

WHISKERCITY

MEW NEWS

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Don't Forget the little guys!

In my early days of rescuing animals I often found myself defending my chosen calling. Clearly people are more deserving of my time and money, Right? The point being God created man to rule over animals and couldn't I see difference between the species? I know animals are naturally content with the basics of food, shelter, warmth and companionship. Anything extra we humans lavish on them is for our own pleasure. My argument has always been that humans created the helpless creatures we call pets through genetics and breeding and for that reason alone, we must provide for their safety. In this instance, we are the Gods and they are our creations. We are their source. They are our amusement and edification. You can teach a monkey to wear a diaper, eat at your table and sleep in a bed, but one can always argue that a monkey would rather swing from a branch, pick fleas, and make his bed in a tree. It boils down to what would and should a god do to and for his and her creatures.

Whisker City offers hope to animals and people in crisis. We rescue & rehabilitate abandoned felines and then place them in loving homes. We help people when they mess up their lives or when life messes them up. People call us when they divorce, lose jobs, get addicted, land in jail or fleeing from abusers. They call us when they are sick and dying, become old and frail, mentally disabled or physical incapable of caring for their pets.

Frankly, the bulk of the phone calls that I answer are from people that have tried to make a bad situation work and have no other choice but to give up their pet. So over time, I've come to learn that the line between people rescue and animal rescue is blurred.

In this issue I am sharing stories (with permission) from people who were rescued by Whisker City. While the flood waters rose and winds whipped in the south ripping the living from each other, the storm in people's lives in our community were just as apparent and catastrophic. To these families we were the port in the storm of raging mental illness, devastating disease, and sudden death. The tears are the same, the sadness of separation the same, the confusion and bewilderment the same.

Like the rest of you, we were moved to help in Louisiana. All the volunteers wanted to go, everyone wanted to help. We were sickened by the slow response and moved by the needs of the people. What could we do? One volunteer organized a small effort and spent a month at the Winn Dixie emergency animal rescue in New Orleans. She is sharing her pictures and stories with you in this issue. Some of the more graphic material is posted on our website. It is gut wrenching stuff and reminds us of our blessed life in this bucolic place.

You are going to read about our financial needs as well. I am not embarrassed to ask for money. In the weeks after the Katrina storm, donations were dismal. During that time we continued to provide the same services for the community and the



orphans in our care. We depend on you to be faithful and steadfast to the homeless and needy in your backyard. Our services now top \$100,000 with in-kind donations, veterinary care, salaries and grants. Your money is factored into that equation. Please keep us at the top of your giving tree. Whisker City is a 501c-3 and your donation is tax deductible.

Until next time,

Walk like a dog, sleep like a cat, and sing like a bird.

April Brown, Executive Director

on the web:
www.whiskercity.com

phone:
206-542-9617

mail donations to:
PO Box 77214
Seattle, WA 98177

If you wish to be removed from the mailing list, call 206-533-1423 and leave your name.



Every cat has a tale

CANCER

“My sister is fighting cancer and is currently in Virginia Mason. She is a single mom. She recently rescued an orphaned litter of kittens, now probably 10 weeks old. The mother kitty was accidentally run over, and my sister and her best friend took in the kittens and are caring for them. My retired mom and I are trying to balance taking care of my sisters’ children and do what’s best for these kittens. They contracted ringworm, but are being treated both orally and topically. They are adorable and fluffy and healthy. Would Whisker City be willing and able to help us out...”



MENTAL ILLNESS

“First off, me and my brother want to thank you and Whisker City for what you are doing. These five young cats would be outside with no home. ...each and everyone of

these cats my brother rescued have helped him in his recovery from depression. (John) is a recovered schizophrenic which we are very thankful for, but doesn’t just stop there. He gets very deep depression (Bipolar) which makes it very difficult for him to work and live in society. Cats became a major part of his life. In those days of schizophrenia they help calm him, their love helped him get courage and strength. He believes that they cured him of his schizophrenia without drugs.” This letter goes on to tell of the loss of a job and his struggle to help his brother manage his life.



PHYSICAL LIMITATIONS

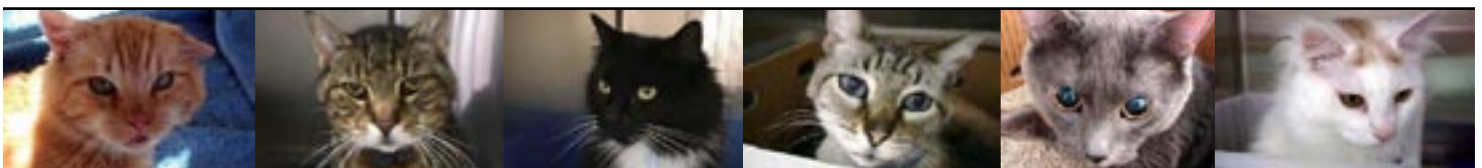
“I have to come to the point where I have to give up my cat Millie. I have allergies and now my daughter has them too. The doctor said that my daughter faces years of medications if we keep my cat. I’ve tried everything. I tore up all the carpeting in the house, removed all the draperies and have air purifiers in every room. I even bathe my cat and give it special

foods. The problem is that I can’t keep my daughter (who is highly allergic) from sleeping with Millie and touching her. They love each other, but my daughter gets so sick that we have made the very hard decision to give my cat up. Millie is a great cat. She loves kids, people and dogs. We can make a donation....”



DEATH

“Can you take 3 cats? My sister died of cancer and she left her cats. She asked me to find a good home, but I am here from Kansas and I have to return to my family. I promised her I would find them a good home, but I can’t take them with me. Will you help me? I am willing to make a donation....”





TOM GREENTHUMB!



When Carrie and Tom Hempel saw my post on Craigslist asking for volunteers to help with our catnip garden, they responded immediately. Carrie owns Green Girl Organic Gardening in Tacoma and her new business is booming. They drove down on Sunday just a few days after reading our post and dug right

in. The first order of business was removing the huge growth of weeds. This created more dirt and tripled our space for next year's plants. It took 2 Sundays but they are now ready to mulch with newspaper, leaves and coffee grounds.

Whisker City's "Catatonic" catnip is sold at Whiskers on Wheels and at Northgate Veterinary Clinic.

Carrie Ann Hempel • Green Girl Organic Gardening • 253 503 6407
hmpl602@yahoo.com

Holiday Arts and Craft show Schedule

Whisker City has longed for the money to microchip our pets. On occasion we discover that one of our adoptions has been terminated without our knowledge and the cat ends up at Seattle Animal Control. It is our goal to be a lifeline for our orphans for life. Please consider sponsoring this lifesaving equipment. The cost is approximately \$2500 to buy the equipment and supplies. The AVID® Microchip identifies your animals with no hassle and no error.

Thurs. Nov. 10th, 8 PM – 5 PM
Swedish Providence Hospital
500 17th Ave., Seattle

Sat. Nov. 20th, 12 PM – 4 PM
Sherwood Elementary School
22901 106th Avenue W. Edmonds.

Sat. Nov. 12th, 10 AM – 4 PM
Lake City Elks Lodge
14540 Bothell Way N.E.,
Lake Forest Park

Fri./Sat. Nov. 25th/26th,
10 AM – 4 PM
District 19 Rainbow Girls @
Edmonds Masonic Center
515 Dayton Ave., Edmonds

Sat. Nov. 12th, 1 PM – 5 PM
Curves
15407 Westminster Way No.,
Shoreline

Sat. Dec. 3rd, 10 AM – 5 PM
Edmonds – Woodway High School
7600 212th St., Edmonds



Number of adoptions since the launch of Whiskers on Wheels:

206

Please visit www.whiskercity.com and check out the WOW calendar to see when we are going to be in your neighborhood. We need your support to keep this one of a kind mobile adoption center on the road. Stop on by and tell all your friends!



Thank you!

Signage for Whisker City
Proudly sponsored by

Karen Beck, CLU, ChFC
Health Insurance Specialist
206-781-9069
karenbeckclu@msn.com



Santa Claws is Back!

During two weekends in December people and their pets can pose for a holiday photo with Santa and Mrs. Claws at PETsMART. For \$9.95, customers will receive 2 Polaroid photographs. Photo's will be placed in festive Holiday paper-board frames, designed exclusively for PETsMART. Five dollars from each photo package purchased will be donated to Whisker City. This is our third year and one of our favorite fund-raisers. Volunteers are welcome to contact us at whiskercity@comcast.net.



**December 10th & 11th
PETsMART in Lynnwood
18820 Highway 99
11 AM to 4 PM**

**December 17th & 18th
PETsMART in Woodinville
17845 Garden Way NE
11 PM to 4 PM**





Three Adorable Kittens

Our beautiful white cat of 17 years passed away in early May. We were not ready to get another cat until mid-July. Then during a week of looking at shelters all over Seattle, we saw many beautiful cats and kittens, all worth adopting. But none jumped out as being just the right ones for us. On July 25th we climbed into the Whiskers on Wheels bus and saw some kittens that we quickly realized we wouldn't be able to leave without.

We fell for a gray classic tabby male and two females -- a petite tortie tabby named Felicia; and Midnight, a dark ticked tabby with incredibly silky fur. These were three of five siblings. Since we work a lot, we had planned to get two so that they could keep each other company during the times we aren't home, but we didn't think we could take three. We also thought Midnight would be adopted with her fourth sibling, since the fifth kitten of this family was going back home with the mama cat, so we took the gray one and Felicia. After the gray one thundered across the floor a couple of times, we decided his name would be Gunnar. He immediately showed his personality by flopping on his back like a ragdoll in striped gray pajamas to be petted. Felicia quickly established herself as the little huntress,



Felicia and Gunnar



Gunnar, Midnight, and Felicia

bringing down the bird on a string and striding off with turned-back ears, spread paws and proudly raised chest.

We went back to the bus one week later to pick up their medical records, and there was Midnight – without her sibling, meowing to be adopted! We asked if anyone was planning to take her, and Brenda said that someone was coming by that night who was interested. We said, if they don't take her, we want her. Late the next evening we got the call that she was available! And the next day she joined us and her sister and brother in our home, and began to run around with the joy of freedom after one week in the bus. She immediately took on a role of big-sister to Felicia.

These kittens are all very sociable, not afraid of strangers, happy to play with us and cuddle up on the couch. We think this is because they were born into a family with 4 children who probably handled them and played with them a lot and really got them used to people. We appreciate this good start.

We've now had them for just over three months, and boy have they grown! They do keep each other company, trading off wrestling partners, chasing each other, grooming each other and cuddling together for

naps. They are a joy to come home to, running to meet us at the door when they hear the car door slam. In the morning, they are anxious to be let into the bedroom area to play. They love to play, in fact, Felicia will bring us a small rubber ball, and when we throw it she catches it and brings it back over and over! The other two leap for it also but don't bring it back. They are lots of fun with the bird on a string, leaping incredibly high with great dexterity to snatch it. It's obvious that all the leaping and wrestling and running help develop their muscles and nervous systems and this is another reason we're glad there are three of them to get in plenty of this playing while we're gone. It is amazing to us that they have three such different personalities, especially since they came from the same litter. But it is easy to love each one for their own special qualities.

We thought about it just the other day and we could be living okay without these three, but it would be plain and boring. These guys bring so much life to the house that they are more than worth the care that it takes to keep them. We highly recommend to others that they adopt more than one cat, just for the fun of it!

Sincerely,
Bert & Lynne Schippers



Hurricane Relief Mission - Helping out in the worst of times

By Brenda Anderson

It has been 10 weeks since Hurricane Katrina brought its wrath upon Louisiana and the Gulf Coast. As many of you know, I spent several weeks in New Orleans helping with the animal rescue efforts, along with another volunteer- Kristin Pang. News coverage has all but disappeared, but the aftermath of the storm is still raging in the south. People are homeless and animals run rampant on the streets. There is no electricity, water, comforts of modern life. And it will be like this for months to come. While we were there, we brought in cats and dogs off of the street and even found a few still clinging to life, chained up in yards or locked in a house. Even now as I sit again amongst modern conveniences, the animals are still out there, hungry, thirsty and scared, waiting for someone to bring them home. There is so much to share with you that won't fit in this newsletter. I am posting a diary of the entire trip online for you to read, along with the many pictures I took. Here is an excerpt:

A man pulls up in a van. "As I entered a house I am working on, I heard barking. I think there is a dog locked in an upstairs bathroom. Can you come and get it?" he said. Scrambling, we gather supplies, a crate, a leash, the catchpole, and hot dogs. Quickly, we hop into our van and follow the man back to the house. The neighborhood is deserted. Upon entering the house, the smell is overwhelming. Mold is everywhere; I don't want to touch anything. Luckily, we are directed upstairs, where the floodwaters didn't reach. Barking is coming from behind a door in the bedroom. The dog doesn't sound big, but it does sound agitated. We crack open the door and peek in. Frantic barking and growling is coming from behind the toilet. A small to medium size dog is huddled between the toilet and tub. Urine covers the floor. We talk soothingly to the dog and try to coax him out with bits of hot dog. The dog is obviously hungry, but won't eat anything that falls more than inches from his nose. It is too scared to come out from its hideaway behind the toilet. It is apparent, if we were to reach for the dog, it would bite. Luckily, we see a leash is attached to its collar. I slowly reach for it. The metal chain leash is rusted and covered in urine. I gently reel the dog out from the corner. The poor creature just wants to hide and resists with all of his might. Kristin readies the crate and threads the leash through a hole in the back. We drag the dog towards the front of the carrier. I push the dog's rear into the crate and he tries to lunge and bite. The dog literally feels like a skeleton wrapped in fur. Kristin shuts the door and the dog is safely inside.



Sunny hiding behind the toilet after seeing daylight for the first time in seven weeks



After getting Sunny in the crate, she is understandably scared and agitated



A few days later, Sunny is much better around Brenda and the other volunteers

This poor animal was locked in the bathroom for 7 weeks with no food and only the water in the toilet to drink. To top it off, the bathroom had no window, so it was locked in the dark. The dog is emaciated and we cannot believe it could ever have survived. We find out from the vet, this dog is really a puppy, only about 4 months old. It has been locked up almost half of its life, alone and starving. We named the dog Sunny and it is being sent to California to recover and be adopted. This trip was an awesome and life changing experience. To read more about our trip, check out our website at www.whiskercity.com.