

A PET STORY

Diane Parker

After my divorce in the 70's, one day my ex-sister-in-law called me and asked if I would like to have another cat. She and my ex's brother just had a new baby and she didn't like the cat around him.

My household already had two yellow tiger cats, Buffy Lois and Duffy Lois, but what the heck, would one more feline be a bother?

I drove over to Randy and Barb's apartment and spent some time with the cat, both of us sizing each other up.

Pippin was a female, two-year-old Siamese, and as usual, with those breeds of cats, she made it plain right away how particular she was when it came to strangers coaxing her with silly words and wanting to pet her. She wasn't going to make it easy for me...but...I had a secret knack with kitties, which she did not know how conniving I could be when it came to making friends with the feline association.

After a while she finally decided that maybe this mindless talking human being, silly acting creature might be okay and she slowly strolled over and rubbed her furry head against my leg. I lightly stroked her head once; she must have fell for it because she looked up with those beautiful blue eyes, meowed once and leaned closer into my leg and began her growling purr.

To keep her content I stroked her head more and the "love affair" began. She and I were hooked on each other. Pippin went home with me and joined the menagerie in my household; one dog, three kids and two already cats in residence.

Pippin wasn't shy...she let Buffy and Duffy Lois's know where their place was in pecking order. Each Lois conceded that Pippin was the "Princess" of the house and order was set in and everyone seemed to be okay with it.

Years went by. Kids grew up. Dog grew old and gave up the good life. The Lois's succumbed to kitty heaven. I wanted new adventures so Pippin and I moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming and eight years later to Denver, Colorado.

By then it was the mid-80's and Pippin had grown into the senior stage of her life. She got gray hairs around her whiskers, her chocolate coating started losing its luster and she walked like she had arthritis in her hind legs.

On Christmas morning 1988, my grown family were over for the holiday. I found Pippin on my bed passed on to kitty heaven. I was devastated. My daughter graciously cooked dinner while my son and granddaughter drove me up to Bailey Mountain in Bailey, Colorado to bury Pippin in the snow underneath a pine tree.

I never could quite figure out how Pippin managed to get up on the bed since I always had to pick her up and put up there. She had chosen on Christmas Eve to stay on a blanket on the floor so finding her on the bed was a mystery. It was in the early millenniums that I brought it up and my grown granddaughter told me she had put her on the bed.