

To our dear friends, and hers:

We are very sad to announce that our beloved Arya T. Stoler-Terry has passed on to the next of her nine lives.

Arya was diagnosed a couple of weeks ago with lung cancer, and though we hoped that the palliative measures prescribed might extend her life for a month or more, she became unable to eat, and breathing was getting difficult. So Beth and I made the agonizing decision to spare her from more days of pain and misery.

Though we deeply appreciated the wonderfully caring doctors and staff at the Claremont Veterinary Hospital and PETS Oncology, and their efforts in properly diagnosing Arya and advising us on our options for treatment, we were so glad to find a mobile veterinarian, who was able to come to our house, so that rather than go through the trauma of yet another trip in a plastic box to a different and frightening environment, she was able to end her life lying in her favorite spot in the sun, in the presence of us and her brother and soul-mate, Soots.

We will always remember her feistiness and curiosity, how she sought trouble so constantly that we decided it was her middle name, how she rebelled against her mother by eating, of all things, plastic; but how she loved cheese, bolani, and belly rubs; how she purred loudly enough to be heard across a room; how she would roll on and claw at my feet when I came back from swimming; how when I lay in bed she would jump up onto my chest, claw and stomp until I was appropriately kneaded, and then curl up and sleep; how she would keep jumping onto my desk as I was working; how when I was recording one of my "Game of Thrones" song parodies, she came in and sang along (it's the one for season 7, episode 1); how she was initially afraid of the vacuum cleaner, but eventually got used to it and would face it bravely while Soots cowered and hid; how she would stand and stare at me with huge eyes, not just when she wanted a treat; how when she was only nine months old she recovered from a broken leg and major surgery to repair it, which included shaving, staples, a plastic cone around her head, and three weeks in a cage; and how for 4302 days, she said to the God of Death, "Not today," and would have kept saying it for a few more days, had we not decided that she had fought long enough and deserved a rest.



We hope that those of you who knew or at least met Arya will help us to keep her memory alive as long as we can.

We hope that her brother and inseparable companion, Soots, who was never able to intimidate her with his size, but with whom she formed beautiful symmetric patterns of cuddling and lolling, will be able to go on without her.

She was a wonderful cat and brought joy into our lives every day, and she leaves a cat-shaped hole in our hearts. Adios, gatita, vaya con dios.

Michael and Beth

RIP Arya, July 29, 2021