

July 29, 2025 at 11:59 PM CDT

The cat on my lap knew the story.

All, maybe I should be writing about animals more than I do. I say this because I had a surprising number of reactions to my Cat Sitting episode. APT Group member Lee Roscoe, who has a cat that she describes in glowing terms, told me that the very fact that a cat decided to sit on my lap signifies that the cat likes me. Further, she suggested that I adopt the cat. She often has very good suggestions for me and has had them since we first met in 1967. However, I don't agree with her for two reasons that I will set forth below: [Note: I haven't gotten away from that lawyerly habit of using of phrase like "set forth below." I ask your indulgence. I just like it. Another favorite is "attached hereto and incorporated by reference."]

The Cat Chose My Lap; Hence, It Liked Me...

My response to that is to recall a story/joke that I heard long ago and was, fortunately, able to find on the Internet. Here it is:

*A German Shepherd, a Doberman, and a cat died.
In heaven, all three faced God, who wanted to know what they believed in.
The German Shepherd said, "I believe in discipline, training, and loyalty to my master."
"Good!" said God. "Sit at my right side."
"Doberman, what do you believe in?" asked God.
The Doberman answered, "I believe in the love, care, and protection of my master." "Aha," said God. You may sit to my left."
Then God looked at the cat and asked, "And what do you believe in?"
The cat replied, "I believe you are sitting in my seat."*

I have the feeling that the cat on my lap knew the story. Perhaps the critter originated it.

Why I Would Not Adopt a Cat or a Dog Now...

In August 2023, I was diagnosed with myasthenia gravis, an autoimmune disease that is moderately debilitating. It required extensive hospitalization, rehabilitation, and rest. All of this happened while I was in New Jersey. Consequently, I was away from Black River Falls for approximately three months. During that period of time I thought about a great many things among them was FlowerBear.

Here she is:



We were inseparable. Every so often I would have to board her at the Osseo Veterinary Clinic, which she regarded as a spa. The veterinarians noticed that she was a very good guest. She didn't spend time wondering where I was, pining for me. Rather, she adjusted and made friends with everyone on the staff. But when I returned to fetch her she never failed to let me know that she was glad I was back. She tolerated the separation, but she was glad when it was over. A three-month separation would not have been good for her, perhaps sending her into a relentless decline. I can guarantee it would not have been good for me either.

At this juncture, while I don't anticipate any health issues, I am aware, as many of us are, that they happen. Were I to be living with a pet, however delightful, I would not want to inflict any separation anxiety on the animal. It would not be fair especially since I believe that animals give us much more than we give them, particularly dogs.

Animals Are Thinking...All Of The Time...

It would be impossible to ignore the many stories about animals and animal intelligence, loyalty, compassion, and their ability to understand human beings whenever you start cruising Facebook. The stories are endless and frequently endearing, although sometimes little scary. Not scary the way most of us think of "scary." Rather, we might find it disconcerting because we have underestimated animals.

I think there is a question that we all have to ask about animals. Actually it's a question that we have to ask of ourselves. Here it is – Do we consciously remember that we are animals too? The impression that I have is we really don't spend much time pondering that connection. Perhaps we should.

While cruising YouTube I came across this:
15 Unbelievable Examples of Animal Intelligence
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jGKepRiL6lQ&t=491s>



It would not hurt any of us to watch it. Lesson that I got from is that no matter how clever I think I might be, an octopus has me beaten by miles.

Something Just Dawned on Me...

As I have mentioned, I am volunteering at the animal shelter. My urge to do so is, I believe, rooted in my awareness of our inherent partnership with every animal on the planet. Obviously I'm not going to be able to spend time with every animal on the globe. I have to leave that to Sir Richard Attenborough or Jane Goodall.

Something else that just occurred to me was a behavior that I noticed with the cats that I was entertaining. Although they were fascinated by the toys that I was using, I think that they were very accustomed to people in those toys. Nothing novel. What really got their attention was the movement of my shoelaces as I walked. A couple of them really lit up when they caught on to the fact that shoelaces are also toys. Clever kitties.

Kent State and Allison Krause...

I'm not sure if I've ever shared very much, if anything about what happened to me as a result of my being on the radio at WCAU the night of the Kent State Massacre at which Allison Krause was killed. I described the experience in an e-mail sent to Laurel Krause. I'm not going to share it right now; however, I will soon.

While wandering through the internet I discovered that Laurel Krause, her younger sister was very active with the Allison Center for Peace. She founded it. Below is her description of her work and purpose:

My sister Allison Krause was a 19-year-old honors student killed by the national guard at Kent State University as she protested the Vietnam war on May 4, 1970. After a career in sales and marketing in Silicon Valley start-ups, I established the Allison Center for Peace on the Mendocino coast turning my attention to truth at Kent State, healing our collective wounds and human rights protections for peaceful protesters.

On discovering this organization, and because I had an experience which bound me forever to the events of May 4, 1970, this afternoon I sent an e-mail to Laurel Krause. Much to my surprise she called me this evening, while I was working on this column. We spoke for almost an hour. Not just about the past, but of the present, and the future. As I learn more about the ***Allison Center for Peace***. I will share it.

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

Ken