

IN LOVING MEMORY

Remembering Sunny

1st June 2015 – 14th January 2024



A small bird, a very loud gap



Sunny

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Remembering Sunny

A small bird, a very loud gap

Sunny was a yellow budgie who filled a quiet house with noise for nine years. He arrived in 2015 and immediately had opinions about everything, which he shared loudly, from first light until the cover went over his cage at night.

He learned to whistle the first line of a tune Irene could never quite place, said his own name with enormous pride, and would sidestep along his perch to be near whoever was in the room. He was happiest on a shoulder, chattering into an ear about nothing in particular.

He died quietly one morning in the winter, and the house has never been so silent. You do not realise how much sound one small bird makes until it stops. We miss the racket more than we could ever have imagined.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Sunny

yasin · 20 July 2026

Our budgie Sunny died quietly at home on the morning of 14 January, after nine happy, noisy years. He filled this house with song and chatter, and the silence is the hardest part. Thank you to everyone who smiled at his racket. Add a memory of him here if you would like to.

MEMORY

The morning song

Irene Casey · 20 July 2026

Sunny woke us every morning with the same cheerful racket, whether we wanted it or not. I used to grumble about it. Now the mornings are silent, and I would give anything for the noise back.

MEMORY

He said his own name

Derek Casey · 20 July 2026

Sunny could say his own name, clear as anything, usually when he wanted attention, which was always. He would tilt his head, say "Sunny!", and wait for the whole room to look at him. It worked every single time.

MEMORY

Shoulder company

Irene Casey · 20 July 2026

He liked to sit on your shoulder while you read the paper, chattering away in your ear about nothing at all. Small, warm, and never quiet. That is exactly how we will remember him.

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