

Asleep FURever...Sweet Dreams

Nathan Edgar

He was more than a cat. He was my child. He was my companion. He was my heart, writes breast cancer blogger Megan-Claire Chase.

March 26, 2024 By [Megan-Claire Chase](#)

My sweet, precious, and loving Nathan Edgar aka Baby Natey was put to sleep forever on Tuesday, March 12th at 9:39am. His health began to rapidly deteriorate right before the big move into our condo last month. He was in kidney failure, had difficulty walking, and had multiple seizures that would come out of nowhere.

Here is the video posted on my social media on Monday, March 11th after I accepted that I had to let him go. His 20-year-old body was giving out. He needed me to help ease his pain.

You see, he was more than a cat. He was my child. He was my companion. He was my heart. He was my comfort.

We've been through so much including the following:

- two recessions
- multiple breakups
- heartbreak
- job frustrations
- job changes
- mental health issues
- breast cancer
- losing fertility

- celebrations
- joyful moments
- putting on Broadway shows in living room
- meeting new friends
- dealing with my hair accessories
- comfort from never ending racism and microaggressions

I'll miss my little Nathan Edgar forever. We had 20 years of love, laughter, cuddles, and dealing with my shenanigans.

I'm beyond beautifully overwhelmed by the vast number of people touched by these videos across all my social media. I read every single comment. The comments that slightly stung were those urging me to get a kitten. I had to remind myself that not everyone knows what to say or what NOT to say. I had my Nathan Edgar for 20 years. I'm an only child, and he was an only cat. I can't even entertain the thought of another cat. I think many cannot fully comprehend just how strong our bond was. I treated him like a little human. I was a cat mom and took it seriously and lovingly.

My grief is real and comes in waves. I still look and listen for him. I miss our daily routines, especially at bedtime. He would always let me know when I needed to get off my laptop and get in bed to read to him. Yes, I read a few pages of whatever book I was reading almost nightly. He had a special pillow that he would sleep on or curl up next to me. Nathan Edgar knew he was my baby and knew he was loved.

RIP Baby Natey...

- Warrior Megsie

[This post](#) originally appeared March 18, 2024, on [Life on the Cancer Train](#). It is republished with permission.