

# **On the Death of a Faithful Cat**

**By**

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**Dear Reader,**

**Many of us have lost a pet that we dearly loved.**

**The bond between humans and their pets**

**Defies easy explanation.**

**We seem to need each other.**

**But the bond exists because the living spirit**

**Of a cat or dog takes hold of us without**

**Our even being aware that it is happening.**

**That is why the loss of a pet**

**Can so deeply affect us.**

**The memory of that simple life,**

**That gave us so much delight,**

**Remains part of us for as long as we live.**

**S.L.B.**

**Bobo is gone.**

**Our brave little cat**

**Who used to cross the road**

**To catch mice in the field**

**Is gone.**

**This time, he was hit by a car.**

**Bobo was with us so many years**

**I cannot count them.**

**He came to our door one day**

**And told us that this was his new home,**

**A nice house on a hill,**

**With endless space out back.**

**A good place to hunt rabbits**

**And smaller creatures.**

**He lived like a country squire,  
Calico in color like Morris.  
He came and went as he pleased  
And slept where he pleased,  
On the bed with Stephen, his master  
Or with Lindsey his daughter.**

**He had a sweet disposition with children**

**And liked to be played with.**

**He loved to be petted**

**And have his tummy rubbed.**

**He was a loving cat.**

**He would climb on the table**

**When you were working**

**And insist on being rubbed.**

**He liked attention.**

**He was a very clean cat,  
Taking care of his needs out back  
Where he couldn't be seen.  
Such a modest cat!**

**We fed him 9 Lives—can after can after can.  
He liked the chicken and beef combinatiion,  
Or just beef.  
He didn't care for human food.**

**When Stephen's sister's little dog, senile Aussie,**

**A little bigger than Bobo, came to stay with us**

**For a while,**

**They each made their own space and had their own food.**

**But in time, Bobo began to nibble in Aussie's**

**Dry pellet food.**

**They became good friends.**



**Aussie, a terrier, had the saddest eyes,  
Always waiting for his mistress  
To come back and take him home.  
Sometimes the waiting was for more than a week.**

**But Bobo was very tolerant  
I once caught him sniffing Aussie.  
He was so embarrassed,  
I never saw him do it again.**

**Bobo was a wise little cat.**

**A cat for all seasons.**

**He loved to lie in the sun,**

**Sometimes in the middle of the driveway.**

**Bobo was always there.**

**You knew his presence.**

**That is why we shall miss him.**

**He was always there.**

**His food bowl is now empty.**

**The 9 Lives cans are on the shelf,**

**Never to be eaten by Bobo.**

**Aussie will eat them.**

**He liked Bobo's cat food.**

**Aussie also likes human food,**

**Steak, pasta, vegetables, chicken.**

**He's old and wags a small tail.**

**He can hardly climb a stair.**

**So now Aussie's friend is gone.**

**And Aussie will miss him.**

**Bobo's eyes were never sad.**

**They just looked at you as if to say,**

**"What are you looking at?"**

**"I'm looking at you, sweet little dummy,"**

**I might have said.**

**Sometimes Bobo seemed perplexed,**

**And I would ask,**

**"Bobo, what is on your mind?"**

**No Answer.**

**By the way, Bobo was his nickname.**

**We actually called him Rambo**

**Because he was so brave.**

**Whatever he captured, he brought to the house,**

**The poor creature dangling in his mouth.**

**We had to chase him out.**

**How shall we live without Bobo?**

**His presence was everywhere—**

**In the barn, in the shed, in the house on all floors,**

**In the basement, out in the fields,**

**Or in the grass, in the driveway,**

**On the porch, on the couch.**

**He had become one of us,**

**The family cat, God's little gift.**

**He made children smile.**

**When Stephen was watching television  
In the lounge chair,  
He would leap up  
And snuggle against his master's chest.**

**He knew where he belonged.**

**He knew who loved him.**

**He knew who he could trust.**

**Bobo is gone.**

**He was buried in the garden,**

**With Aussie in attendance.**

**I don't think that Aussie ever**

**Attended a cat funeral before.**

**Now he roams the house**

**Wondering where he might find his friend.**

**Aussie never had a friend before,**

**And now his friend is gone.**



**Life is such a tragedy,  
Even for a hairy little dog with sad eyes  
Who can barely climb the stairs.  
Surely Bobo was expected to outlive Aussie.  
But that was not to be.  
Bobo was hit by a car.  
He used to be careful crossing the road,  
But on that foggy morning  
He wasn't careful enough.**

**It isn't easy to say goodbye to Bobo.**

**He was such a good cat,**

**A loving cat,**

**A sweet cat,**

**A faithful and loyal cat.**

**He was all you could ever wish a cat to be.**

**He even brought you his rabbit—**

**So proud of his catch.**

**And we would find the remnants**

**On the walk behind the front porch.**

**So I say goodbye to Bobo.**

**Thanks, Bobo, for all the good times,**

**For all the sweet times,**

**For all the playful and annoying times.**

**Thanks, Bobo, for coming into our lives.**

**You just walked in one day**

**And made yourself at home.**

**And you filled that home with your sweet spirit,**

**Your sweet soul.**

**We shall miss you, Bobo.**

**We shall miss you.**