



But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. -

Matthew 15:9

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Good Kitties!

Did I mention that my grandkitties are visiting? And that there are nine of them. And did I also mention that they are all precious? Those smallest kittens are so cute to watch! And they all love to play. Hansel is so much bigger than the others it's easy to forget that a big boy like him loves to have cuddles also.

But I have developed a concern for these grandkitties of mine. It's a serious concern and I really need to unload my fears on someone. I don't think these kitties will be in heaven.

Yes, they are adorable and love us but....

Here's the thing. They love to go where we go and help out with whatever it is we're trying to do. When I walk into the room where their litterboxes are those three small kittens have to hurry up and go potty real quick before I scoop their poop. Then they sit back and watch, waiting for me to finish cleaning their boxes then they will go refertilize that freshly scooped box. They are very helpful that way.

I don't have to tell them to put their toys away. I see a toy that they are playing with and later I notice that the toy is no longer there. They have put it away. No clue where they have put it but they have put it away so they are nice about helping to clean the house.

And speaking of keeping a clean house, whenever they find something sitting on a table or counter they are happy to knock it off thereby clearing the table or counter for me. And if that something happens to be a glass of water, well,

they're just making sure the floor gets mopped.

Mealtime is also a time for bonding, especially for bonding with Butterscotch. She wants to help us eat our meals. In fact she insists that she be allowed to help. But even though Elkanah and I are ancient beyond reckoning, eating is an activity we are both still capable of doing on our own. I'll admit that frequently I'll have more on my plate than I can hold, but that hubby dude of mine is usually willing and able to finish it off for me.

But little Butterscotch wants to be sure that our plates get cleaned. After all, there are people out there who are starving so we must eat everything that is on our plates and she wants to help us get it all eaten. In fact, she insists that she be allowed to help. Actually demands is a stronger and more accurate word, but she is such a tiny kitten that I hate to use such a word because it might convey negative vibes about her.

She sees us eating and with claws extended she climbs up and heads for our plates. We put her down, she climbs back up. We put her down, back she comes. We hold our plate out at arms length to keep it safe, she uses our arms as a bridge and walks on them to reach the plate. She is very helpful that way.

Hansel is such a dear. When he sees me sitting at my computer he decides that he will be my monitor and parks himself directly in front of me where I can no longer see what I'm doing, but I can clearly see him and he is so much more interesting and pleasing to the eye than whatever it is that I've got up on the monitor.

They are such sweet and helpful kitties, but...

Oh, I'm so worried about them and their salvation. They are preacher's kids and you know about those preacher's kids. I know first hand about those preacher's kids because I'm married to one. And egads! my son is a preacher. So these poor kitties are PK's and I have worries about their salvation. I don't think they want it.

Yesterday I went into the kitchen intending to wash the few dirty dishes that had accumulated. As usual there were a few kitties at hand to help. But washing dishes is something that I would prefer to do than to allow the kitties to do. I will wash them in hot, soapy water. Kitties will wash dirty dishes with their tongues. I don't know, I sorta think my way of washing the dirty dishes is a better way to do it than theirs.

Despite my feelings on who was going to wash the dishes, Gretel, Rocky and Butterscotch were right at hand insisting that they be allowed to help. Being the kind of Gramma that I am, I decided that these poor kitties needed to know the Lord and I thought it might help if I baptized them.

Dunking a cat is not a good idea, especially when the baptismal is filled with soapy water and dirty dishes. So I decided that these kitties could be baptized by sprinkling. I rinsed the soap off my hands then baptized these three kitties by sprinkling them with the water on my hands.

I am so disappointed! Not one of those 3 grandkitties of mine were happy with me. A baptism by sprinkling was not what they were wanting and they ran from me. Phoebe and Angelo are both basement kitties in that they are solid black. Could it be that they have influenced those 3 and have lured them to reject their salvation?

No. I don't think so. The fact remains that they are all PK's. I really believe that if I had tried to baptize any of the other 6 cats they would have rejected the calling as well. My poor grandkitties are destined for the tortures of hellfire.

But I know something that they don't know. And this is something that the devil doesn't want us to know because it's a big secret he's been keeping. God dwells in fire. Read the Bible and you'll see that God's presence is an eternally burning fire (Genesis 15:17, Exodus 3:2, Exodus 13:21-24, Exodus 19:18, Exodus 24:17, Exodus 40:38, Deuteronomy 4:11&12, Deuteronomy 4:24, et.al....) and that fire destroys sin, not people. (Leviticus 10:1-5 Notice that they were still dressed after being consumed by the fire that came out from the Lord. Psalm 50:2-6) When people refuse to let go of their sins then it is their condition that kills them, not God. Also, the Bible doesn't support the teaching of people burning alive to appease the wrath of an angry God (Revelation 20:7-15). It simply isn't there.

Do those grandkitties of mine know that? If they are planning to be in the fire then that will be wonderful! I'm also planning to be in the fire. In the fire is where we want to be because that's where God is. So maybe God can grant those grandkitties of mine salvation by trickery. Sounds good, eh?

So I've had a little fun at the expense of my grandbabies. I hope you enjoyed it. With that I pray for God's blessings to be upon you and that you have a good night.

Hannah