



But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. – Matthew 15:9

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Bitty Kitty

A little while ago I mentioned that I am once again fighting depression. I should deal with that so this is an attempt to do so. First thing I have to ask myself is, “When was the last time I ate?” Frequently that solves the problem. I have a bad habit of skipping meals then wondering why I'm depressed. Food will solve that in just a few minutes. So, what was the answer when I asked myself just now? It is now 8:33 p.m. on Monday night and my last meal was breakfast with my husband at about 3:30 a.m. on Sunday morning. So why haven't I eaten? I've been nibbling on peanuts which I shouldn't be doing. They have high calories and affect my diabetes somehow. But I've been craving them and have been nibbling on them the last few days. So, step one is to eat something real and the oven is heating as I type.

Step two is to do something positive and that positive act will be to write about something that happened on Friday that told me God loves animals just as much as he loves people. They are his creatures also. My little feral cat is lucky to be alive today. And considering what I found on Friday, God definitely helped her.

But her rescue didn't start on Friday. I'll relate what I believe to be the beginning of her story, but it may not be accurate. Samuel can correct my inaccuracies. Samuel lives in an apartment complex that is sitting atop a mountain in Arizona. This complex is surrounded by woods. While taking a walk in the woods last summer, he found a tiny kitten that had been abandoned. This was a feral kitten. He didn't know if she was born wild and became separated from her mother, or had someone at the apartment complex abandoned her, a baby, to fend for

herself and in doing so she had become feral. There was also the possibility that she wasn't abandoned but simply got lost and in her fright at being alone had become feral.

Whatever her history was, Samuel was facing a tiny kitten who was scraggly and unhealthy looking. And being out there in the woods alone was putting her at risk of becoming cougar fodder. He wasn't able to catch her, she was too afraid of him, however, somehow he was able to lure her back to his apartment and made a bed or shelter of some sort on his patio. He spent the next several days feeding her cookies and playing with her by way of a red dot. After a few days and by using a trail of cookies, he was able to lure her into his apartment. When she went inside, he quietly closed the patio door behind her.

Samuel already had two cats and this kitten was familiar with them because they would look at each other through the patio door. So, she wasn't too alarmed at being inside, though it took her a few days to learn what the litterbox was for. Back in the fall Samuel was headed to Alabama where he was interviewing for a new pastoral position. On his way he stopped here for the night and dropped off his three cats.

My cat, Mia, didn't handle that well. She could accept the tom, Hansel, but had trouble getting along with his sister, Gretel. Mia was miserable. Gretel was friendly with us humans and wanting to be the ruler of the house. But this house was Mia's domain where she ruled and having another cat move in and take over did not please her. I ended up telling Elkanah that we were going to have to put a litterbox in our bedroom and shut Mia up in there. The way things were she was at risk of running out of the house and running away.

What I didn't realize at the time was that the kitten was also having trouble getting along with Gretel. On her own, she had gone into our bedroom and hidden herself to get away from Gretel, but she seemed to like Mia. We would open the door and let them both out, but as soon as they laid eyes on Gretel, they headed back to the bedroom for safety. They both seemed to know that Gretel wasn't allowed to go in there.

When Samuel left to return home, the kitten stayed with us. That morning before Elkanah went to work I asked if we could keep her and he said "No." At 5:30 that morning, I was in the bedroom and watched Mia coming toward me when suddenly this little gray thing ran up behind her, swatter her on the rear, then turned and ran. Mia acted in kind, chasing her down, swatting her then turning and running. They were playing tag.

I called Elkanah and told him what I had just seen and told him that the kitten was having trouble with Gretel, just like Mia was, and would he please reconsider. So, the kitten is now ours and her name is Pharaoh but we call her Bitt Bitt which is short for Bitty Kitty.

We took both cats to the vet in November to get their shots and have Pharaoh checked to be sure she was healthy. I was concerned about the amount of water she was drinking but it turned out there was nothing to worry about. The vet said this was just her way of playing in the water. She was also older than we thought. We thought she was about 4-5 months old but she already had her 6 month teeth. The vet told us she could go into heat at any time.

We scheduled surgery to have her spayed on Dec. 11 but the vet's office called and canceled, wanting to reschedule. Elkanah's schedule has been such that we haven't yet been able to get her in for the "repair." And of course, she went into heat.

Did I mention that she was a kitten and still acts like a kitten? And as a kitten she is highly destructive. Our house had mini-blinds covering every window. Had being the key word. We will have to replace every window covering in the house but won't be using mini-blinds. Bitt Bitt is so playful that while I was asleep on Friday morning, she hung herself on one of the cords.

I don't mean one of the cords that you pull to raise and lower the thing. She had already destroyed the slats leaving a gaping hole in the mini blinds which would allow anyone passing by to be able to see into our home. We had temporarily hung a sheet over the window to give us some privacy. Somehow Bitt Bitt managed to get hung-up in the strings that hold the slats together. When she became tangled, she tried to get free by struggling. She struggled so hard that she somehow managed to bust the casing on my printer (no big loss). She also fell off the window sill but the cord wasn't long enough for her to reach the floor. She was hanging and the cord was wrapped around her left paw, her neck, and her head.

How long she hung there I've no idea. I went back to bed about 9 and fell asleep probably about 9:30. It was 11:30 when I woke up. I began walking into the kitchen and heard a cat yeowling. Mia was right there with me so I knew Bitt Bitt was in trouble. But where was she?

Bitt Bitt is an indoor cat but when she was in heat she thwarted us on that. She found a place behind the water heater where the floor is sagging and there's

about a 2 inch gap she managed to squeeze through. She was missing for 3 days but came back when she wanted to eat. When she came back Elkanah plugged up that hole and placed something heavy in front to try to keep her in. Now she was crying for help. I was afraid she was at that hole and had somehow become stuck and I didn't know how I would free her.

But her crying was coming from another room. When I walked into the other room, I saw her hanging by that cord. Her left paw was extended and wrapped multiple times with that cord. The cord was wrapped around her head and neck and her head was jammed next to the arm that was extended and wrapped in the cord. The other paw was bloody. She had broken one of her claws in an attempt to free herself and it bled.

Why didn't she choke to death? God rescued her. Right beneath her and just barely within her reach was the wall socket where that printer she broke was plugged in. One of her back paws was firmly planted on the plug and supporting her weight.

Without thinking I grabbed her and took the weight off her neck. Luckily there were scissors within reach which I grabbed then went to work on cutting that cord. It took a little work to free her but when she was loose she headed to the litterbox then ate and had herself a nap. She was limping and that paw looked crooked.

It was Friday and Elkanah was at work. Usually he has Friday off but lately he's been getting overtime. I told him what had happened and he finished up and came home. The vet said she was one lucky little girl, she could have died.

Luck? No, I don't think so. That girl has a guardian angel. Both front legs and her neck were x-rayed. The only problem the doctor saw was that the one paw was swollen. He gave her a shot of a painkiller that would last her 3 days and she seems to be back to normal now, including not needing so much cuddling. When she came back home she was still in heat so the vet said she's not pregnant. Hopefully we can get her in for the surgery before she cycles and starts wanting out again.

Must hush now.

Love to all,

Hannah

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