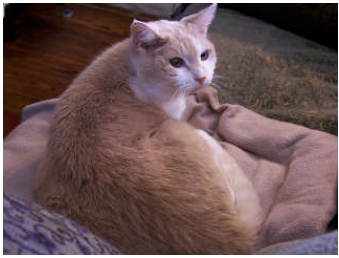


The Life and Times of Mr. Woody

October 13th 2008



One clear thing about the genial Mr. Woody right from the very start, was that his life before BrightHaven was filled with love. This gentle giant loved everyone he met, and was delighted to lick every single human nose that came his way.



Before BrightHaven, his recent past life was a tale so sad as to tug at the heartstrings, and even now we often shed a tear for what must have been the most traumatic day in his life.

I refer to the day when fifteen year old Woodman and his beloved elderly gentleman flew by airplane together to begin a new life with family to better care for them both in Los Angeles. Only, Woody arrived in L.A. alone, as his owner had suffered a heart attack en route and died, without seeing his precious Woody again.



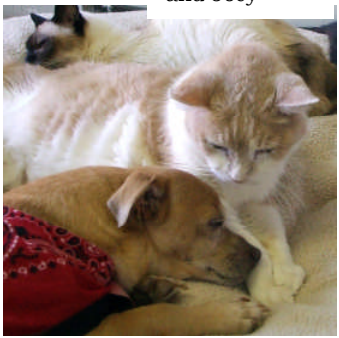
The grieving family gladly took Woody home to share their life in the name of their Dad, but the next event will strike sadness in even the most cold-hearted! After only three short weeks of happiness in the arms of a daughter who honored her Father by loving his cat dearly, this lady also fell victim to a sudden heart attack, and died.

The second daughter, grieving for her sister and Dad, took Woody home, vowing to care for him for the rest of his life, but this was not to be, as both Woody and the two family dogs had other ideas. Everything possible was done to try to integrate the family, but Woody was clear. He would simply not tolerate the pair of noisy dogs. He wished to pack his bags!



With Daf-Ann and Joey

The day Woody arrived at BrightHaven was a mix of sorrow and joy. Mr. Woody made it clear from the start that he had booked his place here long ago – and started work immediately to chastise all dogs, cats too (!) and show them he would tolerate no bad behavior. He would be the new boss – and he was. Several powerfully aimed right swings of a heavy paw in Patti's direction sent this sweet and fearful shepherd lady running, with tail betwixt her legs, and he was obeyed universally. Woody then set to work with gusto to settle into his new life.



This he did quickly, sampling many beds and laps and of course, bowls of food. Woody adored his new diet and we realized quickly that a set of corsets might need soon to be on order for our portly new resident!! We noticed early on that he was not entirely well, but paid scant attention to the sniffles, but as the days went by, realized this was no light cold and Woody had a very deep rooted and life-threatening, chronic illness.

To cut a long story short...Before BH, Woody was treated to suppress symptoms of rhinitis and stomatitis, with steroids, but they did not work, and soon he was in grave need of help. Dr. Larry Bruk, succeeded by BH's own Dr. Christine Barrett, came to the rescue and over the next few years, helped by some extreme dental work, achieved an amazing remission and a so-much-easier, and symptom free life for Woodman.



A soft pillow for DA!

Those who have known and fallen for this handsome tubby guy, will sit for ages in an exchange of stories of how he loved them best and how he would lick and lick their noses and then sneeze, with awful wetness, all over their faces!! They did, and will, laugh in glee – never horror(!!) of the mess, for who could resent anything gladly given by this gay lothario!



Mr. Woody Cat

October 13th 2008

The tubby guy in rumpled dungarees; leaning at the bar with a pint in his hand; chatting amiably to all who chanced by.....

That was how everyone saw Mr. Woody!

Three days ago Woody left his lady love, the tiny, elegant and adorable Dafne-Ann, to lie alone and, at 9 o'clock last evening his life ended as peacefully and with as much contentment as he had lived it.

For the first time ever, Richard was heard to wish that we had been able to film him leaving, so that others could share in the ease of his passing and the magic of our experience.

Woodman spent his last few days lying comfortably on Ollie's large, old four-poster bed, aware of all, and yet detached.

When his favorite young ladies, Charley and Sydney came by yesterday to pay their respects to their special guy, he rallied briefly - as though he would get up again - so they would know he could hear.

We wondered briefly why he chose to lie alone these last three days with only human loved ones surrounding. Joey and his numerous cat friends respected, and stayed away. Maybe, just maybe, there were simply too many, and the goodbyes would have proved endless.

Woody had a bus to catch and would not be late!

Such a special man.

I have so many pictures of his life and times with us, and all the animals he loved - and was loved by, in return. On another day I will write more, so that you may know this gentle giant more.

Today shall be ours for tears and laughter, memories and candles.

With my love and blessings

Gail

xx

