

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A RESCUER

The gentle jingle of your wrist alarm tells you it is time to feed the babies. Two ayem comes quickly. You roll over and peek into the box lying next to you ...three days old, eyes not opened, abandoned by their young mother, the three little heads under the blanket begin to move back and forth searching for the teat.

Quietly you get up and move to the kitchen to warm the special formula you've made just three hours ago. You notice the message light on your phone blinking. A quick glance tells you that there are seven new messages on your emergency line. Moving to the microwave you hit the play button on the answering machine, and listen to what lies in store for you this day.

1. My new boyfriend is allergic and I must find a home for my 10 year old cat. 2. I'm on social security and I'm feeding six ferals, can you help me by donating some food to me? 3. I'm a senior citizen and my landlord is evicting me tomorrow and I have no place to take my cats. Can you help? 4. I just had a baby and my doctor says I have to get rid of the cat because my baby is allergic to the dander. 5. My cat is pooping and peeing all over the house and I need to get rid of him today. 6. I just found a tiny kitten in my back yard and I don't know what to do for it, can you call me and tell me what I need to do to help him live? 7. My cat got hit by a car and I can't afford his medical bill, are you able to give me some financial assistance? 8. My mother died and left me her estate and now I have this house with all these damned cats in it...and if you don't come pick them up I'll just take them to the pound.

The microwave tells you the KMR formula is warm and you trudge back to the now mewling bottle babies, to feed them one by one. After feeding, each must be burped for gas, its genitals gently massaged with a moist cotton ball to make sure each is pooping and peeing without problems. All is well and you tuck them back under the blanket, making sure the heating pad is just the right temperature and they are not laying directly on it. You reach for the light to turn it off for another Three hour nap, when it will be time to start the whole thing over again for the next four weeks.

The light snaps off and you lie there thinking about which call you will answer to start the day Tomorrow. Probably the tiny kitten call...then get some food to the woman with the starving ferals. Make some calls to your foster people to see who has some room to take in a few cats. Refer the injured cat person to some low cost vets and people who might give her financial aid. By that time you'll probably be steamed enough to tell your first caller to get rid of the new boyfriend and keep the ten year old cat who has been her best friend all these years. You'll worry about that tomorrow. Right now you need those precious three hours of sleep So you can face the new batch of phone calls that are bound to be wait.....