



Spooky Finds a Home

More than anything else in the world, Brett wanted a pet of his very own. His brother and sister each had one. But according to Dad and Mom, one cat and one dog was quite enough for any normal family.

“But Purrdy is Bryan’s cat,” Brett complained. “Purrdy even sleeps on Bryan’s bed. I want a pet that belongs to me and can sleep on my bed.”

“Well,” Mom suggested, “what about Spangles?” Spangles was an adorable, floppy-eared, pedigreed Cocker Spaniel. They had gotten her a year ago on the July 4 and named her Spangles in honor of the national anthem, “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

“Everyone knows Spangles is Brittany’s dog,” argued Brett. “Brittany picked her out and she was the one who wanted a female so she could have puppies.”

“I’m sure Brittany will share Spangles,” Mom said. “You can help feed her.”



Spooky Finds a Home

“Awww, Mom,” Brett sighed, “sharing Spangles is not the same as having my very own pet.”

But no matter how often Brett brought up the topic of getting a pet, there was always some reason why it wasn’t the right time. Sometimes it seemed like their family was too busy to care for another pet.

Months went by. Then one day at church, the pastor announced, “Boys and girls, today we have a special guest who is going to tell you a story. So please come up front and sit quietly.” Brett sat down with the rest of the kids and watched as the storyteller opened a small box and lifted out a scrawny, black and white kitten.

“A few nights ago,” the lady began, “I was trying to go to sleep when I heard a cat meowing outside our bedroom window. It wasn’t just a meow every once in a while—like when a cat wants to come inside—it was a constant high-pitched *meow, meow* like the



cat was scared. I wondered why the cat was making all that racket. I tried to cover my head with the pillow so I could go to sleep, but the cat just kept meowing. So, I got up and shut the window. But I could still hear the cat. Finally, I decided that if I was going to be able to sleep, I would have to find the cat and put it someplace where it would stop meowing.

“I got dressed and went outside to see if I could find the cat. I took a flashlight and looked under the bushes in the backyard. No cat. I looked in the shed. No cat. Then I looked up. And way up high above my head, I spotted a tiny little kitten perched on the branch of a tree. I called to the cat, ‘Here kitty, kitty,’ but it wouldn’t come down. I had a feeling the kitten had gotten scared by a dog, climbed the tree, and then didn’t know how to turn around on the branch and climb back down. So, I got a ladder and climbed up, reached as high as I could, and lifted the tiny kitten down. The next morning, I asked all the neighbors if they had lost a little kitten, but no one claimed him. So, I decided to bring the kitten to church

Spooky Finds a Home

and see if there would be anyone here who would like to have a lost kitten for their very own. He's still a little scared of people and spooks easily. But with a lot of love, I have a feeling this kitten will make someone a very special pet."

Brett's hand shot up. "I want it! Please, can I have him?"

"Well," the lady said, "ask your parents. If they say Yes, he's yours."

Brett ran back to the pew where his parents were sitting.

"Can I have the kitten? Please, Mom! Please, Dad! My birthday's next week—and I've been praying for a pet. Please, can I have it?"

After church, Mom and Dad had a little talk and decided that Brett could have the kitten for his birthday. So that's how Spooky became part of the family and grew up to be a gentle, loving cat who slept at the foot of Brett's bed.

One night a couple of years later, as the family was eating supper, Dad announced, "Kids, something's come up that Mom and I need to talk with you about. As soon as you finish cleaning the kitchen and feeding the animals, let's meet in the family room."

"What's going on?" Brett asked as soon as his older brother and sister were busy washing the dishes and he was alone with Dad.

"Aren't you the curious one?" Dad laughed. "You'll find out soon enough. Why don't you get the animals fed while you're waiting for Brittany and Bryan to finish the dishes?"

Brett shrugged his shoulders and poured a scoopful of dog food into Spangles' bowl and then turned to the two cats who were rubbing up against his legs. He reached down, gave each a pat, and then filled their bowls too.

A few minutes later, the whole family gathered in the family room and listened as Dad explained how he had gotten a call from the Far Eastern Division mission. They needed a principal and a teacher for their mission



Spooky Finds a Home

school in Singapore and had asked if he and Mom and the family would be willing to leave their home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and be missionaries in Singapore.

“Singapore?” questioned Bryan. “That’s halfway around the world.”

“It sounds fun,” Brittany chimed in. She was always the adventurous one. “We’d get to see lots of different countries.”

“But what about our pets?” Brett asked. “Can I take Spooky along?”

“No,” Mom explained. “We’d have to find good homes for them here.”

And so the decision was made for the family to accept the challenge of mission service in far-off Singapore, while Bryan, Brittany, and Brett started looking for homes for their pets.

Bryan’s good friend, Keena, immediately wanted Purrdy. She had visited Bryan’s house many times and had already fallen in love with him. It was all planned that she would pick him up the day before the family was to leave for Singapore.

Spangles was a valuable dog. When word got around that Brittany was looking for a good home for her, a number of families said they would love to have Spangles. Brittany finally decided that she would give Spangles to her friends, Lynn and Rylie.

But none of their friends wanted Spooky. Spooky may not have been the prettiest cat—or the most valuable—but to Brett, he was the best, most fun-loving, and playful cat in the whole world! Spooky would make someone a wonderful pet. So, without telling anyone in the family, he began knocking on doors in his neighborhood.

“Hi, I’m Brett, and I live around the corner. My family is going to Singapore as missionaries and we can’t take my special cat, Spooky. I’m



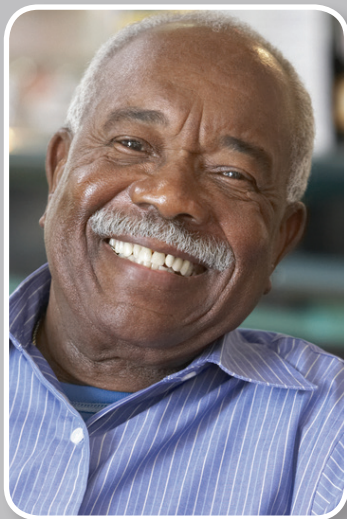
Spooky Finds a Home

looking for just the right family who will give the most wonderful cat in the whole world a good home.”

“No, I’m sorry,” the lady in the two-story stucco house said. “We already have a cat.”

“I’m allergic to cats,” the man who lived four doors away explained, “otherwise, I’d help you out.”

No matter how many excuses Brett heard, he didn’t get discouraged. He prayed and continued knocking on doors. “God knows how special Spooky is,” he told everyone he met, “so He’s not going to let him go to just any home. It has to be the best home in Tulsa.”



A couple of blocks away, a kind older man answered the door and said, “I’d love to give Spooky a home. It’s very lonely here since my grandkids moved away. And a good cat would keep me company.”

Brett was excited and ran all the way home. “Mom, I found a home for Spooky, and I’m going to take him to his new home right away!”

“But we’re not leaving for three weeks. Are you sure you don’t want to keep him until the last day?”

Tears came to Brett’s eyes. “I’d like to keep him as long as possible, but what if he doesn’t understand when I leave him at his new home and he tries to find me? If I wait until the last moment, no one would be here to take him back to his new house. I better take him now, just in case.”

Every day for the next three weeks, Brett walked by Spooky’s new

Spooky Finds a Home

home. Once, he saw Spooky sitting in the window, but he didn't stop. When he really missed Spooky, he imagined him sitting on the old man's lap, being petted, or sleeping in a basket at the foot of the old man's bed. He would miss Spooky — but he smiled, knowing that God had provided just the right home for the best cat in the whole world. ■



*And we know that all things work together
for good to those who love God . . .*

—Romans 8:28, NKJV