



Jules Bridges

April 21, 2021

Born in a barn outside of Nashville, Jules Winnfield came into my life unexpectedly. He and his brother, Vincent Vega, were named for two characters in my favorite movie, Pulp Fiction. Although skittish his first few weeks, he was the first to decide he could be happy in his new surroundings.

Playful and loving, Jules was a faithful assistant. He strongly believed in bathing and never thought I was very good at it; he would lick my arms or hands for as long as I would allow. He worked diligently at trying to solve the mystery of unopened windows. One never had to worry about bugs crossing the threshold and he never missed a chance to accompany me to the restroom. During my workday, he would delicately tap my arm and I would pick him up and place him on my desk. He would play with my pen awhile or walk across my keyboard then he was gone. A few minutes would pass and we would do it all over again.

Jules passed away five days after his brother, Vincent. The 2020 pandemic gave us an entire year to be at home together for which I am grateful. Many people find comfort in signs and symbols. I believe the lone ladybug that

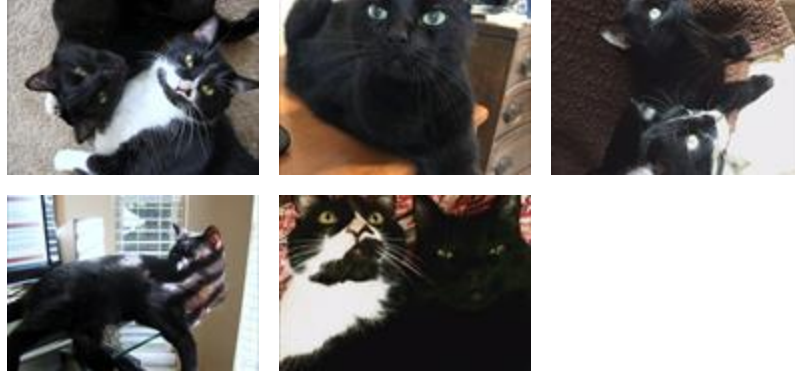
appeared on my nightstand was a visit from Jules.

He was 14. I hope I gave him as much joy as he gave me. I miss picking him up over and over during the workday. I miss my restroom monitor. I miss being licked constantly. I miss those mesmerizing eyes. I miss him.

Tribute Wall

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“ 15 files added to the album *Memories Album*



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