



Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Volume IX, Issue 2 * Spring/Summer 2012

Butters

Lillian

Beau

Angelina Ballerina

Ruff

Ellington



WITTY KITTIES MISSION STATEMENT

Founded in 2000, Witty Kitties provides quality care and shelter to cats with specific chronic medical needs within the five-state area we serve. Our organization is committed to collaborating with local humane organizations in rescue work and low-cost spay-neuter services. We provide rescue, care and appropriate housing for a variety of reptiles, as well.

As part of our overall service to the community, Witty Kitties works to educate the public regarding proper care of these companion animals and, ideally, to find permanent, quality homes for them.

Website URL: WittyKitties.org

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jenni Doll, DVM
Torben Platt, Reptile Guy
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DID YOU KNOW???

You could see this issue in living color if you subscribed to an email copy of the newsletter! Let us know your wishes at staff@wittykitties.org.



Walter spent 8 years getting under our feet -- we miss him!

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN

by Jenni Doll, DVM

Or so it may seem. Kermit lamented about his color in his classic song, only to discover he is pretty happy after all, and wouldn't change it if he could.

It's a catchy phrase, "It's not easy being green," and many environmentally conscious folks have picked it up from that little 70's icon, indicating a responsibility to the earth. This could also be referred to as Shrinking your Carbon Footprint, Recycling, Exploring Sustainability....and on and on. I think we all want what is best for the planet and we all need to do what we feel we can to protect it. But, as indicated earlier, it is indeed NOT easy.

I do a bit to help, recycling cans, pop bottles, reusing containers from certain grocery store items. I also love the fact that rarely a bit of food goes wasted here, as we have a variety of mammals, reptiles and birds that will eat it. That part is easy for me. Who wants food going to waste? I've heard composting can get kind of tedious at times, and doubt I will ever find out myself.

But at times we have taken it a step further. If a chicken or duck is injured, or dies naturally, we make sure someone on the farm gets to eat it. Once you get past the "icky" factor (I've actually grown very fond of certain ones), it is all right.

When a llama passed, or when I've put down the ponies, I've always had them cremated. They're big. And digging a hole is very difficult in our clay soil. Also, eating horse and llama isn't something we do much in Iowa, though I know some people do. But when we have the passing of a huge animal that is, indeed, an animal customarily raised for food, and actually had initially been going that route, what do you do?

Apples, the enormous hog we got from the ICAC shelter after she fell off the truck (happens way too often), came to live with us two years ago this May. She was tiny, sore, and full of ticks. I remember taking her to Kirsten's T-ball practice on a harness and leash on the way home the first day we had her. What a cute little sight she was!

Previous pigs we've had (most of which also fell out of trucks) had been adopted, and gone onto wonderful lives. We didn't seem to have such good fortune with Apples, so kept her as our own. She was a lot of fun. She arrived a few weeks before the coyotes did. Frequently she would play with them, only to bite too hard and freak out Scoopie and Minnie. As she grew, the number of animals she could hang out with got smaller and smaller. And the places we could keep her went down in number, as well. Most of her time was spent in our main yard, and even in our house, early on. She was also pretty dog-like in that I would take her through the large animal pasture on the way to the shed. She liked this until Pasado, the Evil Donkey, took to chasing her and trying to stomp on her. My favorite image of Apples is her racing at the fastest clip she could go from the top of the hill by the shelter, down through the pasture and up to the far gate, squealing all the way. Even if I had her on the leash, the llamas tried stepping on her, as well. There were many nights when I'd be cussing and screaming as I held Charlie Bear (Super Chihuahua, on whom the big ani-

(continued on page 2)

mals also wanted to stomp), trying to pick up a squealing Apples without tripping on her leash.

Eventually Apples became “bad”, meaning she started doing what was natural for her. The rooting around in the yard wasn’t too bad, but pulling the siding off the house was. We eventually decided she was old enough to live in the pasture we kept the six pot-bellied pigs in.

I got all worried about her, hoping she wouldn’t be hurt by the older, and still bigger, pigs. But it became obvious in no time that she was cool with her new surroundings, and taking big advantage of it. While she was eating a limited amount of food prior to the move, she was getting as much as she wanted because she not only ate her rations, but the others, as well! I began feeding enough that would fill her up enough that the others could eat their share before Apples became hungry again.

With that taken care of, Apples continued to grow and grow. I had spayed her early and didn’t know it that would affect her weight. If it did, it was to enhance growth rather than inhibit it. She took over the pasture and became popular with visitors. If we had spare apples, I could go out on the deck and yell, “Aaaaaaaappppples!” and she would come running from one end of the pasture to the end nearest our house. I’d then start throwing apples to her from the deck. Sometimes an apple wouldn’t make it to her and she’d get frustrated trying to get it through the fence until I walked all the way over to get it for her. Then she would savor a good back scratch and face rub. She even shook her back leg like a dog or cat when I scratched in her ears.

Apples seemed to continue to grow for more than a year. Her weight was such that she would lean against the fence and stretch it out, making so much space that she could later get her head under it. This habit occurred all along the Sandy Beach Road fence and led to erosion under the fence to the point that I needed to have several yards of dirt delivered to fill it in. I spent many hours with the shovel and wheel barrow going back and forth between the dirt pile and fence thinking about that naughty, naughty, naughty “little” pig, whom I adored even then.

Sadly, Apples’ legs became sore. She would limp periodically on one foreleg, then the other, then be fine. But when I noticed the fact that she no longer ran out for treats these past few months, I knew she wasn’t feeling as good as she once had. She could make the trip over, but at a walk, then at a gimp walk, and then not at all.

Apples had been brought into this world to do one of two things: She was to be raised for several months and “finished” to a yummy meaty body condition and butchered, having spent most of her life crowded in a barn or yard with hundreds of others. Or, she was to be raised for farrowing, spending her life in a box she couldn’t even turn around in, making babies for up to four years before

being forced into a truck and shipped to a slaughter house.

You have to admit she had it pretty stinking good at our place.

But as she worsened, I began to worry about her euthanasia. How much solution would I need? How much sedative would I need before hand? If you read my article describing having to euthanize those many sows that had been in the roll-over accident on I-80, you’ll remember that it takes a lot to kill a pig.

But there was another way, a faster way. A “she-won’t-know-what-happened-to-her” way. A gun shot. I have a neighbor with large caliber guns. But I knew he would need to be educated on how to use it on a pig in such a way that it is quick and, therefore, humane. But that is a lot to ask. I also thought about how hard it would be to get her into a vehicle to go to Pet Memories in Tipton for cremation.

And this is where I took it a step further. Having decided the quick way would be better I realized there would be no chemicals in her body to prevent her from being useful after death, and so be edible.

This is where I may be dividing you readers into two groups: The “Duh, of course you should eat her!” and the “You’ve got to be freaking crazy! She was a pet!” groups.

I like to think I have the environment in mind when making some decisions. I realized it was going to take an awful lot of energy for a cremation when it wasn’t necessary.

I started asking around to folks who understand me enough to not be surprised when I asked, “Do you know of anyone who knows how to shoot a pig humanely, then take it away for use as food?” Jim Chalupsky the man who, coincidentally, was the one who delivered the dirt for the fence said he “just may know someone.”

Sure enough, I got a phone call not even an hour later from the folks saying they were interested. My heart went in my throat, and I obsessed for the next 24 hours, talking to people, emailing them, calling them. Is this sick? Or is it totally logical?

It was pretty much a coin toss. I finally called the gentleman, assuming it was just someone who wanted the free meat and didn’t give a crap about anything else. I almost hoped this so I could say “no” and change my mind. But he ended up being a 78-year-old former pig farmer who had done this many times. I gave him one strict requirement, that he do his job with the gun perfectly. He said he could. He also didn’t worry about the fact that he would be using a high-caliber rifle in a residential area.

He came by with his son and met Apples. By now she was grumpy, and laid about most of the time, but still enjoyed being scratched. The man said she was easily 500 lbs. or more. Though he kept referring to Apples as “it,” I knew he was sensitive to the fact that she not be distressed. He even said he wouldn’t make her walk the 50-plus feet to the gate which would make it easier on him.

He planned to come the following week when the mud dried up. But after his second son said he could help, they returned soon after that first visit. They had everything they needed, and I wasn’t one of them. I chose not to go back and say “good-bye” to her as she had just had a good back scratch by me and didn’t know anything was amiss. I did, however, watch from the window. Not sure if I’m glad I did. But within half an hour, she and the men were gone with barely a trace.

I didn’t ask the man for money, even though I knew he was getting a bargain. He did a job I didn’t want to, saved some pollution from being put into the air, and saved quite a bit of money for drugs and cremation as well, I suppose.

I don’t like looking out at that pasture anymore. I have noticed, however, that the amount of food she was actually eating was incredible! I am only bringing a fraction of that volume to the remaining pot-bellies and still see leftovers the next morning. It was no wonder she had grown so fast.

So, with tears I say good-bye to yet another animal who was incredibly naughty, yet incredibly loved by me.

And I wonder just how many donors are going to read this with such distaste that they no longer donate. I just hope those folks who think my decision was a no-brainer and that it is amazing I felt the need to write an entire article about it will make up for that.

Finally, a side story. When the men and Apples were gone, Kirsten asked, “What are they going to do with her?” I hadn’t told her ahead of time and hesitantly said, “Well, they *might* eat her.” Worried she would be upset, she cracked me up when she said, “But I want her. I love pork sandwiches!” Gross.

EXOTIC CORNER

by Torben Platt

Spring is my favorite time of year in “the Exotic Corner.” Many reptiles slow down or hibernate during the winter months, and it’s always nice to see them start eating and get more active at this time of year. It’s also the time of year we move several of our animals outside to their Summer quarters. Sully and Mr. T (our African spur thighed tortoises) have already spent some of the warmer days outside, and should be out for the Summer by the time you read this. They still don’t get along, so they each have their own section of our yard, from which they can eat dandelions and glare at each other. You may look at them and wonder, “how could they possibly hurt each other?” but their fights consist of bashing into each (slowly) and trying to flip the other guy over. A tortoise on its back will often perish if it isn’t able to right itself. Our other turtles and tortoises have also been outside for a few days here and there, and as soon as it stays warm enough at night (above 45 degrees) they’ll be out for the season, too. Moving Sully in and out can be a chore because he weighs over a hundred pounds, but at least he doesn’t bite and thrash around like Lex. It’s a real chore moving him anywhere, which is why he hasn’t been out yet. He has spent the winter getting fat(ter), and hurling himself out of his pool whenever he thinks someone with food gets close to his fence. Hopefully, he’ll be a good boy and want to get to his outside quarters so we don’t have push and pull him the whole way. He should also be out by the time you read this, basking in all his glory. The lizards (4 Iguanas and a Savannah Monitor) will be kept outside in their respective cages also. Snakes don’t need the natural sunlight so they will remain inside, but I would like take our reticulated Python out at least once to weigh and measure her. She was 19 feet long last summer and hasn’t gotten any smaller. I will need 4 or 5 volunteers for this because she is definitely a handful! She isn’t particularly aggressive, just real active and very, very strong. Lucifer, our Burmese Python, is and has always been, a sweetheart. I’m sure he’ll be taken to a few events, where he’ll be poked, prodded, kissed, and hugged, all of which he accepts with his usual good humor. We have adopted out a few snakes recently but still have plenty left, including six Boa Constrictors.



**MARK YOUR CALENDARS
FOR THE NEXT FUR FEST!**

**SATURDAY,
SEPTEMBER 8th**

The 2012 FUR FEST at Witty Kitties!

Ben the black bear has been with us for a full year now, and it has been great having him here. He slowed down last winter, but never really hibernated. so he's put on a lot of weight and his coat looks beautiful. The coyotes have now been with us for two years. As many of you know they all share the same pen and seem to be, if not exactly friendly, at least able to stay out of each other's

way. They all get plenty of visitors and Ben has become something of a local celebrity. Remember, when you feed him treats, don't put fingers inside the fencing (that goes for Lex and the Caimans also).

I will be headed to the Bahamas again this year to count Iguanas and remove invasive vegetation. Dirty job, but someone has to do it, right? Feel free to stop by and make sure Jenni is working hard while I'm gone. Have a great Summer everyone!

Torben

[Editor's Note: Please check out the kitties on the masthead this month. The pictures have changed! The kitties that are pictured are all at Witty Kitties, and if you want to meet any of them, I have listed their names so that you will know who to ask for. They're a pretty cute bunch, aren't they?]

POLLY THE PYTHON GETS ADOPTED!

We don't have reptile adoptions very often, so this one was pretty special. Troy Thompson of Cedar Rapids saw Torben Platt, the Witty Kitties reptile guy, on KCRG with several of Witty Kitties' snakes. Already an experienced snake owner, Troy and his family came to visit Witty Kitties one Saturday morning. They met and handled several different snakes, and Troy fell in love with Polly, a ball python.



Polly had been a great ambassador for Witty Kitties' reptiles, since she is a particularly friendly and active ball python (she doesn't just curl into a ball when you pick her up). Her last adventure was appearing at a Girl Scouts winter day camp in Cedar Rapids. Polly slithered across the table and quickly convinced the girls that snakes are as lovable as kitties. She'll be hard to replace at reptile events, but we're thrilled that Polly found a home where she'll get all the love she can handle!

CONGRATULATIONS TO WITTY KITTIES VOLUNTEER CYNTHIA HOLCOMB!

Cynthia Holcomb of Iowa City is a regular and dedicated volunteer at Witty Kitties, along with her mother, Amy. Cynthia recently received the Emily Helms Award for 2012.



Amy and Cynthia, with Amy's dad David and step-mom Jessie

The Emily Helms Award has been presented annually since 1984 to recognize a person who has demonstrated outstanding strength of character in dealing with a significant disability. In particular, the award recognizes traits of courage, perseverance, industry, sense of humor, imagination or leadership – qualities Emily Helms demonstrated in her brief life. Emily, who died in 1983 at age 11, was the daughter of Charles and Lelia Helms of Iowa City, and great granddaughter of the Rev. Edgar J. Helms, founder of Goodwill Industries in Boston in 1902.

Here is the write-up about Cynthia that was published in the Goodwill of the Heartland Annual Awards Banquet Program:

At 19, Cynthia Holcomb is successfully living with autism and intellectual disability. She is a senior at Iowa City West High School, preparing for graduation. Cynthia has worked especially hard to use coping skills in challenging times. As her mother, Amy, wrote, "Cynthia faces situations on a daily basis that are easy for most of us to handle, but she has to work hard to deal with them appropriately."

Challenges aren't new to Cynthia. At age one, Cynthia and her brother were placed in foster care, eventually being separated. Cynthia lived in nine homes before being adopted by proud mom Amy.

Cynthia's generosity is a hallmark. She volunteers regularly for Witty Kitties, and participates in therapeutic horse riding at Miracles in Motion, along with 4-H, Special Olympics and Best Buddies.

Cynthia, all of us at Witty Kitties are very proud of you. Congratulations!

ANGELINA MEETS HER GIRL SCOUT SPONSORS!

by Trish Wasek

Girl Scout troop 8054, of Shimek Elementary in Iowa City, was looking for a service project for this past school year. They decided to sponsor Angelina Ballerina and raise money for Witty Kitties on her behalf. Angelina is FeLV+ and also has cerebellar hypoplasia, which makes her a little wobbly on her feet.



Angelina Ballerina



Safia, Lucy, and Sophie meet Angelina

We printed up a few very nice photos of Angelina, and each scout got to take the photo home for a couple weeks before passing it on at the next meeting. Each girl also took home a painted “Kitty Fund” can that she used to collect donations during the time she had the photo of Angelina. The girls did all kinds of things to raise money, including collecting their family’s spare change, turning in bottles and cans, asking friends and relatives for donations, and even going door to door. At each scout meeting, the girl who brought back her donations and photo got to color in a portion of a large thermometer that marked their progress. The higher it got, the closer to their goal – meeting Angelina!

The girls used some of the money they raised to learn about finding bargains at stores, and how to do comparison shopping. They purchased loads of laundry detergent, bleach, dish soap, and paper towels – just what Witty Kitties always needs!

Finally, in April the big day arrived when the girls actually met Angelina in person for the very first time! They sat in a circle and Angelina let each girl hold



Claire, Olivia (holding Angelina), and Taylor

her and pass her on to the next (Manny tried to butt in and take over the show, but we firmly told him that this was Angelina’s party!) It was really amazing to see Angelina go from girl to girl, perfectly happy to be petted and hugged. She cooperated just long enough for everyone to have a turn before deciding that she wanted to go back to her room. Whew!



Troop 8054, Shimek Elementary, Iowa City
Back row (L to R): Sophia Ayer (K), Ryan Brentner (1st), Avra Lauer (1st), Olivia Tompkins (2nd), Lucy Corbin (2nd), Samantha Ayer (2nd), Rachel Marsh (2nd)
Kneeling (L to R): Sophie Brenton (K), PJ Wilmoth (K), Safia Almabrazi (1st)
Sitting (L to R): Claire VonBergen (K), Taylor Dolezal (K), Carolyn Allen (K)

Dr. Jenni talked to the girls about being a vet for an animal shelter, and then they went on a tour of the reptile garage. Kirsten, Jenni’s daughter, even helped out by showing some of the girls how to hold her California king snake! On a walk around the yard, the girls also got to see Ben the Bear and Sully, the big sulcata tortoise.

Troop 8054 raised over \$250 for Witty Kitties and we are so grateful – thank you girls, you’re awesome! (P.S. Angelina hopes each of you will come to visit her again very soon!!!)



Carolyn & Sophia have their turn holding Angelina

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

In honor of **Cynthia Holcomb**, Class of 2012, graduating from West High. You did it! ~ by Amy Holcomb

In honor of **Emma Pechman** who thinks very highly of Witty Kitties and let me know that there should be no birthday gift, just a donation to Witty Kitties, by me, her mother, Nancy Blanchard Bohn

In memory of our sweet, handsome boys -- **Jack and Tyger** -- by Amy & Cynthia Holcomb

In memory of **Freddie Pickles**, beloved cat of Christine Feeney, by Amy & Cynthia Holcomb

In memory of **Charlie Kangaroo Butt**, from Gary & Karen Schroeder who said, "He was such a special boy to so many, and will always be missed. From now on, I will think of his room as 'Charlie's Room.'" ~ as will everyone connected with Witty Kitties

In memory of "a cat called **Daisey**" by Jim & Jerry Buttleman

In memory of **Torben's mother, Annelise**, by Dona Pearce

In memory of **Elmo**, Sue & Don Novak's cat who lived at the home of Don & Ellen Novak, by Jim & Jerry Buttleman

In memory of **Connie Wims and LaVerne & Shirley**, two cats, by Glenn & Sandra Fults

In honor of **Felix**, pet of Vicky & John Beckey

In memory of my husband, **Jon** ~ a wonderful husband and father gone much too soon. By Dona Pearce

In memory of **Izabella**: Loyal and constant canine companion to Dennis and Ronnye Wieland for many years. Izabella loved every person, cat or dog she ever met and made the world a happier place by being in it. She will be missed greatly by everyone who knew her." By Douglass & Margaret McGowan

The editor would like to make a correction to a previous memorial that appeared in the Winter 2012 newsletter, with apologies:

In memory of **Evelyn Rae Rotter** -- she shared her kindness with all animals. By Veronica Wieland, North Liberty, IA

The editor would also like to make apologies for not putting the following two memorials in the Winter 2012 newsletter:

In memory of **Tom Lee**, my husband, and my furry and feathered friends **Basho, Issa, Loki, Victoria, and Albert**, by Deb Lee

In honor of our precious cat, **Kerby**, by Paul & Connie Bischoff

In memory of my mother, **Betty Pittman**, by Dona Pearce. I have seldom met anyone who found happiness in the smallest things

In honor of **Mason**, our "Dr. Suess dog," by Bruce & Marilyn Fehn

In memory of **Tigger**, the plushiest cat in the world. from Peggy, Maria and Monolea Walker

In memory of Trish Wasek's mother, **Lottie**, by Dona Pearce

In honor of **Po**, and in memory of **Garage Kitty**, by Rebecca Hooper, Nathalie Cruden, Eunice Prosser, and the Pet Sitters, all of Iowa City.

In memory of **Moxie**, such a handsome, sweet guy. Thank you, Mal, for giving him a loving home. By Sue Weinberg, Hills, IA

In loving memory of our Uncle, **C. Kingsley Brown**, by Margalea Warner and David Crombie

In memory of **Valentine** the cat, by Charles and Jessica Key

VOLUNTEER CORNER: LIVING THE "SMOOSHIE LOCA"

REFLECTIONS OF A WITTY KITTY VOLUNTEER

by Kim O'Meara



Little did I know that when I began volunteering at Witty Kitties, my life would change in so many ways. My colleague, Lora Schmoll, convinced me to help her bring home school students of ours out to help on Wednesday mornings at Witty Kitties. It didn't really take much convincing, as I have always been an animal lover, and I also believed in turning the community into a classroom for my students. One of my high school students, Ali, was also passionate about animals and wanted to make animal rescue her career after high school, so she was my first and most obvious choice to join in on this incredible experience. Our job was, as Zane Ceynar, liked to say, to pet and help socialize the cats. Zane was 6 at the time. That was the fall of 2010. During our first or second visit to Witty Kitties, I ventured into the infirmary. That's when it happened....I met Mooch. My world was turned upside down. I was smitten. I had NEVER seen a cat (kitten) that looked like him. He looked like an angel, a person, a little old man, a Buddha cat. His face was so

human-like. He didn't have a kitty face, he had a people face. Mooch (soon to be Smooshie) was a small, young, sickly grey stray with a major maxofacial deformity. His little face was smooshed in. He had major respiratory issues. Dr. Doll was nursing him back to health, but he was a pretty sick little kitty. His bite was way off and he had a snaggle saber tooth tiger look about him. His ears were gigantic. Was he a cat, a bat, a rabbit, a "cabbit?" Did I mention, I had NEVER seen a cat like him? He looked right through me. He got inside my soul. Needless to say, I couldn't get him out of my mind.

We finished our shift at Witty Kitties. I had taken a photo of Mooch on my cell phone. I stared at it constantly. I had dreams about him. I couldn't bear for him to be left alone at night out there. Yes, I knew he was being well taken care of, but...he was sick and just a baby. Everyone loved him and petted him, but...he needed a home, a mommy. But I already had a 17-year-old orange tabby-tom named James Bond Jr. My son, Evan, named him that when Evan was three. We also had a 10-year-old Rag Doll, Brendan, and a 10-year-old grey and white tuxedo kitty named Nova. We also had an 11-year-old, Golden Retriever, Harley. Yes three cats and a dog. But I knew I had room in my life and home for that special little kitten. Was I crazy? Probably, but after Christmas, I applied to adopt Mooch. I was approved after an agonizing wait. He had to get a little healthier before he could come home with me. He convalesced, and I waited impatiently. He was better, but still pretty stuffed up when I got him home. The three older cats were not thrilled. The dog, Harley, liked him a lot. I changed his name from Mooch to Smooshie. My boyfriend wanted to name him Aloysius Smooshilicious. My son called him Alistair. My friend's husband calls him Little Ned. Smooshie still had and has a lot of respiratory issues. That first month we were at the vet's office three times before he really got completely healthy. He went from being a low-energy kitten to a high-voltage speed demon once he beat the respiratory and sinus infections. Once he felt better, he ran and jumped, climbed and bumped all over my three-story house. Man, did he have energy! But there were the breathing issues. Smooshie snorts when he breathes. It kind of sounds like Darth Vader meets a cooing pigeon. He does it non-stop, day and night. He can't really ever hide...all you have to do is listen carefully and follow the snory-snorty sounds. Locate the sound and you've found Smooshie. He snorts non-stop in his sleep. My home has never had complete silence since Smooshie moved in. But that's okay. I can't imagine a day without not hearing him make that sound.

It is now a year and a half later. I have lost three of my beloved pets, James died in April 2011 of old age. Harley died of cancer in May 2011. Brendan died of cancer a month ago. James and Brendan are buried under a giant oak tree in my back yard. Harley's ashes sit on a shelf in the den. I adopted a Golden Retriever/Poodle mix puppy last summer. Finn MacCool will be a year old on June 30th. He and Smooshie have become best friends. They

sleep, eat, and play together. Smooshie cleans Finn's face every night and Finn licks Smooshie's face almost constantly. They are buddies. Nova carefully watches all of this inter-species pet affection from afar. But he's coming around slowly. He is a reformed dog hater.

My volunteering at Witty Kitties has changed my life in many ways. I retired from teaching last fall. I continue to be part of the "A Team" on Wednesday mornings, along with Kathleen, Bryn, Lora and Jerri. I am in charge of the irritable bowel room. I've lost a lot of kitty friends, but new ones keep coming. I am missing Trevor, but have fallen in love with Ellington. That's the ways it works. You lose a few good ones and then more good ones arrive for you to love and care for. I have met many special people and worked on projects and fundraisers for Witty Kitties and Iowa Humane Alliance...face painting at the Fall Fur Fest, creating the tile mosaic mural for IHA, the Spay-ghetti and No Balls Dinner in Iowa City, the pre-Christmas fund raiser at Beadology, the Pet Pride Parade on Cinco de Mayo in Coralville where we microchipped pets.

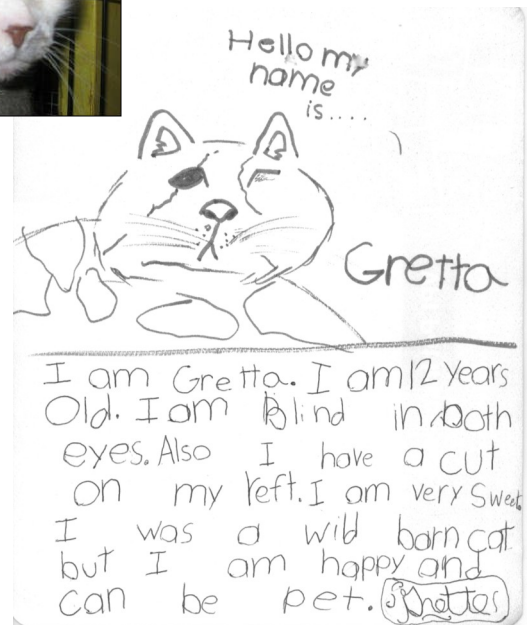
None of these events and experiences nor the wonderful animals and people I've met would have been a part of my life if it wasn't for that first day that I started volunteering at Witty Kitties. As I finish writing this, I am comforted by the sounds of Smooshie snor/snorting in the background. I am so happy to be living the Vida Smooshie!

KIRSTEN'S CORNER

by Kirsten Platt



Gretta



Witty Kitties, Inc.
3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.
Solon, IA 52333

To find Witty Kitties. . .

**Take I-380 to the Swisher/Shueyville exit (No. 10).
 Go east one mile to Club Road (which becomes Curtis
 Bridge Rd.). Turn right.
 Go one mile to Sandy Beach Rd. & turn left.
 Go 1.1 miles to Roberts Ferry Rd., turn right, then left
 at the 3rd driveway (3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.).**

**Please call (319) 848-3238 and leave a message to
 schedule an appointment.**



TABLE OF CONTENTS

WITTY KITTIES MISSION STATEMENT 1
 BOARD OF DIRECTORS 1
 WEBSITE ADDRESS 1
 IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN 1
 EXOTIC CORNER..... 3
 UPCOMING FUR FEST 2012..... 3
 POLLY THE PYTHON GETS ADOPTED! 4
 CONGRATULATIONS, CYNTHIA! 4
 ANGELINA MEETS HER SPONSORS! 5
 MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS 6
 VOLUNTEER CORNER 6
 KIRSTEN'S CORNER 7
 HOW TO FIND WITTY KITTIES..... 8
 GIFTS, MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS 8

Gifts, Memorials and Honorariums

Want to honor or memorialize a family member, friend or beloved pet? Want to give a monetary gift to Witty Kitties? Just fill out the information below and send your check in the envelope provided in this issue. **Your donation is tax deductible, and we'll publish your memorial or honorarium in a future issue. We'll also send a complimentary copy of the newsletter to the person you honor or the family of the person or pet you memorialize.** Just provide the necessary information below and then send this form back to us in the envelope enclosed in this issue (don't forget to add a stamp!). No stamp? No problem! **Now, you can also give online — check out our website (www.wittykitties.org).**

Gift: \$ _____

Memorial for: (name) _____ Person Pet

Honorarium for: (name) _____ Person Pet

Send notification to: (name) _____



_____ (please provide city, state and zip)

Want to get your newsletter electronically? Give us your email: _____