

IN LOVING MEMORY

Remembering Mabel

1st May 2007 – 18th April 2024



Elegant, particular, and entirely her own



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Mabel arrived as a half-grown tabby from the rescue in 2007 and spent the next seventeen years deciding, entirely on her own terms, exactly how much affection each of us deserved. She was not a lap cat for anyone who wanted her to be one. She was a lap cat when she chose, and it meant all the more for it.

She kept the house to a schedule of her own. The sunny patch on the landing in the morning, the back of the sofa in the afternoon, and the exact centre of the bed at night. She watched the birds from the windowsill for hours and never once caught one, which suited everyone.

In her last year she was thinner and slower, but no less certain of herself. She died at home in the spring, on the warm windowsill she had claimed as her own the day she arrived. The house is very quiet without her small, particular presence.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Goodbye to Mabel

yasin · 20 July 2026

Mabel, our tabby of seventeen years, died peacefully at home on the windowsill she loved, on 18 April. She was elegant, opinionated, and endlessly herself to the very end. Thank you to everyone who knew her. If you have a photo or a memory of her, we would love you to add it here.

MEMORY

The six a.m. alarm

Gordon Fisk · 20 July 2026

Mabel did not believe in lie-ins. At six every morning she would sit on my chest and stare, and if that did not work she would pat my face with one paw until I gave in. I have slept in every day since she went, and I would give anything to be woken at six again.

MEMORY

She chose her own people

Jean Ashworth · 20 July 2026

I lived next door to Mabel for twelve years, and it took her ten to decide she liked me. When she finally did, she would appear at my back door for exactly one saucer of milk, sit on my wall, and leave without a backward glance. I was honoured.

MEMORY

The windowsill

yasin · 20 July 2026

She spent whole afternoons on the windowsill watching the birds, tail twitching, plotting a hunt she never once carried out. That is where we found her at the end, in the sun, as though she had just fallen asleep watching the garden.

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