

Remembering Teeny Tiny

Teeny Tiny was part of my family for five years when I met Gerard. They quickly became close friends. She was a stunning long haired black cat with piecing green eyes. She was part Siamese and when she wanted attention, her cry sounded as if she was a newborn baby. Teeny Tiny was three-year-old when she became a member of my family. She weighed five pounds until a trip to the vets to get fixed. Now I called her Pretty Girl, due to her weight gain. Happens to the best of us.

As we got ready to go to Florida I overheard Gerard talking to a friend who was helping us find a decent place to live. He said she needed to find an apartment that accepted cats because Teeny Tiny was part of the family and can't be left behind. I thought he was so thoughtful and sweet. He acquired extra brownie point for that while captivating my heart even more.

After four years in Florida she became sick and had cancerous tumors removed only to have them return. We decided it was best to put her to sleep because of the suffering she had endured. I knew I couldn't bring her to the vet since I cried making the appointment. Gerard didn't want to, but he did it for me, reminding me why I loved him so.

I paced the floor as he was gone knowing we made the right decision but feeling a terrible loss. He returned from the vets with her wrapped in a blanket. I saw his eyes were swollen and red. He said he doesn't ever remembering getting that emotional over a cat. He shared how our baby was given something to relax. He paused and a tear rolled down his cheek as he continued to say the vet gave her the final shot. Teeny Tiny was put into my arms as he continued to say she let out a little cry and was gone.

As I held and stroked her I remembered our lives together. I wished she had never been sick. The tears rolled down my cheek as I saw Gerard preparing her final resting place. He dug a hole while I said my good byes. This was a very emotional day. We supported each other especially as he took her from my arms.

He positioned her wrapped lifeless body in the grave and we each said a few words through our tears. I walked off as I could hear the shovelfuls of dirt covering her body while I fought back the tears. He disappeared into the shed. I could hear him sawing. He came out with a circular piece of wood, placing it in the hole. He continued to fill it in. I asked why he used the wood in

the middle. He said he didn't want any animals to dig her up. When he was finished we placed an attractive bird bath on her as a grave stone. My heart warmed knowing Gerard was giving my Pretty Girl a safe and beautiful resting place.

Content subject to change during editing.