

## *Pk's Perspectives ... God Sees/Loves/Hears You*

John Trapp once wrote, "The Lord is near to all that call upon Him; yes, He can even feel breath when no voice can be heard for faintness." Mr. Trapp is spot-on in his declaration. The Bible tells us that even our deepest groanings are able to be interpreted by God's Holy Spirit and delivered directly to the eternal throne room! Allow me to share a couple of animal stories I've collected over the years that serve as warming anecdotes to clearly illustrate Mr. Trapp's observation about God always hearing our call. *(These stories are not mine but I do not know the source or author(s) to credit)*

The cat had kittens on the trundle bed in the downstairs guest room. We didn't think that was such a good idea, so we collected them and placed them on rags in a cardboard box in front of the kitchen fireplace until we could come up with something more suitable.

But the mother cat had a mind of her own. We watched with amusement as she entered the kitchen silently, stood on her back legs, front legs on the box, sniffing for her babies. Then leaping nimbly over the side, she checked them over, picked one up by the back of the neck, leaped out, and quietly returned it to the trundle bed. This was repeated until all that was left was the runt of the litter.

She did not come back. She may have been exhausted from her efforts, or she may have been busy playing lunch counter to the others. We waited.

Finally the tiny scrap in the bottom of the box let out more of a squeak than a mew. It was almost a non-sound.

Instantly, soundlessly, the mother cat appeared, bounded in and out of the box, the littlest kitten in her mouth, and carried it back to the guest room. Three doors, two rooms, and two hallways, and yet she heard.

The Great Dane had her first litter of pups (two, to be exact) under the lilac bush outside the kitchen window. After second thoughts she picked up the larger one and carried it to the dog house (around two sides of the house), but being irresponsible, she forgot to return for the second.

After a while number-two pup got hungry. It made the sort of sound newborn pups make, and a very weak one at that.

I could hear the mother coming before I saw her. Galloping like a clap of thunder, she skidded to a stop, and gently lifting the little left-behind pup by the back of its what-was-supposed-to-be-a-neck, she carried it to join the other.

In neither case was it a full-fledged cry...

Nor are our prayers necessarily full-fledged prayers — or even semi-articulated cries for help.

According to the Bible, God responds to our sighs, our tears, our murmurs — even our longings directed toward heaven can be interpreted as prayer. We've all experienced seasons of life when we wonder if God hears our prayers. Friend - God hears you! You may not be able to immediately see how He is responding, but I promise you...help is galloping your way. Grace & peace, love you. PK