

Epics from Marie's Life's Journey

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Me and My Kitty Cat

My world was pretty much "me and my" until Kitty Cat entered the scene. It all just happened: I mean I didn't plan it; as a matter of fact, I particularly didn't want it. She snuck into my world and took over a place in my heart where God's love for the animals lives.

She carried in her little heart a wonderful story for anyone who would patiently get close and attentive enough to read her pages.

My granddaughter is the "once upon a time" part of this little epic. One day she surprised me with, "Grandma, would you like a cat?" Well, knowing Leighanne with her bird, 2 cats, 2 snakes and numerous rats, I'm sure she wanted me to have as fulfilled a life as her own; or perhaps she wanted yet another cat. Whatever her motive, I said, "Sure, sounds great."

Well, one hundred and fifty dollars later I was the proud owner of a scrawny tabby. Paying for a cat was not in my vocabulary; but, hey, I'm from the old school. Raised on a farm, cats came and went like the migrating birds.

"Isn't she cute? Do you like her?" She queried after seeing my face. My answer was "no" to both questions. "However," I added, "I will bond with her."

Our first night together was like a sci-fi movie. Kitty was climbing the walls -literally - swinging on the curtains, attacking me with wild eyes, sharp teeth and outstretched claws.

With all my relations with the feline species I had never witnessed this behavior. I have no fear of kitties; however, this little wild eyed creature made me take to the corner of my bedroom. If this was a territorial fight, I willingly gave up all rights to my bedroom.

Her name changed as she changed, the first one being "Spider" as she seemed to hang from the ceiling from nothing. The slick windows didn't deter her from getting to the top under the shade.

Every day I'd bundle her in her blanket and take her to work where she entertained all with her restless wall climbing, nervous behavior.

Experience has taught me that kindness and good food and shelter can be the beginning of some sort of truce, be it man or beast. After all, my little kitty was taken from her mommy, sent to an unfamiliar environment and expected to bond with a strange animal.

The exact moment my kitty-cat began to trust me, I cannot say. She began to crawl on my bed at night at my feet and sleep. Any movement of my feet would make her recede into her wild world. Soon, however, she began snuggling close, sitting on my face and, yes, I guess, this could be called, "bonding".

Her spider antics began to lessen and her eyes darted less, also. The fear of survival was overcome with kindness and affection. Her name changed to "Bitsy" for now she was a bitsy spider.

As my heart enlarged to include my kitty with all of her odd behavior, it brought to mind our Savior who left His Father and familiar environment and also came to bond with a strange animal.

The reciprocal kindness and attentiveness we gave one another (my Savior and me), began a miracle of bonding, of becoming one. As I nurtured Him by obedience, He nurtured me with His Life. My heart enlarged as I relinquished my selfish life for His. The bonding was more real than my bonding with kitty-cat. He brought me to His way

of living much like Kitty changed and became part of my household.

Now Kitty-Cat is six months old. When she sees me she runs into our bedroom and eats her food and then puts her soft little paws on my face; wanting me to preen her like her mommy used to do.

She enjoys obeying her master much like I enjoy serving mine. Spider, Bitsy, Mutsy and Kitty-Cat are all names of affection for this wild little animal who dared respond to kindness and caring and change, and is now under the care of a family who have all bonded with her.



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