

New Home from page 1.

Another snag is that we're not certain our fencing is cat-proof. One of our residents, Brady, has demonstrated that it's possible for a determined cat to get out. He lives in the main hall because he's such an irrepressible

monkey that he drives other cats crazy in a communal room. When the weather warmed up, Brady dedicated himself to campaigning for outside privileges. We've turned him down, but it's an ongoing argument. (If anyone wants to adopt an incurably lively, happy-go-lucky young tuxedo cat, we'd love to hear from you.)

The new building has become a home for our critters as much as our barn was. Its advantages have been a blessing though. Throughout the coldest winter and the hottest summer days in ages, we had central heating and air conditioning. The spacious porches, which didn't arouse much interest from the residents in winter, proved hugely popular when the weather warmed up. Cats lay outside, enjoying the sight and scent of wildlife in the bush around the building.

This shelter is everything we'd hoped. The only thing better would be a real home for each furry orphan. We have faith that it will happen. It always has.

*The porches are side by side, with the special needs cats' porch screened from the others by a transparent shield. They're a great place to snooze on a hot day.*



## In Memoriam and Tribute

We gratefully acknowledge gifts to Katie's Place

from Colleen and Dale in memory of  
**Diane Copeland**

from Donna Borland-Spry in memory of  
**Diane Copeland**

from Irene Anderson in memory of  
**Diane Copeland**

from Maxine Clarke in memory of  
**Diane Copeland**

from Doreen Hayward in memory of  
**Cleo**

from Christina Baker in memory of  
**TreyBoy**

from Moira and Terry Connor in memory of  
**Toby**

from Jen Lee in memory of  
**Diane Copeland**

for Rambo in honour of  
**Kendall Costello**

from Emma Clarke in honour of  
**Nemo Yang Veldboer**

from Mr. and Mrs. White in memory of  
**Spice**

from Maureen MacKay in memory of  
**Scott Speirs**

from Donald Lutes in memory of  
**Scott Speirs**

from Gail Mackay in memory of  
**Scott Speirs**

from Betty Speirs in memory of  
**Scott Speirs and his beloved cat, "Sammy"**

from Freda Heinrichs in memory of  
**Scott Speirs**

from Donna Skuce in memory of  
**Lois Lester**

from Debi Pearce in honour of  
**Dick and Lynn Power**

from Jacqueline Newton in memory of  
**Honey, beloved pet of Helen Hylton-Foster**



# Katie's Place

## Animal Shelter

SEPTEMBER, 2009

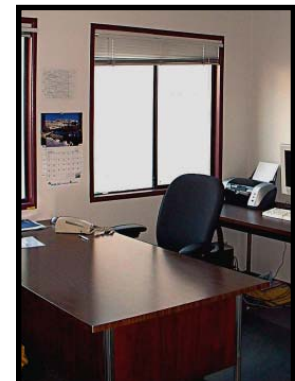
## One Year in Our New Home

Our grand opening was last September. Since then, the building has become well lived-in, with toys underfoot and mementos on the walls. About 150 critters have been adopted from the new place. Diana and her brother Dizzy (who has Cerebellar Hypoplasia) went to a home together. Bubba and Cookie, who stood out as our sole guinea pigs, found a home. Many more critters arrived to fill the vacancies.

This summer was our busiest ever. We joined two other small rescue groups trapping dozens of feral cats that would be poisoned if they couldn't be relocated. A few should not live in a feral colony. Parker was a forlorn, homeless pet living among them. He's at the shelter, hoping for a home. Jem, Jewel and Jake were eight-week-old kittens who can be adopted.

Several senior cats found refuge with us when their people passed away or went into care. Several litters of kittens arrived. Youngsters born without a home went into foster care to learn House Cat 101.

*The Portables had been offices. We converted each office into a homey communal room.*



*Our shelter, built from second-hand portables, has become a comfortable haven.*

We dealt with medical issues from the dramatic to the mundane. PJ narrowly survived starvation on the streets, staggering with weakness when he arrived; Stitch narrowly survived a bowel blockage. We wiped runny noses, and we discovered that Turbo's limp tail was just strained. (How do you strain your tail!)

Tending the animals kept us so busy all summer that we couldn't complete our landscaping. We had high hopes for a yard the cats could play in. Our optimistic plans went on the back burner once kitten season hit. Unlike building the shelter, the landscaping is a nice-to-have, not a must-have.

*Continued on page 4.*

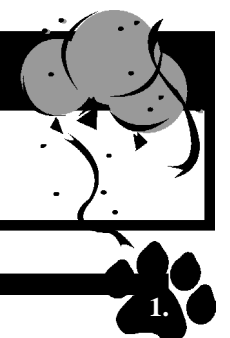
## Want to Volunteer?

Volunteering in animal rescue is probably the most inglorious work and the most rewarding work you could find. We go every day and clean rooms that the residents turn upside down like unruly children. Even as we scoop litter pans and wash floors, we never wonder, "why am I doing this?" Every purr and nuzzle reminds us why we keep coming back. They greet us each day with all the love they can show. Join our volunteer team. Contact Sandra or John at [volunteeratkatiesplace@shaw.ca](mailto:volunteeratkatiesplace@shaw.ca), or leave a message at 604-463-7917.



## Anniversary Party

You're invited to the first anniversary of our new shelter's opening. Join us on Saturday, September 26, between 11 am and 5 pm. Look around our shelter and meet the residents. There will be refreshments and lots of critters eager to welcome you. On-street parking is available.



## A Shelter Pet's Catch-22

Saturn was a sturdy, orange tabby with a chubby face and intelligent eyes, and she lived homeless for at least six months. The person who turned her in had been watching her. Settled at the shelter, she seemed glad to be among people again and was cheerful and responsive at first. But she grew impatient with too much attention. Even the person who turned her in noted that she could show a contrary streak. She chose to melt into the corners of her communal room where she was never noticed. Aloof and independent, she seemed to become depressed over the next few months. If adopters had not been attracted to the indifferent cat in the corner before, they were certainly not interested in the cat with mucky eyes and unkempt coat that she became.



She grew finicky about food and lost weight. Without our prompting, she didn't bother to eat. We had her checked by the vet. There was nothing physically wrong. She just wasn't happy at the shelter. However, at eight years of age, Saturn, with her dull eyes and shabby appearance, was not a prime candidate for adoption.

The longer she was unhappy, the shabbier she let herself become, and the less likely she was to be adopted. It's a common irony at shelters that the more unhappy an animal is with shelter life, the lower her chances are of getting out. For many, it's a grim, downhill slide with a bleak ending. We didn't know what to do with Saturn. We wrote in her description on the web that she had grown depressed and we hoped to hear from someone who was moved by her plight. We couldn't promise she would become loving with a new family. At best, we expected she would be an undemanding companion and a low maintenance pet.

She had been at the shelter for one month short of a year when one of our volunteers took pity on her and decided to take her home. An e-mail to the volunteer group that weekend notified everyone that one of us was adopting her "to see how Miss Cranky Pants would do in a real home."

## We Need Canned Food

Canned, soft food is comfort food that can tempt a cat to eat when he feels low. We go through a lot of it, so if you could spare any, we could really use it. Many cats arrive depressed, sick or hurt. Several are just plain elderly. A little sympathy and mushy food picks their spirits up, and a fragile case becomes bright eyed and hopeful again. We'd be very grateful if you could help refill our kitchen cupboards.

She had only been home for a short while when her new person responded to that e-mail. "Cranky Pants? Did you call our sweet, rolling-on-the-floor, purring-away, letting-us-brush-her, and talking-to-us cat a Cranky Pants? Shame!

She would be proud to show you how much she loves being in a home and is even respectful and friendly toward the other cats. She just sat in her carrier on the way here, not a word. When she arrived, she jumped out of the carrier, no hesitation, and proceeded to rub against us, purring and purring to say 'Thanks for taking me home.' She runs to greet us, sits by my desk while I work, and she is already figuring out that our bed is her bed too. I would have never imagined such a transformation."

We shouldn't have been surprised. We have seen cases before of animals that did a complete turnaround once they were in a home environment. As the volunteer who adopted her said, "Her angels are with her." She had the chance to show her

cheerful, affectionate personality again – the kind of personality adopters come to find.

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This story is excerpted from a book about Katie's Place, *The Cat Who Sang and Other Stories of Rescued Animals*, which will soon be available.

### Katie's Place Animal Shelter

Katie's Place, established 2001, is a nonprofit, no-kill, volunteer-run shelter in Maple Ridge. We rescue, alter and adopt out homeless small animals.

**Phone:** 604-463-7917

**Email:** [katies.place@shaw.ca](mailto:katies.place@shaw.ca)

**Shelter address:** 10255 Jackson Road,  
Maple Ridge

**Mailing address:** 20803 Camwood Avenue,  
Maple Ridge, B.C. V2X 2N9

**Open Hours:** Sat. & Sun. 12:00 noon - 2:00 pm

**Website:** [www.katiesplace.petfinder.com](http://www.katiesplace.petfinder.com)

**Charitable Registration  
Number:** 86250 6037 RR0001

## Our Furry Friends

We've had some exceptional adoptions and welcomed more special critters.

Puddy and Pooh found a home together. They're exceptional because Puddy lost bowel control after he was hit by a car many years ago, while Pooh was very shy. They found a great home with the proprietor of Cats in the Meadow boarding kennel. They have comfy accommodations and lots of attention. Their person told us, "Pooh has let me into his circle. I can give him a head and neck scratch and massage his back right down his tail, and Puddy is just the sweetest little guy and gets along with everyone."



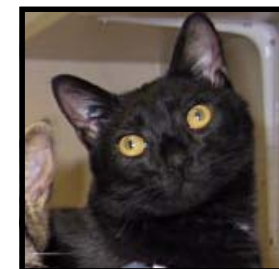
*Puddy*



*Cedric*

Cedric is an elderly cat in a foster home who found a way to beat last summer's heat. He moved into the bathtub! He came out to eat and then headed right back to the tub.

Tug was a feral kitten found on a boat. He was adopted when he was nearly a year old. His family wrote, "We set him up in his own room and quite expected some resistance when we opened the pet carrier door. Tug strolled out, no coaxing necessary. After a few minutes of checking out his surroundings, he decided he was going to stay and snuggled up against my leg. By the time we went to bed last night, he was all over us, giving us head butts and snuggling, lying across or beside us, often with his legs in the air. Tug is quite the love bug!"



*Tug*

Maxwell had been homeless, and the heartbreak of his life was plain on his face. Within a few weeks, he realized we loved him, and he became a cheerful cat who was adopted despite having a heart murmur. Maxwell's note to us said, "It took me only two days to get used to my new family. At night I jump on their bed and snuggle up to one or the other and even kiss them. I have visited the vet; guess what? He gave me a clean bill of health. He could not hear any heart problems and thinks that since I am happy and relaxed now, the problem disappeared. Sincerely, Happy Maxwell"



*Maxwell when new.*

Aretha and Max were plain black cats passed over for younger, prettier cats. They found a sympathetic home, and their person wrote, "They are wonderful company for each other and especially for myself. Aretha and Max are amazing and I love them both so much I cannot tell you."



*Max*

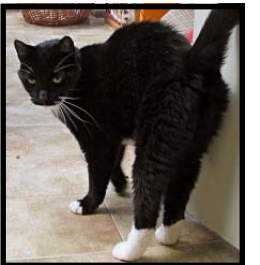
Misty Moment was depressed and angry about ending up at the shelter. Her adopters got in touch recently. "We



*Misty at the shelter.*

just can't believe it has been five and a half years since this sad, traumatized little kitty came to live with us. She is about 10 or 11 years old now and has no health problems. Most of the time, she is well behaved. She just gets a little cabin fever during winter. It's hard to believe she was deemed unadoptable."

Among our new admissions were several senior cats. Suzanne came to the shelter at the age of 13, after ten and a half years in the same home. Keiko lost the home she had all 13 years of her life when her person moved. Devon lost his home at 13 when his person went into care. Prince Valiant lost his home at 13. The remarkable thing is that if we didn't tell you their age, you would never guess. Each is sleek and robust. Each is affectionate. They don't cavort like kittens but they're bright and responsive.



*Devon*



*Charm*

Prince Valiant went home with one of our volunteers. The others are still waiting for homes.

Charm, a baby bunny, appeared to have been mauled by a predator and survived. Her wounds were stapled at our vet's and she recovered completely in a foster home.

## Garage Sale

We're holding a gigantic garage and craft sale at Katie's Place on Saturday and Sunday, September 12 and 13, between 10am and 3pm. You'll find some unique treasures. Then you can meet some furry treasures. Prices are by donation, and it all goes directly to the animals.

