



CAT TALES

Winter 2015

Cat Action Team
www.cats-pei.ca

Editor: Miss Paula Connolly

Contributors: Any person caring for, or concerned about, the feral/stray/barn cats of PEI

Submissions for CAT TALES may be sent to paulamconnolly@eastlink.ca

From the President's Corner....

As we begin 2015, we continue to provide the best care possible to stray, feral, and barn cats.

Tyne Valley and area has been given a PetSmart grant, and we continue to use that funding to spay and neuter as many feral, stray, and barn cats that we can—that is going well. We have many faithful volunteers to help us and, without them, our work would not be possible.

The Pegasus grant, which we are grateful to receive each year, helps us get some cats in other areas spayed and neutered. Our volunteers in those areas also make our work possible.

Food shipments continue to come in two to three times a year and the food is divided among all counties. The Donna Hickox Feed the Ferals Program continues to do well with many Islanders donating food and money to help caregivers, when needed, to feed cat colonies.

The 2014 Christmas Cheer Basket was well received.

Donation jars will soon be placed in Liquor Stores.

Please see page 3 for more ongoing and upcoming fundraisers

The Annual General Meeting will be Sunday, March 29, 2015, in Charlottetown. Details will be posted as they are confirmed.

There will be some vacancies on the Board. Please consider offering your name for the Board.

Krista Adams, President

Information regarding the upcoming AGM will be sent to all members at the end of February, 2015.



I've always said that I don't find the cats, they find me. But in Cleo's case, it was a bit the other way around.

Her mum, named Mouse, was one of my barn cats. She was a sweet thing but had a habit of abandoning her newborns. I went out to the barn to feed the crew as usual. But that day, for some reason, I went out a little bit earlier. I think I had a big horse race coming on TV and didn't want to miss anything.

As I entered the barn, I heard tiny little "mews" coming from an old yellow plastic garbage bin. Looking inside, there was baby Cleo and her twin Kenya. I grabbed the two of them, not an hour old and ran for the house. I put them in an over-sized carrier with blankets and clean papers, then went and got mama cat. She settled right in and began feeding her twins.

Now, Cleo was always a nice cat but she never really paid much attention to me. That all changed last year. On December 11th, my beloved Suzie girl passed away and I was heartsick. She and Cleo were very close too. So the night after Susie's passing, Cleo got up on my knee for the first time ever. She snuggled as close as she could and put her head over on my arm as if to say she missed Suzie too.

Ever since, she's been my shadow. She's a Tuxedo cat—a real big girl!!! She'll be 10 on May 4th. I love her to bits; she and the rest of my little gang get me up in the morning. Cleo's the star and knows it... I wouldn't want it any other way !!!

G. Smith, Cleo's mom

December 29, 2014: Happy Birthday!!!



This is not a Cat Action Team cat, but is kind of related to CAT.

Fourteen years ago today, I took a six month old feral boy from Sherwood into my little barn. He would have been Cat Action Team's cat number three, if he had stayed there; but, after a couple hours, I went to see him and he looked over his shoulder at me, and that clinched the deal.

He did not become a CAT cat, he became my "Georgie," one of the most expensive cats in the world—but a much loved "uncle" cat

D. Minick

Vesey's Spring Bulb Sale: Fundraiser for CAT.

For information, please call Paula Connolly, 902-368-2216.
paulamconnolly@eastlink.ca

FUNDRAISING EVENTS



December 2014

Christmas Cheer Basket

1st Prize – Maria Rodriguez, Queens County
2nd Prize – Cathy Ada, Queens County
3rd Prize – Roxanne Phillips, Prince County

COMING IN 2015

°**Donations Jars** will be placed in Liquor Stores in March

°Watch for notices of **yard sales**

°The popular **catnip mice** continue to be a source of consistent income for the Cat Action Team.

Our faithful MouseCATEers (renamed from Catnip Mice Slaves), Kathleen and Norma, with the help of their assistants, have not yet run out of energy. They not only make the mice, they distribute them from Summerside to Tignish!

CANADA DAY DRAW

First Prize:

A table and four chairs set has been donated for The Donna Hickox Feed the Ferals Program

Second Prize: a basket has been offered.

Third Prize:

Donations from friends of CAT, or businesses, for the basket (third prize) will be greatly appreciated. Suggestions include gift cards or items suitable for summer time activities.

Tickets (\$1.00 each) will be available from beginning of April till mid June, 2015.

Draw: July 1, 2015.

Proceeds will be divided between Feed the Ferals and veterinary care for CAT cats.

KIT AND THE PINK PEOPLE

This place doesn't smell right. How can I wake up where it doesn't smell right? Why am I not on my own bed? Well, I guess it's really Mom's bed. She lets all us cats sleep there with her. I'm her favourite. Oh, I know all the others think they're her favourites, but I know she likes me best. I purr better than any other cat.

But what does that matter if I can't find my own bed... and all my favourite smells. There should be tuna.

Kit was unhappy. All the last week had been awful. First that other woman had put him in that cage, and then the car. He hated the car. She left him in a smelly place. All the people there poked him all the time. Then they stuck a needle in him and that's the last thing he knew.

Until now.

But what was 'now?' Where was 'now?' and how could he get out of here and back home?

Following The Rule For When You Are Uncertain...Kit knew every word in The Book of Cat Rules...Kit began to wash himself. He did a good job... of course. But he still didn't know where he was or why he was here or what he should do now.

There was nothing in The Book of Cat Rules about this!

So Kit washed and washed...and worried and worried. Gradually he realized there was someone else there. This puzzled him greatly since all he could see was PINK. Solid PINK. All around. He couldn't smell anything. Kit had an extremely keen sense of smell. He was, after all, a cat. This was not right.

'It's all right Kit. You're all right.'

The words were somehow inside his head. He couldn't really hear them, but they were there. Then gradually everything began feeling better.

'Just wait a little while. You still need a little while.'

He had no idea what all that meant. Not that he was impatient, but Kit had always been a cat to get things done. No shily-shallying for Kit. Wait awhile? OK. He would wait. Cats are very good at waiting. At mouse holes. For birds to step just a bit closer. Not so good at waiting for their humans to open the tuna can. Oh, well, nobody's perfect.

But here, wherever here was, began to feel better. Kit stopped worrying. He began to feel calm. He began to be very curious. Most marvelously he also began to smell tuna.

Hooray!

If this place had tuna it couldn't be all wrong, could it?

'All right, Kit. You're ready now. First of all, you need to eat. How about some tuna?'

'Tuna? Sure!' To Kit's surprise, he found himself speaking out loud in human words. How did that happen? Never mind. First things first, i.e. tuna.

His tummy comfortably filled, Kit washed and stretched. Cat Rule Number something or other spells it out: ALWAYS wash after eating. No exceptions. Washing completed, he looked all around.

He still saw PINK, but now he could make out some forms. They looked more like pink clouds than anything else, but they moved and the words that came in his head seemed to be coming from them.

'Better now, aren't you? Good. We're ready for your help.'

Help someone? How could he, Kit the Best Cat, help anyone when he didn't even know where he was. When he had no idea what was going on. Where he didn't smell or hear the other cats. Where he was....well, he didn't know where he was or what was happening.

So he did what all cats know how to do. He sat so still you'd wonder if maybe this wasn't a live cat at all, but maybe a kitty statue. Motionless. Totally silent.

In fact Kit's every sense was on high alert.

PINK. How could everything be PINK? How could PINK be making words sound in his head?

Well, he'd wait. He was very good at waiting.

That voice again.

'Kit, it's all right. Don't be afraid. We know it's all different here, but you're all right now. You've had a long rest after The Journey. That tuna is making you strong again. It's time. You have work to do. We promised Peter we'd bring you over to The Gates now. Come along.'

To Kit's surprise, he found himself following... well, not a person...nor another cat...just a sort of cloud...all PINK. A talking cloud? Wherever this was, it was certainly different. But whatever that cloud was, Kit seemed to have no choice. He followed. He basically had no choice. Whatever that PINK cloud thing told him, well, that was what he had to do. Whether he understood one little bit or not.

Maybe this Peter, whoever that was, would explain.

After what felt like he was moving, but without being able to see anything he was passing by, the PINK spoke again, this time not to him.

'OK, Peter. Here's Kit. You said you needed him now. He's still a bit disoriented, but he tests Ready For Work. He's all yours. Probably you'd better explain a bit before you send him out on his first assignment.'

Then...it's rather hard to explain this...then Kit heard the calmest voice he'd ever heard. Even calmer than Mom back home...best not think about home just now, and anyway somehow home had become a tender memory instead of a troubled *Why am I not there?* sort of awareness. How it had happened Kit had no idea, but

he was no longer troubled, no longer wondering just where he was, no longer worrying about what had happened, how he'd come to be here, where Here actually was. Whatever was happening, wherever he was, it was all right. Somehow he knew he was safe, that he didn't have to worry about anything. Somehow he understood that all he had to do was listen to this Peter and he'd know exactly what to do and how to do it.

Peter was talking, telling him that he was now in his next life, the old one, pleasant as it had been, was completed, and now Kit was here, and Peter was so very glad to welcome him to the Transition Task Force. They had important work to do. There were so very many people and other animals who had to make The Journey. Some of them were so afraid. They needed help.

The PINK PEOPLE ran the travel arrangements. Pink is such a soothing colour. Most people and animals calm down when surrounded by PINK. Some of them even turned PINK themselves and worked on groups such as the Here You Are So Just Relax bunch. That bunch had lots of fun. But they couldn't get started with any new arrivals until The Transition Task Force had helped whoever it was complete The Journey.

That was where Kit would come in.

'You see, Kit, we've watched you all your life. You're very, very good at noticing. And you do that purr bit so very, very well. No one can hold on to being afraid when you're around....purring...chasing your tail. You're perfect for our Task Force.'

'Mr. Peter, just how do I go about helping?' Kit wasn't worried any more. He just wanted information. If he didn't know what Peter wanted him to do, he'd just go lie down in that patch of sun that was shining through the PINK clouds. It did look sooooo comfortable....

'OK, Kit. That patch of sunshine will still be there. Just now I have a five year old who has to make The Journey. He's scared. And his Mom and Dad are crying. It's not time for them to make The Journey. Little Timmy has to come alone and he's scared. That's where you come in.

His folks won't be able to see you, but Timmy will. You go now. You'll know what to do when the PINK PEOPLE get you there. Don't worry about the transportation the PINK PEOPLE will take care of all that. You just concentrate on Timmy.'

All at once Kit found himself in a room that smelled a bit like the one where that other woman had taken him. That place where they poked him and where they stuck that needle into him. But this time Kit wasn't a bit afraid, or uncomfortable. All he cared about was the

small boy lying in that bed, his eyes huge and his lips trembling. Also, that little fellow was obviously in a lot of pain.

There were a lot of people in the room. Some of them wore white clothes. A man and woman sat one on each side of Timmy's bed, trying to talk to their son. And trying not to cry. They knew the boy they loved wasn't going to go on living. And they were very, very sad. They wished they could take his suffering away. They wished he could get well.

They couldn't see Kit...or even feel he was there.

But small Timmy could.

Right away Timmy knew there was a fluffy black and white kitty on his bed. A kitty that was batting at all the stuff the doctors and nurses had attached to him. Playing. Seemed like the kitty was inviting Timmy to play, too.

Watching the little cat, not really able to laugh out loud, but now smiling inside, Timmy's fear and pain melted away and the boy grew quiet, motionless.

His parents broke into sobs, held one another. Timmy was somehow up in the air on a kind of PINK cloud with the little cat. Kit was purring and rubbing against Timmy. And talking in human words to the little boy.

'You're OK, Timmy. How about we play chase that toy mouse? I think it's filled with catnip. Do you like catnip? I do. Come on.'

And Timmy ran after the little black and white kitty. No more pain. No more fear. Just play time. Like little boys like to play.

The Journey was fun. This new life, wherever it was, whatever it was, was fun for a little boy. Somehow having that little black and white kitty to play with had made everything entirely all right.

Kit's first assignment was complete.

'Good job, Kit.' The PINK PEOPLE were back in his brain.

Now to find that patch of warm sunshine. And then maybe another serving of that tuna?

All was well.

St. Peter smiled. 'We did it again, Boss.'

Submitted by N. Price

Note from the Editor

Regretfully, although I have enjoyed editing *CAT TALES*, I must pass on the reins to someone else who is willing to continue this publication.

Because I have become more involved with a couple more aspects of CAT, I am not able to give full attention to all three; so I am giving up *CAT TALES*.

If anyone is interested in continuing *CAT TALES*, please let me know: by email, postal mail, or by telephone.

I will let the Board know how the search goes!

Thank you very much.

Paula Connolly
902 368-2218
postal and email addresses are in the block at bottom of this page.

Cat Action Team Address

Cat Action Team
PO Box 2193
Charlottetown, PEI C1A 8B9

Dear CAT Members:

When you mail your new or renewal membership information to the CAT PO Box, please remember to direct the envelope to my attention so that I receive the information in a timely manner

ATTENTION: PAULA CONNOLLY
Cat Action Team
PO Box 2193
Charlottetown, PEI C1A 8B9

Thank you,
Paula Connolly
CAT Memberships

At the next AGM, members will be asked to present their 2014 membership cards at the registration table.

P. Connolly Memberships

CAT TALES Editor
490 Queen Street, Apt.108
Charlottetown, PEI C1A 8R9

WINTER: February Deadline for submissions: January 15
SUMMER: June Deadline for submissions: May 15
FALL: October Deadline for submissions: September 15

paulamconnolly@eastlink.ca