



It was, truly, all about Frida.

From her tail, bottlebrush high as we walked in the door each morning, to her vocal insistence that we start the 5:00pm dinnertime at 4:30pm, she started, ended, and filled our days.

Purring with delight, she leapt onto any available lap (a scarce commodity in a busy clinic where no-one sits for long), and resorted to riding on Kelly's shoulder when she wouldn't sit long enough. Claire and Sheila simply figured out how to do more without getting up, so that they wouldn't have to disturb the sleepy kitty on their laps. Staff meetings were like family time for her, with all laps available. She especially liked when Kaley brought baby Jordyn to meetings; Frida played on Jordyn's blanket, with baby toys that apparently were more interesting than her cat toys.

If she wasn't at the front counter, most folks asked, "Where's Frida?" She loved each person who came into the clinic, scurrying forward for a cuddle, climbing into bags, obliging a child's lap.

She made every part of the clinic her own, diving into each cardboard box as we emptied it of the daily delivery, skulking around the basement to emerge with cobwebs fringing her whiskers, and leaping onto the pharmacy counter to knock over Dr. Clark's charts, trying to get a nose or a paw into Mittsy's yogurt. She loved nosing around Dr. Stork's coveralls, fresh from the farm, and would spend ages in the back hallway, rubbing her cheeks on them.

On Monday, November 30, 2015, Frida passed away suddenly. She took a piece of our hearts with her.

Her legacy lives on in the special fund that kind clients created in her name, the Frida Fund, which helps support animals whose families are financially unable to afford care. It's a fitting tribute, as Frida came to us as a homeless, injured kitty.

For us, it will continue to be, All About Frida.