

Apostle, Little Charmer in a Tuxedo

So happy you're still with us

JUST BECAUSE • SEPTEMBER 2026



SCAN TO WATCH HIS FILM

Six weeks old and straight off the street,
you stole Dominik's heart in a day,
now you climb up in bed at sunrise
for cuddles, then breakfast, the Apostle way.

*Apostle, our sweet little charmer in a tuxedo,
all black but the white right under your chin,
you sit and shake a hand like a gentleman,
you never meow — you just walk in and win.*

You chase a pompom ball across the floor,
you drop it down deep in somebody's shoe,
then spend the afternoon fishing it out,
it's not possible to cook or clean without you.

You clear your own bowl, then start on Misty's,
you growl over your chicken like it's a prize,
noodles or a cold pancake, you'll take either,
the kitchen bin's a buffet in your eyes.

*Apostle, our sweet little charmer in a tuxedo,
all black but the white right under your chin,
you sleep on my desk with your chin on my arm,
you never meow — you just walk in and win.*

On Halloween we dress you up all funny,
you wear the whole outfit like it's no big thing,
you'll carry off a stick and chew it to bits,
a year and a half, and this house has its king.

You fought for your life and we stayed beside you,
two surgeries, a spine that had to mend,
we could pay the bills, but the brave part was yours —
you never gave up: three lives down, six to spend.

*Apostle, our sweet little charmer in a tuxedo,
all black but the white right under your chin,
and you're still here, still stealing the show,
you never meow — you just walk in and win.*

No reason at all — you're too cute,
Apostle in your black-and-white suit.