



Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Our gray cat, Mrs. Robinson, is very pregnant.

Since nearly all my contacts with those great with child has been limited to my wife (who has been "great" five times), I am a little nervous around Mrs. Robinson.

We've never had a pregnant cat around the house. In fact, Mrs. Robinson is the first cat of any kind we've ever had around the house - pregnant or otherwise. I think the thing that makes me feel most uneasy is her size. Prior to her happening she was just a soft, gray little thing that walked silently through the house purring and rubbing up against people's legs. Now she is big, awkward and definitely out of proportion.

Last week I was talking to Roger Miller on the phone about a business matter and happened to mention that Mrs. Robinson was pregnant.

"Say, that's interesting," Roger said. "Our cat just gave birth to four kittens last week."

Since Roger is now an expert on feline obstetrics I decided to ask him a few questions.

"It takes 63 days from conception to birth," Roger said with authority. "If you know when she got pregnant you can tell to the day when she will deliver."

I have no idea when Mrs. Robinson got pregnant. I do remember that a while back she began going out at night more than usual, so I guess that's when it happened.

"We've prepared a big box full of blankets and rags and put it in the utility room," I

told Roger. "But she won't stay there. I'm afraid she'll have her kittens in the middle of the bed some night."

"That's possible," Roger encouraged me. "One thing I've learned about cats is they have their kittens where they want to, not where you want them too. In fact, our cat had kittens in a crack between walls which was so narrow she had to stand up to have them and remain standing to nurse them. It took us two days to get her out of the crack."

I moaned and wished I hadn't talked to Roger.

The other thing that bothers me about Mrs. Robinson is she doesn't seem to know she's PG. The other night she padded into the bedroom after I'd gone to bed, looking like she was going to explode any moment she was so full of kittens, and without batting an eye leaped from the floor to the top of my dresser - a distance of four feet. I almost fainted.

I tried to pick her up but have no idea where you grab a pregnant cat. "Let her alone," my wife mumbled from the bed, "she's just nervous. I know the feeling well."

But she isn't half as nervous as I am. I'll try to remember to keep you posted on the outcome, but whatever it is, I know already it's going to be disastrous. A Methodist Army chaplain who spoke in our church last Sunday said we should praise the Lord for all things. But I'll confide in you that I'm having a hard time praising the Lord for a pregnant cat.