



Mr. **2**nd  
Chance



by **Tomaca L. Govan**

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**Mr. Second Chance**

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I'm sure you expect this story to be about a guy. Well, it is. About 10:00 one night, I'm driving down Main Street. There are two lanes on each side of the road and a divider down the middle. A woman had pulled her car over next to the divider and was yelling and waving while pointing to the opposite side of the road, where I happened to be driving.

"There's a cat in the middle of the street! Watch out! Don't hit him!" I heard her screaming as I got closer.

Sure enough, there he was - obviously in pain, huddled up and near the middle of the two lanes. I watched other drivers swerve around him at the last moment and keep going.

I can't understand that. I know that we look at life through our own perspectives - and I look from my own, but I will just never understand why we can't stop and help. Take a moment to stop and think about what, if anything, we can do. Someone could have at least put him on the sidewalk so he would be out of the street. But, no, everyone just swerved around and kept going.

Even the woman on the other side of the street who was yelling out the warning messages. Why not go move the cat? Well, perhaps she was doing all she could think to do.

I positioned my car right smack dab in the middle of both lanes where the cat was, put on my hazard lights, and got a blanket out of the trunk. I

approached the cat slowly and asked if I could pick him up. When I saw he wasn't going to be combative, I gently put the blanket over him and carefully lifted him up, put him on the floor in the car and headed off to the animal hospital.



I know there's going to be a charge at the vet's office and I happened not to have any money - not even \$100 which I knew would probably be the minimum fee. I called my daughter from my cell phone who called her friend, who's mom ran a cat shelter. All we needed to do was to pay the initial vet fee (which turned out to be exactly \$100) and the animal shelter would take care of any expenses from there.

At the animal hospital, they said they would give him something for pain and wait to see if he lived until the morning. Because he was a stray, they figured no one cared about the cat and thus minimal effort was necessary. But, I cared.

My daughter went to the atm, her friend went to the atm and I went to the atm. Between the three of us we scrapped up \$100 for the pain medication and the one night stay.

I went back to the hospital with the money and told them to do their thing and make this cat comfortable. I was really dismayed with the animal

hospital. They would do absolutely nothing for him without that \$100.00. How much does the pain medication cost? Is it that expensive that you wouldn't even give this little cat one shot to help ease his pain especially knowing that his expenses are going to be paid by the rescue shelter?

To this day, I've never been back to that veterinary office. The kid (a very young doctor) had absolutely no compassion and told me that this cat was a stray, no one cared about him, why would I bother to be concerned... I was so turned off. Why bother to become a veterinarian kid? Why spend the time in school and spend the money on school when you don't have the right kind of heart and compassion to deal with animals?

I certainly hope that he's had a mindset change by now or gone into a different profession.

The next morning, as promised, the shelter folks picked him up and began to care for him. It was a blessing because his injuries were addressed, he got shots and was later neutered. After all of that was done, the next step was to get him placed into a good home. That proved to be difficult. Four months later, Chance is still at the shelter. (And interestingly enough, they named him Chance at the shelter, not having any idea that I had given him that name.)

Anyway - that night, after I gave them the \$100, I went to the cat and told him, "This is the best I can do for you. I've given you a second chance. If you make it through the night and are here in the morning, the animal shelter

people will come and get you and you'll be taken care of. Good bye 'Second Chance'."

My daughter, who stays in touch with her friend, who of course stays in touch with her mother, relayed all the concerns and complaints about Chance back to me. It's a no-kill shelter, so he wasn't in danger of being killed, but the tension was mounting because after months no one was taking him. Finally, my daughter told me she was going to get Chance and bring him home. She felt he was my cat and that the two of us were spiritually connected. I didn't object and let her move on her own thoughts and emotion.

Once home, Chance remembered me and was very happy to see me. The rest of the family though -- hey, he just wasn't feeling warm and fuzzy about them. He spent his days hiding in the basement and late at night, when the house was quiet, you would occasionally see his little head pop up as he surveyed the terrain to see if it was safe to emerge from hiding. We let him be and fed him on the lower level. Gradually he came up more and more often. He eventually made it up to the second floor, declared my bed his own and insisted on sleeping with me.

Today Chance is healthy and happy. I am so grateful that we met. He's a wonderful cat. He talks to us (I say "us," but it's really mostly me) when he wants something, but other than that he enjoys hanging out in the yard, sleeping on someone's bed or on a chair. Both my cats have staked a claim on the



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entire neighborhood. You may find them on any of the neighbors' front steps, stretched out in someone's front yard, or in the woods in the back hunting or just hanging out.

I love to watch my cats because they are just so relaxed all the time. They show us how we should be.

Chance is very gentle and allows strangers to pet him. If anyone goes for a walk, Chance will walk with you. In fact, both the cats enjoy going out for family walks. If they see you emerge with any of the dogs on a leash, they come running so we can all walk together like the family we are.

Mr. Second Chance, thanks for coming into our lives.







## About the Author

I'm Tomaca L. Govan, pronounced (to-may-sha) - simply writing down some reflections of my life. If you find anything in what I write helpful to your own life, I am grateful. I thank you for reading.



<http://Tomaca.net>