How can you be gone from me? The best part of everyday was spent with you. Kissing your head in that little flat space between your ear and your eye and your squeaky grunts of pleasure when I rubbed your ears. I loved holding you on my lap and massaging your broken body, and how sometimes, when I hit just the right spot, your gentle kisses would get more and more ferocious, sometimes punctuated with little love bites. And Kissing Wars! How whenever I picked you up and immediately started kissing your cheek, your ears (how could I resist?) you would reach your little head back and shove me a bit so you could kiss my face and neck. "We feel the exact same way about each other, Poofus." My little man. I miss you so.

"There is a bunny with a broken back. He's in bad shape. . ." The caller from the shelter said. I remember the call like it was yesterday, and the moment I first laid eyes on you. You were sitting upright and so alert, your amazing ears flicking backing and forth, your fabulous face curious and alive. And how you stopped looking around and stared directly at me when I walked in the door! You knew I was your mama from that

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very first moment. I felt you in my heart. "Mummy, you finally came to get me!" But I kept telling myself, and you, that I was not your mama; that I had thirty other bunnies at home and as soon as you were well enough, I would find you the best home EVER. "Silly mummy! Why are you playing games? I know you're my mama and so do you. Silly mummy." And as I held you in my arms on that short ride back home, I knew that of course you were right. I loved you so much right then and there that I would have fought tigers and bears to keep you safe. And that love only grew. Rufus of my heart.

Yesterday marked one week since you have been gone from me. I miss you so much. Yet, oddly, it was this morning that I awoke a complete mess. So many tears. I will never hold you again. I will never kiss your perfect face, or play with your perfect ears. I can't tell you how much I love you or bury my face in your warm soft fur and tell you how good you smell. I will never feel your kisses again. What if I let you go too soon? Why did I decide not to ask for another x-ray, more medication? What have I done?

Every day my heart breaks again. You are not here. You are not cuddling with Second Sophie. You are not waiting for me in the morning, or when I have been out and come home - or just when I have been out of the room too long. Rufus of my heart.

I remember the first time we tried out your cart. "Use the sling and allow your pet to get used to the feeling of the harness," were the instructions. HA! They didn't know my Rufus Poofus Poofington (The most Magnificent - no, I didn't forget). It was so hard to keep up with you in that sling that we decided to try the cart that first day. As soon as you were strapped in, OFF you went, like you were born with wheels. You didn't want to be taken off those wheels, but we had to get you used to zooming around that way. Silly mummy. I should have known you would take to the cart that way. You were so happy and so pleased with yourself. Finally, when I came into the kitchen, you could zoom to ME, instead of the other way around. And zoom you did. EVERYwhere. For hours every day. Inside, outside; visiting the other bunnies, starting a little trouble here, stealing a few oaties there. And oh, my gosh! The way you would do your own special binkies. Popping your little front paws in the air and shaking your head so happily from side to side. You were such a joyful bunny! I defy anyone to ever have



Look out, mummy. Here I come!

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seen your binkies and not be filled with joy themselves. And that never changed. Until almost the end you still did your little binkies in my lap. My brave little soldier. How could the years have passed so quickly?

The mornings are the hardest. As soon as slumber lifts and reality hits, the tears come. Every morning was like Christmas with you, hurrying out to see you. You were the best gift ever, waiting for your morning water and breakfast (we won't discuss the private things), waiting for your morning massage. . .and to give *me* my morning kisses. I don't even know how to start my day without you here to greet me. Rufus of my heart.

And the nights. We always ended the night together. After all the other bunnies were cared for and tucked in, it was just us. You in my lap, warm, comforted and comforting. Your massage and physical therapy. And endless endless kisses, into the wee hours of the morning. The best-ever insomniac's companion. Now what am I to do?

If I could have one more day with you I would hold you endlessly, rub your big beautiful ears, and kiss your fuzzy cheeks. I would tell you again and again how much I love you. How much I learned from you. How I am a better human because of your love, because of loving you. I would never let you go.

Oh, how I love you. Oh, how I love you. For all your Poofy days. For ever.

Rufus of my heart.

For more photos of Rufus Poofus Poofington, The Most Magnificent (he added that part)

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