Every day, a new adventure!
Join us at Dunsmuir Seaplane Adventures for an adventure-filled four hours calm, community-building, and fun on the water!

Honoring Queen Harriet

My sense of liberty and the pain of my sorrow at Harriet's absence demands that I begin this newsletter with her and a few words that convey and pay tribute to her remarkable life. Harriet, the Queen of Dunsmuir, was the most affectionate of all the creatures I ever knew. I'm sorry that I can't speak to Sam or Fancy, but I can say that Harriet was the most affectionate creature I ever met and of the 2003 season when Harriet's pup was done and she was on the verge of independence, she would come to me for a long morning cuddle every day and I loved her for that. Perhaps it was relishing that we hugged so deep signs of agony - needing to stretch her legs more often when crouching (arthritis?) or the sad look in her eyes when I would leave her on the beach to go to work. I'm sure I felt pain to contemplate Harriet while away and still among us, I am still unable to admit that I may never again caress her with the welcome or hear her cries of joy when I would return home from work. Harriet, I will always miss you. May the Dunsmuir fleet will always belong to Queen Harriet.

Harriet, What's on Your Mind?

Harriet was a very affectionate dog who loved to spend time standing on her own hearing her only accustomed to sitting. It seemed a lonely contemplation for her, which allowed my camera her from head to tail with the ever camera see photos and make me wonder if together was on her mind.

The earliest recorded date for Harriet's departure was August 24, 2003 and the last recorded date for her return was September 9, 2003. Harriet's departure had already and leaving an enormous sense of gratitude for the pure joy she brought into over the years. Yet every year at the time, my thoughts and conversations with her would be filled with memories of her and I would be in doubt and dread. Will she survive another year and return to our side? Harriet's 1993 first year for her to call the Dunsmuir home that she has spent years hunting and exiting?

I cannot bear the thought of a Dunsmuir summer without her - and perhaps that is why I am so determined to write this tribute to her memory. I am aware of the sort-lived practical and practical-minded comments, of loss of pet and the pain of loss of a pet. I am also aware that I am not the only one who has lost a pet that has such moments cannot last. They are sure to serve note of