

One Small, No Account Life



Heading to the airport through the heavy, 7:30 AM traffic of Birmingham yesterday, I saw the sad and pitiful sight of a kitten, perhaps six weeks old, scampering for dear life among the profusion of trucks and automobiles on Interstate 65. Traffic was moving at a speed of about 15-20 miles per hour across the four or five north bound lanes of the expressway. Glancing out my left window, I saw the kitten desperately running from under my front bumper and beneath the car in the furthest left lane. It was obvious to me that the terrified kitten had little chance of survival, but that fact did not prevent the small animal from fighting valiantly for the small and unimportant life that God had given it – unimportant to all but to him and his Maker. He wanted to keep it at all costs.

How the less-than-half-grown kitten came to be on this busy freeway, I cannot imagine. There was a stretch of wood on the right of the highway. It is possible that the mother cat had brought the kitten into the light of day in this very patch of wood where the little fellow saw his first sunrise. She may have been off hunting for food, or even abandoned her small charge. In the divider of the freeway was a concrete wall, so that there was not a chance of the kitten getting all the way across the freeway even if able to miraculously dodge the onslaught of traffic. I felt strangely overburdened by pity for the little warrior. He had no idea what these huge machines were that seemed intent on his demise. All he could understand was his need to escape the one nearest him. Though impossible, in my view for him to survive, I pray that the very God who so delicately fashioned this furry little creature would work a miracle and give the tiny fellow a second chance. It would have been impossible for the disinterested motorists to stop and save the cat without risking a pile-up on the freeway – though I was tempted. It is possible, too, that the kitten would have rejected my help out of fear of the hand that was trying to save him. He may have been feral as well. If the little hero did not survive, at the very least, he went down with his colors flying and his lights burning brightly.

I was reminded of the human condition in that helpless little kitten. Because

we have not known the Savior and Redeemer, we wander from lane to lane in life. We find ourselves on the busy thoroughfare that is full of deadly dangers and perils – *“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:”* The Lord who loves us gave warning of that broad freeway of life. We cannot comprehend the enormity of dangers that prevail on that freeway except to know the nearest danger that threatens impending doom. All others on the broad way could care less for our small and unimportant lives. We struggle eagerly by our own power to scamper back to the safety of the Narrow Way, yet no one will help us. But there is One whose Mind and Vision is above the heavily trafficked way. He sees us. If we are not wild with untamed soul, He may reach His mighty Hand down to us and take us up out of danger, and feed us with the Manna of Heaven. But we must not fear Him with inordinate fear who can save us, but with the fear of a child for his Father.

I do not know whether the little kitten with “One Small, No Account Life” was saved from destruction or not, but one thing I do know: *“With God, all things are possible.”* AMEN.