

Barnwater Cats Rescue Organization

SUMMER 2008 NEWSLETTER

A big thank you to the people who signed up for electronic delivery.

It certainly helps the budget!

If you want to sign up, just send an email to

BCROemm@yahoo.com



Grants Received from The Petfinder.com Foundation

The shelter survives through volunteers, grants, gifts, donations and hard work.

Two grants from The Petfinder.com Foundation helps makes our work possible.

Martin LaBorde Prints

We have sold three prints so far and have at least one of each of the ten paintings. Again, a giant thank you to Becky Cheffer-Edwards at B.E.E. Galleries of New Orleans. Her generosity of both artwork and spirit are truly amazing. If you need a special gift for someone or have a little blank space on your home or office wall, consider purchasing one of these fine prints. You can receive full color photos via email of each one by asking Eluise at BCROemm@yahoo.com.

Yard Sale Results

Because of the economy and high gas prices, our semi-annual yard sale in June was not as successful as previous sales. We had many items donated in pretty fine condition but, with few exceptions, people were just not buying anything that was more than a few dollars. The shelter hoped to raise almost twice as much as the actual amount of \$900 realized. Nevertheless, a big thank you to all who donated items, helped with pricing or manned the tables. It's all possible because of you.

Fosters/Sponsors Needed

The shelter is full again with the arrival of three young cats from New Orleans [see article elsewhere]. Foster homes are always at the top of the wish list, just under forever homes. Sponsors are also most welcome--people who cannot take in a cat but can commit to a certain amount each month to cover the cost of food and/or litter and/or medical expenses. If you can see yourself as a benefactor who can make a true difference in the lives of these cats, come on in and pick out a deserving kitty to sponsor, or take a look at the shelter's cats on our website: barnwatercats.org.



This newsletter is a periodic publication of Barnwater Cats Rescue Organization

3131 East Evans Street

Denver, Colorado 80210

(303) 759-2855

Editor: Eluise Marvin, bcroemm@yahoo.com

Successful Raffles

Konnie Olson took two of the Martin LaBorde prints and sold raffle tickets quicker than teens can eat a snack. Here's her report:

We had such good response to the "raffle" of the print to benefit Barnwater Cat Rescue that I was able to add a second print! The first drawing was 200 tickets and the winner receives the "Love is a 4-Pawed Word" print valued at \$250. The second drawing was 50 tickets for the print of the dude flying with a cat and a dog. The second print was signed, but not numbered, so the value is \$50.

All of you included in this particular email were entered into the first drawing, with the exception of Carlyne who had her tickets split equally between the two drawings.

The drawing was conducted in my office conference room, with about 10 co-workers witnessing, and my assistant, Theresa, doing the actual drawing. I even borrowed one of those official raffle glass boxes that spins - ooh, the excitement. And the winner of the first print is . . . BETH SPRINGER!

Most of you know Beth, and are thinking "if it can't be me, I'm glad it's her"! For the couple of you who don't know Beth, she is the full-time VOLUNTEER Director of the Good Samaritan Pet Center and the biggest animal advocate you can imagine. She is a recent cancer survivor and has had a very rough past year (including her dog, Chip, also having cancer. Like his Mama, his prognosis is excellent.). So here's to this marking the official beginning of a good luck phase for her!

The Winner of the second print is . . . SUE SPAHLINGER! Sue is another big animal advocate and, coincidentally, has adopted a pair of kitties from Good Samaritan Pet Center.



A really big and sincere thanks to all who participated. In the span of just a couple of days and with very little effort we raised \$250 for a wonderful cat rescue group. If anyone has an item they'd be willing to donate, that would appeal to a group of animal lovers, just shout at me and we'll do this again in the future to benefit another rescue group.



Hazel in her New Orleans Bunker



**Sister Foxy Roxy in her lounge chair
(you can just see Hazel in the lower right)**

A Report from Kris on her Second 2008 Trip to New Orleans [late May]

We got back from New Orleans on Tuesday. It was a long drive and we were all exhausted. But Margery did reach her goal: to catalog 1,000 books for the New Orleans Public Library. Congratulations!!

While we were down there, we went to Animal Rescue New Orleans (ARNO--check out their website), the shelter in New Orleans that was spontaneously set up after Hurricane Katrina hit. There are still thousands of animals needing homes. If they are not Katrina survivors, many are the off-spring of the unneutered cats and dogs that were left behind or that escaped from rescuers or animal control officers in the aftermath. In our continuing work with those animals, BCRO has pledged to bring up three more cats in the next few weeks. If you would like to see photos of the cats that will be arriving soon, just email me with your request.

We are taking two girls, sisters who have lived in a cage in a warehouse without windows for over a year; and what we think is a male (no one we talked to seems to know for sure) who is in the same situation. The shelter has done a wonderful job and we are working with them to arrange transportation to Denver. We picked two of the cats, then as we were leaving one of the volunteers told us about Marigny, who had also been there over a year. So, I decided to bring back three instead of two.



Marigny deep in concentration

FELIX: A Bitter-Sweet Story

The Sweet Part: What kind of people send an email to a shelter and say that they want to adopt a cat that is about ten years old, has either irritable bowel disease or cancer; is on medication and may always be; has very stinky poop; eats about 6-8 cans of Friskies a day; pushes his food onto the floor while eating and herds you to his food dish every time he sees you?

Angels. That's the only word for it. Yep, angels.

Steve and Sharon Danzig sent such an email, came to meet Felix on Monday, spent two days preparing for the "new boy," and came to adopt him today. Besides their signed adoption contract, they took with them a new blanket, hand-made by our own Justin, two wonderful cat beds, two bags of Avoderm, and two hot cats. WOW. There are going to be some happy kitties in the Danzig house tonight. Party party!

Felix, who has been dumped and abandoned by more people and agencies than I could track down, has finally found his forever home, and what a glorious home it is! He has a brother named Dodie who was rescued from a California shelter, who is also very sweet and gentle.

I promised Felix when I rescued him from the Denver Municipal Shelter, euthanasia pending, that he would never be dumped again and that he could live with me for the rest of his life...but the angels sent Sharon and Steve to adopt him, because they are the real home he was meant to be in.

So, Big Paw Salute to the Danzigs for having such a generous and open heart; and a big Barnwater salute to Felix for hanging in there, for never giving up, and for always believing that this would really happen--in spite of everything in his life experience that said it wouldn't.

The Bitter Part: I am very sad to tell you that we lost Felix yesterday afternoon, Friday July 11th 2008.

He had been throwing up for several weeks and has had a lot of tummy pain, even though he had been controlled since January with one dose of Prednisone daily. His ultra sound showed some time ago that he had either irritable bowel disease or lymphoma, a form of cancer.

He had been adopted out in May, but was returned a month later for pooping on the floor and vomiting, something that he had not been doing prior to his adoption. And he had never ever not used his litterbox properly.

Felix now holds the record as our most congenial, sweetest tempered cat to ever come into the shelter. For years Jesse had held this record, and truly there is just a whisker's difference between them...he never had a mean word to say, or a glare or a hiss...every cat he met was his friend. He never stopped purring and he drooled when he purred. In spite of the worst imaginable past history for being neglected and abandoned, he continued to love everyone he met, animal or human.

I could not let him be in pain anymore, and sometimes in rescue work, the best thing you can do for any animal is to help him out of his painful mortal trappings and free his soul. Thank you Dr. Monica for a compassionate and gentle euthanasia. Thank you Felix for six glorious months of unconditional love. I'll never forget you and I'll always love you.

May the angels fly thee home. Love from all of the Barnwater Cats and a list of admirers longer than you could ever imagine...

Kris

Congratulations to Kris, Winner of the Local Red Cross National Volunteer Appreciation Week Award, May 2, 2008

Kris received two round-trip Frontier Airline tickets from the Mile High Chapter of the Red Cross. Thank you to Connie Dixon and the Selection Committee. For more information about the Mile High Chapter, to make a donation, to get trained, or to learn about volunteering, please visit <http://www.denver-redcross.org> or www.denver-redcross.org.

I remember my very first DAT call...it was about 10:30 pm, winter and snowing. My Captain called me and gave me directions. When I called him to report that I was on-the-scene, he said, "I have to tell you something. The lady had three cats and they all died in the fire."

I didn't know what to say. I felt my heart stop and float out of my body. (I own and operate a licensed, limited admissions, non-profit cat shelter: cats are my passion.) Of all the team members who could have been called that night, I was the one who caught the call. It wasn't until the night ended that I realized why I had been sent to this family.

As I walked up the hill to the apartment building, I asked the firemen about the cats that had perished. They told me that animal control had come and removed the bodies; but that the firemen had been able to save the tiny kittens that the client, let's call her Shauna, had left behind in a box in her bedroom when she fled the scene to save the lives of her son and herself.

Kittens? Saved? Wow! I felt the warmth from a tiny spark of hope.

After completing the 901 and other paperwork, I learned from the interview that one of the adult cats that died had recently had three kittens and that they were only 2 weeks old. Jeeezz. I immediately got on my cell phone and called my best friend and advised her of the situation. Linda is an expert in newborn and motherless kitten care, so I got some advice from her and gave Shauna the telephone. By then, our Red Cross work was done, so now it was time to launch into "Plan B" to try to figure out how to get some KMR (mother's milk replacement) for the kittens, oral syringes for feeding them, and blankets and instructions. I explained to our client that I would get her the emergency supplies that she would need, but that she would have the difficult job of trying to save the kittens by feeding them every four hours around the clock and taking care of their toilet needs (which must be done manually). A daunting task, even in the best of circumstances.

I had her follow me to about three blocks from my friend Linda's house and she and her sweet son waited in their car while I zipped over to Linda's and got the supplies. When I handed them over to Shauna through the car window, I gave her Linda's phone number and told her, "This will be your support person in the future. You are to call her every day and you may call her any time of the day or night. A huge percentage of newborn kittens who are raised by a novice caregiver do not make it. Are you sure you want to do this?" There, in the freezing cold, at about 2:30 a.m., she looked me right in the eye and said, "We have to try and save them. They are all we have left."

For the next few days, it was touch and go, and several weeks later when the kittens got sick, I left a bottle of antibiotics and instructions at my vet's, at no charge to Shauna. All she had to do was pick them up and administer them. When kittens get sick at that age, they usually do not make it.

Well, skip forward 8 weeks...all of the kittens are beautiful, healthy and ready for neutering--which was done at no charge because we used grant money from the Animal Assistance Foundation. Fast forward another two weeks...all three of the kittens are now living in their new, forever homes--the two that went together have two brothers who are yellow labs and they now live in Evergreen where they enjoy their kitty condo, tearing through the house and driving the dogs crazy.

So, the story within the story is that every DAT call has much more going on than meets the eye or that is reported by the press. There are so many heroes in this story alone: the firemen who took the time to get these tiny babies to safety; the courageous mother who joined hands with her 12 year old son and made a pact to do whatever it took to save their lives a second time; my friend Linda who stayed up until 2 a.m. to get us the supplies and for being "on call" 24/7 until the kittens got past the danger mark (8 weeks),

and even after that, since she helped in getting them adopted; and all of the vet's support staff at my clinic who answered all of my questions and dispensed advice, always at no charge.

Every time a DAT member goes out on a call, we are faced with challenges that test our imaginations, break our hearts, and cause us to lose sleep. We see images that remain emblazoned in our brains; and we meet people who touch our souls...every time I go out on a call, I ask the angels to help and guide me to do the very best job I can, in the most compassionate way possible; and I hope that I never forget, even once, what I stand for when I put on my red vest.

So, here's to the everyday, "everyday" heroes of the American Red Cross: the DAT members who give up peaceful dinners, sleeping the whole night through, and fun-filled weekends by volunteering to be on call. To all you guys, this one's for you: like the song says, "We were moving mountains long before we knew we could!"

A Second Chapter to This Story from the Lady Who Adopted Two of the Kittens:

Hi Kris! Archie and Andy are doing great. They were a year old in March. Attached are a bunch of photos, including a couple of the original ones when they were little. Everyone gets along famously. Andy particularly likes Molly the yellow lab. We lost our dear old black lab Rocky last fall to cancer. He used to share his food with the kitties, as you can see in the picture. We now have a 5-month old black lab puppy named Buster who is a bundle of energy. He is afraid of Lizzy. He is fascinated by Andy, but Andy wants nothing to do with him (the attached picture is as close as he ever got!). Archie, though, loves to wrestle with him. He even lets Buster pull him around by the scruff. It's always fun around here. Janice O'Grady

