



## My Love Thompson

September 5, 2008 - January 11, 2025

"How lucky I am to have something that makes saying goodbye so hard"  
My Missy Love came into my life when she was 12 years old. I knew pretty much nothing about her past but I hoped I could give her a healthy and happy future. Her owner sadly passed away, I wondered often if she thought about her and if I was making her as happy as she maybe was before. I was wondering if I saved her life like she saved mine. My Love came home with me not even a week after I had attempted suicide. Both of us had no idea the impact we would have on each other. She saved my life, she was my baby and I had to be there for her. I didn't trust that anyone would care for her or know her the way I could/did. I had to live for her. We quickly became (a little unhealthy) attached to each other. I struggled being away from home, and she struggled when I was away. We had our routines we needed to follow together. She was my soul cat, my best friend. I have never met a cat like her, she truly was the best - one of a kind. She left an impact on everyone she met. When she came into my life she was shy, she found comfort under my bed. As time went on I saw her blossom into a bold, courageous, loving, confident, empathetic, smart, sweetheart. She went from hiding under the bed to being right in the middle of the chaos. She no longer felt the need to hide, she felt secure in her home. She felt she could explore freely. She trusted me and I trusted her. She knew I wouldn't let anything happen to her. I was her protector. She comforted me. Anytime I was crying she would let me bury my face into her fluff, though I don't think she necessarily liked it, she let me. She

knew when I was upset and she knew how to help. She cared for me. She had no problem telling me when she needed something, whether it was by tapping my face while I was sleeping to staring and meowing at me, she got her point across, and I happily obliged. Since she was already 12 when I got her, I knew my time with her wouldn't be very long. Being so attached to her I convinced myself she was invincible, and a part of me starting believing that. She would live forever, she had to, I needed her. Unfortunately she started showing signs something was going on, she got diagnosed with CKD. I tirelessly researched it and did exactly what I felt I should. I was heartbroken, I worried about her constantly. I worried that she felt nauseous or tired. I did my best to keep her happy and healthy, but the CKD continued. She went from almost 12lbs to just under 8. It was hard seeing her like that. I did everything under the sun to ensure her health and try and stay on top the the CKD. She had her second ultrasound done only 6 months ago, nothing was found other than the CKD. Within those 6 months she had apparently developed cancer, which would ultimately lead to her passing. She had a large mass on one of her kidneys that went undetected for 6 months. I've been trying to reason and blame. I get angry at myself for not doing more. I feel I should've known, she showed signs that I assumed were CKD, and maybe they were, I have no idea. I get mad at vets for not checking more thoroughly, I get mad at life because this wasn't supposed to happen. The reality is it's nobody's fault and cancer sucks. She was exhausted and ready to go, she passed with me and my family around, she had been purring and getting lots of love. Life won't be the same, she was supposed to be my side kick for life. I will miss everything that came with her, I will miss our routine, I will miss her purring and chirping. I will miss the cuddles and the way she'd let me use her as a pillow so I could feel her purrs. I will miss her tapping me to wake me up, I'll miss her waiting by her food bowl while I'm still half asleep. I'll miss us bumping our heads together for comfort. I will miss my baby. I will love all my future pets but she was so special, she will always have a special place in my heart. My beautiful baby, 4 years was not enough time. We grew and learned together, she was

my first cat and she took me on a journey I'm so thankful for. We mothered each other. I am so grateful for the time we had together, she allowed me to feel a love I never thought possible, I didn't know I could reach a connection so deep and true. She changed me as a person and I will miss her so so much. She made me strong and I feel I've lost a huge piece of myself. It still hasn't fully set in yet, I still search for her, roll over and stick my hand out to pet her, go to feed her, all the little things I will miss dearly. I will care for her endlessly, even in death I will be gentle and loving. Even in death she is my baby and I will ensure she is treated the way she deserves. Life will never be the same without her. My Missy Love, thank you.