

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:** Faith and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys God trusts God; and he that trusts God obeys God. He that is without faith is without works; and he that is without works is without faith. ~Spurgeon

### **KATRINA, GOD'S MIRACLE OF LOVE**

*Your righteousness is like the mighty mountains,  
your justice like the ocean depths.  
You care for people and animals alike,  
O Lord. How precious is your unfailing love, O God!  
All humanity finds shelter in the shadow of your wings.*

*Psalms 36:6, 7 NLT*

This is a true story that shows the faithfulness of God, as I dared to believe His promises in the above Scripture given to me one night by a dear friend.

Cats are my "thing" and Joe, my husband, on the other hand intensely disliked cats and would have nothing to do with them. I was going through a difficult and depressing season in my life and my daughter Becky, thought a kitten would be just the thing to help chase the "blues" away.

She called one morning and asked me to go to the Humane Society with her. She wanted to buy a new kitten. I agreed, but adamantly told her that I was not getting one, so don't even try and talk me into it. She simply rolled her eyes and said, "We'll see!"

"Yes, we will see," I shot back!

The place was filled with people when we arrived. We found a place in line and proceeded down the aisle checking the animals within. As I came to one cage, a little paw reached out and bat at me. Becky and I laughed and moved on. Three times as I passed by, that little paw reached out to touch me. I didn't stop again though because I told myself I was not buying a kitten and I felt my resolve weakening.

Becky said, "Mom, that's your kitten, you are the only one she is reaching out to touch! Mom, she has chosen you! You have to stop and really look at her and hold her!"

It was true, as crowded as the place was, she only reached out to me. The fourth time I passed, the paw came out and I stopped. I saw a little face with a white tipped nose pressed up against the cage peering out at me; her little paw still trying to touch me. That did it! I was hooked; she had captured my heart. My daughter bought her sister and we went home with two kittens.

She was so tiny (six weeks old) that she fit perfectly into my coat pocket where I had put her. She snuggled in and promptly fell asleep. "Joe's going to kill me!" I thought, but as I felt her warm little body next to mine, I figured I'd worry about Joe when I got home; by then, I'd have something figured out to tell him.

Becky walked into the house first and Joe asked if she got her kitten. "I did!" she replied and held out her kitten for him to see. He made a polite comment and then quickly looked at me. Upon seeing both my hands jammed into my pockets, he sighed and said, "Good, at least you didn't buy one too! I know you and kittens and I just knew you were going to get one! Surprise! Surprise!"

Becky and I exchanged glances as I said, "Well honey, I just couldn't help it. I, uh, I bought her sister. We just couldn't separate them; and this way they can see each other once in awhile.

Joe sputtered as he said, "I knew it! I knew you were going to get one even though you said you weren't. And you know how I feel about cats! Well, where is she?"

I reached into my pocket and brought her out. "Oh Brother," he said, "She's a little bit of nothing! Couldn't you find a bigger kitten? Well, you're taking care of her, not me, and keep her away from me!" Joe was not a happy camper, but he decided he would tolerate her if it helped me through the depression.

Katrina had a unique personality. She loved to interact with people. She was introduced to group meetings in our home as a kitten, and she loved them. She would greet each person and then settle in for the duration of the meeting, lying in the middle of the floor or snuggled next to Joe in his chair.

Katrina loved anointed worship and she loved to be around people who prayed and were under the anointing of the Lord. Often she would go over and stand on her hind feet and gently pat her paws on their back, as if in agreement with what the Lord was doing. When company came, she was the first to greet them and the last to say good-bye. She endeared herself to many people.

When people inquired about our children and their families, Katrina was always included. We came to believe that she was our special blessing sent to us from God, as He knew the rocky and trying times ahead for us through Joe's illness. God knew exactly what Joe would need and He provided His wondrous love and comfort through Katrina.

Shortly after Katrina came to live with us, Joe had an accident and broke his hip. He had a hip replacement and was confined to his recliner for the next several months. Six-week old Katrina would daily climb up and snuggle in Joe's lap. He'd holler at her and put her down on the floor. He'd wake up from his nap and Katrina would be curled in a little ball on his chest fast asleep. Unable to get away and unable to keep her off his lap, he endured her intruding into his life. Through their loneliness and extended time together during the day, as I was working, Joe and Katrina's hearts bonded. That "Little bit of nothing" had somehow won her special place in his heart. They became inseparable.

Then tragedy struck. Nine-year-old Katrina was diagnosed with diabetes. The doctor immediately put her on insulin shots twice a day. She was unresponsive. Signs of deterioration in body functions were evident. She could barely walk and her weight loss was rapid. We knew she was dying.

Katrina's blood sugar count continued to test dangerously high. Several weeks of testing had failed to find the proper dosage that her frail body could handle. If the doctor couldn't get her count leveled out soon, we would have to put her to sleep. An option that Joe and I were struggling with, as Katrina was so much a part of our lives. She was family. We could not even fathom our lives without her.

My daughter Becky, who worked at an animal clinic, called to tell me I needed to make a final decision regarding the continued care of Katrina. "Her care would be very expensive," she said, "And with no guarantees!" The dreaded time had arrived; a decision must be made by morning. We didn't want her to suffer any longer as she had to go through more tests and blood drawing, so we prepared ourselves for the possibility of putting her to sleep.

That night my friend, Nikki, called and shared Psalm 36:6 with me. We prayed together and I hung up the phone. I picked Katrina up and cradling her frail little body in my arms, I started walking up and down the length of my trailer home. After several hours of pacing, crying, praying, and believing God for His promise, I felt a release in my spirit and I knew the work was done. God had heard. We went to bed.

The next morning I took Katrina in for another blood sugar test and left her. Becky called mid-morning and excitedly told me that Katrina's count was down to 131; prior, every test has been in the range of over 350. The doctors at the clinic could not believe it. They told Becky to call me and come take her home.

God proved faithful to His Word and honored my faith to believe. Katrina's appetite returned, she gained weight, became playful, and continued to daily grow stronger. The real miracle in her healing was that from the day I brought her home I never once changed her dosage of insulin or took her back to the clinic. Occasionally one of the doctors would inquire about her health. Becky would tell

them she is alive and well. They would just shake their heads and all agreed that Katrina was truly a miracle.

Our miracle gift of love was to spend seven more years with me. Joe suffered through many illnesses with Katrina always close by; she was his comfort through it all. Joe passed away in 2000, and I thought that Katrina would quickly follow him for they were never apart. Their bond was a miracle bond of love from the Father above. Katrina stayed with me for several more years, and then passed away in 2006.

You never know when or even how that God may give you a miracle. One thing for sure though, we do know that He loves His children and He knows exactly what we need and He provides for us. God is faithful in all His ways. He loves to delight our hearts as we are a delight to Him. Just believe, for we serve a miracle working God!