Harry Holgate

My beloved cat, Harry, died on 11th April, in my arms at the vets - Shaun put him to sleep whilst I cuddled my boy - he was purring softly as if to say 'Thanks Mum, I knew you wouldn't let me suffer'. I held it together and talked softly to Harry, stroking him gently, until Shaun confirmed that he had passed away. At that point I literally howled with grief. Harry was a 14 year old rescue cat-I'd had him just 7 years. He was my best friend and companion through some stressful times and he gave me a reason to go on. Harry was diabetic so I had to inject him twice a day with insulin - he was my reason for getting up and keeping going. That was 3 years ago and for the past couple of years Harry battled various other health problems associated with diabetes. But mainly he was healthy and happy and, most importantly, was pain-free with excellent quality of life.

The end, when it came, was so quick - the previous day Shaun had told me Harry was much better and could come home in a couple of days. Sadly, 2 hours before I was due to collect him, he suffered a feline stroke so I went to the vets immediately. I looked at him and I knew that I could not ask this big, brave, beautiful boy to go on fighting - so I let him go and my heart broke. I hadn't given any thought as to what would happen when he died; it was Shaun who recommended that Harry was cremated at Chestnut Lodge. You collected him and returned his ashes in a beautifully carved sleeping cat. I did not know that I could have attended, but I wanted to be sure he had an individual cremation and was treated lovingly and respectfully.

Harry, you were so handsome, so brave and such a fighter and I will miss you forever. I will never feel the same way about another pet - I'll love them, of course, but you hold the special place in my heart. I am sad and lonely without you but you live on in my memories. We were a team, you and I, and I miss you more than I could have ever imagined possible. Sleep Peacefully Darling Boy.

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