

The P.K.s
7/29/06

It is common knowledge among church goers that the children of the minister are always the menaces of the Sunday School or youth group. They are universally known as P.K.s and telling people that you are one explains as much about you as saying you're an Army Brat, for instance. I know this because I listen to what Mama says when she talks about the children she doesn't have yet. She's convinced that they will be hellions for any number of reasons, chief among them that she has been wished children just like her and she's sure that when she gets married, her husband will have had the same wished upon him - and let's face it, Mama isn't going to marry milquetoast, she's going to marry a man who raised hell in the interest of scientific experimentation. Or at least one who gave that explanation for his typically male adolescent antics. But she's also sure that, true to the norm, her children, being P.K.s, will do everything in their power to embarrass her at every turn using every ounce of their anticipated considerable intellect and ingenuity so to do.

Which is why, dear readers, Mama should just realize that she already has P.K.s. and never mind the children. (Perish the thought of children living here permanently!) Let me clarify: one perfect P.K. and one annoying little stereotypical P.K. I refer, of course, to Pastor's Kitties.

Ordinarily, I would object to being called a kitty. However, P.C.'s are something entirely different that require electrical cords and monitors along with keyboards and other peripherals (I heard once that they come with mice, which would be fun to play with. I wonder if that's why Mama uses the touchpad on her laptop?) Therefore, in the interest of clarity, I will stoop to "kitty" for this one use only. Princess THING will just be a kitty always because, well, I doubt she'll ever earn the title "Cat". More on that in a moment.

The problem with being P.K.s is that a pastor sometime has to do things for people at hours that aren't within the pastor's own normal hours of operation, such as hospital visits at midnight that last until 3 AM or surgical visits at 7 in the morning. Mama is a night owl, but she's usually settled in bed watching TV by midnight or shortly thereafter - so that midnight call was tough and we didn't get our usual nighttime food and water check before bedtime. It didn't help that she came in from the Bedford County Fair smelling like all kinds of good things, changed clothes, and left again that night. I was hungry when she finally got up half an hour later than usual Monday morning! Then there was the surgical call, which required her to be up and functional enough to drive at 6:45 yesterday morning. We missed breakfast, though we had dry food for the day and plenty of water. Then to top it off, she slept in today, so we didn't get breakfast this morning, either! Mama says it's okay not to have our canned food every day because I'm gaining weight on Princess THING's kitten food anyway, and she makes sure that there's enough dry food and water for us. And if you must know the truth, I ate the last of the dry food Monday morning while Mama was in the shower to make her feel guilty about the empty bowl. I don't think it worked.

Mama informed me that we're having company Tuesday. The Prayer Shawl group is coming for fellowship and lunch and we - that is, Princess THING and I - are to be on our best behavior. I'm insulted that she felt the need to tell me that, but I will do my job as the king of the "catsle" and supervise Princess THING so that she sets a good example as a P.K. Or at least as close to a good one as a little brat can.

It would help if she would learn her grooming lessons more quickly. Mama had to give her a bath this morning, which necessitated immediate intervention on my part as soon as the little brat was out of Mama's grasp. She's not very good at lifting her back legs for a thorough cleaning and she'd rather chase her tail than clean it. Appalling behavior for any creature of the feline persuasion - rather too canine in character, that tail chasing.

However, she does a more than adequate job playing with appropriate toys and items that should be toys if Mama would just butt out. We received a gift from Mama's friend and hairdresser, Gloria, in Attleboro this week - a cat tunnel! I will grudgingly admit that it is more fun to play in with a kitten, what with the way the tunnel rolls and shakes with her inside and the way she can't find me without a great deal of trouble when I'm inside. She is amusing when she chases receipts around in the wind from the fans or when she pounces on Mama's shoes as though she thinks they're going to attack her. And I mean Mama's shoes, not Mama's feet. Princess THING has not yet figured out that pouncing on Mama is an entertaining enterprise fraught with the danger and intrigue of the hunt, especially when the pastor comes home at 3 AM and is, pardon the expression, dog tired enough to not pay attention to where she's walking. Heh, heh, heh . . .

I'm now at the end of my second month here in my new home and save for the presence of Princess THING (her minor amusement value notwithstanding), I'm very happy in my role as a P.K. I'm sure that Tuesday will bring many compliments my way, though I am not looking forward to sharing the limelight with a toy:



At least she knew which part of the zoo to join. Now, if only I could put strings on her . . .
Apollo
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")