

A TRIBUTE TO JUNEBUG



A lot was going on in our lives in June 1984. Mom, Joan & Fred visited us for David's high school graduation. David got his first car: my beloved copper Camaro, complete with New Jersey rust. Then, Daddio visited during his cross-country driving trip, on his way to the Pacific Northwest.



Meanwhile, Sewell Plastics in La Mirada was in its final weeks of existence, and we were sadly packing up our files and careers there. One day a co-worker brought in a teensy tiger striped kitten that he claimed to have found by the side of the road. She was all ears & giant green eyes. The kitten was allowed the run of the office, playing in the boxes that we were packing and lifting our spirits. What would happen to the kitten when we locked those doors for the last time? I suppose I brought her home for a visit one evening or weekend, and before you could say "meow", David and I were out buying cat food and litter box supplies. That was June 19, 1984, and we named her June.

The name June just didn't quite fit this little handful, and she became JuneBug. She taught herself to destroy screens to escape into the patio to terrorize the birds. She endured David dressing her up in his miniature football helmets and his "kitty tossing". She learned to love The Doors and Devo.

As she matured, her fur changed from tiger striped into beautiful tortoise shell & calico colors.

Although she failed to scare off the burglars who took the TV, VCRs and jewelry in 1993, she did protect the really important stuff: the music collections and The Doors treasures.

In 1994 she spent four months in New Jersey with my mom while I worked in Brooklyn during the week and cared for Daddio on the weekends. We both barely survived that plane trip to NJ. The vet's sedative was ineffective; it was a wild ride for her, cramped in a regulation size airline carrier under the seat in front and totally freaked out by the plane's vibrations. We scored better sedatives for her return flight to LA!

JuneBug spent many contented hours sunning herself on the porch in a rabbit cage lined with small rugs. She tolerated long separations when I traveled and punished me with aloofness with each return home.

JuneBug survived many challenges but she couldn't survive kidney disease. On September 25th after a final snack of cheese, David and I took her for her last car ride to get her kitty angel wings.

She was my wonderful companion for 17-1/2 years, and she lived to be 84 in people years.



R.I.P.
September 25, 2001