

Hi Tracie

I am a huge fan of yours by virtue of the Martha station on Sirius. You have taught me so much about kitties: food, health, neutering, behaviors. You are a Godsend.

We have two feline babies, Bones and Grease a/k/a Baby, how eat only wet and are healthy and happy. I preach your sermon as I walk thru life - both to my vet (who still refuses to drink the koolaid) and also to friends when they tell me about health and weight issues with their feline babies. I'm your southern soldier!

I know you hear and read kitty stories until you can't hear or see straight but ours are just so special I feel compelled to share short versions:

We were having a party to celebrate our Hurricane Katrina rebuilt house in the Summer of 2007, and when I was at the florist ordering arrangements for that big night and cute orange tabby worked his way in and out of my ankles. I commented to the florist how sweet the kitty was and that my husband Doc was begging me for a cat, and without missing a beat she said he was ours, that he was a street cat mainly and she just fed him. The florist said the cat showed up at her shop in the months just after Katrina when she was rebuilding so we use 2006 as his birth year. A few days after the excitement of the party was over, my stepson and I bought a carrier, picked up the cat, and surprised Doc one night after work with his new baby. He was elated, named him Bones as a nod to his profession, and they have been inseparable ever since. Bones and Doc sleep many a night with arms wrapped around one another. Bones is the sweetest, most cuddly baby we ever could have been adopted by.

Or so we thought.

A month ago Doc's office called me frantic on Friday morning. The employee on the phone said a patient walked into the office from Violet, LA, which is 10-15 miles south of our town, saying her car had a weird screeching sound coming from it in the parking lot. The patient said she had heard the screeching from her motor on her drive to the office when she was stopped at red lights. One of the chiropractic assistants went outside to investigate, opened the hood to look further, reached her arm down in between all the hot and dirty auto parts, and pulled out a solid black tiny fluff ball covered in oil and grease. The CA put a bowl of water in a copy machine paper box, punched holes in the lid, stowed the tiny thing in the staff restroom and called me in despair. "Doc wants him," she said. Our vet squeezed me in and was amazed at the automobile story, says it's the first one he's heard of that survived such a ride in a very long time. After some tests, the vet pronounced him a healthy 1 pound baby boy, and the groomer swept him away to bathe him for his new life in Casa Shoemaker. His name: Grease - but we call him Baby.

Baby literally fits in the palm of our hands, Tracie. He's the tiniest thing we've ever seen outside of hamsters. We have always adopted grown animals and needed much help from your Bible with him. We gave loaded up a room of him his own with food and water bowls, comfy bed, a stuffie toy from the greyhounds basket, and left the television on for

company. The first couple of weeks he did nothing but hide from us in this garage bathroom. We've taken it very slowly with him, and, as Baby shows us he is comfortable, we enlarge his world. When Baby started purring around our ankles and let us hold him in his garage bathroom house, we gradually let him into the whole garage for periods of time play then we picked him up and returned him to his house after awhile. This past week, at the one month point of having him, I opened up the garage door into the house to let him explore. Amazingly he follows me wherever I go in our home. Slowly but surely we can see his progress and know that he is coming around.

We have yet to introduce him to Bones full on. We have put Baby in his carrier and let Bones sniff around him, and vice versa. That process, too, will be a slow but sure kind of deal. At the second vet's visit, Baby was 1.5 pounds but we think he is still a little too small to defend himself around Bones should some territorial dispute begin. We are feeding them separately as your Bible says, separate litter boxes, and playing with and showing love to each individually.

Your Cat Bible has gotten us thru many a situation, as does listening to your cat show. Thank you so much for your service to our feline world!

P.S. Soon after I wrote you in June we introduced our babies slowly but surely using two cat carriers. We put each cat in a carrier and placed them side by side to hiss and sniff and get used to each other's essences. Then we introduced them, water spritzers in hand, in person and they have been best of friends literally since the first moment. One is never without the other. They play fight like crazy then turn around and give each other a loving bath, so sweet. Reggie has brought out a playful side of our 3 year old Katrina rescued cat, Bones, that we never knew existed. They are absolutely the loves of our life - along with their rescued greyhound sisters Abigail and Savannah of course. Thank you so much for this honor!

Fondly,

Carol along with her husband Jim and their whole farm: Reggie Bush and Bones, Abigail and Savannah the greyhounds, and Turdie our Katrina rescued Turtle from our swimming pool.