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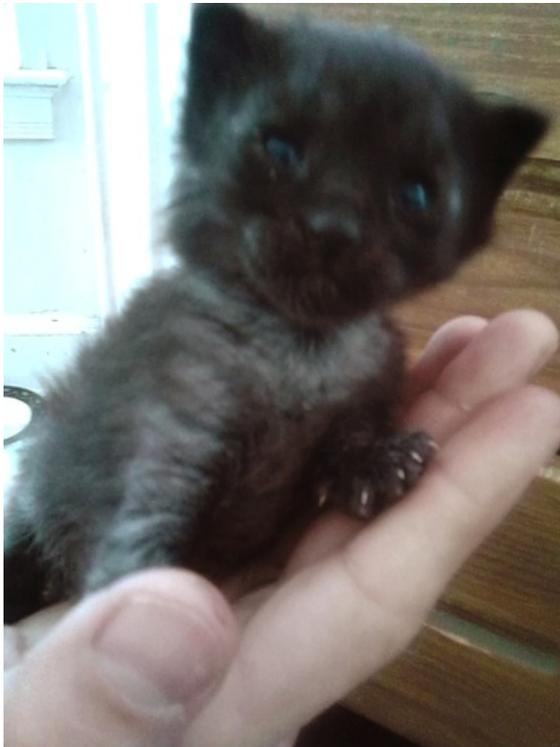
This Precious Life: We'll Never Really Know. Conclusion.

Mon, 2016-04-25 18:02 — Robin Olson

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I asked about the moms and she said yes to me getting them spayed, at least.

In the end, she adopted out 8 kittens that were not fixed and I doubt had any vetting of any kind. Who did she sell them to? What really happened with them? I do not know. The few times I asked I got a different answer. One answer was it was good homes to good families then it was to friends and to their own family members. I was livid. I knew if those kittens were alive, all of the rescues in CT just had 8 more intact cats to deal with. God knows how many more kittens they would have before they were vetted, IF they were even alive.



Chapstick/Miracle beating the odds.

I begged to help the moms get spayed and we finally were able to set up an appointment to get it done. I was so excited that we could get these cats vetted. Everything was going fine. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. **I had found out they were moving to Georgia soon, so it was good this was getting done. An HOUR before the appointment I got a text... "sorry but Jon worries the moms will throw a clot on the trip down to GA because it's so soon after we have to leave so we have to cancel."**

Once again I found myself in utter disbelief. What a crock of shit. Really? Instead of getting these cats vetted for free, they're going to move them intact into the state that has a horrifically high kill rate in all the municipal shelters. Those cats, if they ever got lost or kept

breeding had a very bad future ahead of them. I was at the end of my rope, not to mention I had to be rude and cancel on my Vet which hurts my relationship with him.



One of the other mama-cats.

Unwilling to give up, I took yet more time to send them info on low cost clinics in their new home state so they could get all the cats vetted once they got there. They always assured me that the cats would be taken care of and it would be fine, but I just felt placated.

The final straw was this week.[editor's note: **this was over a year ago**] I thought they were long gone but they were still here, living in a hotel. Now they wanted help getting their two moms (*the ones I'd offered to get spayed*) a new home, along with the male who I'd had neutered. They were moving in a few DAYS and couldn't keep all the cats. *Could I help?*



Tiny tummy.

I should have said *no*, but I wanted to help the cats so I said I would try. **I begged a BIG favor from a dear friend who does rescued and she offered to take them, but...she asked after Miracle. What about her? Of course, she needed to be spayed, too. I told her she would have to make the deal with the couple. That I would go get them, I would help vet them, whatever I could do, but in the end if she was taking the cats she would have to make the arrangements.**

She talked to them a few times each time getting a different story. I didn't even know they'd kept a male kitten from one of the litters so they had a male and female kitten who were intact. When she told them she'd take ALL the cats and get them vetted, then give them back

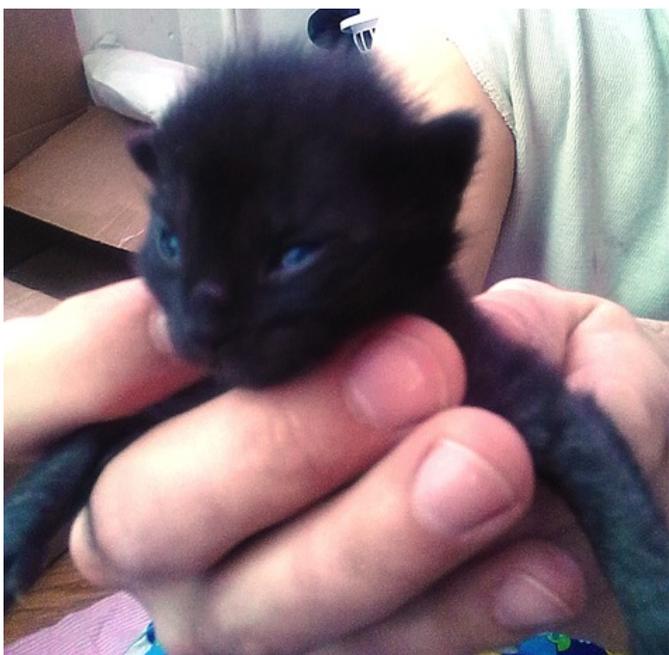
the kittens they balked. First, they suddenly changed their minds that the fixed male could stay with them and that they only wanted the two females to be re-homed. They wouldn't answer certain questions. It was Wednesday, they were moving on MONDAY. We had to RUSH to get every cat vetted. Then all of a sudden they wouldn't answer Katherine's texts asking them when we could come get the cats.



Miracle with one of her stepmoms.

Clearly they did not want to give up the kittens, but it was okay to give up the young adults that had just had litters of kittens. Why? Was it because the new "adam and eve" kittens were going to be bred next? **Had I unearthed a backyard breeder?** I can't say. I can ask questions because things didn't line up. **It's one thing to change your mind, but it's another to change your story depending on who you're talking to. I was furious.**

I got up very early Thursday and called my vets. I again begged for an appointment to S/N the kittens. We could do the adults later. No one could help or if they did the costs were outrageous. **I knew I had a litter of kittens coming up on a transport the following week. It runs back to Georgia so it would buy us time. All I had to do was get the kittens vetted, then we'd pay to transport them to Georgia and Christal could pick the kittens up when they were in their new place. It was crazy, but it was the best we could offer.** My friend would take the adult moms and get them vetted and find them homes.



Looking more like a kitten than an alien.

Then yesterday...the final straw. Now they were leaving the next day (today) instead of Monday. **And she tells me; “thank you for your help but we’ll just get vouchers” (her patented answer every time we challenged her about really getting her cats S/N. You can only get one per family in CT and she needed at least 4—again more BS. When they get to GA they will take care of it and to forget it but they will just keep all the cats—even the ones they asked us to re-home.**

Sure they will.

So I blew my top. I went online to Facebook. Christal had unfriended me. All the photos she’d posted on my timeline of Miracle were gone. I did a search on her name and it came up empty. Why do this if they are so innocent? I searched for Jon. Same thing. Gone. I decided to let them have it. This is my final text message to them:

“Never in my life have I ever been so manipulated, lied to, used, taken advantage of. You’ve wasted SO MUCH of my time that could have gone to helping cats who really deserved help. Shame on you. I can’t believe you won’t get your cats S/N. Backyard breeders are the lowest of the low. There is no excuse. Let me be clear, I find what you do disgusting and reprehensible. Saying you will get a voucher or find a service is a lie. Everything you’ve said to us is a lie. I have news for you. You can’t make a buck off kittens in Georgia if that is even where you’re really going. All you’ve done is guarantee that poor chapstick will have a hellish life and the others will, too. We offered to help you, no matter what it cost us in time and resources and you just made up another excuse. This didn’t have to happen. All your cats could have been traveling healthy and not been able to reproduce ever again. Thank you for reminding me never to trust anyone or give them the benefit of the doubt. I’m sorry for the rescues in the state where you’re moving to next. All the rescues need to be warned about you as well as the DOA [note: Dept of Agriculture who oversees animal welfare issues] and if I can I WILL get the word out about what you’re doing. That’s not a waste of time in my book as you have been. Have a great move. Thank you for leaving Connecticut and all those intact kittens you sold to “good homes.” I’m sure we’ll be cleaning up that mess for years to come.”



Latched on.

She replied that she was *sorry*. That she would agree to get the cats spayed some day and they were NOT backyard breeders. That there were things going on she could not talk about—too embarrassing—that caused them to make the choices they did—that they wanted to keep all the kittens the mamas had, not just keep the 2 but it wasn't feasible.

I didn't write back. I don't know what to think. It would be one thing if it was only me who felt uneasy with how this transpired but **my friend was distrusting of them from the first moments they began to talk. She was very leery of the answers they gave her and how they kept changing their tune. I wasn't being paranoid. I could trust my evaluation of the situation.**

Because I don't want to vilify anyone I will leave it up to you to decide what you think is wrong or right with this big mess. Maybe Miracle will be just fine. Maybe she will be vetted one of these days when this family gets back on their feet. Maybe we should be compassionate and help this family through a tough time and understand that this was all a bunch of unfortunate coincidences and because we don't know the FULL story. We can't judge.



Eating on her own.

So. I'm not judging, but I DO feel like I've learned a lesson. In my friend Chris's words this is a *cautionary tale*. There's a point at which you have to walk away from a rescue situation. This time the cats are leaving the state and it's out of my hands. **If they were staying here I know I'd still want to find a way to help, but can't if I can't trust these people and their intentions.**

That poor little kitten barely clinging to life in a cardboard box, then nursed to life truly is a miracle, but what happens next to her...I shudder to think.

As for myself—I've learned I have to insist on doing paperwork every time we let someone foster for us, help us, work with us. The logistics and emergency nature of Mira's rescue made that impossible, but I am going to make sure this never happens again. At least if I'd had the forms signed, I would have had a right to get her back even though I doubt I would have been successful.



Last photo of Miracle I got.

I hate to think that this is yet another situation that will cause my heart to turn against people. I've heard it so many times. People who do animal rescue despise humans. They despise the bullshit, the lies, the cruelty. I don't want to be one of those rescuers, but I have to admit it's not going to be easy to remain open and caring with the next person who calls.

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