



Davidson Rowland

April 20, 2020

On a cold late fall afternoon I wandered into Kitsap Humane Society. I was looking for a friend. A companion to be with me in my challenging times. A friend that I knew I would have forever.

I always related to felines. The almost nocturnal life, love of the sun, and a love for only a few certain people in my life. As I walked around this modest human society I came across this tall cage of kittens. Various colors and attitudes. Then I noticed this little orange in the bottom of the cage. The bridge of his nose was rubbed raw, his eyes were sad and sickly, and he was a thin little guy maybe 8 weeks old.

I looked at him and he looked at me and my whole world changed.

I looked at his name tag and they called him "Slim". I find this hilarious because at his peak Garfield status he reached 17 pounds.

I just knew that we needed each other. I knew what it took to get him well, and I knew I had the love to help heal his loneliness.

I brought him home and from that moment forward we were inseparable.

Everywhere I went he went to. Turns out he had even more love to help heal my sadness.

He would nurse on my shoulder and arm. Such a little guy and man he was so cute.

I decided to call him Davidson after my favorite motorcycle. He also got this name because he had the most amazing pur motor.

I soon discovered why he was on the bottom of the cage. He was afraid to

jump up. He never did jump on anything higher than a foot stool. His whole life.

As the years went by our bond grew stronger. After I was discharged from military service I struggled hard. Mentally everything came crashing down. I would spend a lot of time listening to music and trying to overcome my anxiety and depression. Rock music would play through the speakers and he would be in my arms or would head butt me, but never left my side. I went through more up and downs, as we all do, and he was always there.

A lot of people were gone from or leaving my life but I always had Davidson to come home to. He kept me going. He saved me...more than once.

Through the years we would change locations in the Kitsap area, and I even brought him back to Wisconsin with me to visit family.

I was a Vet assistant for almost 14 years and he would often make trips with me to work. In his younger years he was a volunteer to show the up and coming assistants how to properly restrain cats and how to locate veins for blood draws. Such a patient cat. Many a vet staff has seen and learned from him.

Life progressed and at one point it was just him and I living in a very bad part of town in a tiny studio apartment. No AC for the summer and only a small space heater for the winter. It was all I could do but again we were in it together. We would sit on the floor and eat cottage cheese and crackers. He would stand up on his back legs and growl at the crackheads outside making deals as if to tell them to take a hike. It freaked me out because he never made that sound before.

Time passed and it was time to bring over my best friend/boyfriend to meet Davidson. Davidson held the key because if this guy and him didn't get along...the deal was off haha

Needless to say the meeting went off without a hitch and Davidson welcomed him into our life. I would come home and Mike and Davidson would be hanging out in front of the space heater watching a movie.

As our relationship grew, my future husband to be, saw just how close

Davidson and I were. As time went on he gave him his own nicknames. Heavy D, Sir, and Mr Orange are among the ones that stuck.

Shortly after we were engaged we added another wonderful feline to our family. Jazz was a little kitten that was going to be euthanized because he litter had ring worm. After weeks of volunteering my time to help with her treatments she was cured and we brought her home. Davidson was so calm with her. No hissing or growling at the baby kitten. He would walk up to her and sniff and she would hiss and act up. He would just walk away with that "ok kid ... when ever you're done". He would do this every day until one day ... poof... they were friends. He would lay by the sliding door swooshing his tail so that she could play with it. He was always a nurturing soul with others. Years went by and more adventures came our way. Different places in Washington and the day came that Mike was getting transferred to Ohio. To say that I did not do well mentally is a huge understatement. We did it together. All of us.

Davidson again was at my side. Even in his older years he helped me. He always has slept by me. Every night. In these past years it was over my head. He always had to be touching me. If I was in my chair he was on the back of the chair with his foot on my shoulder. If I was in bed he was on a pillow above mine and he would turn and put his feet over the top so our heads were next to each other.

I would reach up and touch him and give him pets when I would wake up through out the night. It put me at so much ease to know he was there.

A little over a year ago we brought a very bright little puppy into our family that we named Marci. DD would just brace for the incoming happy puppy to lick or smell him. Jazz again would hiss and swat. Marci just turned a year in February and her and Davidson made great friends. When I would come home they would greet me every day on the couch and wait for pets. We would say "get to the pet station" and there they were two peas in a pod. She would follow him around the house as if to make sure he made it to where he

was going. He had minor dementia and if he was lost in the hallway she would go find him. They became siblings. An older brother and a little baby sister. I woke up in the early morning hours on the day we said goodbye. He was awake and he was just looking at me. He reached out and touched me on the forehead and I gave him pets. I knew something was wrong in my gut. What I had seen over the past days was now all painting a picture and he was in trouble.

Later that morning we said goodbye to my old friend.

He crossed over the rainbow bridge stress free and pain free. His mom and dad were there to be with him and make sure he knew he was loved.

It has taken me a few days to be able to write this.

16 years seems like a long time but when it's time to say goodbye it feels like a blink in time.

I don't know what happens next.

I love you DD. I miss you more than words can say. I'm lost. Our family is missing our Davidson. We all look for you and miss you.

I have your memorial set up with us in the living room. Orange tulips blooming with a flame burning next to them in your memory.

I want you back so bad but I know you had to leave. I pray I get to see you again some day because I miss you so much. You were my best friend.

Goodbye Davidson my DD

Love,

Noelle, Mike, Marci and Jazz

Tribute Wall

KA

“ When I first met Davidson, he was a little shy, but one day he got brave enough to sit in my lap and let me pet him. He was a beautiful cat, and I know what a comfort he was to you. Keep the memories in your heart, and know that he felt your love every day. You gave him a wonderful life.

Kay - April 24, 2020 at 05:35 PM

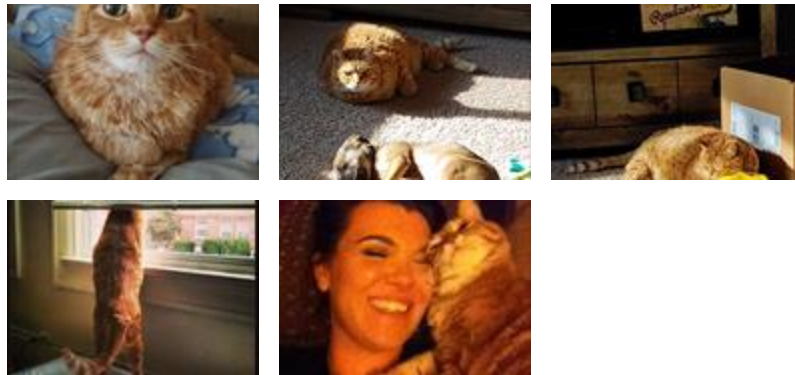
JE

“ I saw your Davidson's pic and thought he was really handsome. Reading his story, your story, I feel your loss. He was your comfort in the difficulties of life and I know he brought much joy as well. I'm sure you did the same for him. I pray for comfort for your heavy hearts.

Jen - April 23, 2020 at 11:09 PM



“ 7 files added to the album Memories Album



Schoedinger Pets Memorials & Cremation Services - April 23, 2020 at 10:36 PM