

Claudia Merian

The minute our friend called to let us know that she had a litter of rescued kittens that needed homes, we immediately knew that it was the right time for a new cat. Our first cat had passed away two years prior and our house had been missing something ever since.

“Their mom had been hit by a car”, Ashley told us over the phone, “They were hiding under a car in a parking lot so we took them into the rescue.”

Though the circumstances were unfortunate, we had been waiting to get a cat for quite a long time so it was good news to hear that they had some available.

A couple of weeks after the call, the cats were ready to be adopted. My mom and I drove to the house where they were being fostered and it was time to decide which kitten we would bring home. I remember seeing pictures of them and knowing what they looked like, but I didn't know exactly how small they would be.

“I was surprised because I didn't know what he was going to look like or anything, he was just really small, I was immediately like ‘awe I want to take him.’”

Imagining something that vulnerable out on its own was scary. Knowing that we were making a difference in one of their lives was



very fulfilling. There was a grey cat that seemed to be more comfortable around us than the others, we knew that he was going to come home with us.

“He was kind of shy because he had just recently been rescued, but he was really sweet and I knew that when we met him I wanted to adopt him.”

Ashley told us that his name was Remi, we decided not to change it because we thought it fit him well.

Two years later, I can count on him to be waiting at the door for me to get home from school.

