

Our Tutty Buddy



When he opened his mouth to speak what came out was barely audible. It was not a meow by any standard. It would hardly hit the chart as a mew.

A precious, quiet, little mew.

His voice says it all about his personality. This was the most cuddly, demure, quiet, easy and unassuming cat you could ask for. He never caused a ruckus; never picked a fight. He'd rather just cuddle and sit quietly on your lap.

And don't get me started on nap time. If he saw I was going to take a nap on an afternoon weekend he'd spin in circles with excitement as I got a pillow out of the drawer and drew down the blankets to crawl in. He'd come to my right side and nuzzle his head in my armpit and just purr like a little engine; padding away on my side. He was my pacifier.



His official name was Tut. His breed is Abyssinian. A Cleopatra cat, like the sculptures you see in the museums. We called him all kinds of things besides Tut and he would jog over to us no matter which name we called. Tut, Tut. Tutty Buddy. Big Butt Tut. He had a bunch of nicknames.

We lost Tutty recently as he battled a serious and seemingly uncontrollable battle with diabetes and then adding pancreatitis on top of it.

Tut never showed pain. Most cats don't. This guy never complained. He never even gave you a clue that he could not carry on just like any other day.

But I made Tut a promise.

Over a year ago Tut's diabetes was out of control. We could not get his blood sugars in line. The vets could not figure out why Tut became diabetic. He wasn't even overweight. Each day I had

to poke Tut's delicate ears to measure his blood sugar. Each time he whimpered quietly in protest, but he never reached out a paw to hold me off. He knew I loved him and what I was doing must be for the best; even though he could not understand why I would hurt him.

One evening Tut's blood sugar inexplicably dropped to 50! Normally it was over 300-600 and we had a goal of getting it under 150. But 50 was way too low. He dragged himself from the bedroom, trying to come to dinner. He was blind. He was sniffing his way across the floor because he could not see. He was in terrible condition and about to go into a coma. I called the emergency vet and we did some things to stabilize him. Then I took him into our den and let him crawl into his travel cage. Tut loved boxes and bags of any kind. He gladly went in. He felt safe there.

I watched him until 2 AM. He seemed to be resting but I said my goodbyes to him; not knowing if he'd live to see the light of day.

Next morning, big surprise. Tut was fine. His blood sugar was normal! This had never happened! Vets didn't know what to think.

For weeks after that Tut remained stable. I was ecstatic, but I made him a promise. I told him if his diabetes came back I would never put him through the suffering he went through before.

We "bought" 18 months. It wasn't until 18 months later that his diabetes came back with a vengeance. The pancreatitis came too so we knew he had to be on opioid pain meds to manage his pain. And he was looking at being poked twice a day again. Seemingly forever.

I could not put him through that.

The vet said she'd respect my decision but that Tut's blood sugar probably would bounce all over the place; uncontrollable and that he'd likely feel crappy for the rest of his life.

I could not keep him around for my benefit. I had to let him go.

I cannot tell you how sad I am. It's hard to measure.

One minute I regret my decision; which I also made with my husband, but the next I want him back.

Give Tut a box or a bag to crawl in and he was the happiest guy on the planet. Bags meant more than treats.

We'll miss Tut but we have to go through our sadness for his benefit. Some say it's the best gift you can give your kitty, just to let him go.

I'll miss that little mew; probably forever. He had a solid 16 years and had been through more than I can write about here, but he was always a happy-go-lucky guy just satisfied with being part of our family.

Miss you, Tutty Buddy.

Ciao,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Zola". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.



Grilled Asian Salmon

When my husband is in the mood for Asian food, this is his favorite dish. It's a super easy dish, so it doesn't take much to talk me into it.