

Skip the Llama – The Final Chapter

This morning I received a call from Emanuel, telling me that Skip the Llama had died. He was by the flock of sheep he had faithfully guarded. Skip had been with his flock only one summer. We do not know if in the darkness he ever stopped a disaster from befalling his flock. Often in the daytime he and the shepherds of the family spent much time in the pasture tending the flock. We knew our llama friend for a shorter time than we would have liked to. However we all knew him as a gentle beast who was not mean as some llamas are, and did not spit at us as some llamas do. He had a strange smile always on his face. Above all he was curious about what was happening to the flock he guarded. Curious to the point of putting his nose into your face as if to say: “Who are you? What are you doing here? Do not harm my friends the sheep!”

So we bid our friend Skip the Llama farewell. He was here but a fleeting moment in time. He never said a word, but made some strong sounds that doubtless only another Llama could have understood. Would the other Llamas have heard him say: “Who are these strange two-legged creatures who feed and water me, they are really strange looking?”

So we say “Goodbye Skip”. It has been a pleasure to know you. We will miss you for you made a mark on us all.

The other Skip

Skip Barshied

Stone Arabia, May 4, 2009