

Amy's Testimonial for Black Thai Cattery  
Cain and Hunter ("Jack" and "John")  
The Tom Cruise Litter  
Born 3/20/2018

*Part I: The Siamese Who Started It All*

I think only one who has ever been "owned" by a Siamese can truly understand and appreciate what having this extraordinary breed of cat in your life means – it so different from other pets or even other cat breeds. We were so extremely fortunate to have loved and been loved by a Siamese for 15 ½ wonderful years before we met Tom and his family last year. Almost 17 years ago, my husband and I adopted a beautiful blue-eyed kitten from the local animal shelter who was almost all white, except for his orange ears, feet, and tail. Little did we know that we had just taken home a flame-point Siamese. He was indescribably amazing and beyond our expectations of what a cat could be – ever-confident, playful, and friendly; greeted anyone who came to the house; personable with all his humans to the degree of the most affectionate of dogs (he even converted over hardcore "non-cat" people); talkative and humorous; demanding of affection, even from other cats who wanted nothing to do with him at first (he always won them over); and possessed a purr so loud and frequent that we named him Harley - after the motorcycle, of course. And most significant of all – to me especially, Harley was not only part of the family, he *was* my family. He came into our lives before we had our human children and he was, truly, our first child (our other kids are fully in agreeance and are not bothered when we say this – no therapy needed! ;-).

This testimonial would be volumes longer than it already is if I listed all of the incredible things about Harley, but a few favorites ones come to mind. He greeted us at the door almost *every time* we came home, many times sleepy-eyed from just waking up, but there he'd still be. He always wanted, rather – *insisted*, on sleeping with us, under the covers, and curled up in someone's armpit – we aptly nicknamed him "The Snuggle Commander". He seemed to just love life, vocalizing his satisfaction of everything with so much personality, and talking to us conversationally in a way that only a Siamese can. He was playful and kitten-like his whole life, even still chasing his tail up until his last month at almost 16 years old. He loved to walk on our treadmill (with it running). He let us use the vacuum hose on him, FloBee-style. He would stand up on his hind legs reaching up to me to be picked up and held on his back like a baby, while he purred loudly and tucked his head underneath my chin. He would even frequently "hug" me while in this position by wrapping his paws around my neck. He wanted (i.e., demanded) this from me almost daily, and I gladly and lovingly acquiesced; it is one of my most precious memories of him.

Harley gave all of us the most amazing, unfathomable level of joy for so many years – only those who were fortunate enough to know him truly understood his uniqueness. This incredible animal, truly a "dog in a little cat suit" as I called him, was our kids' loving, faithful, and

archetypal childhood pet, but was really more like a sibling. Our daughter is only a year younger than Harley, and our son three years younger, and so all three truly grew up together. He tolerated without complaint their toddler years (accompanied by much poking, prodding, and typical ungentle child-handling) and was with them through every stage of our family life. There are no words to describe how much he was *beloved* and *enamored* by all of us, and how overwhelmingly beyond heartbroken and devastated we were when we suddenly lost him to pancreatitis in December of 2017.

It is extremely difficult for me to write this, through my tears, as I recall our trip to the vet on New Year's Eve to see him for the last time – how our two children, my husband, and I each held him, sobbing with breaking hearts, and told our beloved Harley baby goodbye and how much we loved him. By this time, he was clearly suffering, there was nothing more the vet could do, and we could tell that he was already “gone”. When the doctor finally carried him away, he cried out so painfully that I felt that, even in his failing and medicated state, he knew it was us and didn't want us to leave. That last anguished and heartbreaking cry out to us is forever burned into my memory.

A permanent and painful void was carved into our hearts that day which will never be filled. We lost a precious child as well as a best friend. Harley was one-of-a-kind and can never be replaced. We had already won the “kitty lottery” with him and long ago had questioned if we could ever bring another cat into our lives after him. How could coming after Harley ever be fair to a new cat in the household? The bar was *so* unbelievably high - how could any cat ever compare?

However, somehow even through my grief and loss, I came to realize that adding another cat into our lives was exactly what we needed to consider doing. As I mentioned, it was not to replace Harley – that was not, and never will be, possible. But I believe that the heart has no bounds – its capacity to love is not fixed. And so even though a painful void existed, there was still a need, as well as an infinite ability, to fill it with a new love to both receive, as well as to give. Having our animal family members in our lives is a two-way street; they give to us unendingly, but we also give our love back to them. A huge part of what made Harley so special to us was his wanting and needing our affection just as much as we loved receiving his. From realizing this, I did not feel it selfish or dishonorable to Harley's memory to not wait before considering bringing another cat into our home. We all had so much love to still give and waiting two weeks versus two years would never change, nor impact, our memory of him or how much we would always and forever miss him.

## *Part II: Black Thai Cattery – Meeting Tom and His Family*

I knew that we unquestionably wanted to bring into our family another Siamese; we would consider no other breed. However, we did want a certain “look” and after a little research, we realized that that look was of the “Old Style” or “Traditional” Siamese cat. We were thrilled

when we found Tom and Black Thai Cattery. Everything I read on his website matched what I was looking for in a new kitten - a high degree of socialization and especially around children; extraordinary temperament and confidence; extremely healthy and from a breeder who is very knowledgeable about feline health, well-being, and upbringing; very intelligent and playful as well as affectionate and loving; and, of course, those gorgeous Siamese features. As a complete coincidental bonus, we were overjoyed by the fact that Tom and his family lived only about 30 minutes away from us. After contacting him through his website, Tom called me within minutes and we talked for some time about what we were looking for, his kittens, and his socialization philosophy and methods – which aside from a healthy kitten, to me is the most important aspect of how kittens are raised. I could quickly see that Tom was the breeder for us and he generously offered for our family to come down to his cattery to meet his cats and kittens.

A few days later, my husband and I and our two kids showed up on Tom's doorstep fairly late in the evening. He was already very accommodating to allow us to come by at all (not many catteries will even do this), and then was more than willing to make his home available to us when it was convenient for us. When we walked in, we were immediately greeted by mama cats and kittens of various ages and sizes. We had never before seen a complete litter of kittens, let alone several litters simultaneously, and the sight of all those adorable, beautiful tiny Siamese faces peeking out from all places – the cat towers, the tunnel toys, etc. – was a heartwarming sight for us all. Our kids were not around when Harley was a kitten and they were still very young when the next kitten joined us a few years later, so kittenhood was essentially completely new to them. They were enthralled and in love – we all were. The kittens were everything Tom spoke of on his website and over the phone: confident, well-adjusted, friendly, healthy, playful, and absolutely stunning. Most striking was how they let us (complete strangers) just pick them up and hold them. One kitten actually started to fall asleep in my daughter's arms during this short visit. There was no question that Tom's kittens were extremely well-socialized and very accustomed to being handled by people, both familiar and new.

We also met Tom's two wonderful daughters that night, who add so much to how the kittens are raised. These girls not only assist with the kittens' daily care and socialization, but (we later learned) also help with things such as spending special, deliberate time with each litter, at important developmental stages. They are such loving and sweet young ladies who do an incredible job with helping Tom. We were, and continue to be, so impressed by them!

We decided we wanted to bring home not one, but two kittens. We were a little concerned how our other older cat, Shadow, would adjust to having a new rambunctious youngling in the house, so we thought with two kittens, they would have each other to play with and might leave the old guy alone if he so wished...and so we waited for two boys to come home to us.

We became even more thankful at this point that we did not wait any longer to pursue a new kitten, as Tom has a waiting list – for good reason, as all good breeders usually do – and it ultimately was several months later that our two new boys came home to us. But I cannot emphasize enough that it was *absolutely worth waiting for*. A few months pales in comparison

to the years of amazing companionship and love that waits for you with just a little patience. Tom does not just send his kittens to their new homes at a couple months of age, but takes the additional time, effort, and cost to truly deliver to you the best kitten at the most ideal time.

However, we did not wait for our boys uneventfully – Tom communicated with us *constantly* with updates on pregnancies; his opinions on potential litter size; where we stood on the waiting list and resulting order of kitten choice; and most excitingly, when our boys were finally being born. Because we live so close, Tom actually allowed us to come to the house to witness our litter being born (he was also FaceTiming with other clients so they could also watch the occasion). The first two kittens came quite quickly, but we made it there in time to watch the last two boys being delivered, and it was something we will never forget! We are so grateful to Tom for being so kind and generous to allow us to witness that amazing event. (It should be noted that Tom was extremely careful about things such as us being very quiet and considerate to Mama, as well as hygiene and cleanliness around the newborns, etc.)

After our litter was born (four boys – “The Tom Cruise Litter”), Tom’s communication with us came consistently every week, with updates on their growth, major milestones, recent events, funny anecdotes, as well as many, many fabulous pictures. We watched them grow and change through the weeks and as the exciting day came closer and closer, we started the weekly and then daily countdown until our boys would be coming home to us. Tom even offered again to let us come visit the litter, which we did when they were around 6 weeks old. All four of them were incredible, adorable, and just as friendly, confident, and socialized as the kittens we had met the first time we had come by months earlier. We truly wondered how we could ever pick only two of them.



We were all beside ourselves as the final days approached. Like everything else with Tom, the timing was perfect, and the kids happened to finish the school year the week before the boys came home. At last, we got word from Tom that our boys would be ready to pick up the coming weekend. Our son had a baseball tournament that day, but again, Tom accommodated our schedule, patiently allowed my daughter and I to spend a very, *very* long time that afternoon with the three boys left that we were to choose from, and then even let all four of us return later in the evening so that the entire family could be there to actually bring them home.

We did eventually somehow choose two of the kittens, but I must mention that I recall Tom saying very early on before the kittens were even born that it really doesn’t matter which one you end up taking home. I’m not sure as I really fully understood why or how that could be true at the time, but now I can say with complete certainty that Tom is absolutely correct (do believe him!). My daughter and I belabored for literally hours over the decision process of choosing our two kittens, but now after having had our boys with us for many months, as well as reading about

the similar experiences of the other two families in the litter, in hindsight I know that any of Tom’s cats would have been just as wonderful. He would not have the volume of overwhelmingly positive feedback and testimonials if that were not the case. I know now that we would have loved any of the four from that litter, or from any other. My only real regret is that we couldn’t take the whole litter home with us!

*Part III: “Jack” and “John”*

(If you’ve hung on and are still reading this very long testimonial, I am impressed! Please keep reading!...And as I have been writing this the two kittens have taken turns laying with me, or on me. Hunter is in my arms right now – his usual spot – making typing this a little difficult! ;-)

The first indication that something was “different” (in the best way) about “Jack” and “John” was the car ride home from Tom’s. They made hardly a peep and just eventually settled in on the kids’ laps in the backseat. We were so accustomed to the continual yowling from our previous cats whenever in the car, that it was so strikingly quiet. Considering that they had just been put into a car with a bunch of strangers, and they seemed just fine with it, was unbelievable! Little did we know that this was only the first of many, *many* incredible things we would experience with our wonderful boys.

When we got home, we allowed the kittens to get accustomed to their new surrounds in relative peace, meaning initially without the presence of our two very loving, but very loud, boisterous, and quite unaware dogs (a Schnauzer-Poodle mix, aka Schnoodle, named Dash and a 70-pound Chocolate Labrador named Lady). Tom had generously let us have one of his old cat towers that he was replacing, so we thought that, along with the kittens’ birthing blankets that he sent home with us, would smell most familiar to them. So, we set the tower with the blankets up in the family room/kitchen area, where the family resides most of the time. The boys were very curious about this new place they had just been brought to. They were quite explorative, but abnormally confident about it! They let us pick them up at *any* time – something that I think we have taken for granted because we are so accustomed to it now. I have to remind myself though that that is not normal! All cats we’ve ever had, including Harley, did not usually like to be picked up, except when *they* wanted to be, and definitely not by someone they didn’t know.



I will never forget the transformation that I witnessed when very soon after bringing the boys home, we introduced them to the whirlwind canine duo know as Dash and Lady. When the dogs came into the family room, “Jack” and “John” were laying in the top of the cat tower and I was standing next to them. The dogs were loud and obnoxious - in usual fashion. To be fair, a lot of *humans* freeze when they see our Tazmanian Devil-like dogs barging at them with hyperactive overexuberance and no respect for personal space. (“Lady” has to be the most *inaccurately*

named pet on the planet.) The boys stayed so still and just stared and watched them for a long time. I sometimes still wonder what they were thinking about Dash and Lady during those first moments!

But within a relatively short period of time, the kittens came down the cat tower to check out these strange, goofy creatures. Even knowing how well Tom and the girls socialize their kittens, I honestly did not expect “Jack” and “John” to feel comfortable around the dogs for literally weeks, if not months. But after only a few *hours* into meeting them, the boys were already on the ground again, walking and sitting quite close to them. I was absolutely *amazed*!!

The next few days were a blissful wonderment to witness, hourly practically, as the boys became more and more accustomed to our household, all the noise, and the ever-present commotion. To think that these young babies are raised in the most-loving, caring, cat-perfect environment, with their mother, siblings, and a plethora of constant playmates around them, in addition to Tom and two of the most kind, affectionate, and nurturing young ladies on the planet (i.e., Tom’s daughters) taking care of them every day, I can only imagine that leaving that ideal life is not at all on their wish list! So the fact that our kittens not only acclimated to our home very quickly, but within mere hours were treating us with such a high level of affection - to us, was the ultimate proof of how well they were raised. “Jack” first, then “John”, began purring when we picked them up or greeted them by the end of their very first day home with us. By the second day, they were already sleeping and snuggling with us. And within days of living with the Destructo-Duo (dogs), they were not just “tolerating” them, but going up to them and trying to reach out their paws to them. Following below is the actual verbiage from a text I sent to Tom a week after we had brought the boys home - I feel it really shows the genuineness of the joy we all felt at that moment.

Sent to Tom on Sunday, June 24, 2018, 9:41 p.m.:

Hi Tom! Hope you all are having/had a great vacation! We didn’t want to keep bothering you while you were having family time, but oh my gosh, we could have sent you a daily, sometimes hourly, update! There is so much to share, but I will just start by saying how AMAZING the past week has been with the boys. They are even more incredible than we imagined! (They are both laying with me now as I’m writing this.) We know you said they would be well-adjusted and confident, but they have far exceeded our expectations. How they have acclimated to the dogs has probably been the most amazing and dramatic (well, to our 70 lb. chocolate lab, “Lady”, in particular, who wants nothing more than to play with them, especially when they are running around and chasing each other). Literally within HOURS on, I think it was Day 2, they went from absolutely wanting nothing but to run away, hissing, with their tails puffed, to watching the dogs from afar, to then tolerating being on the ground with them nearby. Within another day or two they stopped running away from them completely. Now they walk up to them and have even touched noses with Lady and reached their paws out to her. I can only imagine what they will be like in another few weeks!

We are just enamored with these kittens! We have spent hours and hours playing with them and being fully entertained by their crazy, energetic antics and SuperKitty agility (Jack jumps SO high in the air...)

must send you a slo-mo!) They purr all the time now, even when we just pick them up. And we love so much that there are two of them (I honestly would take the whole litter right now, if I could! 😊). They play together all the time, but have also lately been becoming more independent from each other and, e.g. now don't always have to sleep in the same place. They follow us from room to room, ever curious, and call out to us if we walk by or are within sight. And their voices! We LOVE their Siamese meows!!! They are complete talkers and, truthfully, we absolutely adore it! 😊 (It's a total chorus at feeding time!)

Sorry that this is approaching the length of a dissertation! Actually, these few things barely scratch the surface of how many amazing, wonderful, memorable, adorable, and heartwarming things we could tell you about! We ❤️ them so very much. They have already brought us so much joy and we can't wait to see how they continue to grow and bond with all of us. 😊 THANK YOU for these incredible boys!!!



(Pics to follow...oh, BTW, we have finally given them names. John is "Hunter" and Jack is "Cain" or "Cainie". Both two of our very favorite SF Giants players 🙌... of course, right?!! 😊).

Then, at around 3 ½ weeks after bringing Cain and Hunter home, I sent Tom this text on Wednesday, July 11, 2018, 8:06 p.m.:

Hi Tom! Thought we'd update you on the boys. They're doing so great...still growing fast and getting bigger and bigger! They just continue to bring us joy and happiness daily. I don't think a day has gone by without one or all of us saying how much we love them and how glad we are that we have them. ❤️ The kids both thank us all the time for getting them. 😊 They are now pretty much accustomed to everything in our household, including our other cat, Shadow (aptly named!), who after 3 weeks has finally decided to make a showing around them (similar to the 3 weeks he took to come out from behind the couch when we first got him 10 years ago). Within literally 15 minutes Cain (Jack) was already laying on his back trying to play with him! We just continue to be amazed at how quickly they adjust to new things, their confidence, and their intelligence. I have a live photo of Cain just sitting and watching me use the vacuum cleaner right next to him, not phased at all! Every night I wake up to them sleeping with me...it's one of the happiest parts of my day (err, night!). And they entertain us constantly with their hilarious play fighting and Nascar Racing! But usually they just want to be wherever we are. ❤️ They even come running to us now when we call them!...Here are some of many (Many!) pics! 😊 😊 Hope all is well and that you all are having a great summer!! 🌟 📷



I had forgotten how *long* those texts really were!) But I do remember, and always will, the complete and total happiness we all felt all summer long last year. It was by far, one of our best, if not the very best, summer we ever had. And our kids truly did thank us almost every day for getting the kittens. The number of things that the boys amazed us with, or made us feel, was immeasurable...for example, I couldn't believe little kitten Cainie would just sit there watching, as I vacuumed so closely around him with the big, loud vacuum cleaner (and he still does!). And Hunter would let me carry him around

in a "football hold" for long periods of time, just content to be with me. They followed us constantly, wherever we went (again – and still do!), and whether it was play-time, snuggle-time, lovey-time (rubs and purrs), or I'm-now-going-to-sit-on-you-time, our boys just wanted to be with us *all the time*.



#### *Part IV: Cain and Hunter – 1 Year Old*

(Now I am really, *really* impressed that you are still reading! :-)

Cain and Hunter (formerly, "Jack" and "John") just celebrated their first birthday last month. I *cannot* believe that it was already over a year ago that we were at Tom's, watching them being born. When you are lucky enough to get a kitten from him, as I described earlier, you are involved in your litter's progress from the very start, getting updates on the pregnancy, and given all details (or even a live experience!), during the birth. This is so special, and extraordinarily unique among breeders. Tom doesn't "need" to do this; in fact, much of what he does is way above par from other breeders. We have both experienced first-hand how Tom really goes the extra mile for his clients, as well as witnessed him doing this for others. And all of these extra efforts that he and his daughters put into their kittens, and into *your* experience, permanently shape who your cat will eventually be and begins to foster a relationship for you and your kitten from the very start. You feel, even before your kitten comes home to you, already connected to them and that they are already an irreversible part of your life.

This couldn't be more true for our boys - after just days with us, we couldn't imagine our lives without them! And they are also so mutually attached to us and are never far away, even while catnapping. Even our dear Harley would spend much of his daily sleeping time in a quiet corner or upstairs away from the family chaos. Cain and Hunter sleep with me every night and follow me all day, up and down the stairs, from room to room. When I call them, they come *running* to me, like puppies. And as much as they are affectionate to us, they are equally bonded to each other. We can't emphasize enough how happy we are that we decided to get two kittens at the same time. Just the sight of them snuggled together, grooming each other, or chasing and wrestling like only siblings can, warms our hearts and souls and makes us happy for them that



they have each other. And as if that weren't enough, all of this amazing, unconditional kitten love, affection, intelligence, and joy comes in the most gorgeous and beautiful package that will win your heart over again and again, every day.

Cain (named after Matt Cain, #18 – Pitcher of the Only Franchise Perfect Game, of the San Francisco Giants) is our springy-legged, Air Jordan, American Ninja Warrior, silly goofball, super snuggler, chow-kitty (boy, he loves him some wet food...well, really all food!), who in another life must have been a circus cat. His athleticism is off the charts! He first surprised us by standing not just on his haunches, but balanced all the way up on his back feet, like a person. He can jump from the ground to our shoulders like it's nothing and will first jump onto, then stand/sit/lay down balanced on our backs if we bend at the waist. We can even walk around like this and he will stay there. Now he enjoys not just up-close observation of the push vacuum cleaner, but sitting on top of and *riding* the Roomba cleaner (yes, like those YouTube videos!).



My husband leaves very early for work each day and even though Cainie is snuggled with me and/or Hunter, he gets up with Aaron every morning, stays with him while he gets ready, and follows him downstairs until he leaves. Again – like a puppy kitty. And there are no words to describe Cain's level of, um, tolerance of our son's "non-gentle" style of loving him. Jacob finds great joy in sitting Cain on his lap facing outward, taking his two front paws, and air-drumming them Phil Collins/Sheila E./Any other '80's drummer-style. Cain just sits there drumming away, and not only doesn't seem to care, but comes back for more!

Hunter (named after Hunter Pence, #8 – "The Reverend", of the San Francisco Giants) is our lightening-fast, running water-loving, uber handsome (seriously well-proportioned!), ever my shadow, insistent-lovey, flopping-on-his-back-when-he-wants-a-belly-rub, ground warrior (anything on the ground wouldn't stand a chance), who in *his* other life must have truly been a dog. He is by my side always. He waits for me at night to go to bed, gets up to follow me even from a deep sleep, will run along beside me when I call him, and even plays fetch. His favorite fetch toy is round, like a soft tennis ball, with a rattle inside. He'll keep bringing it back and dropping it in front of me after I throw it for him. It's so amazing to watch - I never knew that cats can play fetch! When is feeling especially lovey, he will stand up on his hind legs to grab my fingers with both front paws, then pull my hand down to rub it on the side of his face (while still up on his hind legs). Huntie also keeps us immeasurably entertained with his hilarious habit of collecting stuffed animals, small pillows, and even slippers from around the house and bringing them downstairs to play and/or wrestle with. For some reason, our son's slippers are a particular favorite of his, including a rather large pair of green Yoda head slippers that are just about as big as he is. He then likes to drop all toys, such as his little mice and fuzzy toys, into the dry food bowl (like his "hunted" prey). However, occasionally we find all



sorts of things in the food bowl, including wand toys, dropped human food items (e.g., strawberries), and even Jacob’s Yoda slippers!

I’m not sure I could ever really fully explain or list all of the countless reasons why we love and adore our boys. Even after close to a year, they still surprise us on a regular basis with something new or another adorable personality trait. They are so intelligent and highly trainable – we taught them to jump from the ground right up into our arms when we call them. And, I have started clicker-training them with treats and they will both now shake paws (they’ll lift one paw off the ground when I say, “Shake paws” – with a treat of course!). We decided last summer when they were still kittens that we’d continue to take them in the car with us for rides. Tom and the girls do such a great job at exposing them to things such as riding in the car, so we thought we would keep them accustomed to that. Several times a week we would take them with us on short trips to school, or to drop someone off, and they have remained wonderful passengers. They are so great with guests and friends who come over, including young children who just want to pick them up and hug them repeatedly. They now rub their faces against both dogs affectionately and even try to play with Dash (who awkwardly usually doesn’t know what



to do). Cain and our Dutch bunny (“Bunz”) *will* play together and both boys actually behave themselves around the hamsters in peaceful co-existence (at first the 24-hour “Hammie Channel” was deliciously enticing, but it has since lost its luster)...They are *everything* that you read about on Tom’s website – extremely healthy (just passed their one-year health exam with flying colors!), wonderfully confident, heart-meltingly affectionate, highly intelligent, and on top of all that - absolutely gorgeous!!

#### *Part V: Gratitude*

(You seriously deserve some type of medal for making it this far...I promise the finish line is within sight and you are finally at the last part!)

It would be a most valid question to ask why I took 11 pages to write our testimonial about our experience with Tom and Black Thai Cattery. One reason might be that I tend to be, well, long-winded it seems (see text copy starting on Page 6). But the real reason is because *we will never be able to truly and fully thank Tom and his family enough for the joy and love that they helped bring back into our lives and into our very deeply broken hearts*. Losing our beloved Harley created something so painful for us as well as an unfillable void in our family. We still grieve and we always will; he was a precious part of our lives for almost 16 years. My husband and I lost a child, and our kids, a sibling, and you can’t just “get over” that. The only family I personally have on this earth lives under our roof with us and that is perhaps why his death hit me the hardest. I fell into a depression for six months and cried daily for even longer. I still cry when I think of him...as I am now while I am writing this. But when those two beautiful kittens

came home with us that day last June, my sorrow finally began to lift for the first time since his death. Because of the kittens, we talked about Harley again every day - we never said his name so many times since he passed as we did after the boys came home to us. They were so unique individually, but being Siamese, they also inevitably did things (and still do) that remind us of him. I finally felt that Harley was truly “with us” again through these two amazing kittens who came to us so “pre-loved” that they immediately transferred their sweet little hearts from Tom and his girls over to the four of us - without hesitation and without question. We couldn’t have needed that more.

How do you truly thank people who (not because they have to, but because it is in their nature) go so far above and beyond to ensure that you, personally, are forever happy and feel incredibly fortunate every day with what they have given to you? How can you really explain to them the effect that their labor of love has on your daily life, that because of their efforts, your life has benefited, been enriched, and that your family’s lives have been filled with memories and that special joy again that only a cat can provide? I suppose you start by writing an 11-page testimonial, but beyond that, I don’t think it’s really possible. Every time I look at our amazing, beautiful boys and my heart is filled with that special love and happiness again, I silently thank Tom and his girls. This, of course, is a daily occurrence, and so every day I send my gratitude to them, hoping that someday someone may also do for his family what he has unquestionably done for ours.

