



Where Angels Tread

Real Stories of Miracles and
Angelic Intervention

Foreword by Ann Rule
Leslie Rule

online blog. "He said it wasn't something he normally did but that he would make an exception since the story was weather related," Lois told me.

The blog posting soon attracted the attention of reporters, and Track's heartwarming tale was featured on local radio and TV.

"I ended up with about two hundred people who wanted to adopt him," said Lois. She carefully pored over the requests and finally settled on a woman who could give the puppy a "forever home."

People and pets take turns helping each other. When Diana Page Jordan, a Portland, Oregon, award-winning broadcast journalist, opened her home to a kitten in need, they ended up saving each other's lives.

I asked Diana to share the story of her miracle, and she provided the following.



Scamps greets his new friend. (Photo by Lois McLean)

Jet, My Lucky Black Cat

BY DIANA PAGE JORDAN

In the pitch black, I felt something soft on my right cheek. I brushed it away, smiling. I love the feel of fur against my bare skin. My cat Jet was lying next to me. Nine pounds, eleven ounces of big, black cat, he stretched long against me. He placed his paw gently on my cheek and stared into my eyes. His paw patted my cheek again.

The first time I saw him, he had no name. I was walking around the block when my neighbor flew out of her house toward me. "I have a kitten," she said. "I have to adopt it out or take him to the pound."

"Okay, I'll tell you what," I said. "If I can think of a name right away for the kitten, I'll take him."

"Wait right here." She dashed into the house.

A moment later she placed a tiny, black furball into the crook of my arm. I looked at him and said, "Jet."

My neighbor gasped.

"Oh no!" I said.

So now, here he was, petting my cheek, again and again.

"What, Jet, what?" I asked through a mask of sleep, as if he could answer. But he did.

He pushed his nose against mine. I tilted my head to look at the clock. "For gosh sakes, Jet, it's freaking 3:45!" My head dropped back onto the pillow.

I am petite and dance three hours every day and am one of the least likely people to have diabetes type II, but I got bad news a few summers back when I switched doctors.

The doctor got the reading instantly and put her head in her hands. "Why are you not in a coma?" she asked quietly. "Your blood sugar is 454, nearly five times what it should be."

She prescribed insulin, explaining that I could also fall into a coma if my blood sugar dropped below 50. I would have to monitor it carefully.

The bed shuddered. Jet stretched tall. He put his paw on my face. He petted me, mewed, then petted again.

"Fine. I'll get up." I sighed, sat up slowly, and touched my feet to the floor. At least they seemed like my feet. I felt giggles rise up inside of me. Legs wobbly, I walked toward the bathroom and, out of habit, scooped up my blood sugar monitor.

Jet strutted after me and sat, watching me like it mattered. I pulled back the plunger next to my right index finger and tested the bead of blood. "42. Uh oh, Jet, we're in trouble."

My thoughts slowed and I laughed. I was vaguely aware that my situation was not funny. Jet meowed.

"Orange juice," I said. When I got to the kitchen, there was Jet, sitting near the fridge. I plucked the bottle of juice from the top shelf, shook it and gulped down as much as I could. Finally, the natural sugar of the orange juice righted me.

I scooped up Jet. Nine pounds, eleven ounces, he likes to be held like a baby. I nuzzled my nose against him, and a grateful tear slipped onto his silky black belly.



Diana Page Jordan cuddles Jet as he demonstrates his life-saving technique.
(Leslie Rule)