

A Tribute...To a Friend

I sit here and remember the sound of my pet.
My friend, my buddy, I won't soon forget.

The fun that we had, my family and I,
Watching him grow, from Kitten to "The Big Guy"

I saw my daughters grow up to meet,
The fate they call "Cupid"
I remember his name change...
From Sylvester to Stupid.

I know in my heart, he was smarter than that,
He was much, much more than a regular cat.

I remember his banter...his confidence...his gait.
What will he do next? I just can't wait,
To see him swagger all over the house,
Whenever he thought he might catch a mouse.

He'd sit in your lap and paw at your hand,
To get you to pet him, his love was so grand.

He was fit as a fiddle, his weight to the ounce,
Even when the kids fed him a handful of "Pounce".

The kids, they would pet him,
Put their fingers in his ears,
He never snapped back at them
Over the years.

His demeanor was calm
Always friendly and nice,
Even when his tail was pulled,
He stayed cool as ice.

He greeted me each morning,
After working all night,
To let me know that the house was alright.
He kept watch and kept vigil,

Without attitude,
When I came home in the morning,
He'd ask "Any food?"

The care he received couldn't be beat,
It just couldn't get him back up on his feet.

The visit I made helped us keep hope alive,
But now I remember the look in his eyes,
That gave us all hope,
There were tears as he cried.

I'll never forget that New Year's morn,
As I spoke in Room 1 with Dr. Tseng
And we both had agreed
With all that was done,
His suffering should end
No Flares and no bang.

The injection was made
No fuss and no pain,
In just a few moments, he'll be in Heaven again.
The doctors, the nurses, the staff and the rest
At VSEC, I consider the best.

The caring, concern and love they display,
Is a tribute to them,
They're the best in every way.

I know that it's sad
That my buddy has died,
But at least I can say that "everyone tried".

We did our best,
In our hearts and minds,
So that Sylvester might see better times,
But God had decided,
"He's mine for all time."

My Heartfelt thanks and gratitude go out to each and every member of
the staff employed by VSEC that, in any way, contributed to the comfort
displayed, to both my friend, Sylvester, and myself.

Sincerely,
Bill

