It was in October of 2003 when "Katie" was dropped in my lap and told that if I didn't take her, she would have been exterminated and dumped alive in a big, dirt hole in the back of five acres along with the rest of the litter. I knew that it was up to me, and only me, at that very instant, whether or not she was to remain alive.

She was the cutest thing, but I also knew that I had another kitty at home. Realizing the importance of dominance in a cat's life, I decided then that I just had to make accommodations for the two, and so I took her in. I had no idea that my kitty at home would be so mean and cruel to Katie and so I had no choice but to find a good home for my other kitty, and I did. "Katie" is and has been the love of my life ever since. She is a talker and has always kept a conversation going until I finally stop. She is extremely devoted to me and knows me inside and out. Whenever I can't find her...I call out "treats" and she comes running out of nowhere. She is independent, like most kitties, but she is aware if she comes off being too restless by a tender bite that turns into a kiss. If she is hungry and I am sleeping, she will softly meow into my ear with a "slurp, slurp" until I get my lazy butt up and feed her. She sleeps beside me, under the blankets, and in my arms until, of course, it gets too warm for her.

Then....all of a sudden one day...things changed. For two days, she just simply seemed to have no interest in anything. She left quite a bit of her food still in her dish. She turned her nose up to moist canned cat food, which she would meow and meow for it until you finally gave it to her. She was constantly found outside, curled up, and underneath tree branches. She didn't come when I called out for "treats". Her coat looked all oily and matted down as if she was sick and sweating to death. She lost so much weight and finally, when she jumped down off of a chair and literally lost her balance and staggered to her feet is when I said, "Ok, I've seen enough!" "Katie...You're going in to see Dr.Gilbertsen."
It was then that I was informed she had 'Hyperthyroid Disease', which is a life-long illness that, if not treated, she could die all the way from weight loss, GI upset, to cardiac arrhythmias, blood clots in major vessels, to sudden death. I was relieved to know there was still time to treat her illness and was so glad that I noticed her symptoms right away and took action immediately. However, I was extremely concerned of her treatment plan and the costs it entailed. (How was I going to possibly be able to pay-living on $197.00 a month and a veterinary hospital which did not accept payments?) Well, with no help available from friends or family...I decided to at least sell my Vintage Princess House Crystal at a nearby garage sale and was able to come up with the cost of her medication for a year, but that was all. I still needed to pay for her two exams and two bloodwork panels, which were definitely past due and without them, "Katie's" doctor wouldn't have been able to, by law, renew or extend her medicine prescription. That was when I then decided to look into 60 charitable organizations (to be exact) and only found one who was able to help. I owe it all to Paws 4 A Cure for saving Katie's life a second time!

Thank you Paws 4 A Cure....for it was your decision to find me in desperate need!