



Bob

There is a tragic end to all living things: They stop living. Our Maine Coon “Kitty” of 14 years stopped living last



week. Her name was “Bob” and one of the sweetest animals that anyone could have had. I don’t think she minded having a boy’s name, at least she never mentioned it. We brought her home one afternoon after visiting our 3rd cat show in as many months and asked the inevitable question – what shall we name her? Struggling for an appropriate label for a brown and black cat that to be honest looked more like a dog, and having just seen the Richard Dreyfuss and Bill Murray comedy of the same name the night before, I said “What about Bob?” We all laughed, but it stuck. She was Bob.

Aside from sleeping, Bob loved nothing more than to follow me from room to room making sure I was OK. It got to be a little much at times, especially when entering and exiting the shower. I’m not a particularly shy guy, but then why was a female cat named Bob checking me out all the time? Her obsession carried over to the TV, sensing when I was on CNBC and paying apt attention no less. I often asked her about her recommendations for pet food stocks, and she frequently responded – one meow for “no,” two meows for a “you bet.” She was less certain about interest rates, but then it never hurt to ask.

But before Bob, there were a number of loving pets in the Gross household. Most of you have had some as well; loved, and then lost them. For the Grosses there was Honey the golden retriever of all time, or at least the 20th century champion. She roamed the neighborhood in the more relaxed 1980s, bringing home stale loaves of bread like they were floating ducks on a pond. It wasn’t the bread so much (although it was that), as it was the praise for a