

A Most Special Cat

CAT FANCY Consumer Marketing Manager Suzanne Stowe blogs about a beloved pet.

By Suzanne Stowe

Posted: Oct. 17, 2008, 3 a.m. EDT

Meeser in his cat tree. Since I've been around for over a half -century, I've shared my home and heart with many different kitties. I've loved them all for their individual personalities, but there was one most special cat – Meeser.

Meeser joined my household in a different way from any other kitty. After losing a 6-month-old Siamese kitten to FIP, my veterinarian, Dr. Tim, knew I was heartbroken. Shortly after that, I received a call from him. One of his clients had to find a new home for a 5-month-old Siamese kitten because they weren't supposed to have cats in their apartment.

I went to meet the kitty, Webster, that same day. We fell in love with each other right away. But I was going on a business trip the next day and couldn't take him home with me. Dr. Tim agreed to keep him until I got home. After what seemed the longest trip of my life, I was able to pick up the kitten and bring him home.

I didn't feel the name Webster suited the kitten, so he was renamed Meeser Lewis Stowe. Meeser fit in with my other kitties right away and there was no adjustment time. The first night he slept curled up between my legs.

What made Meeser so special was the bond we had through the 16 years we shared. I was Meeser's person and he was my "Velcro" cat because he was always on me if I was seated. Meeser was a large Siamese and eventually weighed 17 pounds, but he was always welcome on my lap or on my bed.

Meeser and I were always totally in tune with each other. If I was sick, Meeser would come sit by me and touch my face gently with his paw. After I had abdominal surgery, he was very careful not to walk on my incision although he would not leave my side. I recovered in half of the expected time, due in part to Meeser's caring love.

Meeser preferred me to anyone else. There were only two other people that he would sit with: my best friend Courtney and my niece Gina. They both felt very special to be allowed the honor to hold Meeser.

Meeser did love other cats as well. When a new cat joined the household, he would immediately welcome the newcomer and often curl up with them, washing them. It was like he was the Big Daddy of the household.

When Meeser was 14, he developed kidney disease. I learned how to administer subcutaneous fluids and he lived two years after his diagnosis. Then he had a stroke and I had to be kind to him once more and send him to the Rainbow Bridge. It was the hardest thing I ever did.

I'm sure you have a most special kitty in your life, too. Feel free to leave a comment about your kitty. I will always love Meeser Lewis and will never forget the joy he brought to my life.