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The Cat No One Wanted was Wanted All Along

Mon, 2015-09-14 12:32 — Robin Olson

I truly believe that sooner or later every cat will find their forever home. In some cases it's taken months and in two rare cases it's taken more than a year. Typically I'd expect it to take longer when we have an adult since without a brick and mortar shelter for people to come visit, the cat would have to be very appealing to cause someone to come over to my house to meet them (after the person goes through our screening process first). It's not ideal, but I also want to make certain the match is a good one, one that lasts a lifetime.

Enter Woody Jackson.



©2014 KittenAssociates.org. Mia after giving birth. What a great mama!

Woody was born on the last day of March in 2014 to a feral mom named Mia. Mia was toughing it out on the grounds of an apartment building where we were told they were going to start poisoning the feral cats to get rid of them. Mia, swollen with her unborn kittens would have perished if not for the efforts of a small team of very caring people. Once in our program, foster mom, Moe got to work preparing a space for Mia to safely give birth.

We were lucky in that Mia didn't lose a single kitten when she gave birth just two days after being rescued. Her kittens were a kaleidoscope of colors and patterns. We reached out to some friends and asked them to name the kittens so their names would be as varied as they were.



©2014 KittenAssociates.org. *I am born. Baby Woody.*

This family was like many of our others, but what was better was that they were quite a bit healthier and more robust. The months passed as the kittens grew, opening their eyes, taking their first steps, being weaned, getting their vetting done, learning to be confident kitties of the world.

The only problem with this family was Mia. She was too wild to be a pet, but I couldn't just leave her behind when it was time for her kittens to join the 1100 mile transport to my home. **My job is to find the forever homes for the kittens AND mom, but what if mom wasn't adoptable?** ^[1]



©2014 KittenAssociates.org. *Woody Jackson, named in honor of Jackson Galaxy, the stunning white cat we rescued in 2012 who passed away a few days before Woody was born.*

I knew it would potentially cause me many problems to have a cat I couldn't handle mixed with friendly kittens who were ready to be adopted. I also knew I couldn't work with Mia if she was with the kittens, so they needed to be adopted first.

It didn't take long before Ivy got adopted. Not long after the start of the New Year, I met a family who was interested in adopting Snickers, Woody or Greta or some combination of the three. Not everyone in the family was ready to adopt three cats, though they'd had as many as four in the past. They'd set their sights on Woody, but as they agonized over which ones to take, my hopes that Woody would be chosen began to fade.

In the end, the family adopted Snickers and Greta, leaving the mom with tears in her eyes as she left. She vowed to come back for Woody and she told Woody not to worry because he would be reunited as soon as she could get her husband on board. I'd never push an adoption like that because everyone has to agree it's something they all want. I told her not to worry and resigned myself that maybe this wasn't Woody's family.



©2014 KittenAssociates.org. Ivy (bottom left), Greta (tortie), Woody (center), Fernando (top center), Lil' Snickers (center right).

It took a few more months before Fernando was adopted. He went with Astro, who was one of Celeste's offspring. I'm glad to report that they're doing very well together.

That left Woody and Mia.

As Woody's first birthday approached, I began to worry that his home might not be out there. After nine months of living with me I'd never even gotten ONE adoption application for him. I couldn't understand it because Woody is a gem. The cat is friendly, handsome, maybe a bit too chatty, but smart. He either had an elephant head or a heart in the cow pattern on his back. What's not to love?



©2014 KittenAssociates.org. Woody and Snickers were very close. We hoped they'd be adopted together but that didn't come to pass.

I had fifteen more cats coming and needed to make room for them. Woody and Mia had to be moved to the small blue bathroom, which is where I normally have a mom and kittens. **This year I couldn't rescue any pregnant cats or nursing queens because there was simply no room.**

I began allowing Woody a break from being confined to one room to explore the rest of the house. He slowly began to meet some of my cats. The first two friends he made were Freya and Fluff Daddy. He was particularly close to Freya. Each night I'd let Woody out of his room. He'd start meowing frantically since he'd been bored being shut up all day. He'd race around the upstairs and play Tag with Freya. Eventually, Woody made himself a place on a soft bench next to the bed and slept near me every night.

©2015 Robin AF Olson. Woody vs Freya.

Most every morning, around 4 or 5 AM, he'd also wake me up, crying to be let back into the blue bathroom so he could be with his mom. **Mia was his world now and each day that passed meant it would be that much harder for him to be separated from her.**



©2014 KittenAssociates.org. BFFs.

I even tried to get Mia into a situation by herself where she might become socialized but it didn't work out. After two weeks Mia returned. Woody was delighted to see her again, but I knew that it meant Mia might never leave us and both cats would be here for years. I had to do something.

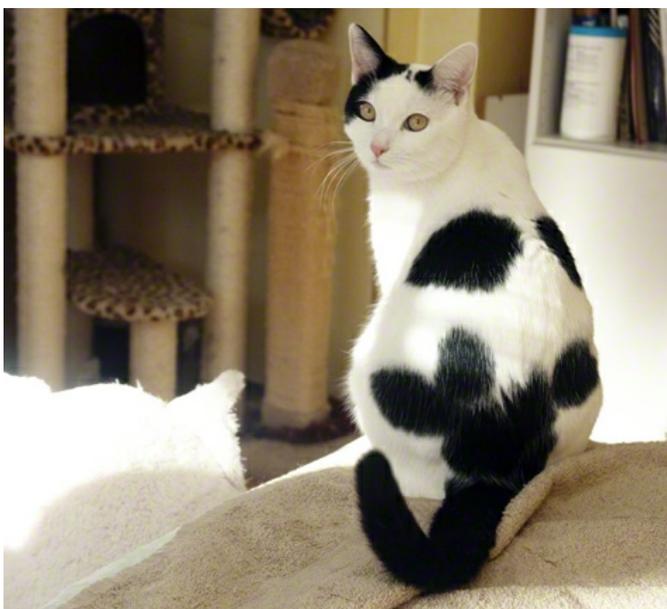
But I got sick and my heart was acting wonky. Then my cat Gracie got sick. Planning an adoption event or even getting Woody's photo in the local paper just seemed to be too much to do. It was August 2015. Woody was almost a year and a half old. He wasn't getting along well with all my cats. **He even began to protect the bedroom as his space, which was going to be a big problem since my other cats wouldn't tolerate that. I knew that we'd possibly start having inappropriate elimination issues crop up in the bedroom, or cat fights in the middle of the night. I couldn't come up with a solution.**



©2015 Robin AF Olson. Handsome young man.

One day I was going through email and one stood out to me. The subject message said "Woody." I opened it up. It was from the husband of the family who adopted Great and Snickers. He said they were ready to take Woody and when could they come get him. **Nine MONTHS had passed since their adoption and just now it was time for Woody? I couldn't believe it.**

It took some time before I could talk to his wife. I wanted to be sure this was a family decision. It was. Not only that, but even their two children had been asking about Woody all these months. **They'd never forgotten him and they all knew that the only thing that made sense was to reunite the kittens with their brother.** I couldn't have been more pleased. If Woody was adopted, then maybe I could work with Mia, at last and maybe there was a chance that Mia could eventually be ready to be adopted one day, too.



©2015 Robin AF Olson. What do you make of the patten on Woody's back? Micky Mouse elephant?

Friday night Woody's new mom came to get him. I expected to be a wreck having to let him go after all this time. **I loved Woody dearly and considered him part of my family, but I also knew it was grossly unfair for him to be in a small room for a better part of the day and not be with people who would love him, play with him and give him the chance to be with his siblings again.** I knew it wouldn't be effortless to reunite them. It would still take some time, but I also hoped that it would be fairly easy for them to remember each other, even after all these months.



©2015 Robin AF Olson. Woody always helps with the laundry.

Sam and I packed Woody up into his new cat carrier. I gave him his blanket that smelled like his mom. I kissed him goodbye but I did not cry. I was happy for Woody because now he could really have fun in ways that I could not provide for him. As I said goodbye to his new mom, she told me if Mia came around to let her know. I couldn't imagine her being reunited with her kittens, but heck, maybe anything is possible if you give it enough time?



©2015 Robin AF Olson. Woody with his beloved mother, Mia.

It's strangely quiet with Woody gone and sadly, the only sound I can hear is of Mia. She's crying. In all the time she's been here I've only heard her *hiss*. She's looking for Woody. I wish I could tell her how sorry I was and that I'd like to be her friend. I knew this would be the terrible part of the adoption process, but if Mia is to have any chance at being socialized it had to be done.

Now I can focus on her and hope that one day her story will have as happy an ending as Woody's. **I've already gotten an update that Woody is a love-bug and doing well. His new family is overjoyed to have him where he was meant to be all along.**



©2015 Robin AF Olson. Ever the rascal. Our last night together.

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If you'd like to read more about Mia and her family you can read [Mia's Very Long Road Part 1](#) ^[2] and

[Mia's Very Long Road Part 2](#) ^[3]

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Comments

Tue, 2015-09-15 13:20 — jmuwj (not verified)

RE: WOODY ^[13]

He sure has a cute little voice! Very glad he is with some of his sibs and that the family seems to be a truly loving, loyal one. Mia is GORGEOUS. All the very best for them!

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- [1] <http://coveredincathair.com/content/mias-story-wwyd>
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