I want to present a case study that will bring tears to your eyes and show scientific circles that animals really are angels and that they have a life story, a mission to fulfill along with the human they came to Earth to find. I'll talk first about John, a gray cat who lived with my sister until she died, then he came to live with me.

He felt depression all the time, deeply mourned the death of the human mother, nothing made him feel better. She had a black car, a very different make and model than mine, the same color. While I didn't sell her car, John slept every day on her roof. After I sold the car, the cat started to sleep on the roof of my car, always with a sad look that would break anyone's heart, making it clear that he missed his tutor very much.

John went on like this for two years and always remembered some important date for both of them. On the eve of my sister's birthday, the angel simply withered in such a way that he died, even though he was physically healthy, but, aware that he had completed his mission of being the companion of a specifically human, John stopped eating and went into the bush. for a week, returning only to show me he was dying, to be buried in the little pet cemetery I keep in my backyard.
Caesar was a wild cat, who had been visiting my backyard for almost ten years, attracted by the presence of my adopted cats. Always on the defensive, it was very difficult to gain his trust and it took years for him to start sneaking into the cattery and sneaking some feed. Caesar had a wound on his head and I bought a spray medicine to try to cure him, but he reacted with fear and wouldn’t let me apply the medicine more than once or twice, which ended up expired and I had to discard it, without managed to heal the wound.

A year ago, Caesar started to come into my house to eat and drink water, but he was very afraid of everything. He is already very old and I talked to him a lot, I explained that I would be happy to adopt him, but he was the one who needed to accept the adoption, as I already considered him as a member of the family. The age arrived and Caesar got closer and closer, as he was no longer able to hunt as before. He is blind and deaf, with neurological problems, he can barely walk without falling. In nature, he would already be dead, so he started sleeping indoors.

**I was so thrilled when Caesar used the litter box for the first time!**

He chose to end his days with me and is terminally ill. He had never received affection and I am very grateful to have been chosen to be the human who showed Caesar what it’s like to be a pet. As he no longer hears or sees, his only form of communication with the world is to receive human warmth and he collapsed several times in my lap, his heart almost stopped, but I realized that what made Caesar cling to life was that he had finally become a pet, a living being worthy of affection.

Only those who feel this emotion can describe how good it is to be the only person who managed to put a wild cat in their lap and make it a domestic pet. That goes for all the time and money you can invest in this life's mission. This is one of the treasures in heaven, which many people exchange for material success, which leads nowhere. I’m even avoiding giving Caesar too much affection, so that he finally rests in peace, since he's been without food or drink for a week, keeping himself alive only with human warmth!

That's the bond between humans and animals! There's no way to explain it, it's just experiencing it, adopting a living being, for free. There are no words to scientifically describe the mutual gratitude of having in your lap a life that asked for an extra week from God, to know what affection is, to live only on LOVE, without food, without water, without hearing or seeing, just feeling the hand of a caring father and saying “I'm here”. Gather also your treasures in heaven. Feel the same heat, from the hands of a Greater Father. Wordless...