



Stevens County Cat Care

March 2012 Kit-E-News

**Our next clinic:
April 15th in Kettle Falls**

Our volunteers and veterinarians hold mobile clinics in a different town's community center one Sunday each month. Our low cost mobile clinics are made possible thanks to the generosity of local veterinarians, grants, and local donations. Low income Stevens County residents may call (509) 935-MEOW (6369) to make reservations for their cat(s) at an upcoming clinic.

Check out our website in progress at www.stevenscountycatcare.org



joined forces with Spokane Humane Society in doing a dog and cat spay/neuter clinic on the Spokane Indian Reservation in Wellpinit. Dr.

Rowe and the staff from Spokane Humane adapted quickly to their first ever mobile event.



The clinic was both a community event and a family affair. Held in their huge community center, whole families came in to the gym with strollers and toddlers in tow and sat patiently with their pets to wait their turn. Blankets

were spread out over tarps to protect the floor of the basketball court and when surgery was finished, whole families sat with their dogs on the floor until they were recovered and awake enough to go home. If children got a little bored, they gravitated over to a DVD player on the floor and watched cartoons.



SCCC veterinarians quickly finished the cats



and began to spay/neuter dogs too! Approximately 50 cats and 80 dogs were spayed or neutered in the two day event sponsored by Spokane Humane Society.

Typically, our volunteers bring our own food to our clinics, we pay for using the building, and we take the day's trash with us when we leave. The people of

Wellpinit fed us like kings (both days), let us use the building for free and we didn't even have to clean up the cat hair afterwards! Last but not least, they even kept the trash. Wellpinit rocks!

Volunteering with Tina:

Shannon Taylor is another of SCCC's dedicated volunteers. Our Sunday clinics find her cleaning crates, working in recovery or transporting cats to or from their owners. However, Shannon's dedication to the animal population goes far beyond "Weekend Warrior" status. Shannon has stepped in to give a home to dogs and cats in crisis that have no other option. Our story about Shannon will be split into two articles because of the length.



When asked for an inspirational story about one of her dogs or cats, Shannon told this tale of her rescued skunk 'Pee Wee'.

One of the things Shannon watches for are injured animals along the road. When she finds one she will give aid, when possible, and save them. If the animal is beyond saving she finds someone to end its suffering.

Maybe a dozen years ago along Hwy 395, she noticed something lying along the shoulder of the road. She stopped and found a young skunk that had been hit by a car. Feeling it was beyond saving, Shannon stayed with it so it wouldn't die alone and she prayed for God to end its suffering quickly. It was getting late and the skunk was still hanging on so Shannon finally bundled it up and took it home. That night the skunk still appeared critical so Shannon prayed again for God to take his little critter quickly. While it is said that God listens to all prayers, sometimes the answer is "No". Shannon awoke in the morning to find the skunk still alive.

"I knew I had a problem", Shannon said. She contacted a local who was licensed in exotic animals and the Humane Society, but both recommended putting it to sleep. While Shannon does not like suffering, she also believes in giving animals a chance. Shannon prayed

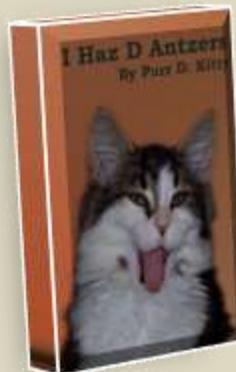
again, but this time for a sign. This time her prayers were answered. The skunk began to eat.

This was the sign Shannon needed. Now her focus was on saving this little creature. He couldn't lift his tail and could only drag his back end. His body temperature felt cold. Shannon used hot water therapy to warm him and through forced swimming stimulated his body functions. He responded by beginning to lift his tail and to walk more normally. Now that Shannon was sure he would survive he needed a name. The skunk became 'Pee Wee'.

Now most folks, even serious animal lovers, would balk at a pet skunk unless it was de-scented. Not Shannon. Pee Wee stayed intact and never once defiled Shannon's home with his aroma. Neither did he ever spray any of the other four legged residents, including her dog, Ziggy, who loved to torment him. Pee Wee would cry when he was scolded for some transgression and would chirp happily for food. Pee Wee survived for several years and gave Shannon much joy in return for her love and efforts in saving his little life.

Next month:

Shannon: One Woman's Mission.



Things you always wanted to know but were afraid to ask your cat.

Trapping feral cats isn't always easy, but having the stray feline spayed or neutered not only prevents more kittens, but can help control spraying and fighting. We have a limited number of live traps to loan out for people to trap ferals to bring to our clinics to be spay/neutered. Call 935-6369 for more information.

How Old is My Cat?



Many factors can affect a cat's life expectancy such as heredity, diet, environment, and physical and medical care (or the lack of it) may all affect your cat's age.

A house cat, or indoor cat, will often live to 17 or more years. This is probably 5 times as long as cats who roam the great outdoors. The most common causes of death in cats are largely preventable, including injuries from dogs or cars.

You can maximize your cat's life expectancy by keeping your cat indoors and by feeding it a good balanced diet and scheduling regular veterinary checkups.

A feral cat does not normally live more than a couple of years due to poor diet, cars, coyotes, disease, etc.

| Cat Years | Human Years |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1 | 15 |
| 2 | 24 |
| 3 | 28 |
| 4 | 32 |
| 5 | 36 |
| 6 | 40 |
| 7 | 44 |
| 8 | 48 |
| 9 | 52 |
| 10 | 56 |
| 11 | 60 |
| 12 | 64 |
| 13 | 68 |
| 14 | 72 |
| 15 | 76 |
| 16 | 80 |
| 17 | 84 |
| 18 | 88 |
| 19 | 92 |
| 20 | 96 |

Meet Mac and Mimi-



The story continues: Our story began with Mac and Mimi coming to America. Living in a large sanctuary in Taiwan, they were not considered adoptable after having had their eyes removed because of infections.

"Mac and Mimi Meet the Monster"

One day I was talking on the phone to my friend Nancy, who is the kennel manager at the Refuge (now The Colville Valley Animal Sanctuary). She told me they were getting in a new dog, a deaf Great Dane, and she had no clue what they were going to do with it.

Perhaps because of my Special Ed background, this didn't sound like a big deal to me, and I asked her if I could foster him. His story was typical. He was dumped as a puppy in the middle of nowhere and found his way to a cabin where he was fortunate enough to be welcomed in and cared for. But alas, serious health issues with his new owner arose and once again he found himself looking for a new home.

My daughter and I went to pick him up. He was huge and white, with blue eyes! He was not what I expected.

It did no good to snap my fingers or talk in a happy voice to try to win him over. He was deaf and refused to look at me. He was probably eight months old and already 115 pounds and growing.

Knowing he would soon outweigh me, Dr. Tami suggested a halti (similar to a horse halter, but for dogs) instead of a collar, to start him on the leash training he had never had.

The halti was amazing. In no time he was trustworthy on a leash and we were stopping traffic everywhere we went. Because Great Danes are not supposed to be white or blue eyed, people were not sure what he even was, but they all knew they wanted to touch him! The questions regarding his size were endless. "How much does he eat"? "How big will he get"? And my favorite, "How did he do in the Kentucky Derby"?

I began to win his trust. He started watching me with interest when I figured out how to hold a treat between my fingers as I practiced hand signs. He learned hand signals for all the basic commands a dog normally learns words for. I enrolled him in obedience classes and we learned how to act in public. He graduated and was awarded his CGC (Canine Good Citizen Certification). I was a proud doggy mom.

But during this learning experience with the giant deaf dog, the blind cats moved back upstairs where it seemed safer. One could hardly blame them, considering the size difference and his considerable enthusiasm whenever the small blind morsels ventured near.

But soon Mac and Mimi bravely began creeping nearer, listening intently for the sounds of his huge feet moving, which would cause them to run (blindly) for the stairs.

By this time, the monstrous dog was nearing 140 pounds and had been

(understandably) christened 'Monster'. His happy tail beat bruises on my thighs. His chin could rest on the kitchen counter. He looked down on the kitchen table. But regardless of being huge and deaf, he quickly learned what every youngster soon figures out. When mom glares and shakes her finger sternly, you'd better stop whatever you're doing right now!

Mac and Mimi grew braver. They learned to tip toe around his sleeping form stretched across the living room floor without waking him. Their keen hearing alerted them to his every move and although they soon began to trust him enough to walk near him awake, they still ran for shelter when he stood up.

Time went by and we all realized Monster was no longer viewed as a foster child, but was now one of the family. Mac and Mimi, while still using caution, grew more accepting of him. Mimi eventually grew bold enough to argue with him as to who would get to lie closest to the furnace when it kicks on. Her threatening growls fall, of course, on deaf ears, but her bravery is admired by all.



(The above picture shows Mimi not only closest to the furnace, but trying to push Monster even farther away).