

Thursday, February 17, 2011

Dear Friends:

Two weeks ago today, I reached out to YOU on behalf of PAWS long-term residents Chloe and Patches (and also asked for assistance at that time with the mounting Veterinary expenses that PAWS Volunteers and I face on an ongoing basis). Your contributions began to arrive *before I had even finished e-mailing everyone in our address book.*

THANK YOU ~ THANK YOU ~ THANK YOU!!!

If you have yet to make a donation and you intend to ... there's no better time than the present and again, we thank you for your kindness and generosity. Our contact information appears at the bottom of this e-mail and you can easily and securely make a donation online via www.pawscanada.org (simply click 'donate').

I began preparing this e-mail on Monday, Feb 7 – but for various reasons which I outline herein, held off sending it. Forgive me for asking for more of your time so soon after my last e-mail but I felt that an update was important.

Our appointment with Dr. Wood at West Hill Animal Clinic had to be re-scheduled for February 7th as he had a family emergency to contend with. In my own way, I was relieved as I was afraid of receiving bad news about Chloe (the cat I introduced you to who we thought had a tumor on her bowel). We instead met with Dr. Wood on Valentine's Day – and the news is GOOD!! Chloe was originally prescribed Baytril and Dr. Wood had planned to do an exploratory surgery – at which time, if he found a tumor that was inoperable, it was his suggestion that we let our little girl go. Upon examining Miss Chloe ... it is now believed that she may have had inflammation!!!! Our friend Dr. Wood was unable to find the mass he originally felt THANK GOODNESS. We will take Chloe back for a re-check in a month. She is eating well and in everyway back to normal. Patches has been booked in for his dentistry for Monday, February 28th. I am concerned about him as he has lost weight. We can't keep putting off dental work that is required for the animals in our care as it leads to many other more serious health issues AND it goes without saying that it is our priority that they not live with the discomfort of bad teeth or any other health issue. We have several cats in our care who require dentistry. With your continued support – they will all be attended to ASAP.

We took seven other cats to West Hill this past Monday for a variety of reasons. In time, I will introduce you to everyone as I feel it's important for our supporters to get to know the precious beings in our care. As well, it is my hope that some of you might make the trek to beautiful Huntsville for an Open House that we are hoping to host in the Fall ☺. We will keep you posted.

In life, we never really know what lies ahead ... I know this all too well. I have endured approximately FORTY FIVE LOSSES (*both two and four-legged people I have loved including my Mother who was also my Best Friend*) in the last 2 ½ years and I have turned to a very special woman in Huntsville, Marie-Louise, to help with grief counseling. I am

not ashamed to admit this as I am human and I have my limits. That said, Marie Louise is also a true animal lover who is already having a positive impact on my healing and believe me – I have no intentions of giving up on animal rescue or anything else – quite on the contrary.

I had planned to take a little down time after a busy week on Saturday, February 5th but of course the ‘rounds’ had to be done first. I began a little earlier than usual and made Smokey my first stop. Smokey is a cat who was the daughter to Lucky which was the cat who led me to PAWS way back when. Smokey and her Brother Sandy were born in our home (this was at a time when my Family and I were still considered ‘normal’ people with one dog and three cats – wow – did things change in short order – thank you Lucky!). We lost Lucky to cancer a number of years ago.

Back to Saturday the 5th and Smokey ...

A short time after I entered my office which is where Smokey lived recently (due to a cold and my need to monitor her eating, keep her extra warm due to her age etc.) *she suffered a seizure*. This caught me completely off-guard as she was doing so well. Ruby who comes to our shelter religiously every Saturday morning to clean heard me crying and she ran into the office to see how she could help. By then I had Smokey in my arms in an effort to comfort her. Thank Goodness Ruby was there that morning. I am also thankful, more than I could ever say, that PAWS Volunteer and Friend, Ingrid came from 45 minutes away to assist with the nursing care for Smokey that terrible Saturday morning. I don’t know what I would have done without her assistance and support.

I do my best to remain tight-lipped when it comes to so-called ‘professionals’ who I feel fail miserably at their duties both on a business and a moral level (and there are MANY) but this time I insist that I must share this with you - our supporters.

I called the Veterinarian who was ‘on call’ for the area that weekend. I will withhold that persons name as it truly is irrelevant but I will never forget that telephone conversation. When I explained what had transpired prior to my call that morning and informed this Veterinarian that we had performed dentistry on Smokey last Summer with at least two geriatric profiles (blood work) done (all results normal both times) as well as several trips to and from Dr. Wood at West Hill over the months that followed (in fact, I took Smokey in for a check-up on January 31st) this person indicated that they were willing to schedule an appointment for euthanasia – NOT for an assessment or heaven forbid treatment for my almost 16 year old cat ... and then this sorry excuse for a human being went on to say (and I quote!) that they were “**unwilling to be saddled with a dying cat**” and “**we all get old**”. Then they went on to talk about their morals at which point I almost threw up the banana I had eaten a short time before. EXCUSE ME!?! Can you even imagine this scenario? You have a wonderful, outgoing, healthy, affectionate, DESERVING little person in your world for almost 16 years and the wrong individual is working that weekend and wants to snuff the life out of this cat – without even examining her? Just because she is senior???

I had to fight tooth and nail to keep my temper in check and to focus only on Smokey. This was extremely difficult and I have not slept properly since as I am so damned angry. It would be foolish of me to make enemies of local Veterinarians for obvious reasons but this will *never* be forgotten. This caused Smokey and I a great deal of distress in many ways. I have been in touch with the Assistant to Rose Robinson who is the Manager of Complaints and Discipline at The College Of Veterinarians Of Ontario and I fully intend to submit a complaint. I encourage anyone and everyone who has experienced anything that they felt was less than proper and professional care for their beloved 'pet' to do the same. In fact, I will provide you with their toll-free telephone number which is 1-800-424-2856.

Thankfully, two COMPASSIONATE and SKILLED Veterinarians took my calls shortly after (I must have contacted nearly a dozen and I am not exaggerating) and indicated that the seizure may not be a crises and they suggested staying put (at our shelter) and providing nursing care – they gave detailed instructions and I followed them. I was up all night with Smokey ... I did everything I possibly could. She seized at least once more that I am aware of (and I did my utmost not to leave her side other than to medicate Rambo and the others) and became weaker and weaker. I left Huntsville at 6:00 a.m. Sunday morning as Dr. Fulop of West Hill was expecting us. I honestly believed that Smokey had passed on during the ride south. In some ways ... I hoped she had as I hated seeing her in this condition and sure didn't want to have to make that dreaded decision. When we arrived – my Dad and Marilyn Goodman were there to receive us with tears streaming down their faces.

We rushed Smokey into Dr. Fulop who treated all of us with kindness (as she always does) and immediately and gently examined Smokey. Our little girl had not yet left us but she was very close and it destroyed all of us to see how poor her condition was and how fast she had deteriorated (Marilyn, Dad and my Brother Brenden were all at the PAWS shelter just last weekend and spent time with Smokey who I declared was 'eating us out of house and home' at that time).

The writing was on the wall. It was her time. It was also one of the hardest decisions we have ever had to make. I'm still in shock. I stopped in Orillia on my way back north and had to leave the store without my purchases as I felt my legs might give out beneath me.

SMOKEY – SCARBOROUGH - 2004



SMOKEY HEYS

August 25, 1995 – 11:25 a.m. ~ February 6, 2011 – 9:50 a.m.

I have written something to Smokey that I would like to share:

Farewell my 'mokey Bear. I have no doubt that Mom, Sandy (your Brother who we just lost 10 weeks ago – how is this possible?!), Shadow and the rest of 'The Gang' were there to greet you at the gates of the Rainbow Bridge.

To say that it was a pleasure having you in my world for almost 16 years would be an understatement. I miss you so much already ... I can barely breathe. You were part of me for almost half of my life. How can it feel so empty here when there are so many other cats for me to love?

I wish I could have done more for you in the end. I tried – I really did. I am so thankful to Ingrid who came from a long way away at a most inconvenient time to administer fluids and to help feed and medicate you. I am so thankful that you were healthy your whole life and I want you to know that you brought so much happiness and joy to the human beings and all of the animals around you. It broke my heart to have to segregate you in the end as I know you missed your kitty friends. The office is not the same without you. I'm so sorry that I complained when you knocked things off my messy desk. In your own way, you were still like a kitten and I would give ANYTHING to have you back.

In tears this morning Dad said ... 'this is the end of an era' and he was right. Time has literally flown by and somehow we are without your entire family now. Your Mom, Lucky, lead me to PAWS which I know was meant to be as I have saved soooo many innocent lives as a result of this chance meeting in our backyard in Scarborough.

All I can think about is finding the pictures and videos of you and Sandy when you were babies.

You will be in my heart until the moment I take MY last breath my little love bug.

I promise you that I will work as hard as my body and soul allow in order that I may relieve the suffering of many more innocent beings just like you. It's my path, my destiny and my pleasure.

Goodbye little one ... ♥

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I spoke to Dr. Wood this past Monday and he suggested that it's possible our little Smokey either suffered a stroke or a brain aneurism ☹.

**THIS IS MY BROTHER BRENDEN AND I  
LAST OCTOBER AT THE PAWS SHELTER IN HUNTSVILLE  
WITH SANDY AND SMOKEY**

(we lost Sandy very unexpectedly last November to a heart attack)

Brenden always called Smokey 'Weetie' – I'm sure this was short-form for Sweetie



**IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO FIND IT AND I SHED A WHOLE  
LOT OF TEARS DURING THE SEARCH (SO MANY MEMORIES)**

**THIS IS SANDY AND SMOKEY IN AUGUST OF 1995**

**(it's so hard to believe how fast the time has passed ... I miss them so much)**



## LUCKY

**Sandy and Smokey's Mom  
and the cat who led me to PAWS many moons ago**



Thank you again, from the bottom of my heart for 'listening' to what I have had to say and for your continued support of PAWS.

Not everyone understands the bond between humans and animals – we truly are the lucky ones as I could not imagine my life without these awesome beings who do nothing but enhance every minute of everyday. I am privileged to give of my time to care for them.

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Please feel free to share this and any other correspondence from PAWS with fellow animal lovers. Networking is the best way for us to get the word out about our good work.

**THANK YOU**