

Some memoirs of God's intervention in our lives

In about 1973, my children our daughter (10) and son (8) wanted a cat. Seeing I don't necessarily like cats and my wife was allergic to them, I said no. But as children are, they wanted one and so persisted. Well seeing we all believed in Jesus, I said , why don't you pray about it. I should have taken a tumble when they so readily agreed and no more was said.

(We had a Chev station wagon (another memoir) that we used in our many travels across Alberta in preaching and singing. This allowed the children to sleep on the way home so as they were refreshed for school the next day.)

A couple of months latter, we had a service in Camrose, Alberta. We rented the basement of the Legion Hall, as the upstairs was rented for a Christmas Party. When we pulled up to the hall, there was a big tabby cat by the back door. I heard in unison from the children, "that's our cat dad it's a stray". Needless to say, I chuckled and said "someone owns that cat and loves it very much". Well while we were unloading the instruments and taking them downstairs, a lady from upstairs came out carrying the cat and as she gave it a throw, she said " this blankety blank stray cat seems to find every due where there is food ".

Again I heard in unison "see dad it's a stray, it's our cat". Being as intelligent as a dad should be, I said "if the cat is still around when it's time to go home, we will discuss it then". The kids said " sure dad, but we prayed like you said and this cat is our answer".

All was forgotten and we had our service. Like usual at the end of the service, I always had an alter call for anyone that wanted to publicly give their life to Jesus. After a little while of making my plea, with no results. A big grey & white tabby cat walked slowly up the isle and sat at my feet and said a loud meow. I looked down and said the first thing that came to mind, God Bless you kitty cat. Well needless to say this broke everybody up. And the kids come up to me after and said "see dad, he's a Christian cat now". I told them to put the cat outside and if that was the cat God had for them, he would be there when it was time to go home.

We had our lunch and fellowship after, then packed everything up. When we got ready to go the cat was outside, and our boy said " see dad there he is". In one last desperation attempt, I said "if God really wants you to have that cat, when we open the car door he will jump in with no assistance from anybody. In my heart I knew better then to question their faith, but I was desperate.

I opened the drivers door just enough for me to get in, when I seen a streak of grey go by and jump in the back and curl up on the kids bed. I raised my hands toward heaven and said "OK lord I give up, thank you for answering their prayer".

I turned to the kids, who were grinning from ear to ear and they said "see dad we knew as soon as we seen him that he was the one God choose for us, it didn't matter what you said". I said Praise God, your right, now what are you going to call him? With no hesitation came the reply "CAMROSE" cause this is where we got him.

We were only able to get Camrose inside a car once after that. We did try different times

and he would literally come unglued. He did however love to jump on the car when you come home and look through the windshield, it was his way of greeting.

We lived on an acreage about 4 miles east of Edmonton and had Camrose for about three years. The wife had to make a quick run into town, so she put our poodle in the car and took off. She was going down the highway at 60 MPH and all the oncoming traffic was waving at her. She thought boy are people ever friendly today! When she noticed a rag fluttering in the rear view mirror. Upon closer inspection she thought, that sure looks like Camrose's tail. She pulled over and stopped and sure enough there was Camrose with his claws dug into the roof of the car and his rear end up against the wind deflector by the back window. She said "Camrose what are you doing". He said "m-e-o-w" and came running to her. This is the only other time Camrose went in our car.

There is no doubt in our family nor our close friends that Camrose was God's gift to Lori & Darren and to mom & dad as well! Mom was never allergic to Camrose and for a guy who didn't care for cats, I sure thought the world of him.

He was not like any cat I have ever known nor have encountered since. He would do things normal cats just wouldn't do and what he did, always brought joy and laughter.

Then enters Buttons

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken