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Merlin –getting stronger

The purpose of my telling the stories of the special animals that come into my life is to share their courage, resolve and beauty. I want people to get to know them and value them as individuals. Merlin is indeed a special little fella, I sometimes feel I am the luckiest person alive as I get to meet so many wonderful creatures and be a part of their journey in life. Animals, if we are prepared and patient enough to watch, have so much to teach us. Their stoic resolve in the face of complete adversity for one is truly inspirational.

The infection in Merlin's leg has now been arrested so much so that his leg has now been placed in a cast. All going well it should be removed in a couple of weeks. So while his physical healing is coming along it is his mental well being that must be addressed. Quite simply Merlin needs a reason to want to live, and my task is to provide him with a life worth living.

The little fella needs to be confined to restrict movement, aid healing and also prevent the cast from becoming dirty or wet. I could simply keep him locked in a tiny room and watch his spirits wane each day but that would do little to ignite his zest for life. Merlin's safe house at night is a little chicken coop in bunny lodge. His two rabbit friends having made an unofficial entry and exit point pop in to see him as they see fit. The sight of a rabbit gently kissing a lamb is something to behold yet sadly elusive to my camera.

While Merlin is not able to join the other little lambs as yet, their "Geronimo" antics jumping off hay bales is not really conducive for healing a broken leg, he is in an adjoining yard each day. An ingeniously strapped on plastic bag protecting his leg. His outlook is still very diminutive, even dare I say "sheepish" but I see a spark in his eye blossoming into a twinkle growing each day. As Merlin awkwardly manoeuvres about his yard dragging his plastic bag encased plaster cast behind I cannot help but feel a pull at my heart strings while a little voice yells "come on buddy you can make it"

Merlin is now taking his milk, while not yet with relish I am not getting the resistance I was initially and he is losing the pot belly look of a sickly lamb. After Merlin finishes his milk we have a little ritual. He places his head in the

palm of my hand while the other gently strokes his head, massaging his emerging horn buds as he slowly drifts off to that yonder place where all lambs are free from the burden of broken limbs and plaster casts.

Each day buys us more time but the question still remains will our efforts be enough...

*“Until one has loved an animal, a part of one’s soul
remains unawakened” Anatole*