



## Angel Stoner

March 31, 1999 - October 3, 2019

Angel

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One day in May 1999, I was volunteering at a pet shelter at the time (long since closed), and had been at PetSmart all day with kittens trying to adopt them out. Angel was an eight week old little fur ball in the corner of the cage and I thought she had been shivering so I was afraid she was sick. I didn't want to take her back to the shelter, so she came home with me and never left. I realized she was not shivering, but she was purring and her purr was bigger than her because it made her shake.

I wasn't sure if she was a boy or girl, and at the time I watched a TV show called Buffy the Vampire Slayer which had a character named Angel who was a man. So, I chose Angel which I figured fit either way. She sure did fit that name perfectly as she was an angel in my life for over 20 years!

Angel loved to be pet and brushed. She purred all the time when I pet her or talked to her. She loved curling up in her heated bed. She hated to have her claws clipped. One would think with me clipping them once a month for 20 years she would've gotten used to it, but no. She screamed bloody murder as if I were killing her almost every time! She had these little horns that grew out of the pads on her paw so I had to be careful not to let her claws get too long

or they ran the risk of growing into the horns.

In the last few years, Angel lived in her own bedroom with a special door so she could still see out and the other kitties could see her. But she lived in the lap of luxury. She had her own space and her own food. I would spend time with her every evening. Since she passed it has been hard on me when it gets to be later in the night as I would always go sit with her and wind down for the night by petting her and attempting to trim her clumps or brush her. She had stopped grooming herself as she got older, but she was very patient to let me trim her fur. It was as if she knew I was trying to help her. Once she'd had enough, though, she let me know.

Angel never caused me problems. She never picked on any other cat, she didn't complain or fuss. She went to live in her own room because one of my other cats had been picking on her and at her age, I didn't want her to be upset.

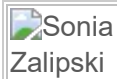
I called Angel "Baby Fuzz" since she was a kitten. Also Fuzzers and, as she got older and somewhat crankier, Granny. She was deaf the last few years and had been on Prednisone, which I gave to her orally for the last few years of her life. She took it like a champ, even though it was cherry flavored (seriously??).

Angel was the last of my crew from last century. She knew all my kitties who met her at the Rainbow Bridge: Indy, Autumn, Gypsy, Tigger, Binx and Beefy. She leaves to mourn her loss, me (her loving momma) and fursibs Lindy, Spackle, Snickers, Ellie, Henry and Georgie.

Rest in Peace sweet Baby Fuzz. Thank you for being by my side for over 20 years.



# Tribute Wall

 Sonia  
Zalipski

“ I'm so sorry you lost your furbaby. I know it's hard but you should take comfort knowing you gave her a wonderful life for so many years. She couldn't have asked for a better mommy.

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**Sonia Zalipski** - October 11, 2019 at 06:50 AM



“ I am so sorry for your loss. The loss of a furry child is a pain like no other and cannot be measured. Angel had a wonderful loving home, and in this way her life was fulfilled and the true tribute to her is the large void left behind in her Mom's heart. I dubbed Angel the "punker-doo" kitty. She was always having a small mohawk-like hair day. I am so happy I got to meet her. She was way too sweet for this crazy world. Now she can run and romp, twirl and play like a kitten again, as that is the promise of Paradise-a new life better than we can imagine. Take comfort in knowing how much love you sent along with her.

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**Alene Appleton** - October 09, 2019 at 01:13 PM

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“ Angel was a very good kitty indeed. She even let me, her Auntie, use the shaver to get off her underbelly clumps. She would sit quietly while I worked on her clumps and when she had enough she would let me know by walking away. No hissing, no scratching, no swatting. Just simply getting up and walking away. Then she would come back for her pets and brushing and purr the entire time. She was a very regal and sweet kitty. So sorry for your loss.



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**Lisa France** - October 09, 2019 at 12:35 PM

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“ *What a wonderful tribute of love for your furbaby. Thoughts and prayers for you and the rest of the furkids.*



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**SAMANTHA TANNER** - October 09, 2019 at 12:27 PM