FROM THE EDITOR



Oliver's coming home day. Oliver François Chadwick
June 6, 2022—August 22, 2025

IF YOU KNOW ME PERSONALLY—or here or via social media—you know I'm a big dog fan. I was born that way, I guess, a characteristic inherited from my dad, who definitely preferred them to people. I was raised with dogs, and I have a deep and abiding love for cats and horses as well, and most other creatures for that matter. But there is something so beautifully simple about dogs; they're the most straightforward, uncomplicated beings, and their undying devotion is pretty irresistible.

Since my lease precludes me from having a dog, we have instead Steve, the most dog-like cat ever. But my dog itch was finally scratched three years ago when my ex-husband adopted two French Bulldog babies: Oliver, who arrived in our family in August as a wee puppy, followed by his brother and littermate Jacque, who joined us in October 2022. The joy these two brought into our lives is incalculable.

I spent lots of time alone with Oliver, especially early on. My ex lives in Stone Harbor but works in Cape May, and since I work mostly from home, he would drop Oliver at my house. I got a front-row seat to him navigating furniture—and Steve!—figuring out what he was allowed to chew on, racing him out to the yard during housebreaking, and how to take a walk (rather than a lie-down on the sidewalk). I took hundreds of photos of him and recently came across an "Oliver tutorial" video I made and never posted after being peppered with Instagram messages from people asking who this little guy was. I would also take him to the office, where he'd charm everyone in the place and then curl up next to me on the loveseat where I work on my laptop, when he was tiny enough to hold in two hands.

There's a saying that we don't deserve dogs, and I fervently believe it. Even "non-dog" people must admit that dogs' devotion is unmatched. That's why it's so incredibly difficult to let them go when the time comes. Each one of us at Cape Publishing has at least one dog, and in these last few months, four out of six of us have lost one: Cassidy lost Bella, the beloved Golden she grew up with; Jessica, one of her cherished Schnauzers, Luke; Bernie and his wife Elaine said goodbye to their dear Teddy, who lived to the ripe old age of 18. And on August 22nd, less than a week ago as I write this, we said goodbye to Oliver after a brief bout with cancer, at barely three years old. It has been devastating.

Which is why it was both uplifting and difficult to edit Peaches Lukens' feature about dogs in Cape May. But once I saw it in layout, with the photos of dogs large and small and all of them smiley, I felt better. As a friend commented on a social post about Oliver's passing, they're like angels among us.

Welcome to fall in Cape May; we have stories about trails and gardens, the impending TEDx talk, and even a bit of spooky spice by way of a profile on artist Adam Wallacavage. Hug your dog and thank you for reading *Cape May Magazine.*



Kate Chadwick
kate@capemaymag.com