

Kits, Cats, Little Girls, and Angels

I am not particularly an animal lover. Sure, I like having dogs and cats around, but I appreciate them from a distance; generally, that is the distance from my hands to the ground. The same cannot be said for our 9-year-old girl.

Perhaps when God created kittens, He thought of the need that little girls would have of their soft fur against their cheek, and the cozy feeling of them curled up in their laps. Part of me wishes I were that way, but then there is cat hair, and I feel the need to wash my hands after touching them. Call it what you may, but that is the way I grew up. We had many cats on the farm, slipping in and out of the dairy barn controlling the mouse population. Some of them had names, but many were too scared to come anywhere near us. Of course, we had dogs as well, but there again, they chased cows and barked at the people who drove in the yard and were strictly forbidden to come inside.

I half expect that by now some of you think I am missing something, while others may share my sentiments. Just the same, I am not a cat hater; in fact, I like them, as long as they stay off the cars.

The last number of years cats have been the cause of both joy and sadness at our house. Some have arrived, and others disappeared without a trace, leaving loss and sadness in their absence.

One would little think that angels and cats have anything in common, but perhaps angels occasionally deliver kittens to bring happiness and purpose to little girls. Anyway, that is the way I like to think of it. Last time it happened was at the beginning of the Covid Pandemic. There was a very enthused little girl who loved kindergarten when the shutdown occurred. For some children this may have brought excitement and adventure, but not to a social little girl who loved school; it was devastating. After a few days of sadness, her big brother came in from outside with the announcement that there was a momma cat with newborn kittens in the shed. We had no cats, nor had we had any for a long time, but there they were, a momma cat with brand new baby kittens! It was like the sunshine after rain, a clear sky after a long cloudy spell. So, those kittens had a second momma to take care of them; it was like an angel knew just when that little girl needed something to take her mind off her tremendous disappointment.

A day or two ago another angel must have had an extra kitty in their pocket. My first sighting of the kitty was early in the morning alongside the chicken barn. I stopped briefly, intending to shine my flashlight on it but it scampered away and I drove on. However, I did tell the children about the sighting, figuring it was a stray and did not expect to see it again. Later the same day it once again appeared ambling down the road in front of the house. When it appeared, my half-grown girl and I had just got in from a cool-off swim after working in the chicken barns. I quickly called upstairs to let her know that the kitty was back! By that time, the kitty had left the road and was walking along the edge of the yard next to the corn field.

I will insert here; this half pint has been in need of another pet. We have talked about getting a dog, but that has not seemed quite like a good idea yet. Our last one went to happy hunting grounds last fall, and we are not in the mood to lose another pet on the road. The need is that this half-grown little lady, does not have another sibling her age in our family. Being the social bug that she is, summer vacation means no school and no friends to interact with. She is very attached to her big sister and brother, but often feels left out when they go off to be with friends their age.

She said, “dad be quiet,” and I watched from the door as she slowly approached the half-grown kitty. To my amazement, the cat did not run away. Evidently, the need was mutual because soon she scooped the cat up and brought her inside, while I ran for some milk. It was not long before this kitty was sitting in her lap,

begging to be rubbed and stroked. By the looks of things, a healthy dose of de-wormer was needed and a shot of vaccinations.

The shop has now become the home to a gray and white kitty, who should be looking better after the medication and good food take effect. And there is a protective momma, who wants to be sure the shop door stays closed overnight, and that the kitty is not too lonely. She even sent me a message off mom's phone when I was doing my nightly rounds of checking my chickens, "Could you please pet the cat for me, I am too tired." And so, dad takes a minute to step into the garage before going inside to make sure the kitty is not too lonely. Who knows, maybe the good Lord knew that a kitty was needed and he saw a kitty that needed love. At any rate, once again, a kitty came to the rescue, so what can we say?

There is something deep in my heart that believes that it was more than just coincidence. We have a God in heaven who knows our needs and how to fill them in unimaginable ways. Perhaps it is not a cat but open your heart; what you think of as coincidence, could be an angel in disguise. I do not believe angels are furry, but I do believe they know that some little, half-grown girls love furry kitties.

The Unlikely Writer

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