

RESQCATS™

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



paws for the news



Spring 2021



President's Message

Written on April 15, 2021



Jeffyne with Snowdrop and Duke

Hello everyone! It's been a while since I brought you up to date, so sit back and enjoy the newsletter as I have a lot to say!

First of all, let me share that we ended 2020 with 177 adoptions. In addition, because we assist other organizations and individuals, RESQCATS spayed and neutered 248 cats and kittens.

Now, fast forward to 2021. Although it is later than in past years, kitten season has arrived at RESQCATS! We are already busy here in our 24th season!

Some of you may recall that I usually take the winter months off and spend them at my winter home in Yachats, Oregon. However, Covid prevented us from going this year, so I remained in Santa Barbara.

It was a tough winter for me emotionally as I lost four of the RESQCATS resident cats within five weeks. Talulah succumbed to her Feline Leukemia at six years old. Most cats with the virus live on average only up to about three years old, so I feel very fortunate to have enjoyed some extra time with her. Ceci, a recently added resident, died just shy of her sixteenth birthday. The Duke of Earl came to RESQCATS when he was turned into a shelter at 17 years old and spent the next four years here. And my dear Delilah lost her battle to lymphoma; she was sixteen. The losses were devastating, especially in such a short period of time. But I am grateful that I was here this winter to say good-bye to each one.

For me, there is no better way to heal from loss than to open my heart to others in need. So when the opportunity presented itself in late February, I reopened RESQCATS well before our usual time in April.

The season began with a single pregnant cat named TearDrop. When she appeared at a feral feeding station in Santa Maria, it was obvious that she wasn't one of the regulars in the colony. She was somewhat friendly. Although TearDrop was cautious, Cara, the sweet lady who is responsible for feeding the colony was able to pet her. When Cara noticed TearDrop's belly expanding, she realized it was not from eating! TearDrop was pregnant! Cara wanted to get the expectant mom to safety before



TearDrop and her tabby babies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1



Athena and her babies

she gave birth in a less than desirable place... the streets. She and her unborn babies made it to **RESQCATS** where she gave birth to four on March 11.

On March 14 another pregnant cat was brought to **RESQCATS** by a caring couple from Oxnard. They had searched the neighborhood and nearby condos to see if she belonged to someone, but no one claimed her. She is a beautiful Russian-blue cat with a charming disposition. I named her Athena. Her belly was already quite large so I expected her to give birth any time. I waited... and waited... and waited... and believe me when I say that patience is not one of my virtues. Finally on April 8th, Athena had SEVEN kittens!

Many of you know that I often work with an organization called Kitty Devore. They pull from a high kill shelter in San Bernadino and transfer cats and kittens to rescues in order to save lives. I reached out to them once I reopened wanting to help. I couldn't look at myself in the mirror at night knowing that I have room at **RESQCATS** to save pregnant cats and moms with babies from possible euthanasia. So that is how Molly, who was pregnant, and Abby with her five newborns and Norah and her five boys came to **RESQCATS**.

Molly appeared small and I guessed that it would be



Abby and her litter



Mr. Pickles, Sugar Bear and Stuart

several weeks before she had babies, but she surprised me one morning with five kittens! (Be sure and read about her little miracles on pages 6 and 7).

During the first month of the season I teased the volunteers that it felt like I was running a home for unweaned pregnant mothers! But over the next few weeks moms had litters and now it feels more like a maternity ward!

In addition, we have taken in several newborns without moms. Mr. Pickles was found by a young lady at just a few days old. She brought him to one of our bottle feeders, Athena Foley, for around the clock feeding. When he is old enough, the family who found him will adopt him.

Sugar Bear was injured by his mother when she was moving her kittens. He was brought to the emergency hospital by the owner for treatment of a 3-1/2 centimeter laceration across his clavicle. That's huge when you consider he weighed just under six ounces! It was not wise to put him back with his mom and risk not having follow-up treatment. The injury would require close monitoring and antibiotics. The fear was that the mother cat would move the kittens and no one would know where. In addition, the owners could not afford treatment so they relinquished him to the hospital. I believe they made a selfless decision in Sugar Bear's best interest. When the emergency clinic called at 6 a.m. one morning, I told them that **RESQCATS** was happy to help. He is also with Athena and recovering nicely.

Stuart, about six days old, was found alone by a young couple and turned into the emergency hospital the day after Sugar Bear was relinquished. When the same vet called from the ER, at least she waited until 8 a.m., I teasingly asked, "What's going on down there?!" She replied, "I guess kitten season is here!" Stuart has joined his surrogate brothers, Mr. Pickles and Sugar Bear.

The emergency clinic called once more two weeks later with two three-week old siblings that had been found. Dana Fritzer has taken them into her loving hands for around the clock care.

Lorreine Borryo realized that seven kittens belonging to two feral moms were in harm's way after another three had been taken by hawks. She tried moving the babies hoping that the moms would take them to a safe spot, but it remained too risky. She decided their best chance was for her to take them in and bottle feed them. Lorreine did the right thing for them and they are under RESQCATS care. Sadly, even with all we tried, the tiniest boy named Tang left us for the Rainbow Bridge several days later. Sometimes that happens... they just fail to thrive. It's heartbreaking every time we lose one. But it is also a humble reminder of just how precious every life is.



Stormi in her bed

Five two-week-old kittens were rescued from a laundry truck and they deserve a story of their own! You will read all about the RESQCATS "laundering kittens" later in this newsletter. They are with our foster, Deanna Koen. (see their story on page 4 and 5.)

A single abandoned kitten, Stormi, is also with Deanna.

Rex, Harley and Jasper were rescued when they were being sold on Craigslist at only six weeks old. Another rescue group notified RESQCATS and asked for help. Many rescues reach out to people who advertise on Craigslist in an effort to make sure they receive proper medical care, spay or neuter surgery and find qualified homes. We also offer to spay the mom for the owners.

And finally, as of this writing, three newborns, a day old, were rescued by some dutiful teen-agers who happened to be walking by and spotted young children playing with them. They were taken to the Santa Maria Humane Society. Luckily, one of the employees is a former foster for RESQCATS. She reached out to ask for help. They are now safe with their foster mom, Karen Terpstra.

With over 50 in our care and the season just beginning,

I expect a very busy year. The volunteers are here in full force, the fosters are working day and night to care for newborns so we are already in full swing! I cannot begin to express my gratitude for the dedication of the volunteers. It's not always an easy job at RESQCATS, but they are willing to do whatever it takes to make a difference.



Rex, Jasper and Harley

I want to give each of you an opportunity to support our efforts at RESQCATS. This is always the difficult part, asking for your dollars, but as uncomfortable as it is for me, it is necessary for RESQCATS to do what we do. Your donation will help us cover food, litter, supplies and medical care. Every cat and kitten will follow our normal medical protocol: vet exam, fecal exam, worming meds, first FVRCP vaccination, Felv/FIV test, spay or neuter surgery and a microchip. In addition, if one needs additional care such as an emergency vet visit, extensive tests or life-saving surgery, RESQCATS will provide that. Some may need to see an intern, cardiologist or other veterinary specialist. Others could require an ultrasound and x-rays. I will save as many as I can and make sure that each and every cat and kitten gets whatever it needs.

Several of the cats and kittens that I have mentioned will be in their adopted homes by the time you receive this newsletter. But I can assure that there will be many more!

So please consider making a tax-deductible donation today. You will truly make a difference as we are all volunteers here.

And one last thought, there isn't a day that goes by that I don't realize that all we do at RESQCATS is made possible through your generosity. In return, I promise you that I will give it my very best.

With gratitude,

Jeffyne Telson
President, RESQCATS, Inc.

RESQCATS Lauanders Kittens!



Many of you have heard of laundering money, but don't worry! That's NOT what we are doing at RESQCATS! But I do have a story for you!

It began with a call from a previous adopter, Adrienne. She and her husband, Mark, adopted a mom and two of her kittens in

Spring 2020. She told me that Mark, who works for Mission Linen in the Santa Barbara corporate office, had received an alarming call from the Los Angeles plant supervisor.

The manager was beside himself when his employees unloaded the truck! He immediately called Mark and asked, "Did you realize that you sent a box of kittens down here on the truck?"

Mark was speechless! His mind began spinning as he tried to come up with an explanation, but he had none. He wondered how this could have happened and most importantly, what was he to do? Mark recalled that there had been stray cats hanging around the local Santa Barbara plant, but no one had taken much notice of them. Now however, tiny kittens were involved and their well-being became the center of his attention.

Apparently, the mother cat had put her five babies in a box filled with soiled towels to keep them warm and safe. Then she had gone off, probably to hunt. Somehow, and we will never really know for certain, the box with kittens got loaded into the back of the delivery truck and took a long

unexpected ride with all the other collected dirty laundry. Mark realized the five kittens, whose mom was now a hundred miles away, needed to be fed.

Fortunately, an experienced "cat lady" who worked at the LA plant had bottlefed kittens in the past.

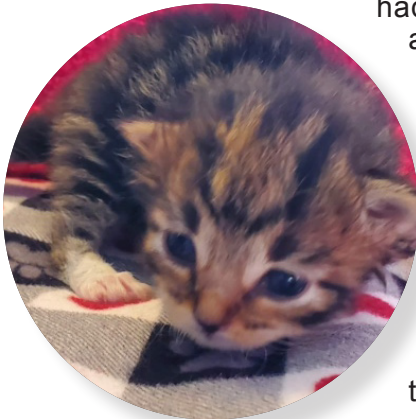
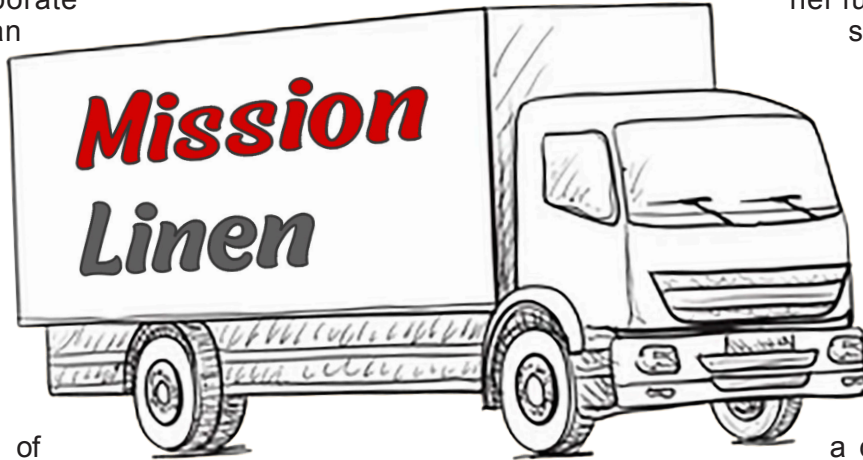
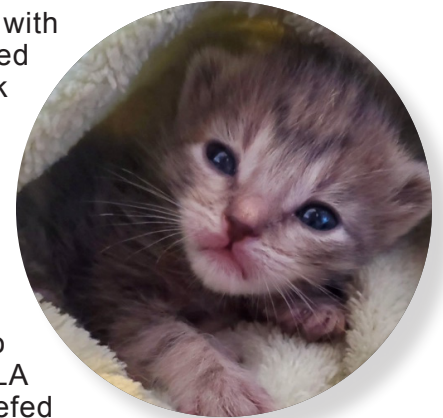
She offered to spend the night feeding them every two hours, but with her full-time work schedule, she certainly couldn't commit to keeping up with that kind of commitment.

Adrienne called me and asked if this was something that RESQCATS could do. Of course, I said,

"YES!" So a trip on a delivery truck back to Santa Barbara was planned for the next day. But the story gets even more complicated as more evidence of the trip unfolded due to Mark's investigation.

As the facts came together, it was discovered that the truck had not gone directly from Santa Barbara to the Los Angeles plant. The driver first drove to Salinas, CA...an additional 220 miles EACH WAY! And it had taken an extra day to do so!

Adrienne kept me in the loop on what was happening as the details became clear. My biggest concern was that the kittens had not eaten in two days by the time they arrived at Mission Linen in LA. They had traveled over 500 miles nestled together in a small box with towels... and each other. At least that would provide some warmth. Their eyes were barely





open and their ears were still slightly folded which meant they were approximately two weeks old. That was good news! If the kittens had been newborns, they would never have survived without mother's milk for that long.

The kind lady at the LA plant immediately took them in, soaked a washcloth in water and began dripping a few drops into each kitten's mouth for hydration. Another employee made an emergency trip to the pet store to purchase bottles and KMR (Kitten Milk Replacement.) The woman spent a long restless night getting up every two hours to feed them, making sure they took the recommended amount and didn't become dehydrated. She truly saved their lives!

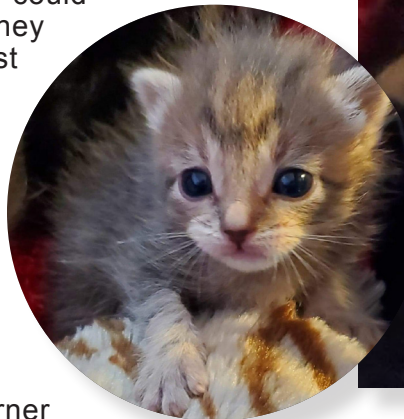
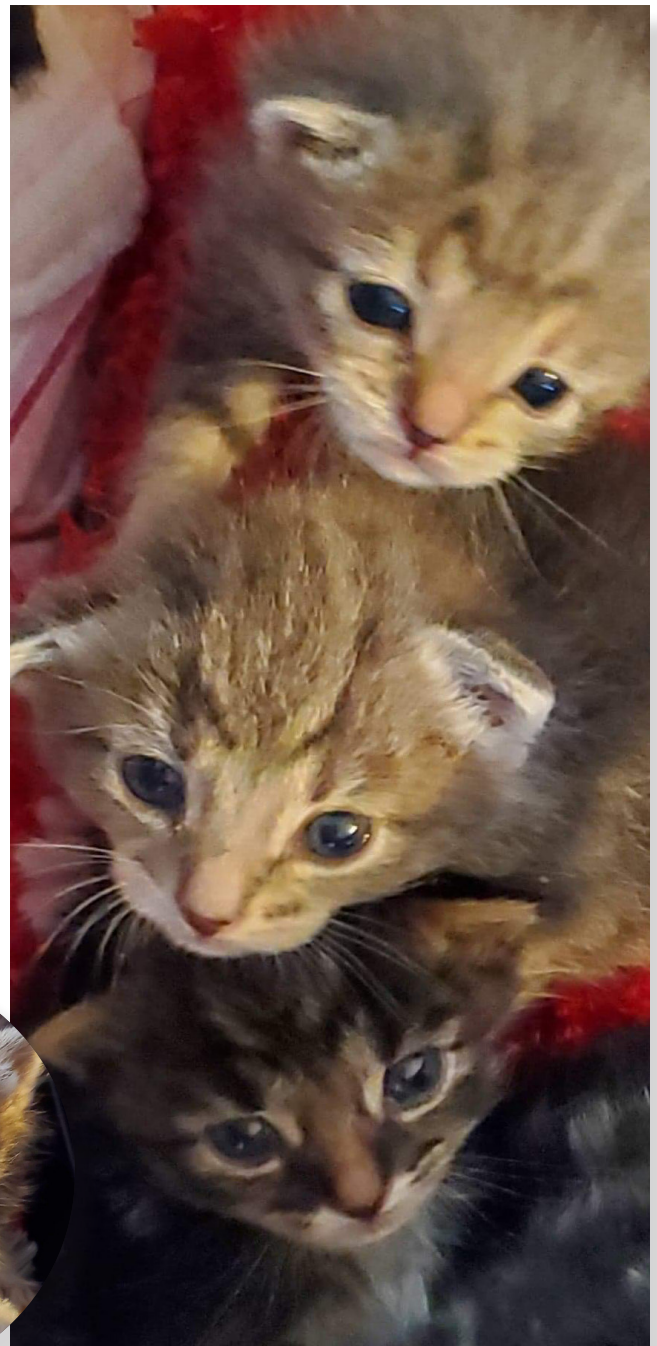
The next day, all five kittens made the 100 mile trip back to Santa Barbara with full tummies. Mark met the truck driver at the local plant and then immediately brought them to RESQCATS. I met him in my driveway, my engine running and anxious to make the 65 mile trip back north to Santa Maria so that Deanna Koens, one of our bottle feeders could take over the job of caring for them. Deanna will have the task of feeding the kittens every few hours day and night. In a few weeks she will wean them onto baby food and canned kitten pate. At about five weeks of age, they will start to use a litter box and begin eating kibble. When they are seven to eight weeks old, they will make the 65 mile trip back to RESQCATS.

As I drove home from Deanna's, the adrenalin in my body began to subside. I knew the kittens were safe. I thought of all the things that could have happened if people had not noticed the box with them inside...they didn't weigh even a pound all together and could have easily been missed! If they had been younger they most certainly could not have gone for 48 hours without eating! I felt my heart sink as I thought of such grim outcomes, but thankfully, that didn't happen. Instead, seven caring people stepped up and saved a litter of kittens who could have been laundered!

As I rounded the last corner

of the drive and returned to RESQCATS, I thought about all the compassionate people that it had taken to save the kittens. I was humbled by their heroic efforts and kindness. I recalculated the journey of over 600 miles from Santa Barbara to Salinas to Los Angeles to Santa Barbara and finally to Santa Maria where they are finally safe. As the rush subsided, my eyes filled with tears... but they were joyful tears. My heart was filled with gratitude to all those who were part of saving these five wee ones. ...

Now, every time I go to throw a dirty towel in the laundry, I think of those lucky kittens... and smile.



Molly's Miracles

When kittens are born at RESQCATS, I always feel they are little miracles. It doesn't matter what color they are, how big or small, long or short hair, perfect or special needs... they are all miracles!

Molly arrived in mid-March from a high-kill shelter in San Bernadino. I feel that it is imperative to help as many as I can, so when I have an empty enclosure and could be saving more lives, I reach out to other organizations to offer assistance. RESQCATS has worked with Kitty Devore for several years. The organization pulls cats from the shelter and places them into rescue when one is available. My desire to help those cats that would be euthanized is a way to truly make a difference.

Let me part from the story here for just a moment. It is not my intent to criticize shelters that are forced to euthanize cats due to the numbers coming into their system. If a shelter has 50 enclosures to house them and 10, 20, 30 or more are coming in each day, what are they to do? While some may say just return them to their original place, each circumstance is different and should be carefully considered.

Putting them back is not always the solution! It could cause undue suffering and a long inhumane death. Instead, educating the public is key and finding new ways to support shelters and rescues is vitally important.

I always feel lucky when pregnant cats give birth during the day instead of in the middle of the night! That way I get to see the kittens as they pop out and moms begin their motherly duties. I can usually tell when they are close to delivering. They often become irritable and don't want to eat. They "nest" by rearranging the neatly folded blankets inside their crate creating a place for the new arrivals. (I've never quite understood why cats do that... is

giving birth on a messy bed better than one that is perfectly made?!) The kittens are more active; and I can feel, and sometimes see them moving. I've often sat in an enclosure for hours anticipating births, only to miss them by a few minutes when I take a bathroom break! At least then, I am back in time to see all but the first one being born! It is a gift to witness new life entering the world.

Molly had her babies in the early hours of the morning, sometime before dawn as I usually check pregnant cats as soon as it gets light. I was not expecting her to deliver for many days; there had been no signs of labor. She looked like she had a lot of time left in her pregnancy. Her belly was small,

her temperament was as sweet as always and she wasn't nesting. So I was surprised when I entered the cattery and heard a single tiny mew coming from her enclosure. Perhaps I hadn't missed it, I thought.

I knew from a previous vet exam that the doctor detected three heartbeats, but he also thought Molly could be carrying as many as five babies. "Maybe she's had one and the others are on the way," I thought. I can be there for

her in case a cord needs to be cut or a problem arises that needs my attention. However, when I reached Molly's enclosure and looked into her crate, she had delivered all five. But four were laying on their sides and appeared lifeless. That explained the single mew I had heard.

I touched the kittens and they were as cold as ice. Molly was in and out of the crate frantically pacing as if trying to tell me that something was terribly wrong. Her golden eyes were dilated so that I could only see her enlarged pupils. Her meows were more like howls. I checked the one that was fussing and mewling; she was active and felt warm.

In that single breath, I felt grateful for the



Molly and her miracles!

surviving kitten, but also heartbroken for the loss of the other four. What could have happened? I don't understand! Did I miss any signs of upcoming problems? She was fine yesterday!

The deep pit in my stomach made me feel sick and tears began to roll down my face. I thought, "I'll get a blanket and bury them together... side by side." As I picked them up and gently placed the small bodies on the blanket, I saw one of the kittens gasp! Somehow, the stimulation of being moved had forced him to breathe! Could they all be alive? I quickly rolled them over looking for signs of life. Yes, they are alive... but I knew they needed help! And they needed it NOW!

I rushed the kittens into the house and called Mitch to come immediately. "Sweetheart, I desperately need your help!" I instructed him to warm fluid bags in the microwave and we placed them under the kittens and blanket hoping to get their body temperatures up. I rigorously massaged them in order to get their circulation moving, but it wasn't enough. Mitch suggested that we use a hair dryer with a warm setting to speed the process. Thankfully, it worked! One by one, they each showed signs of life. Their once shallow breathing became normal!

At one point, I needed to check on the remaining kitten that was still with Molly to make sure she was okay, so I left Mitch with the responsibility of working on the kittens. He draped them in a row across the heated water bottles and continued to massage them. Later he told me that they reminded him of little hot dogs on a grill as he rolled them from side to side in order to disperse the heat.

Mitch was my hero that day... he is every day, but especially that day!

Once the kittens were safe, I put them with Molly to nurse. It happened that a new volunteer, Donna Gill, was starting that day. When she arrived, I directed her directly into Molly's enclosure... no usual tour of RESQCATS or first introductions to anything. She headed straight to Molly and the babies. For the next two hours, Donna sat with her head inside the crate relentlessly trying to get the babies to nurse. But they didn't. Why? What could be wrong now? Then I realized, Molly's milk hadn't dropped!

From experience, I knew this could happen. But to make matters worse, it was Sunday. Most veterinarian clinics aren't open on Sunday... only the emergency hospital is 24/7. I called and was put through to the doctor immediately. As is the case with many vets, he had no experience with newborns and insisted that Molly probably had milk. I knew better! I've done this more than a few times in the last 24 years! I had already checked Molly's nipples for milk. I had massaged the area

with gentle pressure hoping that would help. I knew I wasn't going to get the help I needed so I told the doctor, "Okay, I'll try again and let you know if I need you." Understand that I wasn't upset with his lack of experience, I was only determined to get Molly whatever she needed. That meant I would continue to follow my instincts. It would be sad to take away her babies and bottle feed them. It's healthier for the kittens to stay with their moms whenever possible.

Fortunately, I have the cell number for the doctor at Adobe Pet Hospital, Greg Haskell. I've never abused the privilege of having his number and call only when it is an emergency... and this was clearly an emergency! Dr. Haskell met me at the clinic within an hour, gave Molly an injection that would hopefully make her milk drop. He even sent me home with a second dose in case it was needed. Thankfully, the first dose was successful and within an hour, Molly was nursing all five newborns.

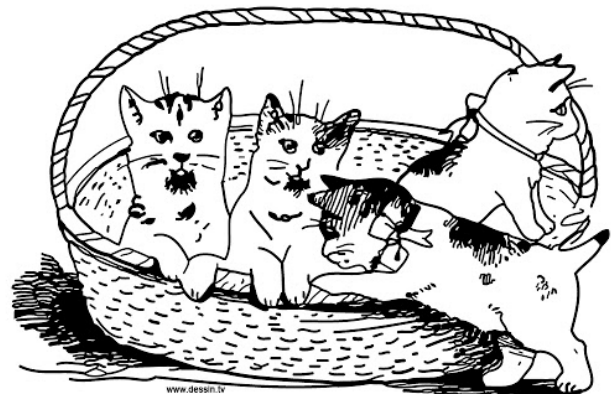
As of the writing of this article, Molly's kittens are three and a half weeks old and they are thriving.

As I think back, things could've been so different. What if she had given birth earlier? If she delivered during the night, I would have found them many hours later after birth. As it was, there were truly only minutes to spare. It may have been too late to revive them. As traumatic as it all was, things worked in Molly's favor. Mitch and I were lucky enough to have the chance to save them.

Later that morning, I thanked Mitch for all he did to help. He said, "Jeffyne, there was so much joy in that and I'm so glad I could be a part of it." Then he paused and continued, "You know, when you save them, you also feel responsible for them." I certainly understand that feeling!

Mitch visits them in the cattery now and then... I catch him out there even though he is not allowed during kitten season. He has such a tender heart that if left unchecked, he would want to keep all five little miracles... and Molly!

We have since agreed that the issue of keeping them is not part of any future discussions, so I have granted him visitation rights... just this once!



And now...
A Few Words from Mr. Jeffyne...
Who's Mr. Jeffyne?



Mitch with Whisper, Atticus and Adonis.

When I first began writing the Mr. Jeffyne column for the **RESQCATS** Newsletter 18 years ago, my objective was to tell interesting, and sometimes humorous, stories about the organization and the woman who runs it. For the first few years, I stayed true to my mission... my articles were about Jeffyne and the wonderful volunteers that dedicate themselves to caring for the stray and abandoned cats and kittens that come through our doors. But in the ensuing years, like a stray cat, my column often wandered into other areas. Depending on what was happening in the animal community, or in my life, I frequently tackled more compelling issues of animal welfare like: pet shops and their reliance on puppy mills; the terrible compulsive disorder that can manifest itself in animal hoarding; the loss of a pet and the grief that often follows; the selling of animals and; the use of animals as entertainment. Of course, along the way, I also told lots of stories about my escapades while rescuing and adopting numerous collies and giant tortoises that were, and still are, an important part of my life.

Some of you who have followed this organization

since it's inception in 1997 know that I am, first and foremost, Jeffyne's husband... a strictly behind-the-scenes **RESQCATS** worker. But for those of you who have only recently learned about this rescue, you might be interested to know that I actually used to have another life... as I reported in 2004!

For most of my adult years, like so many of you, I had to get dressed up when I went to work. I used to get up early so I could run my 6 miles... take a shower, shave, put on a bright shirt and tie, slip on a suit or a jacket and either drive or fly somewhere to take care of business.

I did what most grownups have done for years in order to earn a living and provide for their family. In my case, I was responsible for a very large number of small stores for the better part of forty years.

For many of those years, in addition to being my wife, Jeffyne helped me in my career by serving as the hostess at business parties and as a greeter at many of my company functions.

At one of those affairs, shortly after we were married, I introduced Jeffyne as my wife and teasingly reminded people that they would have to listen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

closely to her as she spoke a strange language... after all she was from a different country... she came from Texas!

During those early years, Jeffyne was often recognized and introduced as "Mitch's wife." In fact, when people would approach her and introduce themselves, they'd frequently say, "Oh, so you're Mitch's wife". To which Jeffyne would politely, but firmly reply, "No... I'm Jeffyne... I'm married to Mitch!"

However, for the past 24 years, since the beginning of RESQCATS, the tables have been turned! I'm no longer "in charge" of anything. In fact, as it relates to RESQCATS, I am often the delivery person, the handyman, the message taker and frequently even the errand boy!

And while Jeffyne is still very much my spouse, my soul mate and my very best friend, she is certainly no longer known or introduced to anyone as "Mitch's wife."

In fact, the reality is that I have become "Jeffyne's

husband!!"

Whether it's when I drop off a litter of kittens at the Humane Society to be spayed or neutered, or if I pick up medicine at the vet's office, or simply when someone recognizes the RESQCATS car license or the logo on my shirt... the comment is frequently the same, "Oh, you must be Jeffyne's husband!"

And contrary to what anyone might think, I really take this as a great compliment.

You see, despite the fact that I may have lost my "business identity" over the past few years, being recognized as "Jeffyne's husband," or more recently, as "Mr. Jeffyne," is the highest form of flattery... to both me and to the woman who devotes her life to the rescue, care and adoption of abandoned cats and kittens.

So, if you recognize me out and about town taking care of RESQCATS business, it's perfectly okay with me if you don't remember my name.

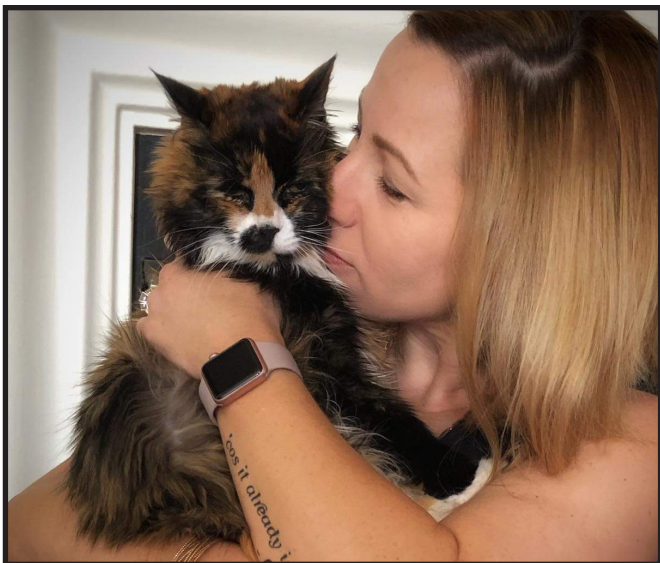
I am delighted to hear and will always answer to "Hi, Mr. Jeffyne!"

Happy 20th Birthday, Zoe!

It's not often enough that adopters stay in touch, but Jackie Tipper has always kept me up to date on two kittens that she adopted in 2001. Sadly, Bella journeyed to the Rainbow Bridge in October of 2019 at 18 years and 7 months.

Jackie and her husband, Geoff, adopted Zoe and Bella when they were still dating! Since then, they married and had two beautiful daughters.

Zoe is the oldest cat adopted from RESQCATS that I know of! She turned 20 in April 2021!



A special thank you to the volunteers!

The precious gift of time is something that I never take for granted. So I would like to thank the volunteers for their dedication and commitment. They are the backbone of RESQCATS. There are no words to adequately express my gratitude.

Whether it is cleaning enclosures, making trips to pick up kitties that would perish at a high-kill shelter, fostering, bottle feeding newborns, refreshing the cattery with a coat of paint, sewing new fleece blankets for the enclosures or keeping up with Instagram posts!

You are all just the best and you make such a difference! I think I have the best team on the planet!



In honor and celebration of...

In honor **Taz Carlson-Oglesby**, a "special kitty who will live in my heart forever."
Colleen Robles

In honor of **Courtenay Huff** and in memory of her sister, **Penny Huff**.
Jeff Oien

In celebration of **Lee Wardlaw** and her 65th!!!
Colleen Robles

Happy birthday to **Julie Kaplan!**
From your friend, *Liz Benishin*

In honor of Kimberly **Nirenberg!**
Carey and Gary Landrith

In celebration of my friend, **Julie Kaplan...**
I cannot imagine my life without her!
Mel Kyle

In honor of **Nancy Lee!**
Paula Wascavage

In celebration of **Julie Kaplan** and her birthday!
Carol Hunt.

In honor of **Nancy Lee!**
Maureen McLaughlin

In honor of **Jan Oldham...**
Beth Whitney and Eric Oldham

In honor of **Beth Whitney and Eric Oldham.**
Jan Oldham

In honor of "**Chai**" and "**Gidget**" and for my daughter who adopted these shy girls... and watched them blossom in her home!
Starr Chappell

In celebration of my mom and dad, **Becki and Jay Eaton...** "they are simply the best!"
Julie Kaplan

In celebration of friendship and **Liz Benishin...**
"She makes the world a better place because she is one of the best people on the planet."
Julie Kaplan

In celebration of two very special people, **Mel and Hal Kyle...** "friends, neighbor kitty sitter, and two people I cherish beyond words."
Julie Kaplan

In celebration of **Margaret Thompson** and a friendship that has endured many years... "This friendship began by chance in Augusta, Georgia in 1994 and has endured ever since. We began as competitors in the same cycling age group and she has become like a sister."
Julie Kaplan

In honor of my wife, **Gail!**
Jeff Brewer

In honor of **Julia Huffman.**
Carey Landrith

In celebration of my friend, **Julie Kaplan.**
Liz Benishin

In honor of **Susie Brown.**
Susan Browne

Celebrating 26 years of friendship with **Julie Kaplan!**
Margaret Thompson

In honor of **Waverly Bagley.**
Love, Mom and Dad

In honor of **Loretta Redd**
Evelynn Smith

Happy Birthday to my guy, **Daryl Metzger.**
Jo Ann Metzger

In honor of **Brian and Mia Sanders.**
Melody and Michael Cokeley

In honor of **Nancy Lee!**
Camarie King

In honor or **Liz Benishin...** to celebrate her birthday and save some kittens and pregnant moms!
Julie Kaplan



In memory...



In memory of **Penny Huff...**
Jean Early

In loving memory of "**Lucky**" and for our dear friend,
Lynn Penney.
Kelly, Lacey, Nancy and Jeffyne

In memory of **Rosalie Bowman's** beloved cousin,
Denny Hanson
Leigh Ann Lisle

In loving memory of "**Possum**" and for my dear friend,
Eliane Martin.

"Angels are never on this earth for very long..." in
memory of "**Tang**" and for **Lorraine Borryo** and
Deanna Koens for nurturing him and loving him during
his much too short life.

In memory of "Magic," adopted from RESQCATS in
2003. And for Rose-Marie Payan who said, "Although
I feel that 18 years was not long enough, the memory I
have of Magic will last a lifetime."

In memory of **Kay Hewitt...**a sweet lady who volunteered
her for many many years. I remember what she always
said about the shy kitties, "They just need some lovin".
Barbra Chase

In memory of "**Malaya,**" a cat that finally got the life that
every cat deserves...and for **Kerin Friden** who gave that
life to her.



In loving memory of "**Piper,**" who left us all too soon.
And for her wonderful human guardian, **Donna Small.**

In loving memory of "**Haley,**" rescued in 2009!
Dean, Kim and "Zinnie"

In memory of "**Sundance,**" littermate of Butch and
RESQCATS alumnus. He is still living in our hearts,
especially his human mommy and daddy, **Catenna**
and Todd.
Caroline Albertson

In memory of my late husband, **Fred.**
Carol Hunt

In memory of
"**Salem**" and for
my friend, **Athena**
Foley. There has
never been a better
foster dog to the
kittens!



In memory of
my "**super-cat,**
Katrina!"
Lyn Brown

In memory of
Nancy's Lee's
beloved cat,
"**Sydney.**"
Chuck Lynch

In memory of "**Papaya.**"
Colleen at Santa Barbara Pet Pals

In loving memory of "**Cleo**" and for **Carol Hunt...**
and for adopting "Muffy," a kitty who desperately
needed a home after her owner passed. Her friend
said, "Carol must be an angel pretending to be a
human."
Julie Kaplan

In memory of "**Cleo,**" "**Talulah**" and "**Delilah.**"
Carol Hunt

In memory of "**CeCi**" and for **Denny and Bonnie**
Epperson.

In memory of "**Marcus**" and for **Nancy Lee.**
Carolyn Johnston

In memory of “Talulah”



We all grieve when we lose a pet and sometimes it's hard to put our feelings into words.

And we often wonder if there is anyone who truly understands our grief.

Let me say this, you are not alone. I share the loss of Talulah with you, not to make you sad, but to reassure you that I understand... and so do many others. It helps me to write about my feelings of grief. I hope what I have written gives you the courage to do whatever it takes to help heal your heart... write, draw, create a special memorial or something else. But most important is that you embrace your feelings of hurt because that means you love deeply.

It was a day that I had known would come for three years, but until now, I had always managed to put it out of my mind. But after a recent visit to the vet and some bad news about her leukemia status, the day Talulah would leave me drew nearer. I knew my borrowed time was coming to an end. I was grateful to have the warning, thinking that somehow it would help me prepare, but how does one ever really get ready for a day like this?

It was a quiet morning as it always is when you are an early riser. As usual, I was up before dawn to watch the sun rise and sip my chai latte as the day slipped into view through the darkness of night. Perhaps, I thought, by some miracle, things had changed overnight and I could postpone the inevitable. But it wasn't to be. Today was the day.

I clutched the steering wheel and I fought back the tears as I drove to the vet's office. I peered in the rear view mirror every few seconds to make

sure all was okay on our final journey together. I wondered how the world around me could continue; people in their cars heading to their destinations, birds singing their songs and the sun slowly appearing to illuminate the clouded winter sky. I loosened my grip on the steering wheel and my white knuckles began to turn pink as the blood returned to my fingers. My heart pounded and the heaviness in my chest felt all too familiar. Yes, I have been down this road many times, but it is never quite the same when we lose one we love.

The grief of each cat that I lose is different and I can never anticipate how I will respond. Sometimes the tears come quickly and other times it is the next day as I attempt a new routine without them. While the rest of the world rushed about as a normal day, the world came to a pause for me as I tried to reconcile one of the hardest decisions that I ever have to make. I asked myself, "Is it too

soon?" "Am I doing the right thing?" "Is there still a chance for a miracle?" There is always doubt, no matter how many times I have made this tough, but selfless decision to let one of my cats go to the Rainbow Bridge.

Three years ago, a volunteer told me about Talulah, a sweet adult cat who was in desperate need of a home. She was at a shelter and because she tested positive for Feline Leukemia, the shelter was going to euthanize her if she was not placed. They loved her at the shelter, but it was no place for her to live out her days and I understand that. But I had lost three leukemia positive kittens within the previous year and to knowingly set myself up for more grief and heartache seemed like an unbearable undertaking. In all honesty, I wished the volunteer hadn't told me about Talulah. If I didn't know of her existence, I would have never brought her home...or had to face this day. But it was done...it was too late. I now knew about Talulah and I felt an overwhelming responsibility if I declined to take her...I could be sending her to her death if she didn't find a home. I have never regretted bringing her to RESQCATS... NEVER... not even today.

I had a special enclosure for Talulah that protected any kittens and moms that were available for adoption from being exposed to the virus. And the resident cat, Sampson, that lived on the other side of her was vaccinated.

Talulah loved the cozy indoor space, but spent much of her time in her outdoor tunnel that led to not one, but two outdoor enclosures. Every morning she would bound in when breakfast was served...and we repeated the ritual every evening for dinner.

On average, most leukemia positive cats live only two to three years. The three kittens, Liora, Asya and Katsu, that I had kept and loved as resident cats when they tested positive lived to only nine months, a year and one and a half years. Talulah was estimated to already be two to three. It was only a couple of months after Katsu passed that Talulah came to live with me.

I believe that every life is worth saving and as long as the quality of life is good, then I am willing to give the cats like Talulah the home they deserve...for however long they have. I always tell myself that I will know when it's time, when life is no longer one of quality and dignity. I know all that in my head, but when it comes right down to the decision, I seem to second guess myself as if somehow bargaining for more time would make a difference.

The drive to the vet was full of doubts: my head told me one thing; it is time; while my heart yearned for another day...or two...or more. I gave

in to my objective thinking and continued to the vet for that final good-bye knowing that my heart would break. I told myself that this moment was not about me, it was about Talulah. The last few days had been a steady decline for her and I didn't want her to suffer needlessly.

I was with Talulah during her peaceful passing and I realize that being there with her was a gift in itself. I believe that animals choose their time to go to the Rainbow Bridge. And while I feel sad that I was not able to travel to my winter home in Oregon as I usually do, the last two weeks unfolded as they were meant. Talulah's blood work proved her compromised state and confirmed that the leukemia had kicked in, it was only a matter of time.

I had many special moments with her in the following two weeks. It wasn't kitten season and I hadn't been torn between trying to care for many cats and kittens with only a few minutes here and there to spend with the residents. Is it possible that Talulah knew this and chose her time to leave?

Talulah was five to six years old, well past the usual lifespan of a leukemia positive cat. I think that having a stress free life at RESQCATS with warmth, food and love had added to her longevity.

I'm guessing that there are some who may think that I get used to days like this...that somehow it's easier because I have been through loss so many times. But it isn't. The loss of one of my pets is not something that becomes easier because it is familiar. The heart-ache is always there. The emptiness is always staring me in the face and the grief of one brings up the loss of others that have passed before. I question myself, "Why do I do this? Why do I take in the Talulahs of the world knowing that they will not live long? How much more loss can I endure?"

Let me just say this, at least I know what to expect in the days, weeks and sometimes years that follow. I understand that grief reveals itself in different ways for each loss. Sometimes I can cry immediately and other times those delayed tears take me by surprise and come when I least expect them. The heaviness in my chest remains for a while...sometimes a very long time. And sometimes that heaviness and those tears come and go. I never know.

But, what I do know is that I never get used to it. Each loss is different and I must embrace it because only with so much love can come so much hurt.

I miss you Talulah, but I wouldn't change what I did by taking you in, nor would I forego all the love and laughter you gave to me...I would have only wanted it to last longer.

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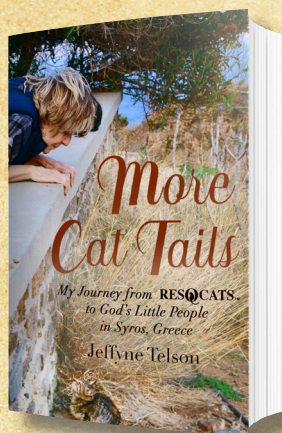


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To get your signed copy now, contact Jeffyne at Jeffyne@resqcats.org.
Or visit the following link to order yours today: http://resqcats.org/cat_tails.asp.

More Cat Tails... the second book by Jeffyne Telson, is out now!



After more than a year of writing between kitten seasons, my second book, ***More Cat Tails: My Journey from RESQCATS to God's Little People in Syros, Greece*** is finally done and available for purchase!

As many of you may recall, at the end of 2018 I had the honor of being selected from over 35,000 applicants to go to the tiny Greek island of Syros in the middle of the Aegean Sea to help care for over 60 cats at God's Little People Cat Rescue. I also worked side-by-side with the founder, Joan Rachlitz Bowell, on a project helping a semi-feral colony that lived at the top of a mountain next to a Greek Orthodox Church.

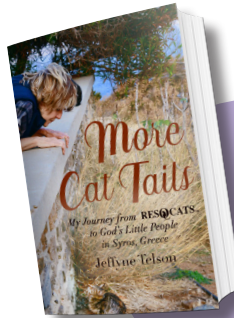
My four months on Syros was a life-changing experience that I will never forget. Experiencing and then writing ***More Cat Tails*** has been a true flight of love.

The book is a heart-warming read about the cats I met, fostered, grew very close to and came to love. You'll find a lot of humor throughout the book as I share my experiences in a foreign country: how to parallel park, which stop signs to ignore, and the delightful people I met during my time on this incredible island. You'll chuckle when you get to the part about my attempts at cooking and how I survived on a vegan diet. Of course you'll also learn about the lives of the cats in Greece, the challenges I faced and the life lessons I learned from this experience.

More Cat Tails: My Journey from RESQCATS to God's Little People in Syros, Greece is more than just another book of cat stories; it's also a book about pursuing your dreams and making a difference. If you have a heart or a funny bone, I think you'll really enjoy the book.

To get your signed copy now, contact Jeffyne at Jeffyne@resqcats.org. Or visit the following link to order yours today: http://resqcats.org/more_cat_tails.asp

Also available at The Montecito Pet Shop and Chaucer's Books for your convenience.



Here is how you can order! Fill out the form(s) below and send it with your check made out to RESQCATS. Mail to RESQCATS, PO Box 3852, Santa Barbara, CA 93130. Or visit our website at www.RESQCATS.org and click on the "BOOK" tab to order. **100% of the proceeds from the sale of the book go directly to RESQCATS, Inc.**

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