

It's Good to be The Queen



by Elizabeth Chandler

When I tell people I live with 7 dogs and 11 cats, the general reaction I get is bulging eyes, dropping jaws, and statements such as “how on earth do you manage that many animals?” I respond that it is a lot of work and financially challenging, but I get three-fold back what I give to my pets in the form of unending adulation. No matter what kind of day I’ve had or how long they have had to wait patiently for me to return, I am always greeted with the happiest smiling faces, wagging tails, and purring bodies: MOMMY’S HOME!!! YIPPEE!!!

I can have a bad hair day, be PMSing, depressed, or just plain dull, but my pets still think I’m the best thing since sliced bread. To them, I am the Queen. And it’s good to be the Queen. When I’m working around the house, or simply going from one room to the other, I have 36 pairs of eyes and 72 pairs of legs, accompanied by 18 wagging or swishing tails (since cats don’t reduce themselves to wagging), following me everywhere I go. Yes, there are times when I feel a little overwhelmed at the crowd I must wade through just to go to the bathroom, but when I look into those eyes or feel the warm body of whomever is lucky enough to nuzzle up next to me in bed (they all try but there is only so much bed to go around), I get a sense of unconditional love like nothing I’ve ever known. As Helen Keller said, “the best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen, nor touched, but are felt in the heart.” What I feel in my heart when I am with my pets is a warm swelling of love that is one of the most deeply beautiful sensations I have ever felt.

There is nothing quite like the warm bodies of beloved pets snuggled up close as I read a book or watch a movie. And, there is nothing quite like trying to eat a meal in my house, but I’ll save that for another time. Suffice to say I must eat fast and be ever vigilant to the ever hungry crowd that gathers around me. One false move and its good-bye dinner, hello food fight.

It may be true that I could experience the very same phenomenon with just one or two pets, but if the adoration can be exponentially increased by having more pets, why not? Plus, it’s not like I bought them from breeders or pet stores; they were all rescued from shelters or as strays that came to me (there must be a sign outside my house that only strays can read that say’s “Stop here for a good time.”). So, there is the additional bonus of their gratitude for having saved their lives. I do believe they know what that means. They do know fear, loneliness, and hunger. And they also know when they’ve got a good thing going on, too.

I’ve often said, that if reincarnation is a reality, I’d like to come back as my pet because my pets have it very good. They deserve the very best for the love and companionship they shower upon me. Yes, indeed, it is good to be the Queen!