

Our family came to know Allan (and Rebecca) through cats – ours and theirs.

Many years ago we had a black cat named Abby, and one day she had a litter of kittens at our house at 405 6th Ave. We kept one of those kittens (Dylan, also black), while Dylan’s siblings went to other families in the Grove.

Allan photographed Dylan on many occasions, and Dylan eventually acquired quite a fan club. Here is a photo of Dylan shortly after he graduated from the kitten stage.



Here is a photo from 2014, showing our son John and Allan’s cat Nutmeg. Nutmeg was small but feisty and could hold her own.



Our Grove house came with a cat door, so cats (and sometimes raccoons and the occasional bat or opossum) could come and go as they pleased. So Dylan would have lunch at our house, and then go to Allan's house for dinner. [There used to be a family of raccoons in the large oak tree in front of our house (tree now gone).]



We did not know that Dylan received sabrage training from Allan. This would explain what was happening to our champagne bottles.



Another photo of Dylan, for his fan club.



Allan's next door neighbor, George Paine, was a fan of trains and AMC Pacer cars. George's collection of AMC Pacers (the Pacer Farm) nearly rivaled in fame the Janus Museum. However while the Town secretary did receive calls seeking help in locating the Janus museum, we don't believe this happened for the Pacer Farm. When George passed away, his cat Peake (as in Chesapeake, as in trains) was reassigned to Allan and Rebecca.



Peake used to spend a lot of time at our house (inside). So much so that one time Rebecca called us to locate Peake as she needed him for a visit to the vet.

Alas, Dylan passed away a few years ago and we became staff to another cat, a tuxedo cat called Lily.

Here is Lily showcasing our cars.



And here is Lily heading home, as Allan now does the same. Godspeed, Allan!

