

# Tales of Accidental Foster Mom

PAWS Humane

10/8/2016

Foster Blog

## *When it's all said and done..*

By Christie Morrell

This isn't the piece I thought I would write about my time as a foster mom. This certainly isn't a piece I want to write, which means that there isn't a happy ending, as much as I wish there were. However, there is still happiness, so I hope you will read on.

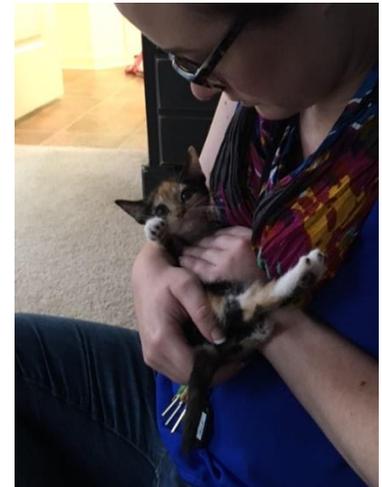
When I said "yes" to fostering two kittens back in July, I honestly had no idea what I was in for. As I said in my first piece, I was firmly "Team Dog" and these two baby kittens threw me for a loop. I mean, they really showed me who was boss. You can read back to my first piece to see my first few days with them. Who knew kittens could get into so much? Well, I know now.



I thought I would only have them a short time, just feed them, take care of them, and send

them on their way when they were big enough to be adopted. Easy and fun for everyone involved. And it was easy and fun, until one went on her way to her new forever family, and the other one didn't because she was sick. You see, my sweet Lady Di (aka-baby kitty), had Calicivirus. She was tiny when we first got her, not even a pound and she was sick. She didn't show the symptoms immediately, and when she did show symptoms the vets at PAWS were quick to treat her and make her feel better. Her little body was just too weak to fight off such a bad virus. She died in my arms on a Wednesday, while I sobbed hysterically and told her how much I loved her. So, that is the sad and tragic part, and I am really heartbroken over the loss of my sweet baby kitty.

Even though I am devastated at the loss of my baby kitty, who I really considered to be mine, I am so glad that I said yes when PAWS asked me for help. If I hadn't agreed to say yes to Lady Di then I never would've known how easily I could fall in love with a kitten. Lady Di never would have known the love of a family, and never would have known how much she liked to



sleep, safe and warm, in my arms. We were a good pair, Lady Di and I. I taught her what it felt like to be loved unconditionally and she never knew that she was an orphan, because she wasn't. She was mine, even though I was technically her foster mom, I was the only mom she ever knew.

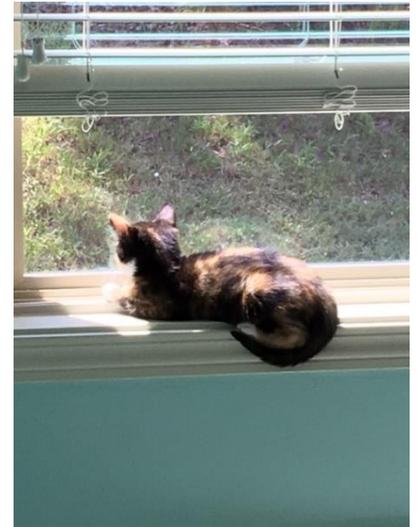
I had always had this impression that cats are very aloof. Lady Di taught me that they can be so affectionate and social. She followed me around just like my puppy does. Wherever I was, she wasn't far behind. She loved to take naps with me on the couch, all cuddled up on my chest with her tail tickling my nose. I loved hearing her purr. It took her two weeks to purr for the first time. I guess she had to

come out of her shell, but as an introvert myself, I get it. Lady Di made me laugh every day. Whether she was batting my dog in the face, even though he was quadruple her size, or yelling at me (yes, yelling) while I took a shower. I guess the fact that her “mom” was in the water made her nervous, because I didn’t have a peaceful shower the entire time I had her. She was always there, yelling at me to get out of that water! I am smiling now, just thinking of her.

So, I still miss Lady Di and think of her every day. My immediate reaction was that I was never,

ever fostering an animal again. I couldn’t imagine loving another animal only to have it leave me, one way or another. However, now that I have had time to process my time with Lady Di, I can see the beauty of the experience. Maybe Lady Di was meant to teach me that, while fostering can be hard, it is totally worth it. I’m going to give myself some time to recover, and then I’m going to say yes again. Yes, when PAWS calls me and asks me if I can take care of an orphaned animal who needs love. So, when it’s all said and done, Lady Di’s short life was important and she was loved.

And, when it’s all said and done, isn’t that what life is all about?



# In-Home Hero's PAWS Humane



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