

My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...

(As told by The Spirit of Romeo Himself, Extended Version)

© K. Edward Scott, January 2017

(Based on the Book, © 2014 *A Wolf Called Romeo* By Nick Jans)

How many miles I've come today is more than I can say,
Through brush and bramble and snow piled high, I'll rest here just a day;
I lay me down respite my bones on snow untouched by all,
My keen eyes close with all due haste, my ears relaxed let fall;
I hear their whine and bark so near as if they'd touched my fur,
My senses shift in rapid form, from rest to instinct's 'grrrrrrr';
I sense no threat these familiar things they look a lot like me,
Fur and legs and ears they have, my familial friends I see!
I think I'll tarry just a bit this wolf in the midst of them,
Will they tell their friends of me, 'what *will* they say of *him*?'
She was killed on unnamed road, my fate is shaped like this,
My kindred Soul passed by this way for her I so do miss...

These human creatures with missing legs two less than I possess,
They make a noise with words I hear, understand I do, no less;
With my friends they move as if they form a pack, a bond,
They play and frolic on Mendenhall Lake, to them a family pond;
I think I'll slowly trot towards them and see how they behave,
Will they run and hide from me, will they send me to my grave;
I'll whine in pitch to state my need for domesticated play,
Will they tell their friends of me, 'what of me *will* they say?'
He's dangerous some of them query, Take Care I say to self,
My power does not encompass all, my fur is not meant for shelf.
I'm lonely for my loved one lost, if human I would relay,
My kindred Soul passed by this way *Wolf's Prayer* is what I'd Pray...

It seems I've made a pact with them as though I'm long lost friend,
A few of them meet oft with me, we trek the trails and blend;
The voice of Harry gives peace to me with Brittain we dart and sport,
What an unlikely pack we are, in the valley some sell us short;
'I'm wolf I am and hide it not' those close to me know well,
Like Nick and Sherrie and Dakotah say, my friendship they others tell.
I choose the path that opens to me as day-by-day I live,
These friends I know they give to me and so to them I give;
Let not my life be valueless as if I am for naught,
For day-by-day I walk in fear, from those my life is sought.
Why I'm here at Mendenhall Lake, might it be that it's divine,
My kindred Soul passed by this way to seek what I may find...

Trouble follows me as if I am its namesake for the task,
To be a wolf in all-mans-land, a future that's in stone cast;
The hope to see my canine friends it tugs at my heart-strings,
The play we share the time we give my fears these times they bring;
I wish no harm to come of this a lonely wolf am I,
Because we are not species same, you miss the tears I cry;
Solitude and wolves I meet they guide my trails well known,
But here and now at Mendenhall, my fondness for play has grown.
If given by my Maker I'll return next year and grin,
Who knows what lay in store for me, seven years and then?
I stopped by here to rest my bones and found my kinship breeds,
My kindred Soul passed by this way they've met my kindred needs...

Was said that my friends loved me, *that* love had caused my death,
Tis not true my dearest friends, you gave me joy of breath;
As wolves go I am but one who sought to share our time,
Wolf I was of sentient self, but ways of a different kind;
It's not the fault of caring hearts that brought to me my end,
We'll always have the human ilk that never make amends;
Grieve not for me as if this wolf he failed to pass this way,
My Spirit lives in minds and hearts my friends of this I say;
Listen to the wind that blows you'll hear my voice so clear,
It says to you be good of heart for I am always near;
As long as you remember me our time will never end,
My kindred Soul passed by this way someday we'll meet again.

My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...

(As told by The Spirit of Romeo Himself, Original Version)

© K. Edward Scott, December 2016

(Based on the Book, © 2014 *A Wolf Called Romeo* By Nick Jans)

I read a book not long ago, that told a tale of awe;
It seems *this* wolf arrived one day, that dropped a many'a jaw!
Twas Juneau in Alaska where, *this* Canis Lupus did show;
At first your eyes they seemed deceived, 'No way, this *can't* be so!'
I was, you see, just a wolf, I'll leave--no way I'll stay;
'Romeo, Romeo, where are thou, Your Soul passed by this way!'
And Yes, *My Kindred Soul Passed by this way...*

I read about the playful times, I gave the folks up there;
I also read that some of them, they never play so fair!
Man can be so cruel at times, their hearts are cold as hell;
For my Spirit of God's own Hand, I tried my best to tell!
"Hey all you Juneau-ites 'round here, I mean you none the harm,
Come out and watch me play sometime, you'll see my wolf-best charm."
And Yes, *My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...*

"Bad rap I get as all wolves go, but I can take the bad,
Show you things you've never seen, you'll quip 'Oh man, that's rad!'"
As complex as we wolves can be, I'm varied from status quo;
Have I not made it clear thus far, no harm from me will grow!
Chasing, jumping, dogs at play, I love this frolicking gait,
I hear the rumblings that come my way, seems fear is my best trait.
And Yet, *My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...*

If you ask me why I'm kind, you'd need to ask my Maker,
He gave me what I am in play, my personality salt-shaker!
Yet I see the stares of those, who long for my demise,
As if delay is catastrophic, their hate they not disguise.
I'm wolf I am just made this way, but I'm not here to rule,
Your lives in fear and trepidity, "I'm no Canis Lupus fool!"
And Yet, *My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...*

I knew my time was hit'n'miss, someday I'd meet my fate,
I walk this Earth and Mendenhall Lake, as you walk choice of gate!
What have I done to merit death, I am not as you submit,
If 'truth' is told of what I've done, that 'truth' is blind, unfit!
Survive and play with dogs at play, that is my lot in life,
If I've harmed your dogs as claimed, you've brought me utter strife!
And Yet, *My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...*

Year after year I share with you, *this* wolf's gentle heart,
I'd like to stay year after year, though some drive us apart!
I know you, Harry and Brittain; Nick, Sherrie and Dakotah too,
There're many others I also know, you're coolest of the crew!
You know I'll miss you should I go, to my Maker in the Sky,
Remember me my friends so loved, there's tears in *this* wolf's eyes?
And Yes, My Kindred Soul Passed by this way...

I know that justice might fall short, should I be hunted down,
My time of sharing a memory then, an echo of heart and sound.
The lonely howl of my voice fades, into the wilderness past,
Never forget the mystery of me, let that of memories last.
So now before I walk my trails, one final time for me,
I bid farewell, tis Romeo; my Soul now walks with Thee.
And Yes, My Kindred Soul Passed by this way...

My Kindred Soul Passed by This Way...Of Introspection

(In Memory of Romeo & Bubbles)

© K. Edward Scott, January 2017

(Based on the Book, © 2014 *A Wolf Called Romeo* By Nick Jans)

After reading the book, *A Wolf Called Romeo*, what comes to mind is the indomitable spirit of intertwined lives in a world where we all *must* share this planet. Man, wolf, whales, and creatures of every imaginable size, shape, and capacity to do good—or to do harm, specifically man! Romeo, of his own free will—if that is the necessary methodology to define his actions—chose to spend time with the residents of the Mendenhall Glacier area in Juneau, Alaska. It should be noted that the totality of residents in Juneau *should* include the canine population—of which there were/are many. For it seems that Romeo sought out not only the various breeds of dogs in the area, but he also sought out the I-don't-believe-it human companionship, as well. Why did this happen? What was the root cause of the sudden arrival of this powerful, lone, male black wolf? The reasons for his appearance are as the Stars in the Heavens. Without the voice of Romeo to definitively express his reason, or reasons, we will never know the precise purpose in his visit. But what is precise is that he sought *us* out. And with that initial contact and the ensuing time-on-station, Romeo forged one of the most unlooked for and unusual stories of species interaction recorded in all of history. Sure, there have been many others and those examples can be expressed here; however, the time that Romeo the Black Wolf gave—and the operative word here is *g-a-v-e*—to the residents and dogs of Juneau is an astounding story among all types of species interaction ever recorded in the pages of *A Wolf Called Romeo*.

Who was Romeo? Where did he originate and was he a pack member, an alpha-male, a lone wolf—as the saying goes, or was he just an apparition that appeared but for a moment, only to disappear in a blinding snow storm? As the author, Nick Jans, brings the narrative of Romeo to life, this wolf was no apparition; nor was he a figment of anyone's imagination. He was a very unusual customer! You might say, he just wanted to play! A good human example recently happened when I took my granddaughter to the local Rockin' Jump (lots of trampolines). On this occasion, it was just she and I from the family—which means she was actually jumping alone as my old, tired bones just can't take the pounding these days. She jumped for a bit and as soon as someone her own age arrived, she began to join with them in play to be a part of that small, close-knit pack. Is this what Romeo felt, in his *Canis Lupis* way? He was looking for some play buddies, as a part of his overall, in toto, way of life...was he not?

We must assume so by his actions over the years he was alive in the Mendenhall Glacier and surrounding area. His life and times during those years before he was so brutalized and murdered by two individuals is a deep experience to behold. He was more than just a macho black male wolf; he was part

human, part intelligent showman, part comic, and more, in his own special way by the actions he demonstrated in play and with how he mingled with individuals and dogs in the area. It was as if he understood the phrase we use to signify something profound: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And oh how Romeo gave: in connectedness to Harry Robinson and Brittain as they trekked untold miles and trails in the area; with Nick and Sherrie Jans, and Dakotah—before Dakotah was taken by an illness; and with many others that came to see this amazing and unbelievable wolf that gave more than he asked to receive. Some would say it was a miracle, while others did say it was trouble on the horizon, that the wolf should be removed by any method 'that fit-the-bill.' Sometimes conclusions are foregone by the human nature of those who have little to no consideration but for their internal, selfish, hateful existence. Thankfully, there are others that understood the merits of this phenomenon. In reality, as untenable as it may seem, was not this wolf offering friendship—on his terms and in unison with ours? And his terms were not aggressive except in very rare misstated cases, and even those rare cases were suspect by the logical manipulation of the facts of the events reported, at best.

When Romeo had been shot and killed by the unremarkable and sadistic individuals who committed this horrific crime, Harry Robinson noted some time later in regards to this sad event that, "I let my friend down. I wasn't there when he needed me." After reading *A Wolf Called Romeo*, I believe that there were many individuals who shared this friendship with Romeo and who felt the same sentiments as expressed by Harry Robinson. In fact, if Romeo had just a few moments to speak to those that cared for him, I think he would say to them: "No, Harry and all, you didn't let me down. It is what it is in this world where people and creatures mix. You gave me in return a time that I have cherished and will always be grateful to have experienced. You shared this planet with me when so many people wanted me and all creatures they fear to vanish forever from existence. And for those times you cared for me, those precious times can never be undone. I was a wolf, as crazy as it may sound, that was able to partake in your lives that enriched my own existence. If I had the ability to speak to you (can you imagine what a fracas that would cause!?), I would have told you that it wasn't my friends that let me down, but that it was the callousness of the human heart by some that fatally failed me. To those that cared for me in so many ways, thank you for what you did for me, a wolf crossing paths with those who became my companions for a time of sharing on this Earth."

Why is it that what we fear, we so often destroy? If that thing which inflames our fear can be understood and is amenable to sharing our lives in some way, is that not a good thing for all concerned? Does it not enrich our own lives in ways that motivate our existences toward a better world? I think Romeo would

have said, "Surely so." This human says, "Surely so." I've never met this wolf face-to-face; but, I've read of his unique and expressive life and felt within my own Soul his Kindred Spirit. *And it was good.*

Now, just to set the record straight, you might wonder why I would spend the time to write what has been transposed from mind-to-page in regards to a wolf in Alaska many years ago? It's quite simple: I was fortunate to have a St. Bernard/Collie mix for some 15 years and for whom the call of death consumed her existence on 12 January 2013. She was a gentle Spirit that never once in those 15 years gave cause that she might be riled by much in life, except for the doorbell and even then on rare occasion. When I read this book, *A Wolf Called Romeo*, what this wolf brought to this community in Juneau, Alaska, reminded of what our dog, Bubbles, brought to this family for those wonderful 15 years.

Just as the individuals in the life of Romeo have attempted to bring closure to the tragedy that befell Romeo, so it has been for this family for Bubbles. I can imagine that had Bubbles and Romeo met, their time together would have been as it was with many of the dogs in the Mendenhall Lake area, and in particular as noted in the book between Brittain and Dakotah...and Bubbles, had she been in the area at the time of these events. No, I haven't lost my senses, found some grandiose thing to lock onto and hang onto for dear life as now that I have read this book, I am hopelessly in the mental domain of 'losing it.' Not what is going on here; I have found a Kindred Spirit as I think Bubbles would agree, that would have been a wonderful playmate or a friend (canine type) to trek around with; while this may be conjecture on my part, what I have learned of this wolf, Romeo, and what I *know* of Bubble, those connections are not conjecture but based on first-account facts. And, it brings a bit more closure to losing Bubbles, while that loss will never be healed between this human being and that creature that God sent our way. In fact, I have dedicated a chapter of a book manuscript that is being finalized for publication in 2017 to reflect the remembrance of Bubbles. The following link provides that chapter, titled: [*Bubbles: A Memoir*](#).

For you see, it's not that those of us who love our pets as we do our family members are any more insane than the normal person you meet on the street, at your church, in the mall, or anywhere else for that matter. But, God gave us something that is unique, something that allows us to understand the connectedness of people and His creatures. Now, don't misunderstand and create your own hypothesis that goes something like this: "He said we should just go out and love on an alligator or a boa constrictor or a mad-dog." If that's the case, would you please just stop that nonsense immediately?! If caring for our dogs and cats is insanity, then bring me the straight-jacket, because it is part of who I am. And, because I feel

connected to a wolf that I have never seen or met with the self-satisfaction that Bubbles and Romeo would have gotten along in superb fashion, I am just okay with that. I miss Bubbles to this day, and I know there are those in Alaska that miss the amazing wolf, Romeo. I simply would like to have been able for Bubbles to have met this amazing creature from the wilds of Alaska. But alas, some things in this life cannot be accommodated as we might like otherwise. Thus, I move on remembering Bubbles *and* a wolf called Romeo; both of these creatures told their own respective astonishing stories to many in Juneau, Alaska, and in Montgomery, Alabama. And to clarify one final point: what I have written here about Romeo based on Jan's book, I wrote with my Bubbles in mind. For, as crazy it this may sound, Bubbles is a part of me just as my human family is a part of me...and writing seems to be a way to ease the loss of these creatures that shared this Earth with us, day-after-day, year-after-year, until we said your goodbyes. ***And as Romeo and Bubbies might say, Our Kindred Souls Passed by This Way...***

