

An Ode to Amy

It is the Memorial Day weekend when we remember those who have defended freedom. Cemeteries hold ceremonies and there are parades and picnics and family gatherings.

Just the other day, I thought our old cat Amy had used up her last life. We have had Amy for seventeen years and from the very start, we knew she would live long and prosper. She is a little tabby cat and has always been careful in how she conducts her life. She has managed to outlive all our animals and still weakly patrols our backyard, only occasionally coming in in the evening to have her head scratched. The old girl yowls so much at night we have to sequester her in the back tool shed so she doesn't wake up the whole neighborhood.

As I was working outside a few days ago, I saw Amy stretched out on her side in the middle of the garden and lying perfectly still. I went in the house and softly told my wife that Amy had finally passed away and that I would have to bury her in the back of the property. As I got the shovel and approached the "dead" cat, I was shocked to see Amy stir a little and open up one eye and look at me with her typical cat-like disdain. I quickly went into my wife and told her of Amy's "resurrection" and the little lady is yet living to see another day.

Perhaps in your life there are people or situations that you have given up for "dead." You have already held a memorial service in your mind and in your heart, all hope is extinguished. At times like these perhaps it would be well to remember both a little tabby cat and a little white Lamb. Put that shovel away. Christ is Risen! And in His resurrection there is hope, everlasting hope and healing.