

Parashat Noach



The Clever Cat from Judea

The countryside of Judea I call my home.
In my green, sunny garden, I love to roam.
I have lived here as far as I can remember back,
discovering every rock, terrace and winding track.

In the hills of the Promised Land is where I belong.
I cherish the clean air, the blue skies and birdsong.
I recognize all the herbs, flowers and trees,
and keep busy chasing butterflies and bees.

Snakes and scorpions I have rarely seen.
I've learned to always keep myself clean.
I carefully lick every nick of my fur,
while I calmly sit in the sun and purr.

I look handsome, nice and neat even if I am a bit fat.
The Talmud says you can learn modesty from a cat.
Although I don't have a toilet with a closed door,
I hide and cover up, never making on the floor.

When children give me attention, I get excited.
While they giggle and pet me, I am delighted.
I crawl on their lap, carefully drawing back my claws,
rubbing my face to theirs while they hold my paws.

Both cats and children need a kind, loving touch.
I trust you have parents that you love very much.
You may even have a beloved sister or brother.
Even cats sometimes take care of each other.

Yet, cats are different and easily forget.
My own father I have never ever met.
My sisters and brothers I cannot recall.
I don't even remember my mother at all.

Yet, I'm a good father to hundreds of cats.
I have taught them not to behave like brats.
The orange-speckled, playful cats belong to my tribe.
They will do what you tell them for a little tasty bribe.

Although a great grandfather, I'm as playful as a child.
I have fun with the kittens and join them running wild.
We wrestle for fun making sure not to scratch or bite.
I challenge their strength so they'll know how to fight.



My master gives us all a raw chicken wing a day.
I snatch more from other cats when he's looking away.
I'm an animal, I don't know the difference between 'yours and mine.'
You are a person, giving to your brother or friend makes you shine.

I can do many tricks for an extra treat,
a tuna fish sandwich or a piece of meat.
To the repeated commands on my master's lips,
I know how to turn over, do somersaults and flips.

In the house, I am not the most welcome guest,
but getting into the house is my greatest quest.
When others enter, I closely follow their trail.
I've learned to be swift and almost never fail.

With my extended paw, I can open the screen-door.
It takes a bit of skill and effort, I have done it before.
With proud strides, I enter the home even faster,
mounting the favorite armchair of my master.

My achievement is usually cut short,
when the mistress wants me to escort.
I run around the table in a hide 'n' seek game.
It's fun when she chases me, calling my name.

Outside I sit on my favorite garden chair,
waiting for my master to return from pray'r.
When I hear his footsteps, I run on a whim,
speedily up the driveway happy to greet him.

When my master takes a brisk walk, I come along.
If there is a dog on the way, I need to stay strong.
If the dog barks and looks big and stern,
I may get terrified and decide to return.

Children are much safer and have less reason to fear.
You can hold your parents' hand until the path is clear.
Even parents have people that stop any offence,
but who can an outdoor cat trust for his defense?

Not even on my master does my safety depend.
Only in G-d can we trust. He is our best friend.
He is our devoted father and mother.
None of us truly have any other.

That's why I love to be near my mistress when she prays.
We both sit together in the garden under the sun's rays.
I join the Torah learning of my master and his wife.
Perhaps I was a holy rabbi in my previous life.

This explains why I am such a clever cat,
even if I do not wear a big black hat.
I am certain that you must agree
I'm the very best cat I can be.

