



*From the desk of Pierre Beaudry*



# TOUPIE!

## OR THE “FREE SPIRIT OF GOD”

by Pierre Beaudry, December 22, 2012



TOUPIE at the age of 16, November 2012.

As in the case of human beings, who naturally have the creative impulse to become God-like, certain animals also express that natural upward impulse to become Human-like, as if they were being attracted into becoming a member of the next higher species. This is what our neighborhood cat, TOUPIE, actually is, and this is why I call him a “*Free Spirit of God!*” I say he is the neighborhood cat, and not my cat, because I did not choose him. He chose me.

About three years ago, TOUPIE was living two doors down from where I live with my wife Irene, and when his previous caretakers, the Quesenberrys, decided to move to West Virginia, TOUPIE began to court me, in order to see if I would accept to become his next caretaker. TOUPIE had already chosen the Quesenberrys about ten years earlier, when he had made the incredible journey back from West Virginia after his original owners had moved there, and had taken him with them. Since all cats are territorial, TOUPIE just had to come back.

When the Quesenberrys moved away, they asked me if I would take care of TOUPIE, because they did not want to force TOUPIE to do the same survival journey twice in his little lifetime. So, of course, I accepted, since TOUPIE had already asked so nicely to live with me. So, this is how TOUPIE chose Irene and me to be his companions in his old age. In human terms, he is now the equivalent of 80 years old. This arrangement has created a very special relationship, which I do not need to explain, but which you can well imagine. In other words, ***I DON'T HAVE A CAT; IT IS TOUPIE WHO HAS A HUMAN!***

However strange this story may sound, my relationship to TOUPIE is, therefore, very special, because it is based on mutual respect of both property and person. Our relation is like a contract of love



and mutual benefit. TOUPIE’s property is a complex of thirty apartments forming a closed neighborhood of fifteen houses about the size of two football fields located side-by-side, with a parking lot in the middle, and the perimeter of which he marks with his signature on a regular basis. TOUPIE never leaves that perimeter. My house is the fourth down from the top. However, if we were to move out of our apartment, TOUPIE would already have someone else in mind. That’s the “*Free Spirit of God!*”

TOUPIE’s property in Leesburg Virginia. 2012.