

Odysseus and Gus Gus



My husband and I married in September 2012 after being together a year. We bought our first house together in Windcrest. As a military family, we take responsibility very, very seriously. Christopher came into this relationship knowing that it came with certain non-negotiables, for example, my widowed, disabled 86 year old grandmother and three cats, Simon, Roxy (another Society adoption in 2007) and Lily (a rescue from the mean streets of Churchill Estates.)

Anyway, Roxy had severe health issues and we kept regular appointments with Smith and Shedd on Huebner for many years. Finally and sadly, we had to put Roxy down. It was a very sad day for Roxy and grandmother Taylor had grown quite fond of each other. The decision did not come lightly, but as a responsible family member, we must put the needs of the companion above our own and Roxy's life was just miserable. We did the right thing. She now rests in an urn shaped like a sleeping kitty, that sits on the end table next to grandmother's chair.

Back to the new kitties. Since Roxy's departure from our home, Chris has done nothing but beg me to take him to the Humane Society or another shelter in the city to look at kitties. I put him off and put him off and always found an excuse not to go, because I know that I am weak. I absolutely love kitties and could very easily become the crazy cat man of San Antonio! Well, we certainly cannot have that, now can we! I digress.

About three weeks ago now, Chris was off duty from Lackland. We had nothing else going on and he was sitting at his computer looking at Facebook and animal rescue websites. "Oh no, I thought." Boy, was I right. He pleaded his case and eventually wore me down to the point that I agreed to take him to the Humane Society.

Now, understand, it's not that I don't want another cat. I love them so much that I would fill our 3500 square foot home with them, but the humane thing to do, is to be responsible.

We arrived at the Humane Society around opening time and went through the dog kennels first. Chris exhibited very little interest in adopting a dog and I was quite relieved as dogs are a

huge responsibility and require constant care and attention. Attention and care that an active duty military family with a disabled Navy widow simply cannot give.

Chris then saw the kitty haven on property and made a beeline for it. We walked in and were immediately smitten with all of the kitties, but two stood out for some reason. "Oreo" and "Boo". Oreo, now Odysseus was this absolutely darling petite male with long gangly legs and affection to spare. Christopher and Odysseus took to each other quickly and we decided to begin the adoption process. Boo, now Octavius Augustus, or Gus Gus for short, is this large (17lb) stark black adult male of about 6 or 7 years. The attendant brought Gus Gus into the interaction room and I was in love. He jumped right into my lap and loved and loved and loved up on me. Again, this is exactly why I don't go to the Humane Society; I can't say no! We added Gus Gus to the adoption!

Now, adoption is not easy. It takes commitment. Time, energy, love, money and time. Veterinary visits and the like are required as we don't want to endanger or sicken our existing feline family members.



These two boys were out of the large kennels we had for segregation (as required) by the end of the week following adoption. Exploring a new house is always exciting, even for humans! New smells, new people, new environment all conspire to a more than exhausting ordeal. But these boys were out and about and making their presence known. They immediately took to the litter box and dining around each other. Nearly three weeks later and the three boys are getting on like long lost brothers and Lily (Tortoise colored) is indifferent to the additions to the household.

Most importantly is that Simon, the patriarch of this home, has taken to Odysseus like a father to a son. Odysseus follows Simon wherever he goes and does whatever Simon does. They bathe each other, they play together and Simon allows Odysseus to bat at his tail and swat him in the shoulder. It's quite adorable.

The point is that these two males have been a wonderful addition to our home. They are not aggressive or destructive but they are curious to a fault! But what cat isn't! I firmly believe that male cats, especially adult male cats know where they've been and what they didn't have and seem sincerely appreciative of the adoption. The bonds with these two cats has been instant.

The whole family loves these two and it tickles me that all four cats are getting on famously after less than a month.

Thank you, from the Taylor family for filling a void in our lives by allowing us to adopt these two beautiful and wonderful family members.

So long as we are stationed in and reside in San Antonio, you can bet that we will remain supporters of your organization. How else could we possibly repay you and your staff for enriching our lives so greatly!

Please enjoy the pictures. Odysseus is the little black and white. Octavius is the 17lb black blanket on my grandmother's lap.



You can't possibly understand how much we love these little guys!

Thank you, thank you, thank you! From the bottoms of our hearts, thank you!