

When I heard that J.D. Vance held some kind of “rally” thirty miles down the road, I understood what had happened. We have quite a few—more than a few—barn cats, and they greet me each morning when I go to the barn. They are waiting for their morning pay for mousing, their nighttime profession. But the cat population the day before Vance’s proposed appearance in Mecosta County was very much reduced. Only a couple of mother cats were waiting for me to put something in their dish.

I don’t take roll call of the cats like I used to do when I was a girl. But I am still a “childless cat lady,” so it was obvious to me that a large contingent of the barn cats had gone AWOL. This is an unusual occurrence, so I pondered it for a bit before I came up with what I am sure had persuaded them to take French Leave.

I am quite sure that if you had been at that Republican gathering—nobody I know well would have shown their face there—you would have seen a contingent of cats, mostly shades of orange, carrying little Harris/Walz signs, walking through the crowd (was there actually a crowd?) and perhaps hissing at the principal speaker now and then.

These cats were not always concerned with politics. But, most cats are quite devoted to their childless cat ladies and even to the real gentlemen who also love cats.

I am proud of my kitties for showing up in protest. And, I am glad to say, all but one were on hand this morning when I opened the barn door. I suppose he took the long way home to do a little romancing. I will probably see him straggle in tomorrow morning.