

Two Cats and a Dog

By Marilyn Reeves

My second husband Gil and I were married at the end of May in 1976. Just a couple of weeks after Gil and I returned from our honeymoon in San Francisco, he received notice from his employer, Sullair Air Compressor Company, that he was to be transferred to Dallas in October to assume the roll as vice president down there.

During the interim we spent a lot of time at Gil's mountain house up above Nederland, and put my little two-bedroom house in Lakewood up for sale. Ultimately, it sold for around \$20,000. (Today, it would probably fetch about a hundred ... thousand, that is!)

After we arrived in Dallas, we lived in a rented apartment until we found a house we liked. Eventually we discovered a brand new neighborhood in the northern suburb of Garland, off a street called Meandering Way, where the houses were still under construction. We signed up for one, and drove out there several times to watch it being built. Finally it was ready, and all went well on move-in day ... except that we lost our cat!

While we were still living in Lakewood, my son Tommy and I had a couple of cats. One was a little Siamese female called Strawberry. Very pretty, but oh, such a nuisance! Every time I sat down she'd jump up into my lap, and follow me around from room to room whenever I got up. Luckily, we found a good home for her before we moved. Strawberry's half-brother was your standard yellow-striped tomcat, ingeniously dubbed 'Tiger.' Tommy, who was ten at the time, wanted to take Tiger with us to Dallas, and amazingly, the cat survived the long drive. But we had failed to have him neutered, so he had gathered quite a harem of female cats living in the apartment complex where we had been staying until our house in Garland was ready. And no amount of calling, pleading, begging, or bribing could coax him out of his hiding place. We drove back to the complex several times after we moved, but we never saw Tiger again.

But then one of Gil's co-worker's mama dog had a litter of pups – about eight weeks old at the time. Tommy chose a pretty little white dog with long fur and a feathery tail. She might have been a Spitz, except for her floppy tan ears, more like a Cocker Spaniel's. We decided to call her Cindy. Initially, Tommy claimed Cindy as 'his dog.' But a couple of years later he and I moved back to Colorado, and by then you can guess who ended up feeding her!

I kept Cindy – who was now *my* dog – until she turned fifteen. Then that fateful day finally arrived when I had to take her to the vet for the very last time. Cindy wasn't the smartest dog in the world, nor was she very brave. But she was sweet and soft and cuddly, and I miss her to this day.