

PAW PRINTS

The Newsletter of the Lethbridge PAW Society

**TWO
ADOPTIONS
IN THIS ISSUE!**

Number 166 ~ June 2025

The Book Sale Comes Early

The PAW Book Sale, one of the big fund-raising events of the Society's year, came earlier in 2025 than it has in the past. The date for our fund-raisers often depends upon the availability of the venue. The book sale is always held at the Lethbridge & District Fish and Game 'Hut', an excellent location and building for the sale. This year, it was held June 11th to 14th.

The results were good, though the funds generated were down considerably from last year. Admittedly, 2024's sale was probably our best.

According to Joan Fiddler, PAW fund-raising director, "We sold \$370 in merchandise, \$78 in chocolates, \$2,348 in books, and there was \$220 in donations, for a total of **\$3,016.**" This is close to half of last year's total.

There are likely a number of reasons for the disparity. The sale was held ten weeks earlier than last year's; conceivably that made a difference. PAW has now less merchandise to sell, and the new calendar, included in last year's totals, is not ready for purchase yet. Joan added that fewer books were received as donations. Perhaps we are at last seeing the effects of people turning to e-books, rather than those of paper.



Whatever the reasons, PAW is still grateful for the results, which brought in a very necessary \$3,000. The Society is also grateful to the people of Lethbridge and district who donated and bought books. As Joan reported, "We were quite busy." This demonstrates the continued support PAW receives. The Society would also like to thank Joan, who organized the event, and the dedicated volunteers who work the sale each year, organizing the books, helping the customers and taking it all down at the sale's conclusion.

That we can continue to help homeless cats is due to all of them.

The Lethbridge PAW Society

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From Sadness to Happiness

ADOPTION

Tali and Rosie's journey through PAW had a tragic beginning. The two sisters' humans, a young couple, were killed in an automotive accident on May 12th, 2024. They were left without a home, so PAW was contacted. An experienced

foster-guardian volunteered to take them in. It was known that one of the cats had a serious allergy to various foods; it turned out to be Rosie.

Rosie's troubles with her allergy, and their eventual solution were described in detail in PAWPrints issue number 162. For now, it is sufficient to write that, thanks to PAW and the girls' foster-guardian, Rosie's allergy is now controlled with the drug Atopica.

Despite the fact that Rosie's condition was now managed, it was thought that the odds of her and Tali being adopted were long. Atopica is not an inexpensive drug, and bonded pairs, as PAW was presenting the sisters, are not frequently adopted. But fate was more than kind to them.



Tali (left) and Rosie while in their PAW foster-home

Donna, like many cat-lovers, had "cats all her life". Though she and husband Rich had "been without cats for a little bit", they'd previously had two cats, long-lived felines, who died some time before at the ages of 19 and 21, respectively. They decided that it was time to adopt again.

They liked the idea of having a pair of cats, as they were "nice company for each other," and started "looking on-line for cats for adoption in Lethbridge." It was thus that they found the PAW Society, and Tali and Rosie.

Donna stated that Rosie and Tali were nervous at first

but that it didn't take long at all for the sisters to settle into their new home with their new people. They were very curious, and checked out the whole house. Within a day, Rosie and Tali were eating normally ("They love to eat!"), and within two, Donna could see that they were developing their new habits.

The first night, Tali was on Donna's knee. In contrast to her "easy-going" sister, Rosie was a little more shy, "more cautious", but it's interesting to note that they accustomed themselves to their new world so well that even strangers don't bother them at all.

"They like people," Donna said. "They come and see everybody."

At night, true to their day-time natures, Rosie sleeps on a chair, while Tali prefers the bed.

As for activity, Donna relates that the girls are "pretty playful" and have "pretty good energy". Their favourite toy is the laser-pointer.

And Rosie's allergy? Early in the adoption process, it was clear that Donna and Rich saw no problem with continuing to work with her to keep her condition in check.

"She's fine," Donna stated.

Indeed, Tali and Rosie have come a long way from when PAW first took them in: a long but satisfying way from sadness to happiness.



Tali and Rosie at home

**Keep watching for news about
the PAW Society's updated website!**

Remembering Elizabeth Ginn, 1947 ~ 2025

by Audrey Audette, Co-founder of the PAW Society

I met Elizabeth in the mid 2000s. By that time, she had founded her own cat rescue organization, The Last Chance Cat Ranch (LCCR). The PAW Society was a few years in by then. Towards the end of that decade, Elizabeth and I became very good friends. Not only were our philosophies about the well-being of homeless cats closely aligned, but we shared many other interests.

I cannot remember specifically the first cat with whom we partnered but BearBear was one of them [Elizabeth would have been able to tell us exactly who and when, as she had a keen memory]. Dozens more cats followed over the years.

Each of our collaborations would start with Elizabeth telling me about a concern for one of her foster cats, often for reasons of age, temperament or healthcare needs. It always went the same way -- the discussion would happen, I would ask if she'd like PAW's help, she would gratefully accept. Sometimes the cat would stay in her group's care and PAW would actively 'market' the cat and take care of the adoption process. Sometimes we would move the cat(s) to one of PAW's foster-homes. On occasion, it would be a sad, new arrival with nowhere else to go but to PAW.

Even with the tragedy of losing her home and many foster-cats to a fire in 2013, along with the sorrow of her son's untimely passing in 2017 and a ten-year cancer journey resulting in relocating to Edmonton in 2022, Elizabeth continued to help homeless cats and to fearlessly advocate for ALL creatures. She held others to a very high standard but not as high as she held herself. She networked with countless individuals and rescue groups, forming trusted relationships along the way with many, many good people in the Lethbridge area and across the Prairies and British Columbia.

As important as this work was to Elizabeth, it is only one snapshot of her multi-faceted life. She was the beloved Matriarch of her human family - three children and five grandchildren, all of whom she was intensely proud and they of her. She was an accomplished Art Therapist and a talented artist with many pieces of work in the

Provincial Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts and throughout Canada in private collections. In the last few years, creating art became a renewed passion, painting countless pieces of work for showings in Edmonton, the latest of which is scheduled for later this year. In 2024, she manifested her dream of writing and publishing a book, *Maggie the Cat*; several hundred copies were gifted to chosen rescue groups to help with their fundraising efforts. Even in palliative care, Elizabeth's output was prolific and she continued with future, ambitious plans.

My phone is quiet now. I miss my friend. But it is a shared grief with scores of people who loved and adored her. Elizabeth also leaves to mourn, her furry family, shared with her daughter, Muffy, and grandsons, Auren and Ben: darling little dogs, ChiChi and Koko and devoted kitty bed-partners, Rupert and Trixie.

A friend said to me, "I'm sure there was a traffic jam at the Rainbow Bridge" -- words of much comfort and I have no doubt, accurate.

And though
every tomorrow
will be absent of you,
every tomorrow
will still contain you.

~ Edward Lee



Read about the devotion of a foster-guardian to one of his little charges
in next month's issue of PAWPrints.

Editorial: My Own Memories of Elizabeth Ginn

Elizabeth Ginn died on June 14th, 2025. She founded The Last Chance Cat Ranch here in Lethbridge, and was a great supporter of the Lethbridge PAW Society, as well as being a good friend to its members.

I first heard of Elizabeth when her home caught fire, in 2013. A number of cats died in or as a result of the conflagration, and the survivors needed at least temporary refuge elsewhere. Some came to the PAW Society, including Bear-Bear, who came to stay with me after his trial-adoption didn't work out.

Elizabeth was a great help when it came to my understanding of diabetes in cats. I was able to help my cat Tucker manage his, due to Elizabeth's guidance. It was a great compliment to me that eventually, she thought I knew enough about the condition to help when other cats suffered from it. That's how first Parker, then Neville came to stay, first as PAW fosters, then as a sanctuary-cats. Even then, Elizabeth proved invaluable, as Nev initially took his insulin by syringe, rather than pen, and I required assistance in giving that to him.

I recall several of Elizabeth's visits to my home, though I don't think she would be greatly offended if I suggest that my cats were a rather fuller incentive for visiting than my company.

Indeed, her concern for animals was what I remember most about her. I cannot claim to have known her *very* well, so I am aware only of the barest facts regarding her family. It is her relationship with cats that most occupies my reminiscences of her.

She was always looking out for them. When a certain little, geriatric cat - soon to be named Minuet - needed a home because her person could not cope with the cat's problems any longer, I received a few hints from Elizabeth that mine would be a perfect home for this soon-to-be refugee. Elizabeth was not always subtle. She pointed out that Minuet was recently diagnosed with diabetes, and that I had experience with that condition. She sent me a picture of Minuet.

Eventually, I conceded, and took Minuet in. It turned out that Min did not have diabetes; it had been a misdiagnosis on the part of a veterinarian in another

city; no one PAW deals with. Elizabeth's reaction to such an error may be imagined.

Elizabeth was not one to ignore or gloss over mistakes or inadequacies when they adversely affected the health of either humans or animals. Her passion for the welfare of living creatures may not have endeared her to everyone she encountered, but she was a fierce advocate for anyone for whom she cared; since that included any victim of circumstance or misfortune, she had many to support. Yet they were all part of her care and concern for life.

And to be honest, I think her indignation over ignorance and injustice was what kept her going for so long after cancer attacked her.

On a more personal note, I was gratified by the support Elizabeth gave to my writing. She purchased my first collection of short stories when it was published, and was laudatory in her comments. I regret that I was unable to tell her about my second book; I didn't really expect her to read it, as ill as she was, but she would have liked knowing about it. She was someone who felt good when her friends felt good. She was also supportive of my blog, though since it is about the cats I know, her pleasing remarks about it were a bit more predictable.

Though her move to Edmonton from Lethbridge distanced her from many of her immediate causes - she had to relinquish her involvement in the LCCR - she maintained her awareness of everything that brought her concern. She often published news and pictures on Facebook, right up until her last days, and the internet kept her apprised of the world. In earlier times, she would have subscribed to dozens of newspapers and periodicals, and conducted letter-writing campaigns that would have cost a fortune in postage stamps. As I wrote above, her devotion to her causes was ardent, and fulfilling.

It's trite to suggest that Elizabeth was unique, for we are all unique. But, to twist a phrase of Orwell's, some are more unique than others. I think that description might fit Elizabeth Ginn.

~ James Thorne.