

The Aardsma Weekly

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Writer: Rachel Aardsma

Our Cat

We have had our cat for over three or four months now, but I've never given her an official debut. As I gave Freckles a little article when I first started the Weekly, it is only fair I give our kitten one too.

Our cat does not have a name, though we call her everything from Frodo to Juliet. When we first got her we could not decide on a name, and she finally just became 'that cat'. As it is too late to find a name for her now, she will just have to remain a no name.

She is a gray, brown, and black tabby. Her hair is short, though it gets longer and turns a creamy tan underneath. She hardly sheds at all, and so Mom can't complain about hair everywhere. The cat is also the proud owner of two yellow eyes, long black and white whiskers, and four paws with black and pink marbled pads.

The cat has free run of the house, but she officially lives in my room. She sleeps up in my bed and plays around in my room. At the moment, she is climbing from my bed to my desk to the dresser and back again. I love having her in my room, and she really is a lot of fun

Her main occupation is, of course, sleeping, and she does that every chance she gets. She usually sleeps in my room on my bed, but sometimes she sleeps on Beka's bed or on my dresser. She sleeps all day, but rarely sleeps at night. Sometimes, though, if it is cold or she's lonely, she'll curl up with me and sleep for an hour or two.

Our cat also likes to eat. It doesn't really matter what. Everyone feeds her and everyone tells everyone else not to. When we prepare meals, she'll run around eating all the scraps and begging for a bite or two. At lunchtime, she sits by our chairs and gazes up at us imploringly until someone drops her a scrap. Realizing that all the food came from the table, our kitten soon became a table cruiser, but we violently discouraged that and she now remains on the ground.

Kitty possesses a few cute tricks. She knows how to knock on my door to be let in, and she also sits and gazes at the doorknob until I let her out. She loves music, so whenever anyone plays the piano she'll curl up in her favorite chair and doze contentedly. Her cutest trick is to balance on the top of our dining room chairs and try to catch her tail between the wooden bars. It really is funny to watch her do this, especially when she loses her balance and goes tumbling onto the floor.

Besides being a music lover and a budding tightrope walker, our cat is entirely normal. She plays with yarn, chases mice (and eats them), begs for treats, and does everything that a cat normally does. She also loves to bite, scratch, and kick, and prefers the couch as a scratching post. Everyone tells me she's ornery, bad, and vicious, but despite all that Timmy and Caleb argue over who gets to hold her, Beka cuddles her, and Mathew notes with pride that everyone at the vet clinic told him he had a beautiful cat.

The Weekly Bible Verse

Lamentations 3:22: The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness.



Bits and Pieces



This week has been pretty busy. Mom did her monthly shopping this week, everyone did lots of school, we had some doctor's appointments for Dad, and all in all, we've been running around all week.

We had a really big thunderstorm this week. It rained cats and dogs all night, and everything is sopping. There was some thunder and lightning, and the next morning we discovered that an auto body shop nearby had burned down during the night. I was surprised, because it had rained almost all night, but I guess it found sometime to burn between showers or something.

This week is the first in 2007. We don't make a big deal out of the New Year here. I suggested staying up and bringing in the New Year, but that was met with some hearty no's, so I gave it up. We spent the day quietly, had some ice cream, watched a documentary on fireworks (I know that sounds boring, but it was actually really cool. All about how fireworks are made, where they came from, and how they work.), read a book, and then we all went to bed early. I guess that's the opposite of what most people do on New Year's Eve.

Of course, along with the New Year comes income taxes. Mom was eager to get them over with, so on January 1st, she and Dad started in on them. I had to help get some files in order, and spent an agonizing morning trying to remember whether it was 'September, October, November' or 'September, November, October', and asking Beka whether in 10/8/06, 10 was the month or the date. She wasn't much help, because she

didn't know either. She guessed that 10 was the date, Timmy said 10 was the year, and Matthew said 10 was the month. What was I supposed to do?

A Word About The Weather

With all the rain we got this week, the grass has actually begun to turn green again! Beka and I are desperate for at least a little winter, and Dad keeps saying January and February are the winter months in Illinois. But so far, all we've gotten is rain.

It has been cold, though, and if it was only a few degrees colder, the boys could be sledding instead of wading through puddles.

A Word of Wisdom

White sweaters are ruined if they fall off the clothesline, lay on the muddy ground during a rainstorm, and then the chickens walk all over them.