



I've groomed, trained, done kenneling and daycare, run a retail store and worked at an ER/GP/Specialists vets office. I've had to leave all of that behind, because of health issues. What DOES brighten my day, are my two older shelties, Heidi and Shelby, and my kitty, Faith. I was a cat FREAK when I was younger. I actually caught a feral kitten and kept it in my closet until mom found out and made me give it up. After that, I was very fearful of cats after a very bad experience with a friend's cat attacking me. Friends would make fun of me for tackling a big "aggressive" dog, but running away from a squeaking kitten. That all changed when I met Faith. I went into the vet's office for my shift and saw the most GORGEOUS cat sitting in a cage with a red tag (which meant she was a stray). I IMMEDIATELY put my name on her and knew she was something special. And special she has been. She lies on my side, and puts her teeny paws over my shoulder and purrs in my ear. Every night we meditate to music to try and calm my nerves. She has shown me that no, I can never be without a cat.

But this changed today. I brought her outside to enjoy the good weather but she wasn't enjoying it at all. So I brought her in the house, where she ran through the kitchen and ran under the reclining love-seat in the living room. Wanting to comfort her, I lifted it from behind but didn't see her. Putting it down, I heard her scream. She was caught in the bars and stupidly I pulled. Somehow, in the fray, she broke her humerus at the elbow. I RUSHED her to the vet, and she was open mouthed breathing; I worried I crushed her ribs. Luckily it was just her arm. Unfortunately, it was going to be quite expensive to use 2 plates and screws to put it back together...it's going to be about half that to amputate the leg. So, her special paw, with her special spot (her angels thumb-print) may be going tomorrow. I hate asking for help; I wasn't raised to. If it's my problem, then it's MY PROBLEM. But at the urging of a friend, I reached out for help. My own mother doesn't like cats, and is urging me to have the work done at the surrendering of Faith, or putting her down. I can't in good conscience do that without trying this first...I wouldn't be able to live with myself. You must understand how hard this is for me, but I can't go into my own surgery next week without knowing the fate of my wonderful and beautiful cat Faith. Thank you all for your support, for even prayers are so welcomed at this point...

~ Faith's mom