

## Here, Kitty Kitty

So here is another cat story for you. I could not decide what to call it; it seems like I could have come up with something a bit more appropriate, but in the end the title is the title and not the story.

If you remember back to the post about [Kits, Cats, Little Girls and Angels](#), this story is about the same ball of fur. Only now, instead of a skinny kitten in need of a health check-up, she sports a healthy gray and white winter coat. Somehow, she has established herself in our lives, which was not too difficult, and occasionally we think her antics are almost human. Her bonding at times seems strained with her two fellow compatriots of the cat family that occupy the yard, shed, and on occasion, the house roof, and trees. She seems to have more tolerance for the male gender than the female. Since they all lack the capacity to have families, it would seem that rivalry would be minimal. Yet the occasional sounds of cats scrapping seem to debunk that theory. However, this cat still is the favorite of the young lady and her parents who occupy the human part of the cat's world.

Occasionally, when the young lady feels lonely or misses the big brother who is in a volunteer unit, and the big sister who teaches school far-off in the state of Missouri, and Christmas is past, and scary stories have been told, this ten-year-old finds a place to sleep on dad and mom's bedroom floor. And on occasions as it is with girls that age, who after a no-school snow day, a weekend of sledding, attending church, and being with friends would rather stay in her warm cozy bed, than brave the cold and go to school. And on occasion, after numerous attempts are made to arouse the young lady who generally has little difficulty in getting up and ready for school, and with a little encouragement from mom that dad would try his hand at waking her, he gets the idea that a certain gray and white ball of fur may do the trick. Whereupon dad seizes the opportunity and spies just such a ball of fur behind the pink nose and whiskers that are showing from their warm nest just outside the back door. Therefore, he opens the door which is within earshot of the sleepy little lady, and once again proves that although Katie the cat is ready to go to the garage with dad like she does every morning for her breakfast, she has little reason to listen to him as he unsuccessfully tries coaxing her into the house with his kitty, kitty calls.

This seems to be a good place to insert the fact that the ten-year-old girl of this house has certain persuasive actions with this feline that the rest of the household members do not possess. Therefore, when she applied her voice to the call, the back step was quickly vacated for the warm indoors by Miss Katie cat. After a moment's hesitation she patters, in the direction her mistress's voice is usually found, only to hear her voice coming from the bedroom in the opposite direction. She wasted no time in following the sound of that voice, and at the bedroom door, answered with a meow of her own before arriving at the sleepy little lady's side.

It is obvious that Katie and her mistress developed a loving relationship by spending time together. There was trust and a friendship built that is reserved for them alone. I have seen the little lady teaching her to stay on the towel by the door, to stay when she walks away, and alas, even a wee punishment for fighting with the other cats. I have seen Katie sleeping on her lap or on the floor beside her.

I observed and marveled at this little incident, while other thoughts and this verse came to my mind:  
*My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: John 10:27 KJV.*

If the shepherd calls your name, what will be your response? Will you run to him like Miss Kati did, or will you not hear like when I tried to call her? Will you recognize the difference between His voice and the voices of the things of the world and self-reliance? To hear His voice, we must be listening with our ears tuned to hear.

*And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers. John 10:4-5 KJV.*

My prayer is that we would be close enough to the shepherd to know his voice and follow where he leads.

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