

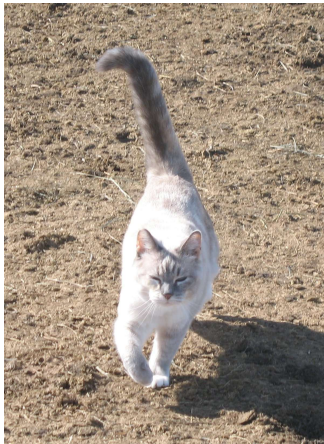
## **Mama** **2007 to July 9, 2018**

Today is such a sad & heartbreaking day because we had to say goodbye to **Mama**. A very horrific and unfortunate accident took her away from us way too soon. This is a day we'll never forget. Oh, Sweet **Mama**, we'll miss you so.....

The first number of times we saw **Mama** was out in the fields close to our home. We assumed she was wild and she looked very ratty. It turned out that it was really her colour that made her look ratty in the distance – she was a dilute calico but the gray on her made her look that way in the distance. She was actually a very pretty cat!



**Mama** came closer when her 2 kittens were hanging out with us. That is how she got her name – she was the “mama”. The first kitten was *Shadow*, a siamese coloured kitten who we found following our tom cat around. It was only a matter of time until she followed him through the dog door. Then came along *Pumpkin*, an orange kitten.



**Mama** was definitely a true feral cat, probably born in the wild. We guessed her age (with the help from the vet) was about 2 years old.

We managed to live trap **Mama** and got her & *Shadow* spayed and *Pumpkin* neutered. We adopted *Pumpkin* out via ARF, but kept *Shadow* for ourselves. We released **Mama** so she could live her life, but she would no longer have any more kittens.

**Mama** hung around and it wasn't too long before she came into our home through the dog door. She would hide behind the TV & stereo cabinet, keeping a very close eye on us. Eventually, she got brave enough to sit on the top of a cat castle we had inside, but we couldn't get closer than a 3' / 1 meter to her.

It took Tracy 6 more months to gain her trust and from then on **Mama** slept with us.

As we got to know **Mama** better, we started referring to her as “Sweet Mama” and “Funny Mama”. She was both.

Something very unique was that **Mama** had soft kitten fur. It was amazing how soft her coat was. I have read that very few cats keep their soft kitten fur but a few do, and **Mama** was one of them. It was glorious to pet her soft fur!

**Mama** was such a loving cat. She had the loudest purr we had ever heard. Her purr was so loud that it actually woke Alan up in the middle of the night on many occasions!



Many a late night, **Mama** would leap onto the bed on Tracy's side, sticking her face into Tracy's face asking to be petted. Tracy usually obliged since **Mama** had already woken her up. A few more pets and then **Mama** would lay by her side. Oh, sweet **Mama**!



We'll never forget having supper one night and hearing the dog door flap a number of times but no-one came in. It turned out to be **Mama** struggling to bring in a gopher through the dog door. But she had it sideways in her mouth and it was like holding a 2 x 4 sideways and trying to go through a door. We laughed so hard (too hard to remember to get a picture) but soon she figured out how to put one end of the gopher in first, then move the flap to get the rest of it in. Oh, **Mama** shared many gophers with us (not to mention mice) over the years.

We were always amazed at how loud **Mama** could meow with a mouse or a gopher in her mouth. She always announced to the whole world that she had caught something and was willing to share it!

**Mama** frustrated us – we had mice (and on occasion gophers) in our storage shed and she would take any opportunity to go in the shed when she could. She did end up locked in for a few hours and even overnight a few times, but fortunately only in summer.

**Mama** was quite the hunter. In addition to a number of mice, this past week she also brought in 1 dead gopher, and 3 live gophers. That was impressive since **Mama** was such a little cat, about 7 lbs. / 3 kg.



**Mama** was a funny eater. She had hunted for herself the first 2 years of her life and she never stopped hunting. She did eat most of her kills, but not gophers that we saw. She did eat Whiskas kibble though. Once, we changed to a different dry food and she stopped eating all together. Needless to say, we quickly changed back. **Mama** never ate canned cat food, no matter the flavour. Funny **Mama**.

Tracy has such special memories of **Mama** joining her every breakfast just in case something she was eating would come her way. She totally loved ham as well as cheese. Tracy always put down her plate and she would be happy to lick it clean.

**Mama** was best friends with Roux, our red Doberman. Tracy so fondly remember one day a few years ago when she was out fencing. Both Roux and **Mama** followed her through the pasture. At one point, Roux laid down patiently waiting for Tracy to move to the next post and **Mama** sat beside him. She actually managed to get a picture of it.



**Mama** many times would follow us when we were outside. Either feeding horses, working on the arena, fixing fence, gardening or even walking around the shelter belt checking on the trees. She was unlike most cats and she certainly felt she was part of our pack.

Our hearts ache with the loss of **Mama**. We feel so good about rescuing **Mama** and giving her an awesome life for 9 years, but we feel **Mama** gave much more to us. She has touched our hearts deeply - her paw prints on our heart will never be erased. **Mama** is so missed, forever loved, and never forgotten.  
**Goodbye Sweet Mama.....**