Donald

*Psalm 46:1*

If you were to ever visit my house, you would see that we are definitely not pet poor. Let me explain. Living in the country, we are often the recipient of abandoned animals. Folks will drop off their unwanted dogs and cats near our house. We have always had a rule at our house that any animal that wanders up, we feed them (most times they are starving), and if they stay around for more than a week, we take them to the vet for shots and spay or neuter. Needless to say, we haven’t had to visit the pet shop to buy an animal for many years. We don’t go soliciting for pets, they usually find us.

Not too long ago, my granddaughter (who works at a veterinary hospital), came by after work with an animal carrier in her hand. We were wondering what she was up to, because we didn’t have any of our pets at the doc. She put the animal carrier down and opens the door, and a very small orange cat hobbles out of the cage. The little fellow is hobbling because he only has three legs. My granddaughter tells us this little guy was brought in to the hospital after he had been shot. The only way to save his life was to amputate one of his back legs. He was an “orphan”, since no one was coming to pick him up. They named this little orange cat Donald (I’ll let you figure out the name…). At first, we weren’t very happy about this gift as we have plenty of animals to feed and take care of. We certainly did not need another one. My granddaughter fell in love with this little guy during the recovery process but was not able to take him home to her house, so, we were selected by her to be his caretaker.

Donald seemed to fit right in with our group of critters around the house. What started out to be a concern over having another animal to take care of, turned out to be a learning experience for me. You see, I thought that it would be extra work and care because of his missing leg. Turns out he learned how to do everything he needed to do to keep going, all by himself. He does need a little help scratching his right ear (he doesn’t have that right rear leg), but other than that, he is doing real well.

Donald has reminded me of some lessons learned in my past. First lesson is adapting to change. Donald had to figure out how to do everything on three legs. If you think about that, it’s no small task. Not sure if cats have the ability to reason or not, but for people, adapting to change can be very challenging. For Donald, it was a necessity. It was either adapt or die. Secondly, having a good attitude about facing challenges. As Donald was learning how to do things with just three legs, it didn’t seem to be that big of a deal for him. Other than us helping him scratch his right ear every now and then, he has not needed any assistance from anyone; and that’s as much fun for me as it is for him. He sure does seem to enjoy it when he jumps up in my lap and lets me give him a scratch he can’t reach. And that makes me think about how the Lord is always there to help when I have problems with solutions that are just out of my reach. He always has the right answers at the right time. Just like I know when Donald needs a hand, the Lord knows when I need that special touch only he can provide; and I’m thankful He is there for me every time I need Him. Thank You Lord!