



Witty Kitties, Inc. Newsletter

A Special-Needs Shelter for Cats & Critters * Volume VII, Issue 2 * Spring-Summer 2010



Now WHAT?

By Jenni Doll, DVM

"Oh man, it's time for another newsletter article. What am I going to do? What do I have to write about?" I am thinking to myself while doing surgery. I throw another suture. My mind is so preoccupied. Throw another suture. Think. Think. Think....

When it comes to the deadline our Honorable Witty Kitties President Pearce gives to us for thinking up and writing stories, it hasn't always been easy coming up with ideas to write about. However it used to be so much more so than it is now. You see, I've been living my new and improved 'do-less-business-stuff-and-be-home-more-for-my-family-and-own-animals' life.' Yep, it has been over a year since slowing down a bit and trying to make my life less insane. But the insanity that was once a daily way of life did have its benefits. I always had a story or two or more to tell at any given time.

Though it was earlier this month I started thinking about what has been interesting of late, I am now still wondering. What can I fill a page or two with that will keep anyone else's attention?

I keep working on the surgery, and keep thinking. Well, we did take in six dogs from the puppy mill about two hours north of here that recently shut down. We really couldn't resist, as there were about 300 dogs that needed a place to go in a very short period of time. The plan was to hold them as long as needed, socialize them, then move them to the Iowa City Animal Center for adoption as room became available. We took in a beautiful Golden Retriever (whom Kirsten still wants to keep, despite the dog having been adopted), two adorable Beagles, two gorgeous Huskies, and

a rambunctious Malamute. When taking them in, I hoped it wasn't going to be a mistake. But, after spending a few mornings witnessing Pasado the pony running back and forth in front of the cage, playing with and taunting the Malamute, I thought "Hey, why don't I write about how we are 'Witty Kitties and Dorky Doggies?" No. Funny, but not really different enough (no offense, dog lovers). Gotta think of something else.

My back is getting sore, so I move around a bit before resuming surgery. So now what? Well, almost two weeks ago when I took on three baby squirrels that came down with a downed tree in Muscatine, one with head/neurological trauma and another with a broken humerus, I thought, "Good, some animated little critters should be interesting to write about... Witty Kitties, and Squirrely.....Squirrels?" No. I admit, it is fun having those little guys, all thriving, scampering all over my person, watching them twitch and squeak the way only a squirrel can. But that is what they do. They eat, sleep, pee, poop, squeak, and scamper. Until they are older and going outside, their repertoire is limited. Ugh, now what?

I keep up with the surgery. I do some of my best thinking during these times. Okay, what about the reptiles? I've enjoyed digging the new pond for Lex, the now ridiculously fat alligator. It should be big enough to hold him for as long as we need, I

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.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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Torben Platt, Reptile Guy
Kathleen Schoon, Volunteer Coordinator
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Website URL: WittyKitties.org

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.

(continued on page 2)

hope. Kirsten and I had fun seeing the guys pouring concrete out of an enormous cement mixer, and toting it over to the enclosure. Trish got pics. Great, that will fill in a little space. But, that's about all I have to say about that. Now what could be more interesting than that?

Suture, suture, suture, ouch! Poked myself.

I admit, I did revert back to my 12-year-old self the other day while trying to figure out how to keep our soon-to-hatch duck eggs from becoming someone's meal. - Our only female duck has a batch of eggs in a deep wooden box that is only feet from Mumma Dog's bed on the porch. Periodically I hear her 'I'm guarding something' bark, and go out to find she has stolen another egg and eaten the contents, yet still protecting the empty shell from everyone else. She does this when the Momma duck leaves to eat. So, I took the box, duck and eggs to the enclosure where the pigeons live. I put in an entire kiddie pool, and made sure all the holes of the fence aren't big enough for the babies to escape, and -- wait. This isn't so interesting. I'm boring you, aren't I? What the heck am I going to write about?

Now my back and neck and legs are really sore. Surgery is almost done. This has been the most difficult one I've done as of yet. Technically it is a bit tough, but what is really making it hard is the fact that I've been cramped in a space of about 2x3x3 feet. It is not especially light, and I'm glad the late afternoon sun is directed into the enclosure. Unfortunately, I don't have anyone to hold my patient still as periodically she twitches. Also, the surroundings aren't especially clean, so where I set my instruments is more important than ever. You see, I'm sitting in the little insulated hut Amy and Roscoe, our tamer pot-bellied pigs, sleep in. It is stinking and dusty, and right now I'm doing surgery on Amy's bum. Only minutes ago I discovered she had (okay, this is gross, but maybe that is what it'll take to make my story interesting) a prolapsed rectum. What's that? Well, pretend you have a long stocking that is open at both ends. Put your hand half-way inside and pull the middle part of the sock out of the hole your arm is in. That inside part of the sock is what was out on Amy. Actually, a few inches worth, of a very red, sore, and dirty "sock" were sticking out.

So, I was home alone with an almost 200 pound pig that needed surgery. Little Kirsten was due home on the bus in less than an hour, Joseph an hour after that. Torben? God knew when, as it was Monday. I couldn't move her. Had to do her where she lay, in the shack which is about 6 feet long. She was taking up the back half, stuck tight in the corner and not willing to move out even though her life depended on it. The day wouldn't stay light forever, so I had precious little time to get going. I hoped I could push it back in while she was heavily sedated. After getting her sleepy enough, while kneeling

inside the shack, I tried pushing the protruding stuff back in. But, it was way too big and damaged from sticking out all morning. By that time, stinking of pig pee and poop and what not, I took off my gloves and stood out at the mailbox to greet my little girl as she got off the bus.

"Hi Sweetie. Um, bad news. Mommy HAS to finish a surgery on Amy the pig. Yes, I have to. Yes I'll first get you something to drink. No I can't snuggle before hand. Do you smell me? Yea, pretty bad, huh?" I keep up the banter until I get it into my little Kirsten's head that I can't dote on her the way I always do the second she gets off the bus. She whines a little more before I step outside again. "Kirsten, If I don't do surgery right now, Amy will die." Barely caring, she gives me the heave ho after seeing her favorite cartoon is on.

Now that the simple replacement of the prolapse had failed, she needed surgery. I had to give Amy more anesthetic. I tried again to put her out, knowing inhalant anesthesia would be safer, but to no avail. So, after gathering up a surgery pack, prep, blade, sutures, more gloves (Boy did I go through gloves. Every time Kirsten called I had to crawl out of the box just to be able to hear her, and I invariably soiled the gloves every time I did this). I took my last breath of fresh air for a while and crawled back into the cave.

I know everyone is dying to know the details of what surgery entailed, but I don't know if keeping your attention is worth that much grossness. Just know that I had to do an amputation. In all the hurry, I had forgotten to put "stay sutures" into the healthy tissue before suturing it 360 degrees. So, it kept getting sucked back into her you-know-what. By the time I discovered this, my knees had become sore and my legs asleep. I had to sit on my own bum for a while. This made the angle at which I was working very odd, slowing me down.

"Mom! What are you doing in there?" It was Joseph. I hadn't heard him drive in. Not finding me in the house, he asked Kirsten where I was. I can only imagine what she said. "She is in the pig house doing surgery on Amy's butt."

"Trust me, I rather not be in here," I say. "Could you watch Kirsten for me?"

I was half done with the suturing, and suffering from back cramps that had me cussing up a storm. I was glad my yelling was muffled by the walls of the hut.

Finally, I couldn't take the back ache and decided to lie on my stomach and elbows for the last of the suturing. Imagine walking up to the house, and glancing over and seeing legs sticking out of a little pig hut, and periodically hearing !@#\$\$%^&*! I didn't especially appreciate the periodic pecking of my feet by the emus. It was at this time I realized Kirsten had dance practice tonight. I got out, and yelled into

the house for Joseph to call Torben. I'd need him to get home soon to take her, as Joseph's learner's permit doesn't allow him to go anywhere but to school without an adult.

Finally, I heard Torben come home. I got out to get more suture and acknowledge him. "Thank you! I'm sorry, but I had to get this done before it got dark." Torben just gave me his "Yeah, whatever" look and headed out with the little dancer and her dance supplies.

So, as I sit here alone and finish poor Amy's surgery, I look around my cramped little space where I've spent most of the last three hours. Roscoe has been trying to get into the hut. Every time I have to climb out, I have to put up a strong gate to barricade the door. I couldn't imagine how fun it would be to have two pigs in here with me. He keeps pacing at the door, threatening to step in, only to have my legs kick at him. Don't know if I'd survive having him walk on top of me. He has been squealing non-stop, so annoyed he is being kept from his bed. My gosh, he is so annoying himself! Amy is beginning to move more and more. Poor thing will be sore. I hope things stay put. I hope she doesn't hurt much. I'll need to keep her from getting constipated.

My, oh, my. I've got instruments, needles and suture, and a disgusting looking body part on the floor of the hut. I am compelled to save it and force people to look at it so they believe me when I tell them what I've been doing. Yeah, gross.

Man, I'm dirty! I sure do stink, too! What an afternoon. Good thing no one is going to have to smell me. Hey, I just noticed that old familiar feeling, the insanity. Also, I haven't been obsessing over what to write anymore, because it has occurred to me just what it will be.

EXOTIC CORNER

by Torben Platt

I received quite a bit of positive feedback from my last article in the W.K. newsletter . . . if, by positive feedback you mean laughter at my expense. When our esteemed President and Editor Dona said she had "tears in her eyes" reading it, I assumed it must be my spelling or grammar. Even after she had finished making all the necessary corrections, though, I still got some 'comments.' One would think our supporters and volunteers would be a compassionate bunch; after all, a mere sniffle from one of the cats is enough to cause concern (if not outright



panic). However my tale of the suffering and humiliation I endured on a typical day off caused no such thing. Instead of sympathy, I just got derisive laughter and some new uncomplimentary nicknames (I thought Smelly Goat Boy was bad, but Baboon Butt really hurt). Well, now I will have my revenge. My article this time will be a simple dry and boring listing of the recent comings and goings here at the Exotic Corner, and if you ask anyone who knows me, I can do boring. There will be no telling of the S.S.A.W.K. (scariest snake at Witty Kitties) escaping or of Amy's (pot bellied pig) prolapsed rectum (were talking serious grossness). So there. Here goes:

We actually made it through the winter fairly unscathed when it comes to the reptiles as far as 'goings' are concerned, but we have had quite a few 'comings' (as in new arrivals). Most of them come from Jenni bringing them back from either the Muscatine Humane Society or the Iowa City Animal Care and Control shelter. She brought a children's python home that had been found inside an apartment building in Iowa City, a boa constrictor that had been dropped off in Muscatine, a bearded dragon (Muscatine), and John and Trish drove to Mt. Pleasant to pick up a ball python that the family didn't want anymore. With these new additions, our reptile population at Witty Kitties now consists of 1 Burmese Python (Lucifer), 1 Reticulated Python (17 feet of fun!), 1 African Rock Python (SSAWK), 2 Boa Constrictors, 2 Copperheads, 1 Monocled Cobra (venemoid), 5 Ball Pythons, 2 Carpet Pythons, 1 Sand Boa, 1 Cornsnake, 1 Children's Python, 4 assorted King snakes, 3 iguanas, 2 bearded dragons, 1 blue tongued skink, 1 plated lizard, 1 alligator (Lex), 2 spectacled caimans, 1 spur thighed tortoise (Sully), 1 red footed tortoise, 2 red-eared sliders, and 1 soft-shelled turtle. Not bad! there might even be 5 or 6 that are adoptable! We are currently working on Lex the alligator's new outside enclosure, and the caimans, iguanas, and tortoises will soon be joining him out there for the summer (see pictures on page 6).

Aside from one of our goats de-feathering an emu (yes, Jenni made a sweater for her) during the coldest part of the winter, and Amy's recent loss of her rectum, the mammals and birds here at Exotic Corner are doing pretty well. The care and feeding of these guys gets a lot easier in the summer when you can use things like hoses instead of carrying 5-gallon buckets all over the property. Also, the pot bellied pigs actually leave their houses now so you don't have to serve them breakfast in bed.

In closing, I would like thank all our supporters and volunteers (even the ones who laugh at me) for all their help. Witty Kitties could not exist without you! I will try to be bitten badly or do something exceptionally stupid in time for the next newsletter. I know, I know -- shouldn't be too hard.

Torben

MISSION FISH

by Nancy Fultz

Witty Kitties benefits from eBay sellers who donate a portion of their sales to us through Mission Fish. This is an easy way for us to raise money -- the sellers do all the work! Some of these sellers continue to support Witty Kitties time after time, so we'd like to recognize them. Junking4ever and Uh-ohretro sell vintage items and have been some of our steadiest donors -- they almost always have something for sale that benefits us. Coolcybercats is a relatively new donor, but he sells cat toys and he designates some auctions as 100% of the final value to animal rescues! So, when you are looking for vintage items or cat toys -- check with these eBay sellers first. And make sure you let them know that you heard about them from Witty Kitties. To see what is currently for sale benefitting Witty Kitties, visit: http://donations.ebay.com/charity/charity.jsp?NP_ID=30595.

GOODSEARCH.COM

by Nancy Fultz

This summer as you start to make your vacation travel plans, don't forget to check out www.goodsearch.com.



This is another easy way to raise money for Witty Kitties without any effort. Under 'who do you Goodsearch for?' - make sure it says Witty Kitties (Solon, IA) before you proceed. Click on 'Shop Now' halfway down on the right and then on the left choose your category -- there are three travel groups, as well as many other stores. All of these companies will give a donation to Witty Kitties when you shop through Goodsearch. And don't forget to use Goodsearch as your search engine -- each search earns money for the critters!

CALLING ALL FRIENDS OF WITTY KITTIES!

by Trish Wasek

Witty Kitties is having a Spring Clean-up Day on **SUNDAY, JUNE 6, from 1 - 5 p.m.** Please feel free to come for all, or part, of the afternoon. We'll have indoor and outdoor tasks -- everything from spraying down vinyl kitty beds to fixing outdoor kitty perches to washing inside paneling. No heavy lifting or digging! We'll end the afternoon with pizza and beverages supplied by the grateful Witty Kitties board.

Rain or shine -- we'll be there! Hope you can make it, too.

Questions? Contact: staff@wittykitties.org

MEMORIALS & HONORARIUMS

In memory of Catherine Joy Erdahl, from Linda & Larry Keyes, Joe & Carol Walper, Grace Mickelson, Albert & Marna Erdahl, Elton & Orpha Erdahl, Gary & Marvel Sheller, & Michael & Elizabeth Keifer. 'Catherine had a deep love of animals, especially her two beloved cats, Thunder and Lightning. Throughout her lifetime, she volunteered at various shelters.'

In memory of Doris Stormoen & Leslie Schwalm's beloved cat, Beecher, by Lois James, Iowa City

This gift is in the name of our mother, Eleanor Louise Brown, and in memory of beloved Kitty Taz who went over the rainbow bridge May 3, 2010, by Margalea Warner

In memory of our witty kitty, Digger, by Gary & Karen Schroeder, Brooklyn, IA

In memory of our beloved old dog, Pharaoh, by Jeff Guhl & Lora Schmoll

In memory of Brady & Moose, by Gary & Karen Schroeder

In memory of Apollo, by Philip Kaaret & Amy Luttinger

In memory of Princess Fite, beloved pet of Shirley Fite, by Peggy Fite

In memory of Tot, a good cat, by Gail Clark

In honor of John & Carol Thompson, by Sheryl Hansen

In honor of Barb Satkamp's birthday, by Gail Clark

in honor of Simon getting adopted, by Patty Lewin

YES, IT'S EARLY, BUT SAVE THE DATE!



Everyone enjoyed last year's Wine Tasting Fundraiser so much that we're keeping this great tradition going. It's early, and we'll remind you again closer to the date, but do put **Saturday, August 28** on your calendars and plan to attend.

There will be a bevy of wines for tasting, yummy appetizers, a silent auction, fun things to purchase, door prizes, kitties & critters, and live music -- truly something for everyone!

You know you won't want to miss this fun, so mark those calendars now!

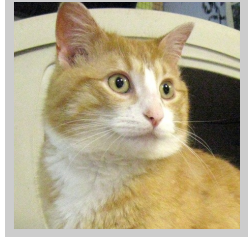
NEW ARRIVALS AT THE SHELTER

by Trish Wasek

Sophia is a sweet, quiet girl who is about five and a half years old. She came to us because her owner suspected she had some vision and/or neurological problems. But after thoroughly examining her, Jenni thinks there's nothing wrong with her at all. She's a little on the reserved side, and doesn't seem to want to play with the other cats (even though she came from a multiple-cat household). She also does not like to be held for very long. But she LOVES being stroked and petted and having her ears scratched. She doesn't hide in cubbies, but rather sits on the top "bunk bed" or on top of the haven in her room. She's got gorgeous blue eyes set in a very dark face. We think Sophia would like a quiet, peaceful home. If you're okay with letting a cat tell you when it's attention time, Sophia may be the perfect one. She's definitely not ornery or a trouble maker -- she may just need lots of TLC before she becomes the best lap cat ever!



Mr. Minus is a one-year-old rescued neighborhood stray from Belle Plaine, Iowa. He was either born with a short, deformed rear leg, or sustained an injury very early in life. In any event, he had been limping along on his stump all his life, with no pad, and it continuously got infected. His rescuer, who had been watching out for him and a couple of his buddies from afar, was able to catch him and called Witty Kitties. We agreed to fix him up and then transfer him to another shelter, since we don't consider most three-legged cats "special needs" (just special!). But surprise, surprise, he tested positive for FIV. So here he stays. Minus (for minus a leg) is a cuddler extraordinaire, and the look on his face when he looks into your eyes will melt your heart! He's racing around here and jumping and climbing on things with only three legs as though he was born that way (which he almost was, since he touched down on his deformed leg only every third step or so). It must hurt a lot less not having the end of the bone hit the ground. We guarantee he will steal your heart -- and remember, FIV cats can live with other uninfected cats with no chance of spreading the virus if they are not aggressive. And Mr. Minus is definitely not aggressive!



Dali is nearly two years old, and he may have the most unusual story yet at Witty Kitties. He started out as a stray named Sweet Pea at the Paws and More Animal Shelter in Washington, Iowa. After having surgery to be spayed, he nearly died (please note – most male cats are neutered!). Apparently the vet thought "he" was a "she" (Jenni says this really does happen occasionally!), and he simply closed Dali up thinking "she" had been previously spayed by someone else. Anyway, after Sweet Pea recovered from his abdominal surgery, he came to Witty Kitties. Jenni renamed him Dolly, since "she" was the spitting image of a previous witty kitty with that name. Jenni did more surgery on Dolly for badly dislocated kneecaps, and later discovered his correct gender when she was exercising his legs from behind and happened to look down. Oops! Even though he is a doll, we didn't want to give him an identity complex on top of everything else. So we renamed him Dali (after Salvadore) – his story was about as surreal as those liquid clocks! We still slip sometimes and call him "her" because he's quite small and so beautiful! Dali is also blind in his left eye, and it may need to be removed some day. Medically he is fully recovered, and loves people and attention. He may have arthritis problems later in life, but for now, everything is fine and he's ready to find his forever home.



Clay is a great example of several local groups working together to save a life, thanks in large part to the efforts of Lyndee Fuessley of Cedar Rapids. Lyndee is a vet tech student at Kirkwood Community College who also works at the Cedar Valley Humane Society (CVHS), and is a friend of Witty Kitties. When Clay, a four-year-old stray, was turned in to CVHS, he was limping pretty badly; x-rays showed multiple old fractures of his right rear leg. He also tested positive for FIV. Things were not looking too good for this poor guy. Lyndee contacted us and asked if we would take Clay if CVHS arranged for the surgery. We agreed, but then CVHS told her that they just couldn't afford it. So Lyndee got in touch with her instructors at Kirkwood, and they volunteered to amputate Clay's leg and neuter him as a teaching opportunity for the Kirkwood vet tech students. Lyndee then brought Clay to Witty Kitties a couple of days after surgery, and he's healing nicely. Clay will need a little time to warm up to us and realize that all his pain and suffering is over. Right now he will let us pet him for a while, but is very adamant when enough is enough! He may take some tender loving care, but the rewards could be enormous. He just needs someone to give him a chance, like Lyndee did.

Meet all of our kitties & watch their videos at:
www.wittykitties.org/id17.html

MOVING LEX TO HIS SUMMER HOME. . .



“What’s that guy doing?”



“Wonder if it’s for me? I’ve always wanted a water view.”



“Hey! I’m a ‘gator, not a horse!”



“How rude -- can’t that dog just let me get settled?”



“I’ve always heard moving is hard work.”



“Go away! I need some ‘alone’ time.”

VOLUNTEER CORNER

by Amy Holcomb

Cynthia and I have been volunteering at Witty Kitties since October 2007. We come most Saturdays to help clean, pet cats, and visit with our friends. Cynthia easily identified Lucky Lucy as her favorite cat. I



Amy & Cynthia Holcomb & Lucky Lucy

have a hard time picking a favorite, but I do make a point to visit with Sterling, Sylvia, and Tuesday when I am there. We keep coming to Witty Kitties because we love the cats, but we also come because of the wonderful friends we have made at Witty Kitties and the great Witty Kitties mission. I am amazed at the dedication of the people who keep Witty Kitties running on a daily basis. If we miss a Saturday at Witty Kitties, our week doesn't feel quite right.

In our lives away from Witty Kitties, I work at Goodwill of the Heartland in Iowa City as a supported community living specialist, which is working with people with disabilities to assist them with living more independently. Cynthia is a sophomore at Iowa City West High. She is a member of the North Liberty Achievers 4-H club (check out her animal advocacy projects hanging on the wall at Witty Kitties), rides horses at Miracles in Motion, and competes in Special Olympics. She wants to open her own animal rehab when she is an adult. We have a house full of pets: six cats whose names are Tyger, Stripes, Jack, Grace, Lucky, and Lilly. We also have one very funny and very naughty dog, Fluffy, who is a Shih-Tzu/ Toy Poodle mix. We adopted Grace (formerly Jasmine) and Lucky (formerly Sammy) from Witty Kitties. Lucky is just one example of the great work being done at Witty Kitties. When Lucky arrived at Witty Kitties, he was a scrawny, very sick, lice-infested kitten. Jenni fixed him up, with the help of the volunteers who took care of him, and we brought him home last Halloween. He is now a big beautiful affectionate young cat, who, along with his best kitten friend Lilly, keep us entertained with their funny kitten antics (climbing the curtains, hanging from the blinds, rearranging Christmas tree ornaments, and tormenting the dog just by looking at him).

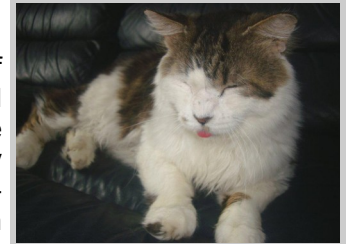
I can't end this without remembering Cynthia's beloved cat Howie, who died suddenly from heart failure on August 14, 2009. Howie and Cynthia were best friends, and their relationship was a pleasure to watch. Howie

was a one-of-a-kind cat, and we miss him very much. Whether you are thinking of adopting a cat or want to spend time petting cats, please visit Witty Kitties, where I know you will find a cat as special to you as Howie was to us.

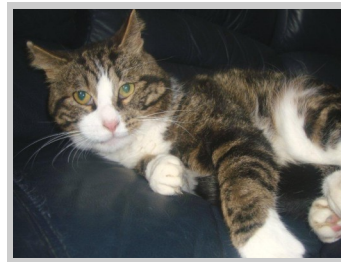
WE GET EMAILS & PICTURES!

from Trish Wasek

Dear Trish, I've attached some pictures of our two new boys (Harry and Simon) in their new home. We are enjoying them fully. Harry has been introduced to everyone, and is quite comfortable in the main house, yet our two cats are still adjusting when they see Harry.



Harry



Simon

Simon continues to be a lover when in a lap, but is still hiding. We can always find him, though, and he lets us get him with no problem. Then he sits with us or wanders about the room. We will introduce the rest of the family to Simon gradually. He has met our senior Lab and our Chihuahua diva, and he is fine with both of them.

The boys are buddies and like to hang out together. I am glad we brought them home together so that they have the support of each other.

Harry loves to give kisses and snuggle at your neck, and Simon purrs when you pet him and scratch his ears. Both are doing great!



Wendy Kadner
Director of the Poweshiek Animal League Shelter

Cat Quotes for Cat Lovers

"The cat has too much spirit to have no heart" - Ernest Menaul

"Cats are intended to teach us that not everything in nature has a function." - Garrison Keillor

"If man could be crossed with the cat it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat." - Mark Twain

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 drive-
way (3133 Roberts Ferry Rd.).

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



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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)



Spring-Summer 2010