

# COMET CORNER

Volume 1 Number 2

December 2001

## In Memory: Shania Eileen Bobula

Shania loved doing the things she did in life, but today she is not with us. She passed on November 27. It really hurts. I would come home and see her jump in my lap and give me kisses. Her absence is so tangible. It's so real. It's so empty. One thing that has helped me is to grab her pictures and think of all the good times we had together, and then just to cry. Crying really helps even though it hurts. But it hurts more to hold it in. Seeing what Shania has accomplished in life and the joy she put in our hearts helps me to relive moments of pure joy.

I have realized that my wife, Fran and Shania had a special bond as if it was a mother and her daughter bonding together. I would come home from work and find my wife sitting on the couch with this little angel puppy wrapped up so neatly in a blanket. Her warm nose protruding out sound asleep not giving a care or a wink to my disruption. As time went on, Fran had cancer and Shania returned the favor. Taking extra care of Fran and making sure that Fran was warm, happy and well taken care of when I wasn't there.

That is when I realized how very special Shania was. I would watch Shania stare out the living room window with her ears at full attention waiting for any signs of her mother to come home. As night would draw to a close, Shania was usually the first to bed always cuddling up to Fran and I. I would wake early in the morning to go to work and give Fran my good-bye for the day. Shania would also reach her loving nose up and give me one back, and then



snuggle back up with Fran.

When Shania was called upon to play Flyball there is no doubt in my heart why she always gave me 150%. Shania wanted to make Fran so proud of her. I can't tell you how proud Fran was of everything her ANGEL Shania did. Shania worked so hard. Her "friends" on and off of the course loved her too.

One of the hardest things about losing our baby "angel" is trying to find peace. It's different for each of us. Our questions are as varied as the stars in the sky. Trying to find the question is sometimes harder.

Wondering if "I will ever get over it" and realizing "of course not". Getting over it implies "forgetting". I will never forget our Angel. She will always be with me. Instead, I am learning slowly how to deal with my pain and to find peace with her death. It takes time.

Time is....

Too slow for those who wait,  
Too swift for those who fear,  
Too long for those who grieve,  
Too short for those who rejoice,  
But for those who love, time is not.

-- Todd & Angel "Nini" Bobula



*In Loving Memory January 20, 1999 - November 27, 2001*

