

## Poignant Cat Path

*By Eydie McDaniel*

Molly Brown and I have bonded this Spring of 2020. This cat keenly sees me all the time. I really mean all the time. That's not just because I'm always home now. Moments before I strain painful hips and legs in the night to safely get to my pit stop in time, I hear commenting behind closed doors. I don't know if I audibly talk in my sleep before I stir. I don't think she installed a baby monitor. I know the dog boys almost always sleep right through my get up duty because I so often have to struggle them over a little bit to untangle myself and my phone from the covers. On nights of smarter slumber prep I can grab my phone off the table. I do that in case of a mishap results in a need for responders. That cat has no phone, and the only mid-sleep sound from the boys is an occasional whimpering in Henry's bad dreams. So how does she know?

After the passing of my Kitty Boy in the fall of 2018, I asked about getting Molly. I did this in response to well grumbled annoyance about her from the previous owner. A year later getting a cat made no practical sense. But when approached I quickly brought her to my home and my heart. After all, my commitment to help an animal stood firm, and I still felt sad about Kitty Boy.

She came to me in the fall weighing 17.5 pounds. I imposed a diet that fostered continual protests "feed me, feed me, feed me now, meoooooww!!" The first few months she voiced that same script all day and through the night whenever I had to go to the bathroom. But with time her kitty heart found something else to tell me. Now, Molly Brown blesses my nights by joining me in the bathroom just to sweetly purr her affection to me. She made this our private time. Clearly this cat appreciates her gentler home with me, and has grown to love the woman who picked her up without her permission and carried her grunting about her heaviness all the way down an upstairs hall and into the elevator. Did the fat, old, less than happy cat already sense that she was getting a happy gentler home even though she smelled dogs in here?

For weeks Molly, now Molly Brown, seemed reluctant to trust me. I accepted that she might not render the healing I believed only a cat could deliver. Now she weighs 12 pounds. She climbs the ladder I made to her personal dining spot. All day Thursday, sadness and uneasiness covered me because Covid took someone close to my building. Molly Brown somehow knew that and never let me out of her sight. I believe she, like Kitty Boy, takes care of me. I do value human compassion. I am in awe of the other part of God we call cats.