

# PAWS FOR EFFECT

IN MEMORY

Kazandra Holm  
Møller  
June 3, 2008



## *The PolyTrak Newsletter Special Tribute Edition*

**Volume 2 - Special**  
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*Maine Coon Polydactyl*



*International Database*



# Paws for Effect – Tribute to Kazandra Holm Møller

## – 2008 Special Edition –

### DEAR READERS

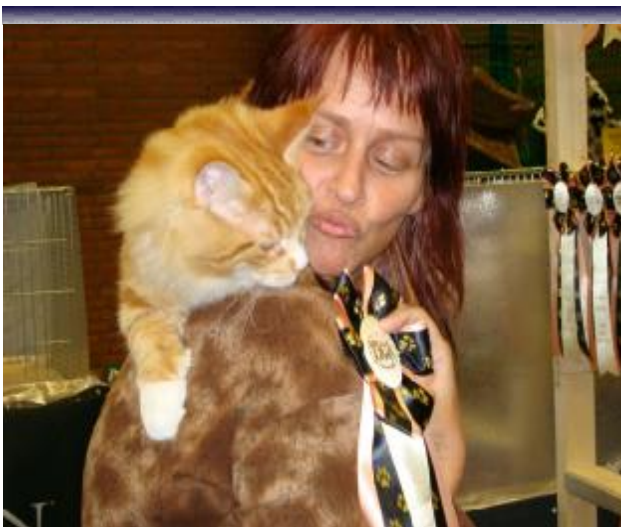
This time a *“Paws for Effect” Special* dedicated to a beloved person, ...  
**Kazandra Holm Møller.**

On June 3, 2008, Kazandra passed away after a long battle with breast cancer. Kazandra will be dearly missed by all of us from around the world who knew her and especially by her closest friends and family. Many of our readers she knew from e-mail contact through the several MC poly groups she joined over the years. And some were fortunate to finally meet her in the flesh on several TICA shows, where she also came to support the MC polys with us. And so new friendships were born.

On the PolyStandard group some members expressed the feeling that they wanted to see a number of the newsletter dedicated to Kazandra. And so we've done. With this issue we wanted to give everyone the opportunity to write some words in memory of Kazandra.

Knowing that Kazandra wasn't the person that liked to be the central of attention, hopefully she'll appreciate it this time while she looks down on us from her little pink cloud J.

This one is for you Kazandra.



**Kazandra & Valdemar at the TICA show in Hellevoetsluis, NL, on 11 November 2008**



### WATERCOONS

Kazandra loved the water since her early childhood. Which later resulted in many trips to places with rivers/lakes/sea. On one of these trips she got to swim with dolphins. A magic experience, that was followed by many more holidays, where she could swim with these special creatures. Another love in her life became the Maine Coon. Her first 'MC' was a polydactyl female J. And later a MC poly male joined the club. She saw these cats dipped their paws in their drinking bowl and the poly male, even more fond of water, would play with water and even put his whole head under it J. The water theme was back...so when she seriously decided to breed Maine Coons, the right cattery name to choose was of course *“WaterCoons”*.

In 2004 she bred her first litter and many more would follow. She worked with show- and foundation-lines and of course these included the polydactyls too. She loved the polys J.

In daily life Kazandra worked in her own practice as cranio-sackral-therapist. A totally different thing than the graphic industry where she originally had worked in. But her graphic skills turned out to be a great asset for the promotion of the MC polys J. I think all who attended the TICA Annual show in Hannover still has the extra special cards she made for us, showing the MC poly of each individual that came to promote the polys.



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In December 2006 Kazandra was diagnosed with breast cancer... non curable. This she shared with the poly group. Because chemotherapy wouldn't cure the cancer, Kazandra decided not go with chemo. Instead she chose to look for a diet that would clean her body and give it good nutrition to keep it strong as possible. She had to prepare for the battle with cancer, but next to that she also had to think ahead.

One of these things was selling her house. Because maintaining her big house with its huge garden wasn't an option when the disease would progress, she had to look for a smaller house. Luckily she found one in a forest very close to her old house. With the help of her DK friends a new fenced garden was made for the cats and half 2007 she settled in her new home.

One of the other things that needed thinking was the closing of her cattery. So through the year 2007 and beginning 2008 she slowly started to pet out or replace her cats with pet owners and breeders. These breeders will now continue her lines and therefore the name WaterCoons.

*Those we love, don't go away  
they walk beside us, every day  
unseen, unheard, but always there  
still missed, still loved, still very dear....*

## SAD NEWS

**A**lthough we knew the day would come...it didn't made the news less worse...

Posted on PolyStandard, 4 June 2008:  
*"Yesterday Kazandra lost the fight against cancer. She died peacefully with her mother by her side.*

*Many of you here on the list knew her, and some of you met her in person. She had a kind and giving personality, someone you just had to grow fund of, when you got to know her.*

*Kazandra was a very strong person, but at last she had to give up her strength against the cancer. She had two aggressive forms of this terrible illness, and she really tried to fight back as she got her diagnose. It was a fight that was unfair from the start.*

*I once heard a sentence: 'The streets of heaven are crowded tonight....' I think they will be, everyone there has to welcome Kazandra - she deserves it. Here we miss her...Dorte."*



**WaterCoons Nighthawk P In The Air of DemiCoons**

*"She found peace quietly Tuesday evening, her breathing became so light and effortless - all her wrinkles that we have seen in her face lately straightened out and her body finally released her. It has been some awful, painful days to see her not being able to control her body to let go - but now she is in no pain, she is in peace, she is in a better place. She always knew this - that she would go to a better an more beautiful place, so I am very comforted and in peace with that But still it hurts and aches.... the loss of a dear friend...." Charlotte.*



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WaterCoons Thundergirl P

## CONDOLENCES & GOODBYE

The bad news was soon followed by condolences and saying goodbye:

*“It is easy to write from the head....but oh so much harder when writing from the heart. I was never fortunate enough to have met Kazandra in person, but I knew her well by email over the years with the Poly and many other great Maine Coons. Deb was fortunate to meet her last year and spoke highly of her. We have talked much about her in our household recently as we waited for the inevitable, always hoping, what we knew in our hearts was coming, would not happen.*

*Kazandra was a lady of dignity and resolve. Her dedication, her love of Maine Coons and her love of the poly brought much to the cat world. In our application to TICA, Kazandra was placed as the first signature and first on the list of at least 10 TICA members and a WaterCoons poly was first on each list of cats. We hoped that towards the end it would bring some comfort to her, knowing that one of her dreams was coming true and that we valued her love, friendship and help through the years*

*I am sure today that she is looking down on us urging us on in our goals and dreams. Thank you Kazandra for all that you have done. You will dearly be missed, but will always remain with us in our hearts.”*

Ken.

*“...I will always remember my loyal Danish friend as a very sweet woman. Who had the best of intentions with breeding. For me it was the first meeting with a polydactyl some years ago. I will keep on breeding with her lines as I promised her....*

*Regards, Mary Anne Kooy”*

*“I offer my deepest sympathy to you and also to Kazandra's family and other close friends. May you all find strength and comfort in the wonderful memories that you have. I am so glad that you are continuing Kazandra's lines. If I can be of any assistance, please let me know. Rest in eternal peace, dear Kazandra...*

*Fondly, Dawn, Koontyme”*

*“Rest in eternal peace, dear Kazandra...”*

*This hits home right now -- I can't say much more than above.*

*Gordon”*

*“We always knew this day would come, but it always comes too soon.*

*Although I only met Kazandra once, she was one of the most positive people I have ever met. A very strong but sweet person. I'm sure she will be missed by a lot of people, her cats and the Maine Coon world. She will be honoured by us all. I wish all the people who loved Kazandra lots of strength. And I hope you will be comforted knowing that she finally found her peace.*

*Regards, Winnie”*



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Judge M. Coleman and Durango in Hannover 2006

*“It is a sad day but in some ways a good one. As Kazandra said she will be looking after us from the clouds. Go in Peace Kazandra...you will be missed. Deb”*

*“I'm so sad to hear that, sometimes life is so unfair. My deepest sympathy to her family and friends. Cheryl”*

*“Dear Kazandra,  
You will be dearly missed, but not forgotten. May we all learn from the positive attitude you've shown and try to appreciate the small thing in live a bit more.*

*It was nice to have known you and I'm glad you had your friends and family with you till the end.*

*I hope you went peacefully and that your cats were waiting for you at the end of the rainbow bridge*

*Rest in peace. xxx Vonne”*

*“I was privileged to meet Kazandra in person in on the TICA Annual Hannover. We had always e-mail contact before the show and after.*

*I am writing this with tears in my eyes. Although I knew she was ill, it is was hard to hear that she lost her fight.*

*I hope she will have no pain anymore and hope that we will meet again...*

*Greetings Nympha”*

*“I think I am very lucky to have met her at the Cat- show, but I wish I could have spent more time with her. Sometimes you just don't take enough time to get to know someone better and you regret later.*

*So I didn't know her well, but as much as I do know, I am sure she is now looking down at us, still in fighting spirit for the acceptance of our beloved polydactyl Coons. But first off all she has been cuddling all cats that went over the rainbow-bridge before. Miriam.”*

*“This is sad news but she is in less pain in the clouds now. She was a very sweet woman and was taken too soon from this earth. As I lost my brother to cancer this fall, I sympathize with her family and friends for their loss and would like to send my condolences via you. Thank you to those who posted happy pics of her at the Hellevoetsluis Show.*

*Regards, Sharon”*

*“I hardly knew Kazandra but from the small written exchange I had with her, I am sure she definitely was someone who deserved a lot.*

*She crossed the rainbow bridge and I hope we shall meet some day. Elisabeth”*



## MEMORIES AND MORE

**W**e asked several people to write something about / for Kazandra:

**“Kazandra's self-confidence** always amazed me. She thought nothing of hopping an airliner,



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**“Kazandra at a cat show in Georgia in '05. It was the show where she brought me WaterCoons All You Need Is Love AKA Nessy, a silver torbie girl who, I might add, had the same outgoing, wonderful personality of her breeder” (Kit Mounger)**

flying 4500 miles to a city like Atlanta, renting a car and then driving another 150 miles to meet me at a cat show in Augusta, GA. or Columbia, SC. Having driven a mere 300 miles to get there, I'd hear a knock at my motel room door--and there she'd be: all smiles, a cat carrier or two in her hands. Just as if we'd planned to meet just around the corner from where we lived.

Nothing fazed her. She took everything in stride and always, with a smile that would melt ice. (It never failed to embarrass me a bit that she was so conversant in my language while I wouldn't have known how to even say "please" in hers.)

Our friendship was carried out mostly by long distance but was no less important nor dear for the distance. 'She never met a stranger', as we often say in English and people warmed to her instantly. How could they help themselves?

Kazandra lived for her cats. Her emails were full of stories of those wily rascals, along

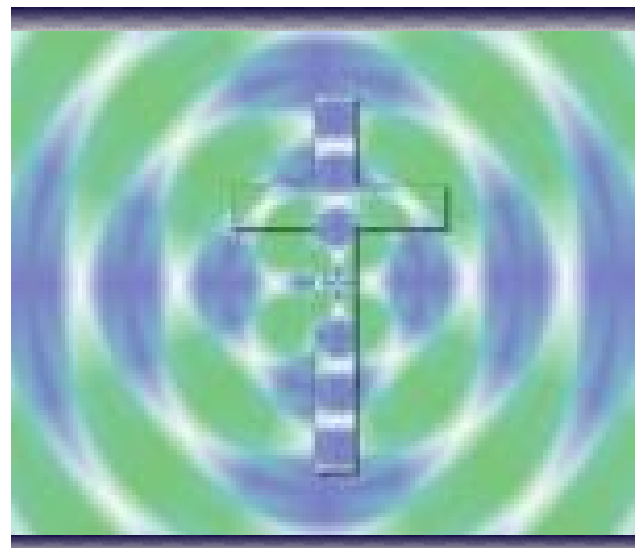
with photographs of the ones she had taken home with her and the ones which she would bring back to me. Our Maine Coons were seasoned travelers! And always with confidence. She had a way about her that seemed to draw out the best in them.

When she became ill, I was devastated. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know the almost certain outcome of breast cancer. She knew, too, but if it was a death sentence to her, she never let on. She had such courage and grace! I had hoped to be able to get overseas and visit with her one last time. But it wasn't to be. I miss that soft voice and that smile. But they never leave me; she will be an inspiration to me always--and thereby always alive, full of vitality and laughter." Kit.

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Dear Kazandra,  
**You were one** of the most positive and strongest people I have ever had the privilege to meet. I'm very thankful for that.

I hope you've found peace with your beloved on the other side. We know you'll be watching over us, from your little pink cloud, with our quest to have the Maine Coon polydactyl accepted for Show Status. Thank you for everything you have done.  
Lots of love. Winnie”



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**“In 2003 I** got to know Kazandra.

At that time we had ‘Maine Coons’ with no pedigree – Poly Coons... We had bought a cat from the same cattery and thereby got to know each other. We did not see the difference in a cat with or without a pedigree. We didn’t want to show – we actually were pretty sure that showing cats was a horrible thing.

We found most of the "pedigree-breeders" rather self-important, hysterical and not very nice.

We both had kittens from our cats and we really got a lot of trouble from the "pedigree-breeders". They were really on our bags and we were blacklisted everywhere in the Maine Coon world – especially in Denmark.

Kazandra got hold of her first "pedigree-cat", but was not ready to start breeding only

with pedigrees at that time. I found a wonderful tortie girl and I arranged that I could come and see her. I took Kazandra with me and we got a good and long talk with this breeder. I went there thinking to get me a pedigree-girl for my Luffe, who did not have pedigree. But slowly both of us realized that this was not only about a piece of paper – but that the pedigree has a lot of other information and advantages. And this was the start of both WaterCoons and Meserve catteries **J**.

Kazandra and I choose to take different ways in our breeding. Kazandra was in the beginning very much into both foundation Coons, Poly Coons and white Coons. I went the more moderate way with the lines that are known and go a lot of years back, and of course the Poly lines.



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Over the years we both learned a lot, from other breeders and from each other – Kazandra unfortunately had some years with a lot of experiences. She continuously kept on with the Poly Coons and more moderate foundation lines. She managed to make real beautiful kittens – the foundation lines she got, were mated with more "solid" lines and her cats did quiet all right on the shows.

It was a real tough start for us – we were the Back Yard Breeders and we were not to be trusted haha... But we fought with all we got and we made it...we both turned out to be well-respected breeders.

Although we decided to go our separate ways in the breeding, we always respected each other for the way we choose to run our cattery. We definitely not always agreed, but it did not affect our friendship. Our friendship grew - we had a special bond, she and I. We could talk about EVERYTHING. We talked about life and death, we talked about spirituality and religion... and everything else.

One day in the fall of 2006 I visited Kazandra. She told me that she had an appointment at the doctor. She had a scar on the side of one of her breasts and the scar tissue had gotten bigger and it was hurting her. Actually we joked a bit about it because of course it was nothing. So we had a laugh – if the nurse or the doctor would send her to the hospital to scan her for cancer, it would be so fun... because she would know if it was something bad.

But unfortunately she did not know... and she was send to the hospital to get a scan. And she did have breast cancer that had spread to the lungs and to other places too... It was a horrible night as she called me to tell me. We

cried and talked about everything. She had two kinds of breast cancer – one that was curable and one that was not. So she knew that she could not be cured ever.

But as most of you know her, she was tough! She decided that even though there was no cure for her, she would make her life the best possible. She said no to chemotherapy but started with different alternative ways of healing herself. Wow what a woman... I deeply admire her... I still do. She was so strong and she was the one person in this world that was just SO much in touch with herself.

In January this year Kazandra got ill and got hospitalized. She was in a bad shape, she had an infection with fever, so she had bad fever-cramps and problems with breathing. Soon some people got the idea that she was dying and send e-mail to people in the cat world that it was now her last weeks.

And NO OFFENCE... this was said from people near Kazandra and no one could know that it was not true – and no one dared asking her. So as she got better she got to know about this and this really pissed her off. My goodness she was so mad and I think that this made her want to LIVE and show everyone that she was alive. So the next weekend Kazandra and I took on a show. Not to show our cats, but to be assistant to the judges.



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It was hard on her, but she did well and it was a very important day for her.

In February we went out to have some sushi one afternoon. This day she told me that she had made her last kittens, that she had to think about her health. It was so hard on her and she cried while talking about this. She lived for her cats and she loved the periods with kittens. But she had to say stop now. She had made a list where her cats should go to live when she could not take care of them anymore. She talked about keeping up to three cats and talked about leaving her house in the forest and go to an apartment in the small town near by, where Lone, our dear friend, lives too. Everything was arranged in her head...



But unfortunately she got sicker real fast now. She was on her last show late March and this was so important for her – it was the first time she had a litter with her on show – they got best in show litter... and she was so happy. But from that day on it went just down, down, down.

In April Kazandra's mother came home from Spain to take care of her. This was real good for her and she could relax knowing that her mother was there to watch over her. Late April Kazandra was hospitalized again and this time she did not go home again. She was here for two weeks and then went to the hospice that she wanted to go to.

This was a hard time. Kazandra got weaker and weaker – and I was off to our vacation in the States on the 11th of May. Before I went off she gave me a postcard. She told me, that this she found several years ago and it had always given her calm and comfort, when life has been hard

on her. I read it and I just cried... She asked me, if I would read this at her memorial ceremony. Well of course I would do that, and I just hoped that I would be able to do this. We told each other that we would see each other again – on one way or another... We had our last words, because I did not know if she would be there when I got back.

While we were away I was in contact with her often, on sms or on mail. God, I just missed her and it was a strange vacation. I enjoyed the trip, as I promised Kazandra. I took her with me in my mind on every trip, on every sight we were going to. I knew she got weaker and it was amazing that she was still there when I got home late the 26th of May.

The next day, Wednesday, I visited her. We had a wonderful conversation, talked about everything in the world... and I left there crying, but happy.

Next day her mother had to call Kazandra's brothers, because she would not be able to communicate much longer... It went so fast!!! I went there on Friday too. She recognized me and reacted when I was talking to her, but she could not answer me. This was the last time I saw my beloved friend, Kazandra.

I was on a course and was off Monday to Wednesday. Kazandra died on Tuesday...It was a strange day. I was so sad, but happy too. Finally she had peace, no more worries...

Kazandra always knew that she would go to a better place. I believe that...She is in a much better place, with the cats that she has lost over the years and her beloved dog Troll. I can feel her near me and I know she will always be there to help and guide me when I need her.

I got the message of her death Tuesday evening. I sat down and made a tribute to my dear friend... It brought me calm and helped me through the night...

The day after was SO symbolic and therapeutic for me. A couple of month before Kazandra gave me a drawing that she once had made and that she got as a tattoo on her



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shoulder. It was a Ying-Yang with dolphins. I had got a time at the tattoo artist on that Wednesday – also month before this. So I went and had Kazandra's dolphins on my bag the day after she passed away... it helped me a lot and I know that I will always carry her around with me now...And I am just SO proud that Kazandra let me wear this beautiful drawing .

On Thursday the memorial ceremony took place in Kazandra's garden. The family and the nearest friends were gathered and we had a wonderful day in Kazandra's spirit. We remembered her in all the fun and beautiful ways and I read her poem... It was hard, but it was a good thing. I believe, it made people think...



Thank you Lone, Dorte, Heidi and Lillian – it was wonderful that we could be there for each other in the hard times.

Kazandra was a fantastic person. She was loved by everyone that knew her well. And she made footprints in our lives. She will never be forgotten and her memory will go on for all times.

Kazandra, I miss you dearly every day I wake up...remember you all through everyday and I send you thoughts every night...You will always be on my mind and you will always be my best friend. Thank you for everything, thank you for your love, thank you for you..thank you! Charlotte.

## *Footprints*

*One night a man had a dream.  
He dreamed he was walking along the  
beach with the Lord.*

*Across the sky flashed scenes from his  
life.*

*For each scene he noticed two sets of  
footprints in the sand;  
one belonged to him, and the other to  
the Lord.*

*When the last scene of his life flashed  
before him, he looked back at the  
footprints in the sand.*

*He noticed that many times along the  
path of his life there was only one set of  
footprints.*

*He also noticed that it happened at the  
very lowest and saddest times in his life.*

*This really bothered him and he  
questioned the Lord about it.*

*"Lord, you said that once I decided to  
follow you, you'd walk with me all the  
way.*

*But I have noticed that at the worst  
times in my life, there is only one set of  
footprints.*

*How could you leave me when I needed  
you the most?"*

*The Lord replied "My precious,  
precious child, I love you and would  
never leave you.*

*During your times of suffering and  
when you see only one set of footprints,  
it was then that I carried you."*



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**In memory of** my dearest friend Kazandra.

Some people find the way to your heart and stay there, Kazandra did. She has been one of the nicest persons I 've ever met. A dear and good friend, with a strong and sweet personality. A unique person to know and I feel privileged to have known her.

I still remember the first time I met her at the TICA Annual in Hannover, September 2006. 'Vonne and I were waiting for the veterinary check when Kazandra arrived with her cats Durango and Tecumseh.

I immediately liked her very much and it was like I had known her for years.

We had a great time and I remember that Kazandra was very busy because she had to show two cats. In the bus that took us to the show hall we had so much fun about her two cats. In their transport box they looked like the two old men from The Muppet Show watching everything from their balcony.

Sadly shortly after the show Kazandra was diagnosed with two aggressive forms of cancer and she had to move to a smaller home and to take the hard decision to sell some of her cats. A year later the cancer spread to other parts of her body, but she tried to enjoy life and most of the time she was positive. In her diary she wrote:

*I hope it wil be a great year with a lot of fun, great shows, lovely kittens and ...*

*... I will just be wonderful happy for ever new day - don't care if it rain or sunshine, hot or cold.*

*Always remember*

*... the sun are always there, sometimes it just hiden behiden a cloud*

*... but it is there, it is all about the "perspective".*

*"Always look at the bright side of life ... tra-la-tra-la-tra-la-lala-la-la ..."*

The second time we met, was at the Tica show in The Netherlands (November 2007). She was there with her great cat Valdemar P. I'm very glad that Kazandra could come, thanks to her twin brother Rasmus. This trip was very



**Durango & James, 'The two old men' from the Muppet Show ;-)**

important for her, because she knew this could be her last long journey. We stayed in the same house and had a nice dinner together. I had made much food and there was much left so that Kazandra and her brother could eat the next day also.

Although Kazandra was very tired and short of breath, because of fluid in her lungs, we had a nice talk in the evening. We even made plans for the future. But unfortunately that weekend was the last time I saw her.



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I admired the way Kazandra handled her illness and her positive attitude. She always made it very easy to talk about her cancer, but preferred to talk about cats and other things because she wanted to feel “*normal*”.

Once I asked her about the moments she must have felt sad. She answered “*Yes, sometimes during the night I feel sad. But then there always comes a cat, asking for my attention*”.

At the end of March Kazandra visited her last show, and a few weeks later she brought me the bad news that her situation got worse and that it was only a matter of time. She had called her mother in Spain to come home and be with her. In May she had to go to the hospital and she knew she wasn't coming home again.

Even then she thought of others, thanked her friends for all the joy and wished us all good in the future. She enjoyed the many flowers she got in the hospital and was touched by the greetings people did send her.

On 18 May the last WaterCoons litter was born and via sms Kazandra wanted to follow it as "live" as possible.

22 May I got her Feriesvar (farewell) mail. It was an autoreply because she was too weak to read and write mails.

From Dorte, one of her best friends who kept me updated about Kazandra everyday, I heard the sad news that Kazandra had found peace. She passed away during the evening of 3 June, calm and peacefully.

Kazandra believed she had to go somewhere else to learn new things. I'm sure she's there now together with her cats who were already there.

I miss her and she'll always be in my heart.

Thank you Kazandra for you being you, I will keep my promise.

Your friend forever,

Yvonne

Five Islands Maine Coons



**While away from** home the beginning of June, I received news about the passing of Kazandra Holm Møller in Denmark. Although this news was expected at some time it was still very hard to hear. One always hopes.

I had the honour of meeting Kazandra, first in Hanover, Germany for the TICA Annual, and then again in Hellevoetsluis, Holland, for the Cats and Tulips Show. What a wonderful gracious lady. Her easy smile and sharp wit won over many people and she was delightful to be around.

Shortly after the Annual, we received word from Kazandra that she was terminally ill. This news was delivered with the most positive outlook I had ever seen. She had accepted her fate but wasn't going to let it interfere too much with her remaining time.

Throughout the months you could see she was taking care of things and keeping us informed of her progress. Again with a spirit I can honestly say was unique to most but typical of Kazandra.

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When we last met in Holland she was telling me how life was good. She had her cats and delighted in the new homes they were going to, her shows, her clerking, and all the opportunity to enjoy what she loved. At this time you could tell her health was failing but never a negative word about it. Just enjoying life, and dealing with adversity in her own way.

Kazandra has been the topic of many conversations, with every one stating their admiration of this fine lady. Her strength, her grace and her friendships will always be remembered. A feeling of loss went around the world with her passing, but we all had the great fortune of knowing her.

Good Bye Kazandra. Godspeed. You are missed.

Deb



**Kazandra (born Rikke) Holm Møller**  
**28-08-1964 03-06-2008**

**It was in** the summer of 2005 that I came in contact with Kazandra Holm Møller. I had just adopted a female kitten, CoonMtn Sunshine on my Shoulder, from the CoonMtn cattery of Kit Mounger and we were arranging her flight to the Netherlands. That same summer Kazandra was travelling to Augusta, Georgia to go to a cat show with her cat Nessy and to meet Kit. She offered to take her along with 3 other cats that were coming over to Denmark with her. Only

thing was that I had to travel up to Bryrup Denmark to pick her up.

In September we travelled to Denmark to get our new girl. Kazandra offered us Bed & Breakfast and I had the first life confrontation with polydactyl kittens that were running around in her house. I was fascinated by them.

Kazandra lived in a yellow painted house with a big totally fenced in garden. The Queens and kittens were living in the house and the males were outside in a fenced in part of the garden. The decoration in her house was yellow and blue, her favourite colours. That evening we just couldn't stop talking about our favourite animals and what plans we had to keep the breed healthy and happy.

We shared the same philosophy; how good it is for the complete development of the Maine Coons to provide them with a natural environment. The garden with long grass meadows had a pond, big trees, hiding places etc. She fed them raw meat, chicken, fish etc. I was still a bit afraid of those things. But I was determined to give it a try and saw how good the cats were reacting on that diet. It is also from her that I learned how good it is for the total development of the kittens to be outside in the garden as well. We agreed that we could share some of our cats to get the gene pool spread out.

In April 2006 I brought her a new female kitten from Kit Mounger's breeding program. CoonMtn Silver Bells and a White Male of my own breeding, Nova's Place Tecumseh (AKA Jaymes). By that time she had a log house built in a part of the garden, especially for the boys. There was a bed and a small TV inside so every now and then she could spend a night there. I took Carissa (WaterCoons Tender Touch) home with me. Up till this day she's my favourite girl, no lap cat but always around.

In December 2006, right before Christmas, she told me about her incurable disease. That she had to give up her work as a cranial



# Paws for Effect – Tribute to Kazandra Holm Møller

## – 2008 Special Edition –



sacral therapist. That she might have to sell her house and she was worried about the future of her beloved cats. They all needed a good home. She always saw the positive side of everything. She often told me that she considered her retirement as a long holiday.

We had a lot of email contact. We talked a lot about her goals and how difficult it was to let go of some of her cats; they gave her so much comfort. She was torn between “when do I decide that they have to go and not giving up the hope of life”. She enjoyed them all: Tulle, Ana (Barbriana), Cissy, Scarlet, Bellis, Rosalina, India, Catherina, Mika a.o. And the boys: Rocky, Durango, Carlos, Jaymes, Valdemar and Spotty. She told me she wanted me to take Harald to continue the poly lines in the Netherlands.

In April of 2007 we drove the 660 km north up to Bryrup again and saw that lovely home filled with Maine Coon cats and my sweet Tecumseh (Jaymes) for the last time. Cissy, Scarlet and Rosalina had kittens and she enjoyed them so much. I was struck by the total appearance of Harald and could see him sitting on her lap the whole evening.

I was so happy I could take this boy home with me but also so sad by the whole situation. When I asked her about signing contracts she said. No...we trust each other, you know what to do. We talked about the goals we had and perhaps how special it would be to

breed Carissa to Harald, she simply needed a kitten from that combination! She was still full of plans for the future...

A month later she sold her house and found another house in the forest with a large garden where she could live with a few cats. Only there was no separation for the males. Only Valdemar and Silver Surfer could come, as they were still young males.

We invited her to come to the Netherlands and invited Kit Mounger as well, as sort of a reunion. She said she would try to arrange this. Hospital visits and her progressing disease made it impossible for her to come. She realized that she really had to cut down the number of cats and she decided the hardest part: Stop breeding.

Later that year she collected all her energy and came to the 2 day-Dutch Cats and Tulips TICA show in Hellevoetsluis in November. WaterCoons Valdemar Sejr P and her twin brother Rasmus were her companions. Rasmus told me he wanted to see what Kazandra’s life with cats was about.

After the show they came over to our farm and we could return some of the hospitality she gave us. When we talked about the Harald x Carissa combination it became clear to me this was a goal she perhaps might not reach. She said: “Don’t be sad, I’ve done everything I wanted in life. I see back on it as a rich life”. With her big smile and bright eyes she told me she had no more wishes. “The circle was round”.

Thank you Kazandra, for your friendship and trust, Mary Anne Kooy



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**Tuesday the 3rd** of June at 19:00 o'clock Kazandra Holm Moeller passed the Rainbow Bridge after fighting the cancer in her body for 1½ years.

Kazandra has a mother settled in Spain, a big brother and a twin-brother here in Denmark. She has traveled a lot around the world and had a big passion for dolphins. In 1990 she went to Mallorca where they had a dolphinarium. That started it all and since then she has been to Israel, the Azores, Ireland, Caicos, Spain and several times to Norway, where she “met” the dolphin Flipper.

Once she was asked why she kept coming back. Her answer was: *“I have never had the question popped that direct and never thought about it. So I thought... and felt inside of myself. It was then that I realized that the feeling the dolphins give me, especially Flipper, is the feeling of 100% acceptance, that I am 100% okay just the way I am. It gives me a feeling of complete happiness inside that brings out all the best in me. And when I realized that I really wished that I could be able to meet my fellow human beings like that. That is my deep wish and I hope I get better and better in my daily meetings with other people.”*

Well... I guess we all could learn something from that...

I got to know Kazandra 4 years ago – I was about to start my education as a Cranio-Sakral Therapist. I choose to have a few treatments myself before starting and here I met Kaz. She was an employee where I was going to start my education. It didn't take long before we were chatting and the subject suddenly was Maine Coons. She told me that she had given herself a birthday-present – she was going to the US to pick up 2 Maine Coon polys. This was the beginning of a wonderful friendship and I bought my first breeding girl from Kaz. We started a Cranio-Sakral clinic together called Maguritten (The Marguerite), we both love that flower.

Kaz was a girl that a lot of people knew, also in the cat-world. Maybe everyone did not agree with the way she did things, but she stood up for what she felt right and got great respect because of that.

I remember the day where Kaz was going to the hospital to get a mammogram done. But Kaz had clients in the afternoon so she did not have a lot of time. She was told that she was to drive to another hospital where they could do it right away. So she drove off to the other hospital – but the doctor was in the middle of a surgery and Kaz really did not have the time to wait, so she went home. The day after she called the hospital, just to be scolded for leaving the hospital - and got a new appointment in a short time.



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Here she got the message, that she had cancer, but as she said to me: "Lone I have asked them to just remove it..." Unfortunately the cancer had spread and they could not cure her. She did not want chemo, but tried many different treatments that gave her courage, she knew it could not cure her, but it was important that she was doing okay.

She was honest and candid about her cancer and declared that she did not want any pity. She wanted to be treated like she always had been treated.

Kaz loved her cats and she loved to go to shows in both Denmark and out in the world, where she met a lot of new wonderful people – and she just enjoyed it.

When she was no longer so strong, she still went to the shows and looked good – only us who were close to her could see how hard it was to her. One day she had been to a show as the judge's assistant. I could see she was in a lot of pain and asked her if it was time to stop working at the shows. But she just loved to present the cats and was a wanted assistant – and yes – she wanted to enjoy it all as long as she could. She would just sleep the next 2 weeks as she told me with a smile on her lips.

Kaz was not a person who just sat down and gave up. She wanted to be in the middle of

where everything happened and gave 110%. The day she called me crying and told me that she had been on her last show – I went to her and we just cried. We both knew that the last time in her life had come. Kaz had called her mother and asked her to come to Denmark right away; the cats moved to their new homes, she had it all settled.

Kaz' mother came home from Spain and made Kaz' last weeks beautiful. She was there for her, they cried and laughed together and you could just see where Kaz got her strength from.

The last time Kaz was in hospice, a real beautiful place, she found peace there. The very last period it was only Charlotte (Meserve) and I Lone (Calantha) – and of course the family – that could come and visit. Her strengths and her energy slowly ran out and she quietly died in her sleep with her family at her side...

All through Kaz' illness I have never ever met anyone like her – the 1½ years that she was ill she lived in the present moment, every week, every day, every minute and every second.

She is deeply missed – but I know that she keeps an eye on how we are doing down here on earth J

*Lone Pedersen*



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## Kazandra Holm Møller

August 28, 1964 – June 3, 2008

