



faithful

100 DEVOTIONS INSPIRED BY CATS

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Editors of *All God's Creatures*

Foreword

Cats have a reputation for being aloof and often contrarian, avoiding affection and often doing exactly what we *don't* want them to do. But people who live with cats get to see other sides of them, too: the ways that cats can be loving and deeply sensitive to their owners' emotions; the ways that they model persistence, survival, or clever solutions to difficult problems. Sometimes they reflect our own strengths and weaknesses back at us, prompting self-reflection—and, to the delight of our readers, inspiring our devotional writers to share their stories with us.

In this book we've collected one hundred of our favorite cat devotions from across three of Guideposts' most-loved devotionals: *Walking in Grace*, *Mornings with Jesus*, and, of course, the animal-themed devotional *All God's Creatures*. Some of these cats you'll meet only once, while in other cases you can follow their antics over the course of years as our authors describe their journeys together.

We hope these stories of love, hope, and faith will lift you up and brighten your devotional time—and perhaps even inspire an extra cuddle with your favorite feline.

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Relentless in Rescue

*I love the LORD, for he heard my voice; he heard
my cry for mercy. Because he turned his ear to me,
I will call on him as long as I live.*

—PSALM 116:1-2 (NIV)

As young newlyweds, we adopted Kimba, a pure white kitten with blue eyes. Special in many ways, he was a sweet little guy who loved to cuddle. Because he was deaf, Kimba meowed loudly and clung to us. I didn't mind.

His curiosity once got him in trouble. Through a hidden access, he managed to get between the walls of the bathtub, unable to find his way out.

We became aware of his predicament when we heard frantic cries coming from what sounded like the bathtub drain. After some confusion, we eventually found the entrance.

Kimba couldn't hear our calls, and the vibrations from us banging on the walls of the tub only frightened him. I tried a flashlight. Perhaps he'd come toward the glow.

No luck. He'd wedged himself too far back. "I'm going in," I told my wife.

Slithering on my belly, I inched between the walls of the tub. Stretching as far as possible, I grabbed Kimba and pulled him toward my chest. He immediately ran inside my shirt, safe and sound, purring with contentment. After my wife pulled me out by my ankles, we cleaned him up and made sure to Kimba-proof our home.

Kimba's escapade reminded me of Christ's relentless pursuit of us. The challenges of living in a fallen world often cause us to wander into the darkness. Lost and afraid, we call on the Lord. We may not hear his voice or see His light, but He is there, relentless in finding us and rescuing us. He will not give up until we are in His arms again.

Tez Brooks

Father, may I never doubt Your love and care for me. Help me remember that, even in my farthest wanderings, I am never too far for You to find me. Amen.



A Nightly Visitor

The righteous care for the needs of their animals.

—PROVERBS 12:10 (NIV)

My husband, Brian, and I exchanged glances when we heard the meowing outside. The kitty was back. It had been appearing on the back porch of our apartment and whining until we came out. Then it would rub against our ankles, eager for a scratch behind the ears or a thorough belly rub.

As the weeks went on, we named the cat Olivia and brought her dishes of warm milk before bed. As a “dog person,” I was surprised at my growing love for this kitty and eagerly looked forward to her nighttime visits.

Fall turned into winter, and it seemed too cold for a cat to live outdoors. But the apartment didn’t allow us to keep pets. Our only option, it seemed, was to call the local animal patrol. It broke my heart to think of Olivia mewling all alone at night, hungry and cold.

A neighbor who had also become fond of Olivia called a few days later and said she had found a home for our nightly visitor—with a good family who had long wished for a pet. They came to collect Olivia on our porch that night.

Brian and I were heartbroken. “She will be so much happier with her new family than living outside,” he said. I knew he was right.

I felt that I was getting a lesson straight from God’s book of love. He, too, had loved and lost in order to allow much greater things to happen. *If I can feel this way about a cat, I thought, then I can only imagine the depth and strength of God’s love for each of us.*

Ashley Kappel

***Lord, I’m always awed by the depth of
Your love. Help others feel it, too.***



Arms of Love

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out fear.

—1 JOHN 4:18 (NKJV)

A bolt of lightning flashed and then a deafening clap of thunder rattled the windows of my office. Our hypersensitive Manx cat, Barnie, dashed under my chair and let out pitiful yowls of fear at each crack and sharp clap of thunder. As an elderly cat, he usually ambled from room to room, but he became an Olympian track star when thunder rumbled or lightning flashed.

After leaning over the side of my chair and hyperextending my left arm, I managed to lift up my overweight black Manx. Usually, he would have gone feral on me. Although loving, Barnie was a rescued street cat who would take a swipe at anyone he felt was threatening him . . . including me, his cat “Papa.”

My wife and I couldn’t have kids, so we had cats. Barnie was my older boy. We had adopted him from a shelter. He and his three brothers were found abandoned in a shuttered manufacturing plant. We never knew what happened to his mother. Due to his fragile health, we

almost lost him in the first months, but miraculously, he survived to become the big, strapping cat he was now.

“See?” I whispered in his ear, after parking him in my lap, his head nestled under my arm, “Papa’s loving arms are around you now—you’ll be just fine. Nothing can hurt you.” He answered with a soft, guttural purr.

As I thanked the Lord for Barnie, I realized that Papa God was showing me what His love for me was like—so complete and encompassing that whenever I called upon Him, He was there, surrounding me with His loving presence.

Terry Clifton

***Lord, thank You for Your loving arms
that hold me whenever I need it.***

