

WolfStone Ranch

10 May 2017

A beautiful day in May... and I'm just now working on this brief letter of **FEBRUARY's** accomplishments... My goal has been to mail out one month's" accomplishments list" within the first week of the following month... oh well, better late than never, eh? ☹️ And I'm sure you've noticed that I **STILL** haven't gotten around to composing my September-through-December 2016 **WSR** Newsletter... which is not just about my being compulsive. No, my Newsletters are the quick-and-easy way that I'm planning to keep my **WolfStone Ranch (WSR)** website **CURRENT**... One of these days, I'll have my webmaster put links to all my Newsletters on my News & Events web page. Of course, that's another project that's sitting on the backburner because I'm too busy sitting around watching TV and eating chocolates 8-10 hours per day, 365 days a year... Oh, sorry, I meant taking care of a burgeoning band of dogs and cats... I got confused there for a minute! LOL 😊

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As you may recall, **Spot** was a sweet bird dog I rescued last summer and was finally able to transfer to Five Acres Animal Shelter last December... But before he could get adopted, I learned in February that the Canine Coordinator with whom I've worked for years, and whom I trusted very much to find great homes for the dogs I transferred to her, is no longer there! I'm not going to get into the details, which I know only through "the grapevine" anyway, but in my opinion, it sounded like a case of dysfunctional workplace relationships...

And let me tell you, that is exactly the kind of dysfunction that I've run into for decades... at jobs, at places at which I've volunteered... the very kind of behavior that has prompted me to want so badly to produce and participate in a Community-Building Experience!

So, I spent a considerable amount of time in February talking to different people about what had happened at Five Acres, trying to determine if the shelter, now under new and unknown (*to me*) management, would remain a no-kill, if **Spot** was safe there, or if he'd finally been adopted out prior to the shake-up (*effectively getting him out of harm's way*). My hands were partially tied, which meant that I ended up spending much time worrying and trying surreptitiously to find out if I needed to

rescue him from Five Acres and bring him back to WSR! By the end of February, however, everything was frustratingly still up in the air...

DVM visits in February... **Koty** needed a rabies vaccination, long-haired **Felicia** needed some lumps shaved off that I couldn't comb or trim out, and **Pansy** had a bad case of diarrhea (*that I eventually believed was caused by food sensitivities*).

My precious parakeet, **LyLy**, got sick... I'd rescued her at the age of 2, had her as a happy kitchen companion, cleaning her cage every day, for 12 years... Took her to her bird specialist in St. Louis, where he took x-rays and ran a few tests, and put her on antibiotics... At first, I thought she was going to rally, but then she started downhill again... Two more trips to St. Louis, the last one to euthanize my tiny baby. I buried her in the same flower pot that I'd buried her sister in 8 years ago... Even found a few of **Dandelion's** teensy tiny bones! Which I reburied with **LyLy**... Rest in peace, my fine feathered friends! I so miss your bright, cheerful chirps in my kitchen (*which is my Command Central*)!

I'd live-trapped **Raji** (*a skittish orange tabby*) at the end of January, but she was too freaked out to test... which meant that until I COULD test her for FIV and leukemia, she'd have to stay in the outdoor quarantine pen AND I would have to be extremely careful not to expose all my other cats to her germs (*etc.*) ... which further meant that I'd need to change clothes at least two and sometimes more times per day, between caring for her and the other cats... onerous and time-consuming. I also needed to find a way to keep her warm, as the weather was very cold (*well below freezing*)... She wouldn't go in one small heated bed that I bought for her, so I ordered a larger one, which she also refused... so I set up a doghouse filled with cardboard and straw, which she ALSO refused! Instead, she'd chosen to hide and stay warm in a hole in the bales of straw, so I finally built a nest of straw bales around her, and formed a roof with some blankets. It took lots of experimentation and effort, but at last I succeeded... Aah!

I finished composing the last handout that I wanted to include in my **Community-Building Experience Group Presentation...** the "**Key to Successful Activism**"... at long last... HOORAY!!!

One Saturday morning, I got up, turned on the faucet in the kitchen and... nothing! Was able to borrow a bunch of 5-gallon jugs from a neighbor and filled them up with water at her house, to get me through the weekend. Then on Monday morning my family's plumber came out... a few hours later, after he'd retrieved his truck with the boom on it, we learned that my old pump had rusted out and split in two. Kaput! But by the end of the day, I had a new well pump and fresh, clean RUNNING water once again! However, I was now looking at a \$1200 bill ☹

As you may recall, in January I had replaced the old rusted, leaking barn roof with a gorgeous blue metal roof, BUT... the fascia boards on both sides of the roof were crooked (*from the barn foundation sinking in some spots*) AND rotten, so...

So, I went on a frantic search to find a carpenter who knew how to fix these problems?! I asked everyone, researched online, went to the lumber yards... weeks of research, but nothing!

Then one morning, when I drove up to one of my housecleaning client's homes, I saw a father/son carpenter team building a new calf pen for her! BINGO! Two weeks later I had my beautiful new fascia boards... and a week after that, the new gutters with leaf-guard were installed onto said boards by the same great company who replaced the gutters on my cottage a few years ago. The fascia-board replacement was \$1100 and the gutters another \$700. ☹️

Needless to say, I don't have money like this just lying around anymore... I ran out of my inheritance years ago! And I couldn't turn to you, my donors, for help... because you'd just paid for most of the \$3700 barn roof! So, when the well pump died, I went to my bank to find out what, if anything, they'd loan me for these repairs. And by the time I needed the money for these three projects, I had it... like magic! Moreover, my monthly payment (*for three years*) is only \$100 (it could've been worse)... what a relief! 😊

On the last day of February, I had to bring the barn cats into the basement because we had been forewarned of severe thunderstorms and possible tornadoes. Now, mind you, each cat must be loaded into a cat carrier, then carried from the barn to the basement, and then put into an individual large dog crate. They hate the whole process! Most are too anxious to eat much, they cry and whine a lot, and the dogs hate listening to them. But you know what? It's better than being injured or killed if a tree were to be blown over onto the barn, or we were ever actually hit by a tornado!

The cats were in for only 12 hours (*overnight*) this time... And the warnings were bad enough that I ALSO had to carry all the house cats down to their basement crates as well... Lugging those heavy cats in their carriers up and down my narrow basements stairs is no fun for any of us... but, again, sometimes it's totally necessary!

Current Head Count

3 adoptable dogs (**Juli Sundance Lady**), 4 dogs needing rehab (**Skyler Denver Durango Koty**), 7 adoptable cats (**Joey Clover Jada Savannah Felicia Maverick Charlize**), 7 difficult-to-place cats (**Loki Paprika Koala Lollipop Skidoodle Pansy Raji**), and 2 sanctuary cats (**Shayla Cricket**)

