

Shadot a feral cat (pronounced Shadow) adoption story!

RIP Shadot

What can I say about Shadot (Pronounced Shadow)? He was born in a junk pile in the yard next door in August of 2006. His Mom (Sunday), a Siamese mix, not even a year old herself, saw the potential for a lifetime playmate if he cooperated with her plan.

She began to adopt two unsuspecting humans who were not looking for a cat and definitely not two. In November 2006, Sunday and Shadot joined our family and have touched our hearts and souls for thirteen years.

Unfortunately, Shadot had not been socialized and was at least fourteen weeks old. It took many evenings with a feather and Mom close by to begin to touch him.

He was never truly domesticated. Despite his feral tendencies, he lived in a home where he was loved and given space to love on his own terms, which was not always easy for his human companions. We were warned, early on, that it might not be possible to treat him if something happened. The vet reassured us that he would have a better life in a home than on the streets.

Shadot enjoyed thirteen years of good health. Sadly, as predicted, he became ill. On October 19th with the help of Amy Smith, angel on Earth, he had to be netted to get him into the vet, where he was peacefully put to sleep.

Shadot loved his morning feeding and pets, his bird window, time in the yard and spooning with his human each night at bedtime. His 20 pound presence has left a hole in our hearts. At the same time, it reminds me of why we attempt to keep these precious creatures safe from harm and provide homes or safe feeding sites.

They have a way of showing us how to open our hearts to love and to being loved. Shadot has left a paw print on our hearts and for that we are grateful. RIP my furry friend. 2006-2019

