



Memorial Pet Services

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Vulcan Scheuler

When I first saw you, it was love at first sight. Your big head, big paws, intense green eyes. When I brought you home from the hoarding situation you were rescued from, you were so scared. You didn't want to be pet. You just wanted to hide atop your cat tree I immediately bought for you. My son, four at the time, made a little "house" for you out of a cardboard box, to hide in. It was there you spent the beginning of your time with us, pressed against the back of the box frightened when anyone tried to touch you. Then I bought a brush. I decided, little by little, to sick my hand into your hidey spot and do a little "brushins." My heart nearly lept out of my chest the first time you leaned into the brush, instead of leaning towards the back of the box. It was then I knew that I was making a difference. Fast forwarding to the cat you became... you were our family treasure. A gentle-hearted giant. You were our best friend, and our best source of comfort. It would not be uncommon for me to walk into the living room and see you and my son cuddling together on the couch. We could always count on you, no matter what you were up to during the day, to join us for bedtime. As soon as my boyfriend and I laid down, you'd run up with an excited "trill" and lay between our heads, demanding pets. If I wasn't petting you long enough, you'd grab my hand and pull it to you, firmly but gently. It was there you'd sometimes fall asleep on my hand, on my arm, even on my boyfriend's face. Sometimes, we'd wake up on top of you, because your favorite spot was when you were our pillow. You'd push the pillow out from under our heads and replace it with yourself. You were the most loving, unique, majestic kitty friend a human could ever ask for. We will always love you Vulcan, Nicole, Thorin, Gabriel

