

FloJo



We adopted Flojo 2 years ago. She is not only one of the sweetest, snuggliest kitties I have ever had...she has a special story to go with her.

We had adopted a very small sick kitten from a local shelter 2 years prior... she barely survived her first year with us after battling respiratory infections that appeared as they were going to be a chronic problem. We had a very special bond since she was so sick and needed such much meds, love & nursing... I adored that little fighter. A little over a year after we adopted her, BooBoo went out our front door after it was blown open during a storm, sadly to be killed by coyotes just a few yards from our home. The thing about BooBoo, she was a talker... all the time, about anything... and loud!!

When we finally decided to adopt again after her painful loss...we were at the SA Humane Society cat cages looking at kittens that were marked just like BooBoo... when from across the room, we here a howling-meowing fuss from a tiny, emaciated little solid black kitten. Seriously, she kept it up until we walked all the way to the other side of the room to see who in the world was making all of the racket... the second we pulled

her out of the cage, she was quiet and climbed up on my shoulder and started nuzzling me. It was love at first sight. From that day I have never heard her make such a fuss; she has a tiny little high pitched meow if she does make a noise. So in my heart, I think she was channeling BooBoo. I can just imagine BooBoo instructing her, "That's her kid! Sound off like you mean it...if you can get her over here...she's yours!"

BooBoo was right... I never thought I could love a little kitty again like I did her.. but then she introduced me to FloJo

Joni