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The Squee Diaries. Ch 9. How Do I Love Thee?

Mon, 2013-07-29 10:49 — Robin Olson

The kittens are eight weeks old. Some of them hit the two pound mark indicating the time has come to get them ready to be adopted. They're big enough to be spayed/neutered and begin getting their appropriate vaccinations. I'll put photos and a description of each one on [Petfinder](#) ^[1] and in the local paper, [The Newtown Bee](#) ^[2]. I'm giving myself an excuse to wait until after 8/6 to do this because on that date my rescue, Kitten Associates is taking part in a National Fundraiser called [BarkAid](#) ^[3] and my brain is already over-taxed. Best not add the stress of getting the kittens ready to go...also it means I just came up with a lame excuse to keep them here a bit longer.

In honor of my beloveds—a love letter to them, which I hope will help you understand why fostering kittens is one of the best jobs anyone could ever have and why I hope everyone will join me in helping save lives by offering to foster kittens in your home town.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Oh Joey.

I love that you are everything in a big cat's body, but in a tiny, precious package. From your delicate, barely visible whiskers to your niblet-sized toes, all in perfect proportion to what you will be one day become.

I love to witness the blossoming of your shape from a formless furry blob into a refined feline. From watching your ear buds open to hear the first sounds or the shape of your tail change from a stubby triangle to a magical rudder. I never tire seeing your shaky, unsure steps become sure-footed and completely carefree. Every aspect of your day is about exploration, challenges, achievement and endless joy. **Because you don't have to worry about where your next meal will come from or fear predators nearby, your life can be what I wish my life was—one that celebrates the wonder of simply being who you are without fear.**



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Lil' Gracey ponders her paw.

I love that you reflect back to me the love I give to you. After a time our love becomes a purring resonance without a source. It travels back and forth between us without effort. It just is, pure and complete.

You trust me to care for you as you need to be cared for, with respect to your needs and never-wavering concern for your well being. **I'm not afraid of the responsibility but I am scared, deep-down, that I will miss something and you will suffer because I didn't notice the signs or symptoms.** My goal is to never cause you to suffer even if I can't prevent my own suffering.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Petey gets ready to run for it.

I love your firsts—your first purr, the first time you look into my eyes and recognize me as a friend, the first time you react to my voice by running over to be near me. I love it when you reach up to me, asking to be held. It tells me I did the right thing for you because if you can love me, then you will love your new family, too, one day.

I love giving you challenges, but in measured amounts. I don't push you too far, just a little bit every day, so every day you can be more confident in the world whose boundaries grow further and further away from our little foster room nest. I know I can't contain you, so I don't try. You must grow beyond this little space to claim a new one for your self some day.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Mellie turns to jelly.

I love to watch you play. I'm tempted to believe that watching you could cure cancer as you hop backwards with your back arched, practicing your menacing moves. It just comes off as the scatter-brained antics of a clown. I can't stop smiling as you race past me to jump onto your sibling, turning into a furry tumbleweed. Even if I don't know how I will pay my mortgage, you give me space to remember to smile; that life goes on and is still beautiful even in the darkest moments.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. *Look ma, one paw!*

Although I don't love when the time comes to say goodbye, I have to love knowing that you're here because I opened up my home to you. You didn't have to lose your life before it had a chance to begin. You didn't have to live a shortened life outside, racing from one fearful moment to the next.

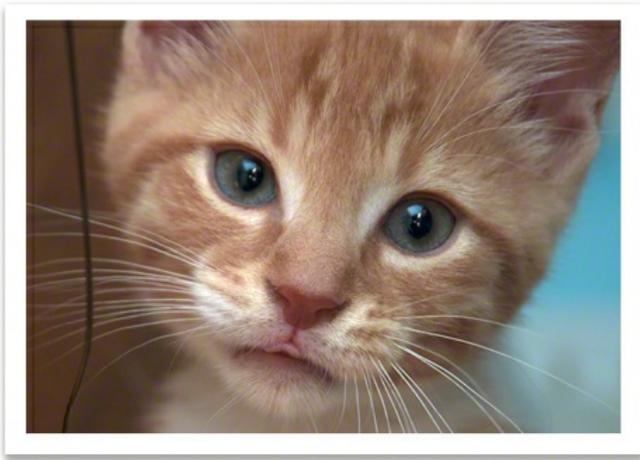
I have to love kissing you goodbye because it means that you've graduated from this phase of your life and with any luck, you're going to have a comfortable, wonderful rest-of-your-life next.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. *Mad crush on Mel...*

Part of loving you means facing my own fears-fear that I will never stop being sad after you leave, but it also means finding faith-faith that I will find others who need me just as you did. Together we will walk the path to those all too familiar moments to be witnessed again and again.

In some ways, you will never leave me. You are forever a kitten and forever my love.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson...and Petey.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Attacking the toe monster.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Stanley plays the harmonica..I mean toy.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. At eight weeks Joey's eyes are starting to change color from baby blue.



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Of all the kittens, Stanley LOVES to play more than the others.

Time is almost up! Please don't forget to VOTE so we can win a \$1000 donation for our kittens (and so I can keep fostering!!)



[4]



©2013 Robin A.F. Olson. Joey is as sweet as his photo suggests. He's got the most tender heart of the litter and he so reminds me of Fred who we lost on May 9th.

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Comments

Mon, 2013-07-29 14:31 — [jmu hj](#) (not verified)

RE: KITTENS ^[11]

I don't know how you do it, Robin -- you'd have to have a pretty strong will to be able to let THOSE go! ;) They are all so adorable and they seem to be thriving -- love to see their mom looking better and better as well!

Mon, 2013-07-29 21:35 — [Bernadette](#) (not verified) ^[12]

Kittens... ^[13]

I love to watch little fuzzballs do everyday big cat things, like wash their faces.

Fostering and finding homes for kittens is like giving gifts every day--to the kittens and cats you rescue, of course, and when you find that perfect match, to both the cat and the human as you witness the magic of their first moments, the very beginnings of a long life together. And what a great gift to you is that?!

Mon, 2013-07-29 22:43 — [kolekea](#) (not verified)

Letting Go... ^[14]

...can be so-o-o hard. You have been there since they were born. You gave them a chance to have a good live, filled with enough food, warmth, love and tender care. And now you will send them on to their forever homes, to bond with their forever families, and to receive forever love and care. I hope their new families will give you updates on how each of them is doing.

We have followed this little family from the beginning, and those of us here in the cyber world have grown attached, too. They are so precious. I only wish I lived close enough to give at least one of them a forever home. Thank you, Robin, for all that you do for all the homeless felines! I am sure, that another litter will soon find refuge in your home, and that we will once again follow their growth and antics. The Circle of Life continues.

Tue, 2013-07-30 08:35 — [Bobbi Hahn](#) (not verified) ^[15]

Squee Diaries ^[16]

Oh, Robin, what a beautiful, touching post. It is, indeed, a love letter to these perfect little creatures. They are so very lucky to have you in their lives, loving them so very much and training them for their happily-ever-after. You are a remarkable woman, and I sincerely hope to meet you in person the next time I visit my brother in Bridgeport. Oh, and your photographs are AWESOME!

Tue, 2013-07-30 14:56 — [LoriKarch](#) (not verified)

thanks ^[17]

I fostered kittens for two years (110 in total) each with their own names, personalities, and a special place in my heart. This is wonderfully written and so true. Thank you for putting into words what goes on for us foster moms. I miss fostering terribly and will resume when our current cat is well again.

Thu, 2013-08-08 14:57 — [Barbara UK](#) (not verified)

Mayhem in the Blue Bathroom ^[18]

Just spent a heartwarming 10 minutes watching mayhem in the blue bathroom, with kittens flying everywhere. They are so darn happy it's a joy to see - so glad you are sharing it with us. Feel quite exhausted now after watching their antics :)

How is Minnie doing?

Barbara UK

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[Robin @ Google+](#)

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Links

- [1] <http://www.petfinder.com/shelters/CT431.html>
- [2] <http://newtownbee.com/>
- [3] <http://www.barkaid.org/>
- [4] <http://petties.dogtime.com/finalist-voting>
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- [12] <http://www.thecreativecat.net>
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- [14] <https://coveredincathair.com/comment/6422#comment-6422>
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