



Pet Assistance, Inc....helping people and pets since 1973

Dear Animal Lover,

Can you imagine the heartache and trauma people experience when they don't have the funds to get their suffering pet the care it urgently needs?

That is why Pet Assistance, Inc. was founded....and we have never lost sight of our mission....to see that no pet should die or suffer solely because its owner does not have lots of available funds.

Because of people like you, we are able to help so many pets whose owners cannot fully afford emergency care for their pets. Thank you so much for your support over the years.

Animals know love, not money. They bring us such joy and even contribute to our good health!

I think our medical insurance should cover our pets' expenses also. Since petting a dog or cat is known to lower our blood pressure, wouldn't you think insurance companies would be glad to pay for pet food instead of drugs and surgery? What a win-win situation! Does this sound 'way out?' Just remember.... you heard this first from Pet Assistance!

We are busier than ever handling emergency calls.

Be sure to check out our website www.petassistanceinc.org to see some of the animals we have helped. Also read the reviews people are writing about Pet Assistance Inc on www.greatnonprofits.org

PLEASE give us your email address if we don't already have it. We are trying to cut down on printing and mailing expenses. Just send us a 'hello' at getapet@gmail.com and we will have it!



My own pets are getting on in years and it is never easy parting with one.

Meet "Chewed" A barn cat, of sorts

He was never really a 'pet' but has been part of my life for many years.

(Over).....



“Chewed” has been in my life since 2007. He may have shown up a year or so earlier, but 2007 was the first year I put him on my annual holiday photo-card featuring my pets and me. For many years, Chewed (note his chewed up left ear) faithfully came to my barn to eat twice a day. Then he would sneak off behind the barn, walk through the woods and disappear. He was three years old or so when he first came around: Such a handsome guy, but timid as can be. Over the years I caught him in a “Have-a-heart Trap” a few times, when trying to get some other critter. He never hissed or swatted, but would huddle in a corner, trembling as if pleading “Please, please, don't touch me.” There were a few really rough winters with heaps of snow. One year I didn't see him for five weeks and was sure I would never see him again. The snow melted and Chewed was back, timid as ever, and looking healthy.

How many times I would say to him: *“Please, let me pet you. I promise you will love it!”* About two years ago I noticed he was deaf. I could quietly approach him and he was not aware of my presence until my finger touched a hair ...and off he would scoot. In the winter of 2015 Chewed decided (on his own) to move into the hay stall in my barn rather than to continue his pattern of ‘eat and run.’ I put a bed in there for him and even a litter pan, He seemed quite content in his cozy bed, although he would fly to the rafters and hide as soon as I opened the stall door. “Please Chewed, let me touch you. ...I know you will love it!” became my mantra. ...to no avail. Chewed came through the winter of 2016 just fine, even with night time temperatures falling to -15 degrees. Yet, about five weeks ago I noticed he stopped eating other than a few nibbles here and there. His weight dropped steadily. Chewed is anywhere from thirteen to fifteen years old and I feel his time may have arrived. However, first I would like to have him x-rayed for a possible gastro intestinal blockage and have his teeth checked. I will be so happy if he can get healthy and strong again. Otherwise I will just have him put down.

Now that his appetite is barely existent, I don't know if I will even be able to lure him into a trap with some yummy food in this attempt to get him to a vet. And, it would be disastrous if he ever escaped and got lost in a strange neighborhood.

The 'miracle' is that tonight, when I brought him food (of which he was totally disinterested) I spoke to him gently, and pointed my index finger towards him, hoping he would rub against it like most cats will, ...and *for the first time in all these years, he did!* . I started massaging him by his ears, moving towards his head and slowly down his emaciated back and sides. I was bent over in an awkward position while doing this, but was afraid to shift for fear of startling him and scaring him off.... he kept pressing against my hand, asking for more caresses. I bit my tongue to keep from saying: *“See Chewed, I told you that you would love being petted.”* It was a blessed moment for the two of us.

My best to you and beloved pets all over the world!

Most sincerely,

Ruth Pearl