



Mocha George F. White

January 7, 2006 - January 23, 2019

I work with a cat rescue group. Mocha George came into my life as a foster who had already been adopted three times, and returned for some pretty lame reasons. He made it clear he didn't want to leave when he muscled his 16 pounds into the house and would not stay on the breezeway. I agreed that he had been through too much and adopted him. He quickly became the social chairman of the house greeting all who came to visit. Although his size and overhanging canine teeth seemed to instill dread in some of the other cats, I later realized he was so thrilled to have other "siblings", it was only enthusiasm that had him chasing them around.

Mocha George was a healer. When I had ankle surgery, he laid on the chair where I had my leg resting, and laid his arm on the exact spot where the booboo was - through a cast. I once had a nightmare while he was in another room. He came racing in, jumped on the bed and patted my face until I work up. More recently I had a cardiac event requiring stents. He made it his job to lie on my chest with his arms on either side of my heart-just laying still.

How more wonderful a kitty could anyone ever want? I will never forget The Amazing Mocha George!

Louise D. White