

In Loving Memory

Rusty, my dear
one, I miss you
lots & hope
you're having fun
wherever you
are.



Hi, my name is Bonnie & I LOVE cats. Here is the story of my buddy Rusty who has gone to kitty heaven. I have always believed in miracles & angels, but I never thought that they could take the form of a cat. I am a 42 yr old who lives alone. I always have had a cat, but I didn't when Rusty came into my live.

I met Rusty in the beginning of October 2003, when one of my neighbors in the apartment building I lived in had gotten an 8 week old kitten. She told me that there was a sandy colored tabby left that the lady wanted to get rid of. I told my neighbor I wanted to see it. The next day her friend brought it over.

Here in her hand was the cutest fluffiest ball of fur I ever saw. As soon as I took him from her, he calmed down & started purring. He even gave me a kiss, & that was it for me!!! It was love at first sight! I took him home so he could adjust. I could see right away that he was a special kitten, I just wouldn't know HOW special for three more months.



I suffer from extreme depression, & because of his special qualities, I went & had my doctor certify him as a therapy cat. Rusty went with me every where I could take him. He'd never leave my side. Then at the end of October I was hospitalized for 10 days. Rusty went nuts & so did I!!!!

When I returned home I was talking to a neighbor at the front door, & Rusty heard me. He cried & cried till I came back into my apartment. There he was sitting at the door waiting. He climbed up my leg, (thank God for jeans!) & when he got to my waist I detached him from me & held him before he could climb higher! All he did was purr & purr & talk. He also couldn't give me enough kisses.

When I was home, Rusty followed me every where. When I got up for my first bathroom visit in the morning, he'd follow me & do his visit in his litter box. If I took a bath he'd be right there with his front paws hanging over the tub watching me. He sometimes even joined me! If it was a shower he'd be sitting in front of the tub waiting for me to get out. If he'd hear me in the kitchen, he would come running to see what I was doing. He was even starting to learn how to walk on a leash.

During the day his favorite game was chase & catch the toy mouse. We'd do this some times for over an hour. When he'd get tired, He'd jump up on the couch next to me & take a "short" nap. If I'd lay down in the afternoon, he'd be next to me on the bed.

On the days I'd be gone for some reason, he'd follow me to the door meow good bye, & I'd say "Rusty, you're the man of the house now keep it safe till I return." He'd blink his eyes as if saying OK. When ever I'd return he'd be sitting in the window watching for me to come home. The minute he'd see me look up & talk to him, he'd meow & jump down from the window. Sure enough, he'd be sitting by the door then to welcome me home.

As time went on & my depression became worse, Rusty was more in tune with how I was feeling then ever. On the REALLY bad days, he'd curl up on me on my side & stay there for hours. I also suffer from a breathing disorder, & when Rusty would notice that I stopped breathing, he'd hit my check with his paw and meow to wake me.

When I'd go to bed at night he'd run to the bed room & jump up on the bed. Then when I laid down, he'd curl up next to my chest & stay there till I'd fall asleep. Then in the morning, he'd wake me up at around 7:00 to feed him. If I had to get up at any other special time, I'd tell him the night before, & sure enough he'd be there to wake me at that time.

It was the end of January that the depression was the worst it had ever been. So one night I was talking with some friends on the computer, when I decided to get up & take an over dose of my anti anxiety pills which would put me to sleep. I told my friend I'd be right back. I got up & took over 60 pills. It was hot in the apartment so I switched into shorts.

Then I sat back down at the computer talking to my friend. About ten minutes

later, Rusty must have sensed some thing wasn't right. He kept going between my legs asking to be picked up. I'd shoo him away . Then he'd jump up on my lap and try to start licking my face. I'd pick him up & put him back on the floor. This went on for another ten minutes. As I got more tired, Rusty decided that since I was ignoring him, He was going to take matters into his own paws.

After trying "nicely" one more time to get my attention & failing, he left and went over to the couch. The next thing I know, I saw him out of the corner of my eye start running at me. As he got closer, He launched himself at my right leg. He landed on the side of my lower right thigh & the side of my leg. When he landed he stuck all his teeth & all claws on all four paws & hung there growling. I screamed!!!!!!!!!!

My friend asked what was going on. After detaching Rusty from my leg. I had told her what I had done. With blood going down my leg, I started feeling light headed & sick. I told my friend I had to go & to call me. I headed for the bathroom with Rusty following on my heels. Once I got to the bathroom I immediately started throwing up. Rusty was sitting there right next to me at the side of the toilet, licking my injured leg & trying to comfort me. My friend was also there on the phone encouraging me to keep vomiting.

When I was a little more able to, I called 911 & told them I tried overdosing. Rusty NEVER left my side till the paramedics got there, & then he watched them to make sure they took care of me. After they had me on the stretcher, I told him I'd be OK & to watch the house. He followed us to the door. Before they loaded me on the stretcher, I looked up at the window, & there he was watching. I NEVER loved him more then I did then, cause he helped save my life. I didn't know then that I wouldn't have Rusty for much longer.

Then in March a friend of mine decided to make a toy for Rusty out of ribbon. The toy was 24 inches long, with a loop for a handle on one end, & then a braided tail of three different colors with streamers at the end of it. Rusty just loved this toy. Next to the mouse on a the string, it was his favorite toy. We had it for three weeks with no problems. At night I'd put it up on the counter so he couldn't get it.

Well one night after I had put the toy up & gone to bed, Rusty stayed for awhile, but jumped off the bed before I had fallen asleep. I saw him crawl under the bed so I figured he was going to sleep also. I had fallen asleep

shortly after this. Then next morning when I woke up I looked at the alarm clock next to my bed, & the time said 9:00am. I thought this was really strange cause every day Rusty had me up at 7:00am.

So I started to call him. Usually he'd come running. Well he didn't come. After calling him four times, I started to panic. Something told me to lean over the foot of the bed, so I did. To my horror there was Rusty with all of that ribbon toy in his mouth but the tail. I panicked & flew out of bed.

After chasing him down the hall I caught him & proceeded to pull the toy out hoping it'd come out. Well it didn't. Then he started vomiting blood, so I freaked even more!!! I immediately called my vet & told him what happened. He told me to try & keep Rusty calm, & stay calm myself & bring him in right away. I was crying, & called a friend close by to take us in. The vet was 15 min. from my house.

All the way there I kept Rusty as calm as I could. He was STILL trying to chew the rest of the toy, making grinding noises & foaming from the mouth. When we got to the vets office, the techs took him in back to sedate him.

They wouldn't let me go with. About twenty minutes later they told me they had cut the remainder of the toy off & had Rusty semi sedated & resting as comfortable as possible. They told me he had to stay there for at least that day for tests x-rays & for my vet to see him who was on an emergency call when we got there. I said OK and had my friend take me home.

I called back an hour and a half to see how he was doing, & see what the x-rays showed. They told me that the x-rays showed that it was wrapped around his intestine's, but just how bad they didn't know. They were waiting for my vet to return. After another 1 1/2 hours, I called back again & they said that my vet was back & he'd call me as soon as he had consulted with the other vet & looked at the x-rays. He called me back 20 min later. That's when my worst night mare came true.

He told me that Rusty was very sick & in a lot of pain. According to the x-rays, there was NO WAY this would pass by itself. Rusty needed surgery. My vet knew I live only on disability payments, so money was in short supply. He told me that with every thing that had been done so far, we were up to \$140.00. The surgery would cost at least another \$570.00 depending on what they found.

He said chances of Rusty dying during surgery were high, & he couldn't guarantee that if Rusty lived, that he wouldn't have brain damage, need further surgery, or would die anyways. So he told me the humane thing was to put him down. How was I supposed to deal with putting down my 9 month old kitten who had meant sooo much to me, & had saved my life. I broke down & sobbed.

I told the vet to go ahead & put him down, but to wait till I could get there to say good bye. I called another friend, & I a half hour later I was there to say good bye. With tears in my eyes I held him one last time & kissed him on the nose & told him that soon he'd be in a better place. I then removed his collar, & left crying like a baby. I had Rusty cremated & the ashes sent back to me. When I got the ashes back three weeks later, I released him at my favorite thinking spot.

Now life has been pretty empty with out him, I miss him a lot. I kept his collar as a remembrance of him. I also have three pictures in a box along with his collar. I know he's in a better place, but if I could have done things different I would have.

Well Rusty my dear one I miss you lots, & hope you're having lots of fun wherever you are. This article is for you buddy & to let others know how special you were. You're in my heart always buddy. I love you!

~Bonnie from WI