

The last two days we went from a winter that might be described as a non-event season to an all-out blizzard. Although it was not a record, we experienced 10.5 inches of snow accompanied by winds of 25-40 miles per hour and temperatures in the single digits. All combined it was a significant event. Having heard the storm was coming, we drove to the grocery store to stock up on foodstuffs for several days. We happily got home and enjoyed watching this storm come towards the evening, then blow in all its fury all during the night. When we awoke this morning, one of our two cars was completely covered by snow. Both vehicles had to be dug out.



I have a cat named Gabriel. Now Gabriel is an American short-hair cat, which seems to be the pedigree for mongrel cats. But Gabriel (who was a stray with a gift for discerning weak homeowners) decided to seduce us several years ago. While I was delighted to find this stray meowing late one night through the French-doors that opened onto the lake, my friend Marlene was not at all excited about the idea. But she had not been prepared for a Cat named Gabriel. He seemed to sense where we both were, as far as cats in general and this Cat in particular. He decided forthwith to conquer Marlene's doggie-favoring heart. Within two days, she was smitten, and Gabriel had been adopted (or so we thought.) I now believe he adopted us.

The Cat has now owned us for about 6 years. We have done our best to carve out a bit of the house to call our own. We wait upon our pet day and night. We clean his indoor "bathroom" regularly, we give him hairball medicine on schedule; he is given glucosamine and chondroitin specially formulated for felines, and above all, we make certain that Gabriel has food and water to his liking at all times.

I might add that The Cat has not limited himself to drinking the water that waits on the floor alongside his dry food for his whiskery mouth. Oh no, he likes to drink from the humidifier when I have the lid off. He enjoys playing with the water in the sinks when we are trying to brush our teeth, and his latest love is pushing off the top of one of those fogging fountains that we received for a Christmas gift, then helping himself to the water that runs it. Here is a photo of Himself. I might add that what I thought was my bed is only mine when the Cat is not spread out on it taking his rest. To protect myself, I gave up an old blue sweater which I loved, and have given it to further enhance his rest when he uses my bed for a snooze.



So why am I telling you all of this? Because of the difference between Gabriel and us. We just went all-out to prepare ourselves to safely weather a first-class blizzard! Not only did we stock up on food, get out space heaters out for

cold spots, buy a few new batteries in case the power failed, fill up our car gas tanks, park off-street..... I mean we really got ready. Now here is the kicker. While we **slaved** to successfully pull through the storm, we suddenly realized that The Cat was nowhere to be found.

Now we had a new crisis. Where, oh where might our dear helpless kitty be? Perhaps he slipped outside when we were not careful enough coming and going in and out of the house, bring food for us (yes, and for him, too!) We looked and looked. Finally, I gave up and decided to go water my flowers in the master bathroom. What to my wondering eyes should appear but this sight:

What was this? The linen closet ajar? I went to close it, and what to my wondering eyes should appear? You guessed it, **The Cat! The Cat!** Snuggled up on a guest blanket, had somehow managed to open the door, jump up to the second level, turn himself around, then settled in for a long winter's nap!



Take a closer look! This little guy doesn't have a worry in the world!



So what was I to make of this?
Is there a lesson **The Cat** has to teach me?
I think so. Let's see:

Matthew 6:25 "Therefore I tell you, **do not worry** about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more important than food, and the body more important than clothes?"

6:26

Look at the birds of the air;



they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?

6:27 Who of you by **worrying** can add a single hour to his life?

6:28 And why do you **worry** about clothes?

See how the lilies of the field grow.



They do not labor or spin.

6:29 Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these.

6:30 If that is how God clothes the grass of the field, which is here today and tomorrow is thrown into the fire, will he not much more clothe you, O you of little faith?

6:31 **So do not worry**, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?'

6:32 For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them.

6:33 But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.

6:34 Therefore **do not worry about tomorrow**, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.

There you have it! How simple! How profound! I believe the Lord placed **The Cat** in our household so I could learn the lesson of trust.

Just as surely as winter is cold, Gabriel trusts me! He doesn't worry one wit no matter what happens. He has a confidence in his little kitty heart that I will take care of him. And I will. Why? Because he is mine. He thinks he chose us, but actually we chose him. I had wanted a cat long before Gabriel showed up at the front door. So indeed I chose him. I in some regard loved him before he ever knew it.....

So Gabriel doesn't worry about anything. He simply rests. he sprawls out and has a great little kitty life!



Papa, thanks for speaking to me tonight about Your enormous love for me. Thank you, Father, that I really don't at all need to worry. As surely as You chose me, You love me, and as I seek first and foremost Your Kingdom and Your righteousness, absolutely every other "thing" I need will be given me by You.

I rest tonight, Lord. I rest with a smile on my face and in my heart. I rest in the aftermath of a blizzard. And I am warm – and cared for. And I am loved. I love you too, Father.