

An Irishman Discovers the Wisdom of Solomon

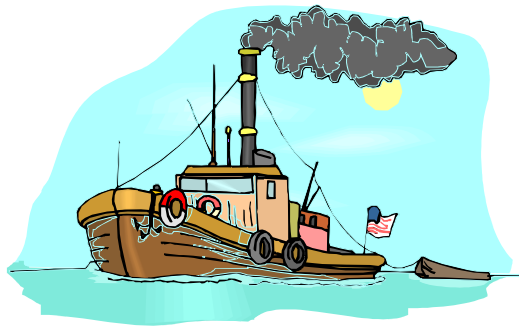


This is the story of Solomon and Sheba. The story begins on a cool September day, in the year of 2003.

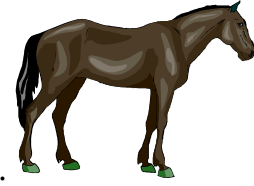
An Irishman was vacationing in the United States, with his young daughter Katie. They had come to visit from the shores of the United Kingdom. Her father decided to take his daughter to see the great Mississippi River, that famous river that the author Mark Twain (otherwise known as Samuel Clemens) had written so many books about. Books like Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

So the Irishman and his daughter Katie packed their bags and headed to Hannibal, Missouri, birthplace of the all famous Mark Twain.

Their trip covered over 1000 miles by car. They would travel from North Carolina, to Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and on through Illinois, then into Missouri.



Many miles away there was another story unfolding. It all started when an old black car stopped along a field in the middle of nowhere. The driver, getting out, threw what looked like a bag of trash into the side ditch. It turned out he was abandoning a mother cat and her two small baby kittens. The mother cat instantly ran off from being so frightened. The man pulled off in his car. The babies, barely able, tried to follow their mother. Becoming tired they took shelter in a large round bundle of hay in a nearby field.



In the same field grazed two horses (Missouri Trotters).

There was a stream that ran through the field, which was often visited by coyotes, which would come to drink late at night.



Darkness was soon upon the two kittens. It got very late with no lights, except for the stars and the moon above. The kittens huddled together for warmth and companionship. They were a brother and sister. They found security in each other.

Their scared mother had yet to return. Morning eventually came and the kittens felt cold and hungry. They looked out at the very large world around them. Everything was so large. The mother cat still had not come back and although the babies would never know her fate, they knew that they at least still had each other.

The Irishman and his daughter were weary from traveling so they spent the night with some friends of a friend. These folks lived not far from Hannibal, Missouri, on a large 135 acre farm. They welcomed the weary travelers and offered the man and his daughter Katie lodging and a meal.



They sat and talked and Katie told them of her life back in Ireland. She told them how she loved horses and often went horseback riding when she got the chance. She mentioned that she would someday like to try riding in America, using and an American saddle, which differs from theirs. The host and his wife were happy to have the company and wanting to make the visitors feel at home they arranged for Katie to go horseback riding the following morning.

They contacted a man that happened to have two Missouri Trotter horses that needed ridden. The man made arrangements to meet the other couple and the Irish guests the next morning. So that night they all turned in for a good night sleep. The travelers were happy to be sheltered, fed, and warm, although they were far away from their Ireland home.

Meanwhile in a dark field miles away the two little lonely kittens sat huddled together.

They were so cold and their tiny stomachs ached from being so empty. They were so hungry, so alone, and so scared. They could hear the coyotes howling down by the creek. They dare not leave the bale of hay or they feared they would most definitely become a meal for the coyotes.



The larger of the two, the brother, was very smart for his age. He caught a grasshopper and shared his catch with his little sister. He knew if they did not get help soon they would perish. He knew his mother would have returned to them if she could have. Something must have happened to her. He missed her greatly. She had taught him to always be protective of his little sister and to try to take care of her if anything should happen.

The kitten looked up at the sky. He could see the moon and the stars were twinkling in the heavens. His mother had told him as far back as he could remember that God lived in the heavens. She told him that God loved all

creatures and would always be there to watch out for them. She told him he should always seek the wisdom of God and trust that he would guide them. With that thought in mind the little kitten said his prayers, as he snuggled up next to his little sister. She was still hungry and thirsty too, so was he, but the coyotes were still out there. They would have to sleep and try to go to the creek for a drink in the morning.

Katie and her dad were woke up early by the crowing of a rooster. They both got up and got showered and dressed. They could smell breakfast being prepared by their host. They all sat down to a lovely country style meal.



Afterwards they all got into a truck. They were on their way to go horseback riding. The horses were kept a few miles away. It was basically located in the middle of nowhere. There were no houses for miles and there seemed to be a complete absence of cars on the dirt country roads. Soon they saw the horses in a field. They were beautiful shiny black. They parked the truck and everyone got out. The man who owned the horses soon pulled up in his truck. Everyone made their introductions and then they started to walk towards the field. There were large round bales of hay throughout the field. Further down was a creek that the horses got water from.

Katie took off ahead of everyone. She thought she spied a mouse out of the corner of her eye. At least she thought she saw something black with fur moving near a haystack.



She was curious, so she walked over to the round bale of hay. Inside the hay was hidden the two abandoned kittens. They had heard the trucks drive up but remained quietly buried inside the hay bale. They remembered it had been a human who had thrown them away like discarded garbage.

They remembered it was a human, who had frightened their mother so bad that she never returned to them.

They were terrified, yet.....he knew. The male kitten knew that his sister and he would die if they did not find food quickly. He remembered a story his mother once told him. It was a story about a Good Samaritan who stopped to help a stranger in need. His mother always said to be as smart as King Solomon in the Bible and weigh the situation and to act upon his faith.

About that time the little kitten ran from the bale of hay. He sat in the sunlight and meowed. Katie looked down and to her surprise the mouse she had thought she had seen was a beautiful black shiny kitten. He had the most beautiful eyes. He was so tiny and so frail. He fit into the palm of her hand. She reached down and petted the little fellow. He purred and rubbed himself against the little girl's leg. Soon his sister also popped out of the hay bale. She was much smaller than her brother, a little striped thing, with a tail that had been injured.



By this time all the people, except Katie had walked on down to the horses. Katie, not wanting to get left behind left the kitten and followed her dad and the other people. The poor little kittens, they weren't sure what to do. For one split second they had felt warmth and love and now they were again.....alone.

The brother suddenly meowed at his sister telling her to follow him. They ran down towards the humans. By that time the man who owned the horses, an old farmer, had noticed them. "Someone must have dumped the two of them. They do it all the time around here. The coyotes will and up having a good meal," he chuckled, as he walked off.

Katie couldn't believe her ears. How could he be so cold about it? You could tell the kittens were starving. You could see and feel their little ribs. Katie went ahead and rode the horses, but something kept eating at her. She remembered the nice breakfast she and her dad had eaten that morning. The warm bed they had slept in. The kittens she knew would have been out in the cold, frightened, alone, and hungry. Katie knew she would be returning to Ireland soon to be with her mother. A mother who she loved, and who took care of her, and loved her. The kittens, she supposed, had no mother. She most likely had been killed by coyotes. They would not know the warmth or love of a mother again. Katie just could not bear this. She jumped from the horse and ran to her father. "Dad, we have to take them home with us. They'll die out here," she said. "I know, Katie," he said. "I've already thought of it." Katie's dad was even more kindhearted than his daughter. He could no

more turn his back on the tiny little creatures than he could on his own daughter. The old farmer didn't seem to care what happened to the kittens so the Irishman and his daughter took them with them. "I think we will call the brother - Solomon", he said, "Because he was wise enough to come out of the haystack at just the right moment and his sister, well, she seems to adore him and follows his wisdom. We shall call her Sheba, after the biblical Queen of Sheba."



So the Irishman and his little daughter Katie took the kittens with them. They made sure to immediately get them food and then wrapped them in a warm blanket. They doctored Sheba's injured tail with medicine that they got from a local veterinarian, and then placed them in a box in the car. They still had many miles to travel. Solomon and Sheba didn't mind all the miles though. They had found a new family, one that would give them a home and also love. They were together, warm and cozy, no longer hungry, and finally happy again. Solomon looked at his little sister Sheba as they rode along in the car. He was happy because he knew that the lessons his mother had taught him had saved them from a certain death. Solomon knew that through faith in God, the practice of prayer, and through the love and kindness of strangers, that he and his sister would live happily ever after and never again hunger for anything.

The End