

Thank you Jesus for Fat Cat

Written by admin

Thursday, 24 January 2013 06:28 - Last Updated Thursday, 24 January 2013 06:59

by Lynn Gipson



Fat Cat is our twenty three pound cat. That's right folks, twenty three pounds. How he got that way is a mystery, as he does not eat that much, but I'm guessing the fact that his favorite thing to do in the world is sleep might have something to do with it. He is a beautiful cat, white with Holstein Cow markings on his back and a black cap with a black tail. He is just very large.

Fat Cat originally belonged to the neighbors up the street. He must not have liked it there because he spent a lot of time in our garage with my elderly aunt and me. One can usually find us out in the garage with the door open drinking coffee and having idle conversations, especially in the mornings.

We didn't know it at the time, but his name was really Sally. I'm not sure why he was given that particular name, but I started calling him Fat Cat the first time he ever moseyed into our life. It just seemed to fit, if you get my drift.

Not long after Fat Cat began his daily visits, I, against my better judgment, started feeding him tuna. He just looked hungry to me, don't ask me how, given his weight. From that day forward he lived in our garage and over the period of the next six months slowly gained access to the interior of the house and he has never left.

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Now before you think we are catnappers, left me explain. It seems the previous owners, who are very nice people and friendly neighbors, had acquired a new dog and Fat Cat did not like him in the least, so he went outside and never stepped foot in that house again. He became an outdoors cat and apparently found a harbor in our garage. He would stay outside at night, but every morning he would howl outside the window for us to open the garage door. By that time I had bought a huge sack of cat food and he knew breakfast would be waiting for him. His previous family has visiting privileges, but he refuses to live there.

I'm not really sure how Fat Cat became the ruler of our house. My aunt was adamant about not having a cat or any other animal in her home. She did not want cat hairs all over the place, and the last thing she wanted was something to take care of. The cat had other plans. He would run into the house every time the door opened and hide under the bed, and my aunt would get the broom and chase him outside. Apparently this did not hurt Fat Cat's feelings in the least. He was determined to live inside. He tried a new tactic. Whenever my aunt would come into the garage he would run to her and rub up against her legs, then lie at her feet. If she got to walk, he would follow her around, constantly rubbing her legs. He slowly started getting to her and he knew it. She started petting him and the next thing I knew he was a house cat once again, only this time he lived in our house.

At first he wasn't allowed on the furniture or the beds. Now he sleeps anywhere he darn well pleases. You see, my aunt got sick with some kind of stomach flu and stayed in bed for several days. Fat Cat just popped up on her bed that first day and seldom left her side. Every time she would move or moan he would raise his head up and look to see if she was all right. That did the trick. Fat Cat now sleeps with my aunt every night, just as close as he can get. When she gets up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, he is with her every step of the way. Now Fat Cat can do no wrong. He sleeps on the couch, love seat, chairs, and under the dining room table. He has special treats for cats, toys, and the love of an old lady who not too long ago could not stand the thought of cat hair.

Now Fat Cat spends his days leisurely. He sleeps most of the time, that is when he is not lying in the drive way taunting the mocking birds who love to dive bomb him. He is not a hunter though. I've seen birds prance into the garage while he was sleeping, only to have him raise one eye and close it again when he sees it's only a bird. He just likes the game. Frogs scare him to death when they jump. Children annoy him, but he will patiently let them pet him a time or two, then sneak off somewhere to hide.

I wrote this story about this wonderful cat because I'm convinced he was God sent. He amuses us daily with his antics, and has made the two of us so much happier. Before he came into our lives, the days got kind of depressing at times. Now we have an old tom cat purring and making us smile. His daily antics keep us laughing and his every wish is our command. I think he knew from the very start how very much we needed him, because he has become our Guardian Angel.

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I am a 61 year cancer survivor just recently become a writer. I write short stories, articles and poems of Christian or Spritual nature.

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