

# RESQCATS™

A non-profit animal rescue organization dedicated to the care and welfare of stray and abandoned cats and kittens.



## President's Message



Jeffyne with "Cricket," "LadyBug" & "Bumbles"

Can you believe it! Not only is it time to report to you all that has happened at RESQCATS this year... but RESQCATS is also beginning our 16th year of operation.

I am excited about the upcoming year and you will see a lot of special events in 2013 in celebration of RESQCATS' "Sweet 16" birthday!

But let's talk about RESQCATS and our accomplishments in 2012. It was our first year embarking on a new direction. We reached out to the community in a number of different avenues in order to tackle some tough problems for stray and abandoned cats and kittens. Our efforts have made a difference for those kitties that have arrived at RESQCATS for care, as well as those we helped in some new innovative endeavors. In addition, the community, other animal non-profit groups (and of course, the cats) have benefited from the new focus.

RESQCATS was able to assist other non-profit organizations in times of need by raising funds for them. If you think back to the beginning of 2012, your

contributions at our Valentine's Day drive raised over \$3500 and aided an area cat organization called MeoowsResQ when they were dealing with a hoarder of over 75 cats and kittens.

I promised you that I would work diligently to stop pet overpopulation by emphasizing the importance of spaying and neutering our pets. We assisted other rescue groups such as Catalyst for Cats and The Santa Ynez Valley Humane Society by providing funds for spay and neuter surgeries. In addition, RESQCATS has taken care of the costs of spay and neuter surgery for individual owners so that their mother cats would not continue to have litter after litter. There is still much work to be done but I will not let up on my efforts.

RESQCATS joined All for Animals in a humane education project. Together, we met with 120 students in after school programs to teach the children that we should treat all animals with compassion. With your help, RESQCATS raised \$1200 so that each child went home with a book called *Animals Have Feelings, Too*. Our efforts to educate the younger generation will continue with more humane education projects in 2013. After all, the children are the future for the animals!

Our foster program was a success well beyond my expectations. RESQCATS fostered over 40 cats and kittens for Catalyst for Cats, a trap, neuter and return group that works with feral cats in Santa Barbara County. Often, the feral moms have kittens that are young enough to socialize and turn into purring machines. Then they can be adopted to qualified adopters and not have to suffer life on the streets like their moms. Many of the kittens coming from those circumstances arrive with parasites that rip through their little digestive systems causing diarrhea, vomiting and dehydration... but we know what to do and have them back on track quickly. But the worst and heart-breaking cases are life threatening illnesses such as "Confetti," Mimosa" and their siblings who had feline distemper. Medical care for them can be very expensive. RESQCATS paid for all the vet costs for these kitties and then they returned to Catalyst to be adopted. The challenge this year has been that RESQCATS takes care of all the medical bills but did not receive any adoption fee. That remains a challenge and is one of the many reasons I count on your support.

And finally and quite unexpectedly, a new opportunity emerged this past summer. I was alerted to the many kittens that were being given away as "Free Kittens" on Craigslist ads. I panic when I see those ads!

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Free kitten ads mean that there are mom cats out there giving birth to litter after litter. 90% of the litters of kittens that I rescued this summer were from a second litter in this season. That means a mom can have nursing babies at only 6-8 weeks old and get pregnant a second time. And there was a strong possibility the moms could become pregnant with a third litter...all within a year! (Now I know I need to get started a whole lot earlier on this problem next year.) **RESQCATS** was able to assist with spays of the moms and neuters of the dads in most cases, thus preventing more kittens with no place to go.

I have found that people placing the ads do not want the kittens to go to shelters. They fear the babies will only be euthanized and in a lot of cases that is true...so they give the kittens away to avoid that whole scene!

Another problem with kittens being given away on Craigslist is the fact that none of them have received any medical care, vaccinations and are certainly not spayed or neutered. I am of the belief the majority of the kittens would never receive any medical care from those who answer the ads. So guess what? I will be back up in that area again in six months picking up the kittens' kittens. Yes, they can become pregnant as early as six months and give birth when they are still kittens themselves, just 63 days after conception.

I admit it got very busy answering everyone's call to help. I swore I saw myself heading south on Hwy 101 as I was headed back up north a few days later to rescue more from another free kitten ad. **RESQCATS** has rescued over 40 kittens from these ads. Just think how many litters of unwanted kittens we have kept from being born next year!

Some of the kittens were adopted out by other groups after **RESQCATS** provided medical care to get on the right track. Fleas were a huge problem! Every litter seemed to be infested with them. One litter was literally dying from flea anemia. Their gums were white from a lack of red blood cells on which the fleas had feasted. "Bumbles," "Cricket" and "LadyBug" were immediately put on sub-q fluids, vitamins, iron and monitored closely for several days. **RESQCATS** got them all on a healthy path: they were wormed, recieved vet and fecal exams and were vaccinated prior to turning them over to other groups. For example, Sheba and her babies were up to date on all that before going to the Santa Ynez Valley Humane Society. There, they were spayed, neutered, micro-chipped and put up for adoption.

Out of concern for overloading the local groups with even more kittens than they were already trying to place into adoptive homes, we were able to adopt some through **RESQCATS** with the help of Montecito Pet Shop.

I want to sincerely thank all of those involved in this new mission for their efforts, cooperation and support.

I believe that **RESQCATS** has accomplished a lot

this year. Reaching into the community on a greater level and making a difference has been our goal and one that we have achieved. It has also been a time for me to return to what I love so much and missed for so many years and that is hands on time and caring for the cats and kittens. Honestly, some days it felt like I was running a hospital for sick kittens...but that is my passion and what I am meant to do on this Earth.

As you can see, this newsletter is a bit longer than those in the past. I have a lot to say and wanted this newsletter to be different...and special. So find some time, get comfortable in a nice chair, grab a cup of hot tea, maybe a few Kleenex just in case and go for it.

I have shared stories of love, loss, rescues, hope and miracles, as well as some fun and informative articles (be sure to see the "Mr. Jeffyne" article) to touch your heart. It takes weeks for me to put all this together for you and at the same time writing this can be such therapy for me when working through a loss. I have one friend who says she can always tell what I am upset about when I write some articles! But there is nothing like that in this newsletter so enjoy every page, every word, every thought and the message behind each article.

When you conclude your reading, please remember that I share this all with you because I need you to understand not only what I am doing, but the important work that **RESQCATS** is undertaking. I cannot do it alone.

Now, more than ever, **RESQCATS** needs your support. So get out those check books or go to our PayPal button on our website at [www.RESQCATS.org](http://www.RESQCATS.org) and let's make **RESQCATS**' "Sweet 16" birthday year our best ever. No donation is ever too small when it comes from your hearts.

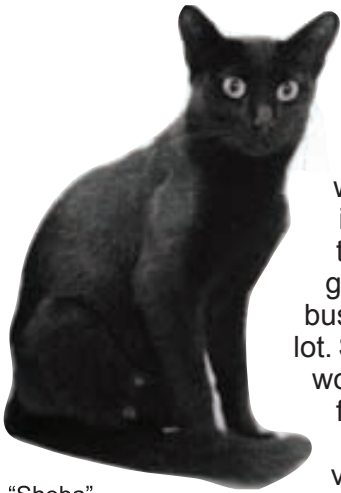
xoxo and purrs,

*Jeffyne*



"Mila" adopted by Dawn Wafer

# A Tail to Read



"Sheba"

I received a call back in mid-summer from a lady who worked at a local business in Santa Barbara. She said that a sweet mother cat had given birth to kittens under the bushes by the employee parking lot. She and her co-workers were worried about them. She asked for my help.

The employees were all very attached to the mother cat and her little family, but management had a very different attitude about them. However, I won't go into all the details as it really raises my blood pressure and makes me boil. But, to put it politely, management had placed signs around the employee break area and parking lot that said "**Do NOT feed the cats.**"

Obviously, there is nothing about that lack of compassion that I relate to and neither did the employees at the company. The employees loved "Sheba" (that is the name they had given the sweet momma cat). They fed her on the sly, dropping morsels of food during lunch breaks at outside tables; some even stayed after work to offer her canned food.

When I arrived at the company, I was surprised at how compassionate and caring the employees were... very different than management's outlook.

I had been contacted because the kittens were starting to run around and the employees had concerns about them being hit by cars on the adjacent busy street. In addition, it was obvious that Sheba's babies were ready to start weaning from mother's milk and begin eating solid food.

Sheba had let the employees know she needed help, too. She brought all her kittens to the mat just outside the employee entrance, plopped them down and proceeded to nurse them. The door was a regular door in size so it was not as if she could go unnoticed when the employees arrived in the morning. She did this for several days.

As I think back on it, Sheba was pretty smart placing her kittens there and not at the entrance of management!

She also had another tactic that was pretty amazing. The employee break bell rang promptly at 3:10 every afternoon. And guess who always showed up? Sheba! She came running at the sound of the bell and knew that she would receive a few sneaked morsels of

food. Pretty smart cat! 3:10...on the dot!

In fact, the lady who contacted me about them said that it would be easy to find Sheba and her babies if I arrived around break time. So I took her advice and I am so glad I did. I got to meet the employees and witness just how much they cared as I swept up three adorable little black kittens from under the bushes and Sheba. Many of the employees cried as I was leaving. I stayed around long enough to reassure them that RESQCATS was a good place and that they would be loved and well-cared for. Just as I was loading everyone up, a fourth kitten was found! Thank goodness someone knew there was a fourth! The employees assured me that I had them all now!

I happened to run into the lady in charge of human resources and she was glad I was "taking away those cats." She even said, "I'll pay to have someone get those cats out of here." I was polite and I also took that opportunity to give her my business card. I even followed up with a note and a current newsletter. In the note, I thanked her for allowing me to rescue them, complimented her caring employees and shared that she avoided a huge problem by allowing me onto the property. Sheba would most likely have become pregnant again and have another litter by the end of the year. In addition, she could expect that Sheba's four current kittens would also likely give birth themselves in the Spring. I also shared that RESQCATS is a non-profit organization and that Sheba and each kitten would receive vet exams, Felv/FIV tests, worming meds, vaccinations, spay or neuter surgery, a micro-chip and any other medical care they may need. I hoped she would honor her words, "I'll pay to have someone take those cats out of here," and make a donation. I never heard a word. I admit, I didn't really expect to.

Sheba and her kittens were a delightful little family. All of them were black; two girls and two boys: "Mystery," "Gypsy," "Inky" and "BlackJack" They were sweet,

social and adorable in every way.

Obviously, they, too, had been picked up, loved and cuddled in addition to a little feeding on the sly during by the employees during those breaks at 3:10 every afternoon. I cannot remember having a litter that I enjoyed quite as much as them all season.

Sheba had some health issues...not life-threatening, but we did have to run some pretty extensive tests to rule out anything serious. The tests were expensive and amounted to over \$900, which was well above the





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usual costs for a litter of four and their mom.

I remained in contact with one of the employees from the company who had been so helpful in rounding up Sheba and her babies the day I rescued them. I felt it was important to keep in touch after all the care they had given to Sheba and babies. They needed to hear about the little family they had been so committed to and to know they were healthy and safe.

I was told that the employees were having a bake sale in order to raise money to help with all the unexpected expenses RESQCATS had incurred. I was grateful for any help with the costs. All this effort truly touched my heart. I would have been grateful for any amount...it was the employees' commitment that was the real treasure here.

After the bake sale, I got a call from the same nice lady who had helped round up the kittens and get Sheba into a carrier the day I picked them up. By now, several weeks had passed. She said that she wanted to get the cash to me that the employees had raised from the bake sale.

When I arrived, she met me in the parking lot and handed me a wad of cash. She said it added up to \$310! I was surprised that they had raised so much! That was a lot of cupcakes and cookies!

I remember vividly tearing up, hugging her and thanking her several times.

Then I got into my car and left.

It didn't hit me until I was about five minutes into the drive home. \$310! Wow! \$310!

Was it planned? Or was it just a coincidence that Sheba showed up at the **3:10** employee break bell each day and now I was holding **\$310** in my hand from the employee bake sale!?

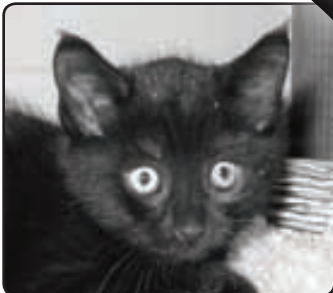
Think what you may....but I think you all know me well enough to know what I believe.



"Inky"



"BlackJack"



"Mystery"



"Gypsy"

## Chloe's Column



### How to wrap a present with your cat present:

1. Clear a large space on a table for wrapping your present.
2. Go to the closet & get the bag that contains the gift. Shut the closet door.
3. Find out where the meowing is coming from. Open closet & let cat out.
4. Go to drawer & get wrapping paper supplies
5. Find out where the meowing is coming from. Open drawer & let cat out.
6. Lay out the present & wrapping items on table.
7. Take the present out of the bag.
8. Take the cat out of the bag.
9. Empty gift box to make sure the present will fit in it.
10. Take the cat out of the box & put the present in it.
11. Lay out the paper so you can cut it to size & begin wrapping the box.
12. Attempt to smooth out the paper. Remove the cat from underneath it.
13. Cut the paper to the size you need.
14. Throw away this piece of paper as the cat grabbed the scissors & made you tear it.
15. Cut a new piece of paper – distract the cat by placing him/her in the bag the present came in.
16. Place present on paper & tear a piece of tape for sealing the paper to the box.
17. Chase & catch cat to help remove the tape that got stuck to its tail.
18. Try again to tape the paper to the box.
19. Look for the ribbon. Chase cat around the room to get it.
20. Try to wrap ribbon around gift.
21. Start all over with the wrapping because the cat tore the ribbon off & ripped the paper.
22. Change plan & try something else
23. Put present in the box & tie with ribbon.
24. Find out where the meowing is coming from. Open box & remove cat.
25. Gather all wrapping items, gift, & lock yourself & it in the bathroom.
26. Relay out all items.
27. Try to piece together whatever paper is salvageable. Seal the box, wrap the gift, tie with ribbon & be happy that this ordeal is finally over.
28. Open bathroom door; go into the kitchen to make yourself a strong drink.
29. Find out where the meowing is coming from.
30. Unwrap box & let cat out.
31. Go to the store & buy a lovely gift bag.

Meowy Christmas to all!

xoxo, *Chloe*

# The Tale of Houdini

One afternoon several years ago, I walked into the cattery and saw a black and white "flash" running down the corridor. I knew it was a cat. As I watched it run for its life towards the outdoor tunnels and enclosures, I thought to myself, "Who IS that? That's not one of my cats!"

Over the next several days I saw him appear at the back of the cattery near the tunnels and his obvious escape route, helping himself to food and water on an upper shelf. I couldn't imagine how this stranger had gotten into the cattery! The tunnels connect above the ground to outdoor enclosures. The enclosures were built to keep my cats inside a safe yet outdoor environment. And it was built to keep all the other critters out.

Sometimes I would see him in the penthouse which is an open space above the adoption enclosures and roof of the building. But that was also sealed. There was no way in and no way out. Other days, this black and white stray was no where to be found. He was an intruder...breaking and entering simply to get food, then leaving to go about his business. It got to be a kind of joke with all of us. Volunteers asked,

"Well, is he in today or is he out?" He seemed to disappear just as quickly as he appeared. That is how he got his name, "Houdini!"

As much as I searched, I could not find Houdini's point of entry....and exit!

What made all this worse was that some of my cats were finding the new escape route and letting themselves out to roam as they pleased. Now, that is totally against all the rules at RESQCATS!

One of my resident cats, "Greyco," disobeyed the indoor-only policy once he discovered a way out. Quite often, I would find him in the backyard playing with all of "his" dogs...he loved our collies. Or I'd walk out my front door to find "Seacliff" sunning in the front driveway. Did they not realize that I had built all the tunnels and enclosures for them so they could have the outside experiences, but not be in danger of all the things that can be life threatening to outdoor cats? It didn't seem to matter to them! They saw it as an opportunity to roam!

I always knew when Houdini was in the cattery. He

was not neutered and there is a very strong odor to unneutered tomcats.

We managed to trap him and got him neutered and then released him into the cattery. He got a clean bill of health and the vet estimated that Houdini was about two years old, but it was obvious from all his battle wounds that he had suffered a rough life on the streets. He was not a small framed cat and certainly needed to gain some weight. His life as a stray had been very unkind to him.

Houdini continued coming and going as he pleased, eating and drinking on the back shelf. I even caught his eye a time or two and we just looked at each other. I knew I needed to respect his space. I felt honored when he didn't run and felt okay making eye contact with

me. He did not seem to be feral...just frightened. He never allowed me to get close...I respected his wishes and continued to feed him on the upper shelf where escape seemed just a scurry away.

One day, after finding Greyco in the backyard with his dogs AGAIN, I decided to put him back into the cattery and follow him to see if I could determine how he was getting out. It took less than 30 seconds for Greyco to head back to his escape route where he thought the whole world opened up to him.

There it was in plain sight! Houdini had pulled the chicken wire surrounding the outdoor enclosures from the wooden base boards. It could not have been an easy task as the wire was securely fastened (at least I thought it was) to the wood frame. He obviously worked hard at this to get in for an easy meal. I didn't mind that he needed a meal. The problem was that it had become an exit for my other cats!

When I told a friend about it, he said, "Wow! You must have a cool place if stray cats walk by and decide it looks like a place to break in so they can eat and hang out!"

One afternoon, Houdini happened to be in one of the tunnels when Mitch and I decided to get our tools and reinforce the baseboards around each outdoor enclosure.

I remember Houdini watching us from one of the outdoor tunnels as we worked. I said to him, "Houdini, I don't care if you come or you go...but it is not a revolving



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door here.”

But of course, I DID care! The damage was repaired and he was enclosed in RESQCATS for good.

Houdini didn't seem to mind staying. He had made himself quite at home. He had food and water at his paw-tips anytime he desired. And he found solace in the penthouse where he could watch without fear of me trying to pet him. And most importantly, all the other cats living at RESQCATS accepted Houdini.

It took eight months before Houdini found his way to the front part of the cattery where all the beds with pillows and heating pads are located. I entered one morning to find him curled up in a basket. I could see clearly that all the battle scars on his face were now gone. His thin body had filled out and he had blossomed into a beautiful cat that was happy and healthy. He still did not permit me to get too close to him and to that day I still had never touched him. But that was okay.

It was TWO years before Houdini trusted me enough to allow me to approach him. Then, he gave me permission to pet him! From that moment on, he blossomed and eventually began to let the volunteers pet him. Those pets grew into head butts. Over time, he even became comfortable with potential adopters who visited. He often watched them from an upper shelf and chose his favorites to have the honor of his head butts.

After Greyco died, Houdini became the diplomat among the resident cats. All the cats loved him. They took turns sleeping with him. They all groomed him and he returned the favor.

I managed to get him into the vet for his check-ups, but it took weeks after each visit for him to renew his trust in me. He was not the kind of cat that you could treat for anything...even cleaning out an occasional goopy eye was traumatic for Houdini. I respected that. He made it clear that he was unable to tolerate a lot of medical treatment...he just wanted to be...to live in this beautiful place HE had chosen. The place HE felt safe. With people HE had come to trust and give head butts.

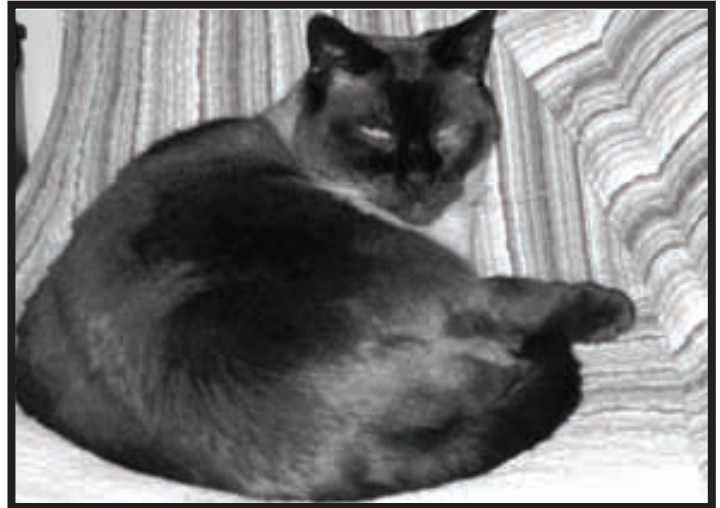
Houdini stayed at RESQCATS for many years. But it seemed like he got old overnight. I didn't want to see it. Perhaps when he first arrived, he was much older than we originally thought. He became an old cat, thinner, slower, but still as sweet and gentle as he ever was.

Then one day Houdini suddenly took a turn for the worst. I know he would have not wanted any medical tests that would have told us what was wrong. Even if I had put him through them, he would have chosen not to be treated. It wasn't his way. Besides that, he would have left this world without the trust and love that he and I had developed.

His spirit and health declined in a day and he was gone. But his memory will not fade quickly for me. He had such a silent presence in the cattery and now, that silence seems almost deafening to me.

I loved Houdini....I love his story...and I miss him terribly.

## *Believe in Miracles*



Once upon a time a tiny little kitten came into my life. He was not your ordinary kitten at six weeks old, all cute and cuddly and ready for play. His tiny frail body fit into the palm of my hand. He weighed a mere 6 ounces when he should have weighed 1-1/2 pounds. He had very little fur on his body, his tail was coiled up like a piglet and he was so weak that he could not lift his little head.

He came from a well-meaning lady who had been bottle feeding him. But honestly, she had no idea what she was doing. Orphaned kittens require bottle feeding every 2-3 hours around the clock when they are first born. Bottle feeding kittens requires a 24 hour around the clock commitment. The lady obviously did not realize that and as a result, the kitten was fading and slowly starving to death with only three feedings a day. To make things worse, she bathed him every time he managed to poop. With so little nutrition and the inability to generate body heat, it is amazing that this little fella did not suffer from hypothermia.

I bottle fed the little blue-eyed Siamese looking kitten the minute he arrived and then I immediately took him to the vet. The doctor examined him and looked at me with sad eyes. The news was not good. The vet felt that he was so far gone that he would not live.

Now for those of you that know me, you understand that I do not do well with that kind of news and saw this as an opportunity to save this kitten's life and defy what the vet thought. I went to work. I fed him every few hours with warm kitten replacement milk. He kept warm by staying on a heating pad that I turned on low and I was careful to give him enough space in his bed to move away from it if he chose. The soft blankets that surrounded him in a cozy carrier made him feel safe. I stimulated him with a warm towel to help him to pee, poop and to get his digestive system working properly. He was

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my whole purpose in life for the next several days.

My husband, Mitch, was amazed at his turnaround after just a few days. And so was the vet!

We decided to name him "Miracle," after the song that some of you may remember by Hot Chocolate: "I Believe in Miracles." (In fact, over the next 16 years, you could often find me walking through the house looking for Miracle and singing that very song.)

I thought all was fine when he gave us another scare just a few weeks later. Miracle got very sick just overnight. I feared I might really lose him this time. The vet put him on a couple of different antibiotics and medications. Luckily, after just a few days he showed great improvement.

However, Mitch and I were leaving on road trip vacation. We planned to drive up and down the California coast for about a week. We decided it might be best to take Miracle with us. Leaving the house sitter with the responsibility of all the medications and around the clock care just did not seem right. So we packed all the things we thought he would need. It was like taking a baby with you on vacation! We packed a large carrier for him to sleep in, a small carrier to transport him, hot water bottle, food, bowls, blankets, toys, baby wipes, litter box and litter. His "stuff" left little room for our own luggage!

There was an incident at the beginning of the trip that I just have to share. We were only about 10 minutes into our trip when Miracle decided to pass gas. The pungent aroma made its way to the front seats instantaneously. We covered our mouths and noses but within seconds our eyes began to water. There was no escape from the stench. As we rolled down the windows in the car, Mitch asked, "How can something like that come out of such a small kitten?!" I am guessing that it had something to do with all the medications he was on. The next stop was a convenience store where we could buy some room spray. Luckily, that was the only incident but at least now we were prepared for any similar mishaps after our purchase of the spray.

By this time, Miracle weighed just over one pound, so it was easy to tuck him into our jackets as we walked around the towns we visited such as Carmel and Monterrey. He occasionally peeked his little head out of Mitch's jacket and all who saw him thought he was darling...they had no idea just how lucky he was.

We sneaked him and all his paraphernalia into the motel rooms at night as none of the places we stayed allowed pets. He was tiny and still not feeling well so it was not as if he was going to make a mess or play all night. At least, we didn't think so. It seemed that with each passing day, Miracle felt better and better. And with that newly found energy, he wanted to play...in the motel rooms at night. He

kept us up longer with each night and finally, on the last night of our vacation, Miracle got to sleep in the car!

Miracle turned out to be a real fighter...in attitude I mean. He had a quirky personality and due to the lack of nutrition in his early days he was also practically blind. He walked through the house like "Mr. Magoo" but always managed to find his way to food and his litter box just fine. He was a determined fella who remained fairly small, at least compared to a lot of my other cats. That was probably because of his less than fair beginning.

A few weeks passed and all was fine with Miracle...our little miracle survivor is what we called him. My world seemed full of promise...I felt I had saved Miracle and I was excited to begin my passion in life as RESQCATS had just been approved as a non-profit organization. That was in November, 1997. You can only imagine my excitement and happiness.

But one day in December, 1997...the day suddenly grew dark and grim. Mitch received a call from his oncologist after his yearly exam at the City of Hope. He had been a patient there for over 35 years as a survivor of melanoma at the young age of 21. Each year he returned for a check up and cat scan and all was always fine. But not today! The scan clearly showed a mass wrapped around his esophagus. I remember watching Mitch's face as he listened to the doctor's report. He nodded, asked some questions and seemed to take it all in stride.

Mitch developed a philosophy in life when he survived melanoma many years before. Malignant melanoma was usually fatal in those days. He believes and lives by this philosophy even today: "plan as if you will live forever, but live as if you'll die tomorrow." When Mitch hung up the phone and told me the news, my world came to an instant halt. It was like hitting a brick wall head-on at 60 mph. No brakes. No airbag. Something dark and frightening trembled through me. I am not as strong as he is. I knew I was sure going to have to get that way in order to face whatever we had ahead of us.

I won't go into all the details of the next few months...that is not what this story is about.

What I can tell you is that Mitch made it...he is also a fighter...a survivor.

We both think we had help along the way. His name was Miracle. We know that Miracle came to us only three months prior to this dark period in our lives to teach us about fighting, survival and "believing in miracles." Little did we know that such a small little kitten would have so many lessons to teach and bestow so many blessings upon us.

Miracle inspired me to write "Believe in Miracles" stories for the newsletters. Often I asked for miracles from whatever that higher power is that decides.

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## In honor and celebration of...



In celebration of **"Zuki's"** 9<sup>th</sup> birthday! Adopted from RESQCATS.  
—Marian Jean



In celebration of my son's birthday on October 5th! Happy Birthday!  
—Colleen Root



**Happy 89<sup>th</sup> Birthday to Dr. C. Seybert Kinsell!**  
—Love from your daughter and son-in-law, Steve and Suzie Padrick



Happy Birthday, **Rebecca Branscome!** Who's counting?!  
—Love, Julie Kaplan



In honor of **Andreas Knickman** and his family for their strength and grace as Andreas fights his battle with cancer. "They are the nicest, strongest most generous people you could find. They are warriors! And their example has inspired me to grow my own gratitude every day about life."  
—Julie Kaplan



In honor of **"Java Bean Christnot's"** 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. She was rescued from a shelter in Presque Isle at just six weeks of age by Jacquee Christnot and visits Touchtone Gallery (my favorite gallery in Oregon) everyday with Jacquee!



In celebration of 10 years with "Chloe" and 5 years with "Guillette."  
—Alex & Joyce Carasa



In honor of **"Chloe"** and **"Bella!"**  
—Love, Laurie Pfeiffer

## Remembering...



In sweet loving memory of **"Isabella"** and for **Donna Abboud.**  
—Love and light, Jeffyne



In memory of a sweet old gentleman.."**Houdini.**"  
—Eliane Martin



In loving memory of my sweet **"Ren Hoek"** who lived to be 18 years old.  
—Love, Diane Ledbetter



In memory of our sweet little kitty, **"Cinnamon."**  
—Kathy Briggs



In memory of **"Stray Baby"** who was adopted from a Dallas Shelter, **"Five-O"** who was named after the black and white cop cars and showed up on the back porch and **"Val"** who was the color of a Valencia orange and she also knew whose back porch to show up on....and to honor their humans, **Dick and Lisa Mitchell.**  
—Cindy and David Coleman



In memory of **"Seamus"**...losing him took a big chunk of my heart. And for **Rose Koller.**  
—Marci Kladnik



In loving memory of my sweet **"Kayla"** and for her dear human, **Liz Beninshin.**  
—Love and light until you are once joined again on the Rainbow Bridge, Jeffyne



In remembrance and honor of **"Kayla"** and her purrson, **Liz Beninshin.** I make this donation in their name and it is to help "Sheba" and her little family.  
—Love, Julie Kaplan



In memory of **"Blackie"** She greeted everyone who came through the door with love...A lesson to us all.  
—With much love, Eliane and "Yoda"



Celebrating **"Web"** and **"Deacon!"**  
—Love, Penny Huff



In memory of **"Blackie"** and to help your new group of tiny Blackies!  
—Love, Phoebe Alexiades



In loving memory of my **"Shelsey"** girl....thank you for the beauty of your love on your last night on this Earth...I really do miss you.  
—Love, Maggie



In memory of **"Moocher."** She may have been gone for over ten years now...but I still think of her and miss her every single day.  
—Roger West



In loving memory of **"Mylo,"** my 16 year old orange boy who crossed the Rainbow Bridge on September 14, 2012.  
—Love, Lynn Copeland



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

In memory of my favorite ...**"Miracle."**

—Love, Nancy Aguirre



In memory of our beloved cat, **"Bella,"** who came to us from the UK as a rescue cat. You were a great companion.

—Love, Sancha and Chris Fowler



In memory of **"sweet Blackie girl."**

—Love from your favorite volunteer, Jane Bearinger



In memory of **"Miracle"**...every day and every way our days are filled with miracles.

—Love, Eliane Martin



For sweet **"Inky,"** one of Sheba's kittens who died very suddenly at only four months old from a rare congenital heart condition. "Angels are never on this Earth for very long."

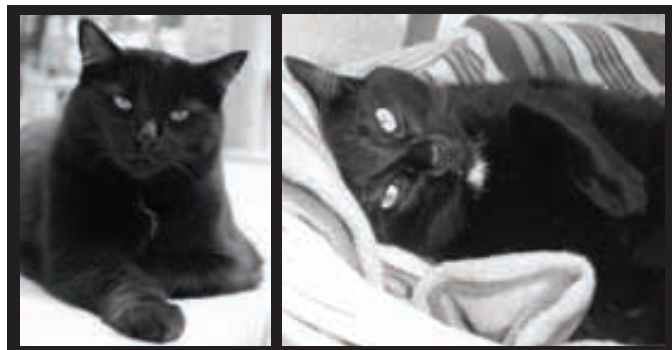
—Love, Jeffyne, Darcie, Barbara and the staff at SYVHS



For **"Miejek"**...always,

—Love, Jeffyne

## *Blackie, Blackie!!*



Blackie, Blackie, where do I start  
 To tell you all that's in my heart?  
 How can I put in words so few  
 All the things I loved 'bout you?  
 You came so many years ago,  
 You're one of those I couldn't let go.  
 A tiny kitten is what you were,  
 A little ball of jet black fur.  
 You looked at me and found a way,  
 To steal my heart and always stay.  
 Belly up is how you'd lay,  
 And say to me, "It is okay  
 To love me here, but oh, just wait  
 This other spot is also great!"  
 Volunteers did come and go  
 And each one truly loved you so.  
 You greeted them with chirps and mews  
 You knew just how to act on cues.  
 "Love me, pet me, love me more,  
 For it is you that I adore!"  
 They often called you when they came  
 Spoke just to you, and you by name.  
 Their first hello was not for me,  
 It was for you, my black kit-ty.  
 With each and every soul who came,  
 You treated each just all the same.  
 But as they left when work was done,  
 They felt they were your special one!  
 A stranger you did never meet  
 Always there to love and greet.  
 A social flirt is what you were  
 Just look at you and you would purr.  
 I never thought there'd be a day  
 When you'd get old and go away.  
 The years went by so very fast  
 I'd hoped forever you would last.  
 Today you live up on a bridge  
 Below you is a grassy ridge  
 Above are colors of all hue  
 Rainbow shades just for you.  
 For now you are just in my heart  
 And from there you'll never part  
 Wait for me until I, too  
 Dance on rainbows there with you.

### RESQCATS is turning **"Sweet Sixteen"**

Yes, that's right! 2013 is RESQCATS' 16<sup>th</sup> birthday! In addition to business as usual, we will be doing a lot of special things in order to celebrate. For example, The Cat House Hotel will offer nail trims for your cats on the 16<sup>th</sup> of every month in 2013 and all the dollars from those days will go directly to RESQCATS! 100%! So you will be able to treat your kitties to a pedicure and help RESQCATS at the same time.

Stay tuned for some other special events during the year as part of our 16<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration.

Be sure to e-mail us your e-mail address as many of the events will come in the form of e-newsletters.

Send your email address to:  
[jeffyne@resqcats.org](mailto:jeffyne@resqcats.org).

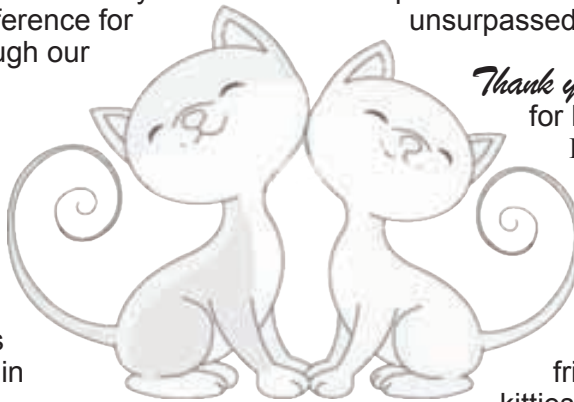


## Some very special thank yous

*Thank you, Diane Ledbetter*, for your gracious words of support for RESQCATS and for the lives you continue to touch with your generosity. If they wrote a book about making a difference...your name would be at the top of the list.

*Thank you, Julie Kaplan* for all that you do to help the cats at RESQCATS. Every friend whether it be human or feline is honored, wished a happy birthday or remembered through her donations to RESQCATS. You touch human lives with your thoughtfulness and make a difference for all those kitties that come through our doors.

*Thank you Pamela Vincent!* for all your support, compassion, understanding and generosity when I needed help funding the foster program...you make a difference well beyond the cats in this world! You are truly one in a million!



*Thank you to The Cat House Hotel* for helping with fundraising for RESQCATS...everyone just wait...they have some special things coming up to celebrate RESQCATS 16<sup>th</sup> year in 2013!

A special *thank you* to **Evelyn Wade**...for your support, friendship and all you do to help the kitties at RESQCATS.

I want to acknowledge a heartfelt *thank you* to **Sue Grafton and Steve Humphrey** for your generous donation to RESQCATS. It helped to make such a difference for so many of the kittens in our foster care program. It would be difficult for me to find words as eloquent as yours, Sue, to express my sincere gratitude! Just know this thank you comes from my heart.

*Thank you, "Yoda," aka "my snotty nosed kid"* for your donation for the foster kitties. You remember what it was like to be so sick as a kitten and the dollars it took to care for you for all those months until you were healthy. Thank you for understanding and passing your good fortune to the foster kittens here. Thank you mom, **Eliane Martin**, too!

A very special *thank you* to **Jacquee Christnot** and Touchtone Gallery in Yachats, Oregon. Jacquee decided to celebrate her cat's 18th birthday by donating a portion of her sales on Labor Day to RESQCATS. "**Java Bean Christnot**" was rescued as a kitten in 1994...this was her 18th birthday celebration!

*Thank you, Montecito Pet Shop* for all your help with adoptions of RESQCATS kitties and for your special event in November where the proceeds from your sales went to RESQCATS! Wow, have you made a difference in so many ways this year.

A great big *thank you* to **Jim Hurnblad** for all you do for the cats...everything from giving them love to being responsible for any maintenance and repairs that need to be done to building new enclosures for those special kitties that need to have their own space!

*Thank you Susan Boesch* for all the time and effort it takes to produce, design and send out the e-newsletters. And a big thank you for all your time and patience in doing so. Your marketing skills are unsurpassed! I appreciate you!

**Janet Dewey**, *thank you* for making RESQCATS look like a million dollars! All the painting of floors and cabinets and enclosures are a rainbow of beautiful colors and make this a one of a kind sanctuary.

*Thank you* so much **Nancy Aguirre** for everything you do....an endless list of tasks and chores...and for always being there to help, assist, support and offer an ear and your friendship. You are a treasure in countless ways not only to the cats but to me, as well. I celebrate you!

### ♥ A special tribute to *Erika Sacks* ♥

As RESQCATS begins our 16<sup>th</sup> year of operation, I cannot help but reflect on all of the people who have helped make a difference for the organization over the years. There have been many volunteers and each one was important in the journey towards the success of RESQCATS.

I want to take a moment to recognize one who has made a tremendous impression on RESQCATS and on me personally. Her name is Erika Sacks.

Erika is the longest time volunteer at RESQCATS. Officially, she has volunteered for 15 years. However, she dates back even before the organization was incorporated and became a 501c-3 non-profit.

She was just 10 years old when my dream of RESQCATS was in the planning stages. Back then, the building was an old green house with dirt floors, no

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electricity and no cozy enclosures. Erika watched the dilapidated building evolve into a cat sanctuary with all the amenities for cats. I remember Erika as that little girl pressing her hands into newly poured cement and writing her name in it at the entrance of **RESQCATS**. She helped paint the building "barn red" and was sent home with as much paint on her as was on the building.

Over the last 15 years, I have had the privilege of watching Erika grow into the beautiful young woman that she is. She has remained a volunteer for all of those years. Erika has nurtured sick kittens, gone on rescues herself, bottle fed orphaned kittens, bathed I don't know how many flea infested kittens, and shown up to help with morning chores every week for 15 years.

My love and appreciation of her goes well beyond just what she does as a volunteer. She has comforted me during many times of loss. She was there during the tough times, especially last year when I suffered from "compassion fatigue." Her support and guidance helped me to find a new direction for **RESQCATS**. She spent many hours helping me to see the light again, encouraged me to leave the door open and to let the new direction evolve. And she was right!

During the past year, **RESQCATS** has offered more to the community in more ways than ever before. And I have returned to what has always been in my heart and to what I do best: nurture and care for stray and abandoned kitties. Her confidence in me has never failed. She offers inspiration, guidance, peace and love to everyone she meets. But most importantly, Erika is my friend.

I hope you will all join me in celebrating her 15 years at **RESQCATS**...AND she is beginning her "sweet 16<sup>th</sup>!"



## Letters to **RESQCATS**

Hi Jeffyne,

The story in your last newsletter about Lila broke my heart! I absolutely cannot believe that someone would just give her up after she absolutely bonded with him. Her story reminds me of my cat, Bumble, that I got through the Humane Society. Bumble is extremely skittish, but over time he has blossomed with love and a safe environment. From what his foster mom told me, he was caught in a trap as a feral kitten so he absolutely hates the cat carrier (it is an all out battle to get him into it and I have the scars to prove it!)

Anyway, I am just so happy that Lila is safe with you now. I wish that people would understand that you cannot break your loving pet's trust like that. All they want to do is to love you and under no circumstances would I ever give my boys up.

I am just so lucky that I found the Craigslist ad that Bumble's foster mom posted in and effort to get him noticed once he was at the Humane Society. When I got there, he was trembling under his blanket, unnoticed by anyone. When I brought him home, he hid under my bed or blankets. After a few days, however, he came up on the bed and started cuddling with me. He has not stopped sleeping with me since!

So in reading about Lila, I just cannot fathom ever breaking that sort of bond. It breaks my heart.

Maybe one day, I can come by and say hi to Lila!

On a side note, I would like to make a donation to "Sheba" and her "black beauty" kittens. And I would also like to make a monthly donation for Lila's care. I know I could not add another cat to my household, although I would love to, but I do want to help Lila in some way. She doesn't need to like me or purr for me! I just want to help her out in the only way I can by making a monthly donation for the rest of her days (hopefully a good 15 plus more years!)

Let me know how to do this and thank you for all your hard work. You have changed so many animals' lives, but have touched mine, too.

With love,

Sumi Kato (and of course, "Groucho" and "Bumble")



Dear Jeffyne,

Touchtone Gallery (in Yachats, Oregon) makes this donation in honor of "Java Bean Christnot." This is our first annual donation to mark Java's birthday--estimated as September 3, 1994! She is currently

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18 years old!

Java was an abandoned kitten. We found each other at the Central Aroostook Humane Society (CAHS) in Presque Isle, Maine in mid-October 1994. She was just six weeks old but had already spent a week in quarantine after being rescued from the streets. Who knows how long she was on her own before finding a safe haven at CAHS?

In honor of Java and the agency that saved her from her almost certain death, I am donating 5% of my revenue from our Labor Day Event on September 3, 2012 to RESQCATS! I also put out a collection jar at Java's birthday party which garnered \$3.25!

I'm making similar donations to CAHS in our hometown and the Lincoln County Animal Shelter in Newport, Oregon near our new home in Yachats.

Huge thanks to all three organizations for providing sanctuary to abandoned, lost, abused and neglected animals and educating the public on animal welfare issues. You have saved the lives of thousands of pets just like Java every year!

All the best,  
Jacquee Christnot  
Gallerista



*I received the following email from a friend letting me know that her mother had passed away but she also wanted to share a very special story about a cat that appeared. Here goes:*

Jeffyne,

I have a kitty story for you...

There was a kitty - a chestnut colored abyssinian that suddenly appeared.

He was just roaming around in the courtyard when we went out there to eat lunch and he would just sit on a chair near us, no one had seen him before...

Then the night before my mom died he came in for the first time, went into her room and jumped up on the couch with me and sat for a little while. My friend, Mimi was with me and thought she might be allergic, so I took him back outside.

The next night he was back; it was the night mom died. He came in, jumped up on the bed with mom and lay next to her stretching out along her side. As mom started to slip away, we had to move the kitty off her bed so that we could move mom and try to make her comfortable. Mom's caregiver threw a scarf over on the couch. She didn't see or expect a kitty to be there! The scarf landed on him and he didn't move an inch, but remained quiet and mellow. When we went back in to tend my mom's body, the kitty went right back to his place on my mom's bed where he had stayed until she died.

Now we had to decide how to dress mom. I

thought about all her clothes and decided that what I remember most is getting up in the morning and seeing her in the kitchen with her chenille robe. So we put a blue one on her and long white socks to cover her legs and her soft slipper/socks. We placed her hands around 'lambie kins' (a stuffed lamb that she often held that was from some religious group...).

When we finished dressing her, the kitty jumped back onto the bed and laid there until the mortuary personnel arrived.

I took the kitty down. He sat on the couch with me for only a moment and then back to mom's bed where he stayed until morning.

I left around 4 a.m. to go home. I returned around 2 p.m. on that afternoon and the kitty was still there. He was laying on the couch.

I worked for several hours packing up some things. When I was ready to leave, he jumped into one of the packing boxes. He went home with me.

I guess, as kitties sometimes do, they pick us. I think this one was sent to me from an angel looking over me.

Sincerely,  
Kathy Letterman

*I wrote to Kathy and offered my sympathy. But I was a bit puzzled about the appearance of this kitty. I was happy that Kathy had decided to take this kitty home and give it home.*

*Sadly, Kathy wrote to me a few days later to let me know that the cat had stopped eating and was weak. He had gone into liver failure. He was apparently much older than we thought. Kathy was kind enough to let him go to the Rainbow Bridge. That is when the story of this "angel cat" all came together in my mind and this is what I sent back to her.*

Dear Kathy,

*I am so very sorry for yet another loss.*

*When I saw his photo I suspected that he was much older than seven years of age.*

*I think there is purpose in this, too, however. That little guy helped your mom to the other side and gave her comfort and gave you something to focus on after she died. I think to have a constant there after such a loss is important and that is what he has been.*

*And on the other hand, perhaps he related to your mom in some way...old, suffering from old age and all the ailments. Sadly, you could not give your mom the same gift that you gave to him....you let him go before his suffering became too much. I am saddened by how low an animal can go and suffer before dying....I suppose it is the same for people...I don't know. You have bestowed the greatest gift to him by letting him go while he still had some dignity. He did not die out there alone...his body is taken care of ...not just out on the street somewhere. He had a job to do, Kathy...he helped your mom to the other*

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And now...

## A Few Words from Mr. Jeffyne



Anyone who has visited RESQCATS anytime during the last 15 years knows that in addition to the many cats and kittens that have been rescued, cared for and put up for adoption by the organization, our property is also the home to many of our own animals...currently 9 collies, 14 giant African sulcata tortoises and, of course, a few cats...18 today...that's a total of 41 rescued animals.

In fact, during the almost 27 years that Jeffyne and I have been married, in addition to as many as 16 giant tortoises, we have had 22 collies and 57 cats...again, all rescues.

People often ask us, "Why do you have so many animals?" and, "Where do all these adoptable pets come from?" and, the most important question, "Why are so many animals available for adoption?"

There are certainly a number of legitimate reasons why an animal might be presented for adoption. The animal's guardian might have passed away or experienced a serious illness or accident. Perhaps an older person has had to move into assisted living or into a hospice situation. Maybe a family member has developed asthma or a critical respiratory condition. And, of course, given the economic situation of the last several years, a person or family may have lost their job and home.

But while these heart-wrenching situations can be awful for a family and their pets, there are, unfortunately, too many "bogus" reasons why people give up their family pets...animals that they said they were making a lifetime commitment to.

People in rescue have heard so many of these so-called "justifiable explanations" for relinquishing their family companion that we could produce our own Dave Letterman Top Ten List!

And if we did, it would probably go something like this:

### The Top Ten reasons why people give up their family pet:

- #10 We decided to move and the new place doesn't accept animals.
- #9 We're going to have a baby and we don't know how our pet will behave.
- #8 My new boyfriend/girlfriend is allergic.
- #7 We got a new puppy or kitten and our old pet is not adjusting.
- #6 The animal got bigger than we thought it would.
- #5 The kids aren't taking care of it anymore.
- #4 It barks or meows more than we expected.
- #3 It was my boyfriend/girlfriend's pet and we broke up.
- #2 The animal doesn't travel well.

And the #1 reason why people give up their pet:

### We don't have time for it!

While this Top Ten list may sound somewhat humorous and a bit tongue-in-cheek, sadly, this is exactly what we hear. Every one of these listed reasons has been an excuse that was told to us when we either rescued one of our animals or a cat or kitten was returned to RESQCATS.

As I've written in previous RESQCATS' Newsletters, we have become a world of disposables. Our society thinks with a throw-away mentality...cell phones, TV's, computers...when the item is no longer convenient or popular, or it gets too old or simply looks tired, we just get rid of it...many times in spite of its usefulness. Maybe it's because the item isn't fashionable any more...maybe it's because we want something new. Whatever the reason, people get rid of their "stuff" just because they don't want it any longer.

Sadly, this is also true of their pets!

Well, while this disposable mentality may be okay for electronics or the old sofa or a worn article of clothing, it isn't okay for companion animals!

Animals are living, breathing creatures with real emotions and feelings...they are not pieces and parts of a stereo system or old "stuff."

And while some people don't equate the animal kingdom to the human kingdom, it is a fact that animals are still feeling creatures capable of a full range of emotions from happiness and joy to loneliness and despair. Anyone who doesn't understand that animals have these feelings and experience these emotions need only look into the eyes of a dog when his guardian approaches...watch his tail wag uncontrollably when the love of his life draws near and you will begin to appreciate the unconditional love and adulation of a companion animal.

As we approach this holiday season...this warm and loving time of the year...a time of peace and goodwill

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toward our fellow man...I would ask you to make a pledge. A pledge not of money or of time...but a simple commitment of awareness...a commitment to our 4-legged, 2 legged and no-legged animals, whether they be furried, feathered, finned, scaled or shelled...companions with whom we share our lives and this planet.

Please consider a commitment like this:

- If you are thinking about adding a companion to your home, don't buy an animal...not from a breeder, not from a pet store and certainly, not on-line...rescue one! There are, literally thousands of rescue organizations out there...hundreds in many communities...many of which are breed-specific...so you can even pick the breed of the dog or cat of your dreams.
- Please remember, as you consider your new family friend, a companion animal is not disposable. When you choose that pet and take him home...make it a choice that will be for a lifetime...yours and your pets.
- Before you make the final decision on what kind of animal you're going to bring into your home...a dog, a cat, a bird, whatever...be sure to think about how a new companion will impact your life:  
Who's going to look after it?  
Do you have the resources to take care of its medical needs?  
Are there going to be any living condition changes that could affect your pet...a move, a new human in the family, allergies?
- And finally, since most of you reading this newsletter are already rescue people and I'm probably "preaching to the choir," why not consider becoming an animal rescue advocate yourself and share this pledge and commitment with your family and friends.

I ask you for this commitment for just one year...with the sincere hope that just like most good habits, when we do something for an extended period...it becomes a habit that we will continue for a lifetime!



"You can judge a man's true character by the way he treats his fellow animals." —Paul McCartney

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And when those wishes were granted, I wrote about them. There is even a RESQCATS candle called "Believe in Miracles" designed just for the organization because of him.

Miracle died on October, 15, 2012...it was my 57th birthday. All his days on Earth were good...all 16 plus years... until his heart failed. It has made me terribly sad and I wonder, "Why did it have to happen on THAT day?! On my birthday!" My dear husband, in all his wisdom replied, "Sweetheart, now you will always have a celebration of Miracle's life on your birthday" He is right.

Miracle's greatest gift to me was to teach me to believe that miracles really do happen. Big ones, small ones...you just have to keep your eyes open to see them all.

And you know, I don't think they will end just because he has gone to the Rainbow Bridge...yet another one of his miracles.

And I know that one day soon, I will feel like singing around the house again..." I believe in miracles!"



## Letters to RESQCATS

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*side, he helped you in the following days and now he is once again at your mom's side. I am certain of that.*

*And perhaps his passing will allow you to release some of the pain you are feeling from the loss of your mom...perhaps those tears you have now have needed to come out for a while.*

*He is an angel...he was one on Earth and now he is one on the Rainbow Bridge. I think he did a great job and what he was intended to do to help you.*

*I send you Light...to see clearly in all you are going through...*

*Love...to feel from all who send it your way...*

*Hope...that as time passes you will have faith that all of this and will get easier and has purpose...*

*Blessings...for all you have given to your mom and to this little guy...*

*And Miracles...for there will be many more... this kitty angel visitor was one of them.*

*Love, Jeffyne*



## Dedication

This newsletter is dedicated to all those animals who have not found homes yet. Every day of my life is for you.





**APATCHEE**



**BOO**



**CHEROKEE**



**BUMBLES & CRICKET**



**CARMEL**

## *The Faces of 2012*

I cannot help but look back at the photos of all the kittens that came through RESQCATS in 2012 as a foster or rescued. Here a just a few of cats and kittens that passed through our doors. For the record, they all have new homes and new names but the names you see listed here were their names while at RESQCATS, forgive me for not knowing all the new ones.

Photography was done by Nancy Aguirre.



**MEI-LI**



**HAVANA BROWN**



**DANDY**



**ISA & BREEZE**



**CONFETTI & MIMOSA**



**JERICHO**



**LADYBUG**



**LATISSE**



**CUPCAKE**

## A Kitten's Prayer



Now I lay me down to sleep  
 The king size bed is soft and deep...  
 I sleep right in the center groove,  
 My human being can hardly move!  
 I've trapped her legs, she's tucked in tight  
 And here is where I pass the night.  
 No one disturbs me or dares intrude  
 Till morning comes and "I want food!"  
 I sneak up slowly to begin  
 my nibbles on my human's chin.  
 She wakes up quickly,  
 I have sharp teeth---  
 I'm a kitten don't you see?  
 For the morning's here  
 and it's time to play.  
 I always seem to get my way.  
 So thank you, Lord, for giving me  
 This human person that I see.  
 The one who hugs and holds me tight  
 And shares her bed with me at night.

## Last Will and Testament

Before humans die, they write their last Will and Testament and give their homes and all they have to those they leave behind. If, with my paws, I could do the same, this is what I'd ask...

To a poor and lonely stray I'd give:

My happy home.

My bowl and cozy bed, soft pillow and all my toys.

The lap, which I loved so much.

The hand that stroked my fur and the sweet voice that spoke my name.

I'd Will to the sad, scared shelter cat, the place I had in my human's loving heart, of which there seemed no bounds.

So when I die, please do not say, "I will never have a pet again, for the loss and pain I cannot stand."

Instead, go find an unloved cat, whose life has held no joy or hope and give MY place to HIM.

This is the only thing I can give...

The love I left behind.

(Author unknown)



## RESQCATS

A non-profit animal rescue organization dedicated to the care and welfare of stray and abandoned cats and kittens.

### I am enclosing my tax-deductible donation:

Angel in Heaven .....	\$1000
Miracle Worker .....	\$500
Magic Maker .....	\$250
Caring Spirit .....	\$100
Supporter .....	\$50
Helper .....	\$

( ) Please designate my donation towards special needs kitties and the Polar Bear Fund.

Make your check payable to:

RESQCATS, PO Box 3852, Santa Barbara, CA 93130  
 Or visit our website and PayPal at [www.RESQCATS.org](http://www.RESQCATS.org)

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/ State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

And if you would like to receive our e-newsletters:

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_



Or email [jeffyne@resqcats.org](mailto:jeffyne@resqcats.org)  
 and we will add you to our list!