



Lieutenant Commander Worf

April 8, 1992 – February 1, 2008

*Got no time for spreading roots,
The time has come to be gone.
And though our health we drank a thousand times,
Its time to ramble on. – Led Zeppelin*

Lieutenant Commander Worf (Worf to his friends) died peacefully in Kathy's arms after a sudden and brief illness (most likely a tumor). He is survived by his son, Gowron, and two daughters, Pumpkin and Xandria.

Worf came into our life on June 28, 1992 from Macon Coons Cattery in Rhode Island as a birthday present for Kathy. Our second pedigreed Maine Coon, after Princess, he was the son of Macon Coons Bear and Champion Macon Coons Lady Lynn.

Worf soon displayed all the traits for which 'Coons are renowned, for he was friendly to all, gregarious and purred easily and **loudly**. As a young kitten he loved to play games with *his* people, including fetching a paper ball while Kathy and Shane watched Star Trek with friends (the show which gave Worf his name).



Worf fathered four kittens in two litters with Princess. Unlike many male cats, he seemed to take interest in the kittens. His son, Gowron, once escaped from our third floor Cambridge condo at a young age. After looking for two days, we feared the worst, but on the third evening, Worf went out onto the balcony, hopped on the bannister and began meowing loudly. He persisted at this until we went out to see what the problem was. We were surprised to learn that Worf's call had been answered from underneath the next door neighbor's porch. It was Gowron, of course, scared and dirty, called home by his father's yowling (which most will attest was *quite* loud). In fact, Worf's call was so distinctive that his vet once tried to record his meow for her answering machine!

In later life, Kathy was able to teach Worf to tolerate a leash, a difficult trick to teach a cat. He was fond of taking morning sun on the patio while Kathy dressed for work, a privilege he was allowed because of the leash. He also spent many lazy days at the lake house napping downstairs on the porch while leashed. But once, Kathy tried



to walk him onto the dock and he either jumped or fell into the lake! Needless to say we didn't try that again.



Despite that experience, Worf still loved water and dripping sinks were irresistible to him. In fact, we would often find him sitting in the kitchen sink playing with dirty bowls filled with water. Most mornings, he insisted on the bathroom sink being filled so he could drink from his "lake". He was a master of scooping fluids from sinks, glasses and bowls with his paws, so we had to watch our drinks when he was around!

So many moments like these are now scattered in time like pearls from a broken necklace. We are grateful that Worf chose to share those moments with us, *his* people.

Perhaps someday, years from now, we will hear his yowl on the wind again, for he will be calling us home.

Goodbye Worf. Thanks for sharing your life with us. We miss you.

