

"Maverick"

(1995-2008)

Dear Maverick:

Your unexpected passing has left people shocked as we try to contemplate, the suddenness of your departure into your next life. You were a son, friend, teacher and buddy.

We will always have the stories of your time with us and as life continues these will be a part of us, as were you. We also celebrate your life.

Not too long ago while visiting your mom and dad I was able to witness first hand the love they had for you. As we took in an early summer's day, your poor mom jumped up and down all afternoon untangling your leash from yet another tree, or branch, or rock, or anything that was capable of slowing you down. As you chowed down on grass, you wove in and out, basking in the sun, being the wanderer you so loved.

And being this wanderer reminds me of a story not too long ago as nature beckoned you to her. The door leading to the great outdoors was your escape route so many times to unsuspecting visitors or mom and dad with laden hands.

This time you decided to get your money's worth. Oh, how you must have felt that day! Freedom! No humans underfoot. The whole world wide open and enticing. What did you think of those silly humans running around the grounds, up and down the street, calling "*Maverick, Mavy, Mavikins,*" and all the other endearments that were placed on you?"

Oh Maverick! How you fooled them! You must have been kitty laughing the entire time as you were quite content, perched on the hill at the back of the house hiding in the wake of blackberry brambles, just out of reach, of course. But a swish of a tail and the blink of an eye, you were spotted.

And poor Mavy. All caught up in that mess of brambles. Whatever were Mom and Dad to do? You even made your poor dad get out clippers and try to clear a nice spot for you to climb down. After all, your dad is a fireman and he knew about these things.

But it was a no go. You were to remain where you were and with heavy hearts, your mom and dad went back into the house, anxious, arriving at the conclusion they had done everything in their power to rescue you. It was now a waiting game as night grew to a close and they fretted hoping you would somehow rescue yourself.

What a lark! Did you come home? Of course! You, the adventurer came home as soon as you were hungry and yes, even though you were outside, you needed the services of your litter box. Some things are just meant to be and pooping outside was a change you were not willing to go tolerate.

But, Maverick, I think my greatest memory was the last time I spent the night at your house. This anecdote I am about to reveal will be the first time that your mom and dad know of it.

As you know, you were not allowed to go in the bedroom and it was a rule that was adhered to. The Saturday night I stayed there, I accidentally, on purpose, well...first I need to clarify that this was not Lisa (though I did reap the rewards, just not the blame), but mostly our lovable Steve and my inside girls.

We, well, moved the barricading of the door, with the hope of a chance that you, being as smart as you were—knowing a relative stranger was in the house and may not know the rule—hoped that you would find your way for a snuggle in bed in the middle of the night.

You didn't disappoint us. Up you came at 3 AM and we were ecstatic and so happy to rub our face in your fur and with a sigh we all went back to sleep.

These are just some of the memories we have of you, Maverick. We will miss you as will all those whose lives you touched.

I like to think that you and Highway are chasing each around in Pet Heaven and we will meet again, not in this world, but in what will be our next stage.

Until then, Maverick, we love you.

