



## Stanley Heightland

August 9, 2025

Stanley's life didn't start out the easiest.

He was born on the streets to a feral momma.

He quickly became the neighborhood kitty.

I began feeding Stanley and knew immediately he was different. He was friendly, he never passed up an opportunity for a good head scratch, and would come running for food. This speed bestowed him with his name (I would joke he came running like Stanley on pretzel day at The Office.)

I decided one day that he was meant for more- he deserved a home.

A real home with people who loved him.

I trapped him and helped get him into rescue.

I turned him over, devastated, I would never see him again, but knew he was bound for better. I dreamed of a home with a little old couple who could give him the world.

But just two days later, the phone rang. It was the director of the rescue: "Is

there any way you can take him? He's FIV+, and he's going to be hard to adopt out."

I couldn't take him, but knew someone who might- my grandparents.

It didn't take much persuasion, and that night we picked him up from his procedure and took him to his new home, his forever home.

In the end, Stanley got my dream- he got that little old couple who could give him everything and more, and even better, it was my little old couple.

Stanley became a steadfast companion to my grandfather, earning himself the nickname "Stan the Man". He was a real-life Garfield- he would eat anything and everything. He loved pasta sauce and all things dairy. He would sit in the sink, patiently waiting for them to turn the faucet on so he could get a cold drink. He was always just a step behind my grandfather, seeing over every task. He was a sucker for a belly rub and loved napping beside my grandmother's recliner. He had the loudest purr, and when he wanted attention, he'd reach out and "bap" you, ensuring he'd catch your attention. He was unfailingly sweet and endlessly goofy, and loved a good box with a sprinkle of catnip.

He was, undoubtedly, the king of the castle.

Stanley was loved endlessly and will be missed beyond measure. And while he leaves behind a heartbroken family (his "hooman Papa" Bill, Mama Ann, Mom Jennifer, and sister Rebecca), I am so filled with joy- because he got to live my dream for him, and I got to be a tiny part of it.

Watching him live the life I knew he deserved was an honor.

Stanley gave us four wonderful years before his FIV took him— four years of love, laughter, and companionship. Those four years were magical, and if I could, I'd thank him for choosing us.

“Grieve not, nor speak of me with tears, but laugh and talk of me as if I were beside you. I loved you so... 'twas heaven here with you.”