



Spirit Seeman

December 26, 2013

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

CS

“ *Whispers of a ghost cat*

*I'm still here inside you
Still scampering across the floor chasing the toy you threw.
Still inside your soul
in the corners of fading memories
details harder to recall
I'm still here inside your soul
The mylar ball, the pen cap, the little plastic thingy
The toothbrush I pulled from your desk.
I'm climbing the wicker cat tree.
They're all still here inside your soul.
I'm sitting on the back of your chair.
Nestled on top of your head where we slept.
I'm keeping your chair warm when you're not here
I still look into your eyes even though you can't see me.
Feel me play in all the places familiar to us.
Wistfully.
I'm there.
I'm here.
I'm with you.
12 years gone.
Can I be your old man today?
I'm 13 now.
An age I never got to be.
Slower but still your love.
I am your Spirit Cat.
Your baby cat, who never grew up.
But we grow old together in your soul.*

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2025 at 05:20 PM

CS

“ Where have you gone, my Spirit Cat?

Gentle soul, my Spirit Cat.

With youthful exuberance, everything was your toy.

The most mundane things thrilled you

Life was an adventure, filled with discovery,

all for the wisdom you would gain in the years to come—

Years that never happened. Years that were stolen from us.

In every distant fog of time, I reach back through the haze of fading

memories. Visions now felt more than seen. Time erodes

memories, but our love remains. Your love gently washes over

me from a receding past.

Lost eleven years the day after Christmas 2013 to “wet” FIP, a disease now curable.

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2024 at 06:53 PM

CS

“ 🥺🐱 10 years ago. The shortest stay leaves the longest heart trail.

Spirit only with us for a couple of months and 10 of his lifetimes

have passed. He should be here by my side today growing old

together. Cured of a disease whose treatment was developed only a

few years later. Timing so unfair and hearts forever missing. Our

lifetime together in this world was never to be. Please stay here with

me even though I can't see you, I can feel you still.

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2023 at 10:11 PM



“ Spirit Seeman

January 28, 2023 at 12:38 PM



“ Spirit Seeman

January 28, 2023 at 10:16 AM

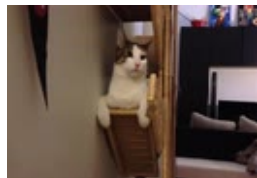


“ *Deep within the recess of my soul, my Spirit cat lives. Gone 9 years this day. Your phantom, pattering toys, scampering up and down the cat tree, skittering across the floor chasing plastic caps.*

The joy we shared. Our time, measured in so few weeks. So ethereal a memory. Left with enduring sorrow at the life we were robbed of. I loved you that last Christmas, that last day of life yet our souls continue to hug for eternity across earth and spirit plane.

Always missing you, especially on Christmas. Never alone on Christmas with us together in my heart. The joy we shared. [SEP]

You're always here. I'm always there. Can we play together again one day? I believe we will.



Craig Seeman - December 26, 2022 at 07:26 PM

CS

“ *My baby Spirit. Forever in my heart, my soul, by my side. Life so fleeting.*

The joy I felt when you chased mundane objects you fancied sending them skittering across the floor. A toothbrush, a pen cap, a piece of errant plastic. Leaping onto the cat tree grabbing at whatever wand toy dangled there. The joy you felt. Exuberance for life just beginning. Yes, ending too soon, too quickly and so mercilessly.

You, the mature adult with the years of companionship robbed from us. I cherish our short time shared deeply missing what was stolen from us by the fates by a disease that would have been curable only a few years later.

Beside me, you are in Spirit forever young. A phantom in my heart.

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2021 at 08:56 PM

CS

“ Seven years ago you left this world Spirit cat and today, the day after Xmas, became my Holly Day. FIP took your body but your soul remains with me, part of me, one with me.

Robbed of seeing how you would grow up, the moments we would share now lost in a place that would never be. Just nine short weeks you were here. Only one year old.

In secluded moments your playful spirit still dances through my heart, I feel you embraced around my shoulders embodying trust and serenity. A phantom of what once was. Joy in battering bottle caps and plastic things and the errant toothbrush. What would we have gown into? Our future never to be recovered. Can we play again? Your stardust held within me forever.

All hurting again as I see you through Leo cat fighting cancer. Why are we always vanquished? I want to change the ending. Why can't we write a new ending? We will try because it is us. For as long as we can. Eternal us.

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2020 at 07:38 PM

CS

“ *The short life of the NYC ACC New Hope rescue I fell in love with.*

Pulled by a rescue as New Hope for both health and behavior issues in July. I saw him in a cage at a PetSmart in lower Manhattan in early September. He seemed depressed in that cage but immediately climbed up and wrapped himself around my neck. I was told I couldn't adopt him without another cat.

For six weeks I kept visiting him in that store, apparently staying there without even a foster home. Finally, they relented. No one else wanted this very sad kitty who seemed to love me nevertheless. A week went by and still no drop off date. They acknowledged he was sick again but said their vet was now telling him to get him into a home as quickly as possible. They tried to discourage me, telling me he was also crazy but I could have him if I could give him his medication.

Finally, the home visit and the adoption was completed. Medication delivered and his sorrow quickly turned to the joyous playful kitty with the gentlest soul. Far from the crazy described to me. Love was what he needed. That is all.

But love couldn't save him from FIP. So unfair that this troubled kitty finally had the home he needed and the family he enjoyed and cruel irony was visited upon us.

Six years on, you should still be wrapped around my neck, making every found object a toy, cuddling by my head at night. Growing olde together. Only your soul remains with me, my Spirit, my love.

Craig Seeman - December 27, 2019 at 06:15 PM

CS

“ Forever changed. I have no holiday. It is my holy day though. Christmas, my last night with my dying Spirit cat. Taken from me by FIP.

There's now a cure for this formerly 100% fatal disease. Only available through "back channels" because there's no FDA approval. Apparently, there's no great profit in saving the lives of our feline brothers, sisters, our children.

You will always be my angel cat Spirit. You live in my soul and will always be there when I too leave this plane. We are joined. You are my holy day, my Christmas. There is no present but you. Your sou,l my present, an eternal gift of knowing you.

I lost you 6 years ago but you're still present. I love you, my sweetie,

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2019 at 09:33 AM

CS

“ Christmas Grief.^[L]^[SEP] Spirit left his earthbound body 5 years ago on December 26, just a year old from wet FIP.

^[L]^[SEP] I wonder what he would have been like had we shared his growing into the wonderful young adult cat he would have been. ^[L]^[SEP]

The forever grief of losing my feline child.^[L]^[SEP]

But Leo tells me, “I am here, I am here!”

^[L]^[SEP] I answer, “but so you are, so you are!”

I touch him and Leo's purr ignites.^[L]^[SEP]

Everything's gonna be alright.^[L]^[SEP]

A bittersweet smile grows within my heart.

^[L]^[SEP] Envelopes me, embraces me.

Christmas Grief.

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2018 at 04:47 PM

“ Some believe the spirit of our loved ones live on in their favorite things. Tonight Kimba Cat's favorite chair died and I've lost him all over again. Split at the metal base, the chair collapsed along with my heart.

At 20 lbs he was far too big to fit in my lap yet he had to be next to me. He spent hours on the back of that chair leaning his full body weight against the back of my head, often with a loud purr gently vibrating through my back. We were truly inseparable. He barely fit there and I can't imagine how it could have been comfortable but there he stayed day after to day while I worked in my home office.

He was so much a fixture on my Skype calls amongst clients and friends that he branded my business and myself as well. We were one. We will always be one. I lost Kimba May 14, 2013 of kidney failure and what seemed to be a rapidly advancing untreatable cancer at about 12 years old.

Later that year I adopted Spirit, short for Spirit of Kimba and, with an eerie familiarity he took on many of the same habits. How would this cat know all of Kimba's favorite things and, most importantly, so thoroughly continue on the back of that chair? Perhaps Kimba had walked back into my earth life. It so confused my friends who knew Kimba had passed only to see him in the same spot as always. Yet he looked somehow different.

It was comforting but only for a short time. Nine weeks later I lost Spirit to FIP. I felt like Kimba's return had been swiftly stolen from me. December 26, 2013. As if an interloping force conspired to separate us. The chair lived on and with it, his Spirit. My heart clung to that.

Just a few weeks later Leo Cat came into my life. A feral FIV cat who needed a home, I was driven by an unseen force to adopt him. Truly compelled. An odd transformation occurred and he began to continue many of the Kimba's patterns and favorite places... except for the chair.

Six months passed and he never approached that chair. One day I asked him, "are you Kimba? Can you show me?" And the next day, having never before done it, he was on the back of that chair.

Every day for the next several months he was there, leaning against the back of my head. It was as if he had an obligatory task to fulfill. Yet I could tell it truly was an obligation to show me even though it was not his favorite spot. Leo, despite being a hissy feral cat, had become a lap cat to me whilst he hissed at everyone else.

Over time his stay on the back of that chair waned until it was only a few seconds a few times a week before he would jump down and sit on my desk. Yet I felt the message was still clear. "I'm here and the chair and I are still connected to your life."

But finally the chair's life came to an end today, as mortal as we all are both human and feline. As years go by the fixtures that Kimba left in my life break. Some day it will be the couch with the arm he clawed at, the base of the table he shredded. Each time, Kimba leaves me again and Spirit of Kimba and, someday Leo too I fear. Until one day I will break too. And the marks of things and, with them, my very life and their continuation through me here, gone.

Perhaps in an eternal solitude we, Kimba and his continuing spirit incarnations, will be together with me. Alone. Away from a world that will never know us. But we will have each other in that forgotten eternity. And there will be a chair with Kimba on the back nuzzled against my head. Perhaps that is heaven. That's all it really needs to be.



Craig Seeman - October 16, 2018 at 09:40 PM

CS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Craig Seeman - December 27, 2017 at 12:48 AM

CS

“ Dear Spirit Cat, four years ago today, the meaning of Xmas changed when you left my life, your life, just a few weeks after I adopted you.

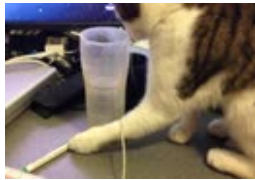
In moments of solitude I still see you playing on your cat tree finally free from the the confinement you lived in during rescue. Batting about a tooth brush because everything was a toy, just as it should be in your young life. Scampering after everything on the floor within your reach, bottle caps, twist ties and strings with youth's exuberance.

When you quieted you'd climb up onto the back of my office chair and stretch across my shoulders while I worked.

The holidays are now filled with your phantom in corners of rooms. Fleeting moments of remembrance. You live very much within my soul though.

Spirit Cat died of "wet" FIP December 26, 2013 at about one year old after only nine weeks with me, four of which after he became ill.

Loving you always. Missing you forever.



Craig Seeman - December 27, 2017 at 12:40 AM

CS

“ *Missing you Spirit cat who left us the day after Christmas.*

I wrote this on Christmas morning 2013 the day before we helped you pass. The holiday changed for me that day... and forever.

Christmas with my angel cat Spirit.

Christmas is a time to spend with friends and family. To some it's a time for Merry greetings.

For me, it's time to spend with my angel who needs me more than any other being today. My beloved Spirit who has FIP.

That is my gift to you Spirit because you've been a gift to me for the short time you've been here. Blessings. Cherishing the time we have left.



Craig Seeman - December 26, 2015 at 02:19 PM

CS

“ *Spirit Cat, you left us one year ago today, forever changing what Christmas means to me.*

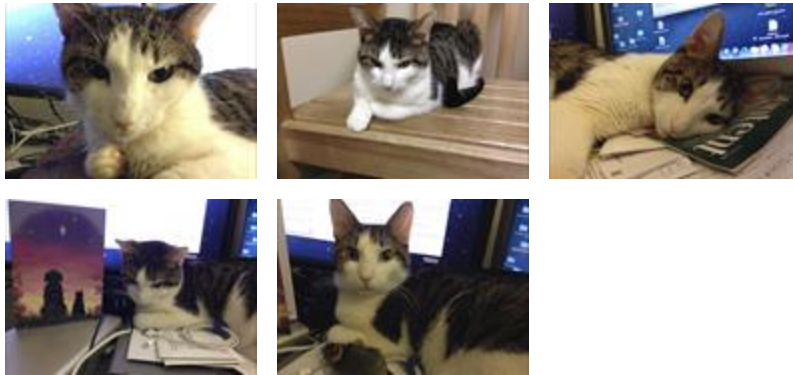
I was truly graced by your presence for the short time you were with us. Shimmering with love and mischief. Our wonderful future together cut short by FIP.

Your light lost to my eyes, you are still by my side and in my heart and soul.

Craig Seeman - December 26, 2014 at 06:46 PM

CS

“ *23 files added to the album Spirit of Kimba Oct 19 - Dec 26*



Craig Seeman - December 26, 2014 at 06:30 PM

CS

“ One year ago today Spirit Cat entered our life and shone brightly on us all too briefly. I miss you my precious friend.

Six weeks from the time I met you in early September until they finally allowed me to adopt you as a solo cat. Only to be diagnosed with FIP (100% fatal) just 5 weeks later.

You were so happy to have a home, room to play, neighbor cats and dogs to romp up and down the hall running into apartments with your friends. You were a pleasant ball of energy everyone on the floor loved you, entertained by your furry "home invasions."

Oh how I hate you FIP, stealing my Spirit...

Craig Seeman - October 19, 2014 at 04:52 PM

CS

“ Spirit Cat, your light shone all too briefly but very profoundly in our lives.

Yesterday marked 4 months since your passing. We only had you 9 weeks. Much of that hospice care, stricken with FIP.

I miss you sitting on my desk while I worked. Playing with pens and twist ties scattered across my desk. Melting into my arms when I picked you up. Sleeping on top of my head at night. Licking the tip of my nose as your precious acknowledgement of our relationship. Your excited roar when I fed you in the morning. And, always, climbing on to my shoulder, repeating how we first met.

Our love not measured by longevity but the ferocity of the burning flame we shared in such a short time.

Craig Seeman - April 27, 2014 at 12:37 PM

Rose
Roby

“ Rose Roby lit a candle in memory of Spirit Seeman



Rose Roby - January 07, 2014 at 09:54 AM

HR

“ Helen Ross lit a candle in memory of Spirit Seeman



Helen Ross - January 05, 2014 at 07:02 PM

HE

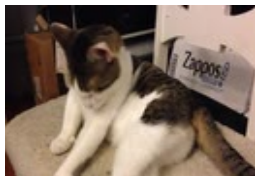
“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Helen - January 04, 2014 at 01:05 AM

CS

“ 1 file added to the album Spirit of Kimba Oct 19 - Dec 26



Craig Seeman - January 03, 2014 at 07:08 AM

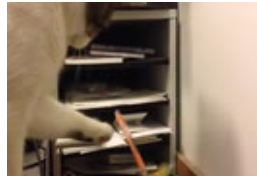
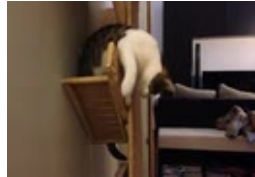
MS

Beautiful baby!!!!

mrojas628 Sarabia - January 03, 2014 at 02:49 PM

CS

“ 4 files added to the album *Spirit of Kimba Oct 19 - Dec 26*



Craig Seeman - January 02, 2014 at 06:18 PM

VM

“ *Vindra Marsoubian lit a candle in memory of Spirit Seeman*



Vindra Marsoubian - December 29, 2013 at 08:36 PM

CS

“*Today the house is silent but for the sound of my weeping soul.*”

Yesterday was a terribly mournful day. We had a private cremation for Spirit. Ashes in a birch wood urn.

In such a short time Spirit became so close to us, interwoven into the fabric of our souls that, like Kimba, we want him with us forever. A beautiful being, a wonderful Spirit who graced our lives for too short a time.

Whereas with Kimba I lost an old friend and brother who I wished had been here a few more years...

With Spirit I lost my young exuberant child, now never to know the experience of growing up and old together.

Today the house is silent but for the sound of my weeping soul.

Craig Seeman - December 28, 2013 at 06:25 PM

VM

I feel your loss, at 620am Xmas eve My 14years 4mth old maltese girl died, she fought so hard, as the days her absence is becoming more realistic and moments of pure grief strikes without warning, from your words I can tell how much you love your child, I am finding how callous some people can be towards our loss, but remember as I try to do so too Ours is a bond that time will never erase.

My Yavrique has left behind her sister from the same litter.

If don't know how you feel about this but I came across a few sites that can make a plush toy identical to our beloved kids(Insertion for urn) (once we provide pics etc and they work with you during making)-

My name is Vindra. Be strong remember the happy times and cry when you want.

Vindra Marsoubian - December 29, 2013 at 08:33 PM

CS

“ 20 files added to the album *Spirit of Kimba Oct 19 - Dec 26*



Craig Seeman - December 28, 2013 at 05:19 PM

CS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Craig Seeman - December 28, 2013 at 04:35 PM

CS

“ *Our angel cat Spirit left us today.*

From our very first meeting when you climbed out of your cage straight onto my shoulder and then sprawled across my back, you stole my heart. Nine weeks later you left taking a piece of me with you.

Finding a feline soul mate, a "familiar" is trying. One wonders if it's possible again after losing one so soon as I had with Kimba... until the magical mystical moment when that connection is made with no doubt, in your soul.

After losing Kimba, I spent weeks visiting cats in shelters, a part of me wanted to take each one home. But, I waited for that feeling when you know everything is right. When that special someone clearly and decisively asks you to take them home.

You let me know you're the one with no uncertainty, that you would be that special feline someone who sits with me while I work, let's me know it's time to take a break and play, jumps into bed and snuggles right up to my face. That very first morning when I awoke to you licking my nose, I knew I had found my feline sweetie. We named you Spirit, Spirit of Kimba, you were so much like him.

Now you are gone. Lost to FIP, the most horrible cat disease.

In nine short weeks you won my soul... and then stole my heart away.

Craig Seeman - December 28, 2013 at 04:26 PM