

## PI Jamie Katz Lost and Found Pets

April 22, 2016

Roaming for 45 days and traveled one mile to the southeast...  
Scooter in Melbourne, FL is now SAFE & HOME!!!

Here is Scooter's story, told by his new owner, Anne Marie!!

When I moved to my Satellite Beach neighborhood two years ago, I became aware of a soon-to-be-familiar fixture on my street. A beautiful male orange tabby cat named Scooter lived two doors away and I was told he had been there for over ten years. I noticed that he was always outside, either on his owners' front lawn or driveway, or across the street "hanging out" in various yards. I learned that he was an "outdoor cat" and preferred it that way. (I had my doubts about his "preference," as I often saw him gazing longingly at the front door, signaling his desire to come inside.) However, he appeared to be healthy and happy, and having a huge dog, four cats and seven birds of my own, I was occupied with their needs and routines. Scooter's "people" also owned a little dog who would "escape" from their home from time to time and, on more than one occasion, I witnessed Scooter chase her and herd her back to her own residence! What an amazing, intelligent cat.

A few months ago, some neighbors and I noticed a distinct lack of activity at this particular house. Sure enough, these people had moved suddenly and left behind this wonderful cat! Abandoned and confused, Scooter nonetheless, stayed on their driveway, rooted to the only home he'd ever known. The neighbors and I fed him, but as we all had so many animals of our own, we had to place his meals on his driveway. A new owner who bought the house graciously allowed us to keep feeding him there until we could find him a good home. This would not be an easy task as he was older and had a particularly nasty looking scar above his right eye. (Little did I know that this scar would turn out to be a blessing)

A lovely woman, upon learning Scooter's sad story, said she would adopt him and keep him as an indoor cat at her home in Suntree. A beautiful home in a great neighborhood, a loving owner, security – what could be better?

I will NEVER forget the look of terror in his eyes when I caught Scooter and put him into a carrier. I comforted myself with the idea that I was doing the right, humane thing, as he would finally be in a nice, permanent home. I tried to put thoughts of betraying Scooter out of mind. A gut instinct kept poking at me saying that all was not well.

When I learned that he had bolted from the house after three days there, my uncertainty about the situation turned to horror. Scooter was NOWHERE to be found. The guilt, depression and wild imaginings of what might have happened to him are indescribable.

The experience of having a missing pet as opposed to having a loving pet die are different life events. Naturally grief is grief and loss is loss, but closure inevitably follows a dear pet's death.

There is no closure with a lost pet. Time will eventually soften the horror, as it must, but it's never a certainty. The hope that the animal is at peace and/or in a loving home (which may be, in fact, the case) is the sustenance to which a grieving owner clings.

At this point, I became obsessed with finding Scooter. I drove to Suntree, twenty minutes each way, twice a day. I knocked on doors; I put food around. I stormed heaven with my prayers. I appealed ceaselessly to God, the higher powers, and angels to help me...at least give me a sign.

They did – on the internet – in the name of a woman by the name of Jamie Katz. I stumbled upon her ad relating to reuniting lost pets and their owners. She is a pet detective if you will, and I KNEW I had to call her.

Jamie told me that it was a MUST that I plaster the targeted area (which she mapped out) with posters which, hopefully would show a recent picture of the pet. Thank God my sister had taken an incredibly detailed picture of Scooter when we were trying to advertise him as being up for adoption.

I followed Jamie's instructions to the letter and immediately the calls came in. Sightings of cats who appeared to be Scooter were called into me every day. I checked out each and every lead. If it were possible for the sighters to send me a picture of the cat, they did so. These pictures allowed me to eliminate or to concentrate on an area. None of these photos turned out to be of Scooter.

I must say that I was overcome with gratitude to each and every person who took the time to call me. Their words of encouragement and promises to continue their own searches for Scooter moved me to tears.

Call after call, day after day, yielded no new information about this dear cat. My emotions were so up and down at this point; it was enervating to keep my promise to myself that I would find him. On the 41st day after Scooter went missing, THE CALL came in. A lovely female voice informed me that she was positive she had found and been feeding the cat, who was featured on the poster, for about a week. I asked her where she lived, and upon learning her whereabouts, sadly realized that this couldn't be Scooter; it was too far from the house he'd escaped from.

She argued that it MUST be the same cat. "Does it have a collar and tags?" she asked. He did, as I'd never removed the old collar with the outdated tags on it. I began to feel cautiously optimistic, and when I asked her if he had a scar above his right eye and she said "yes, I was worried about it," I KNEW the search was over!

I cannot ever properly describe the overwhelming flow of joyful, powerful energy that raced through every part of me! Despair, anxiety, guilt, sadness and exhaustion disappeared in an instant. I had always wondered as I was putting up the signs if this would be the one that would bring him home.

Thank God one did!

I owe such gratitude to Phyllis, the outstanding woman in whose care Scooter, starving and exhausted after weeks on the run, received food and shelter, love and kindness. We have become friends and plan to get together when she returns to Florida next year from her home in Canada.

I also called each and every kind soul who, upon seeing Scooter's posters, took it upon themselves to keep his or her eye out for Scooter, and let them know that he had been found.

Scooter has indeed been found, and I have found or rediscovered a part of myself that had been lost. I can see clearly that the majority of human beings are concerned with others' suffering. Most people have a beautiful soul or energy that prompts them to respond to a stranger's troubles. I now freely acknowledge the ONE SOURCE that connects all living things.

Scooter is happily residing at my home now and will never want for anything as long as he lives. He has had all of his shots, has been microchipped, and wears his current tags. He is happy and knows that he is truly loved AT LAST.

Miracles can and do happen, every day, and most miracles involve the expertise, compassion and cooperation of our fellow men. I know. I've been a recipient.