

FEBRUARY NEWSLETTER

This story represents a lesson and is by no means meant to be a case study in animal- or human communication. I would like to highlight our animals' needs versus those of our own.

A few months ago new neighbours moved into our complex. A week or so thereafter, whilst parking my car, I noticed a cat stumbling towards my home. Being an animal lover of note, I immediately greeted the cat, who later was identified as Soxy, a 12 year old prince with curving whiskers and long, thin, black tail. He was very thin, in fact close to starving and very fearful of being touched. I assumed that he was a stray. I fed him and he ate and ate. He stayed close and just ate and ate. We left the garage door open and the boy stayed and ate and ate. Once he trusted me and we were able to speak, he said that he had a lot of pain in his mouth. This was confirmed by a rather bad smell emanating from his mouth.

A few days later his people, our new neighbours, approached us to say that this was their cat who had previously had a weight problem and had been placed onto a special diet.

Both my partner Steve and I explained on numerous occasions that his teeth and gums were rotten and that Soxy needed medical attention.

For one reason or another, his humans never got to this and eventually I took him to the vet. An operation was required - 18 teeth removed. According to the vet, his body was being poisoned by the toxins, and besides the extreme pain he was having to endure, he was weeks away from death due to starvation.

His recovery period was rather traumatic, to say the least, due to the extreme pain. 4-Hourly morphine injections and twice daily antibiotics. Thank goodness for my nursing experience. Despite the aforementioned, this boy was not a pill taker and we struggled like crazy.

By day number 3, I became concerned that his people would worry about his disappearance. This resulted in me writing to them, since I had no contact number to explain the situation. I'm also not fond of confrontation, so the letter was the softer option. A week or two of strained relationship pursued, until it became clear that neither financial compensation, nor possession was an issue.

We then settled into a routine of Soxy spending the day at our home, his humans fetching him in the evening and the following day he would be back.

Please do not get me wrong, his presence created a lot of strain between my own cats, who did not enjoy his dominating presence, but still he was welcome. Our home echoed with the affirmation of "We live in peace and harmony with one another". This affirmation was repeated time and again whenever a moments irritation was noted.

Why had this happened, I asked myself time and again. Every time the same answer came back to me ... lessons Debbie, learn them soon!

After a month or two of this routine - some nights we would take him home, other nights his people would collect him, very occasionally he would sleep out – in a short period of time it became obvious that Soxy loved to live in our home. Both families made excuses why this was so: Maybe the presence of other cats, maybe the fact that our home is really sunny, or maybe because it is quiet and mostly peaceful.

His people needed to go away for a month on a spiritual quest and they asked if he could stay with us. Of course we were only too happy to accommodate him. Before they left on their one month quest, they mentioned that once they returned, they would be going on a 2-week holiday.

Soxy settled in and life became interesting with cat issues and the handling thereof. Just after his peoples' departure, Soxy developed another gum infection. This unfortunately resulted in him needing another operation to this time remove all his teeth.

This post-operation period was less stressful for us, as he had been given a course of antibiotics and therefore the surgery was less eventful.

However, after a week, we realized that Soxy had not only lost his teeth, but also his voice. Now this was a huge issue, as Soxy was a talkative boy and also seemed to rely upon his voice whenever territorial disputes arose with neighbouring cats.

Soxy then became very quiet and withdrawn. My sense indicated a diagnosis of depression. The vet listened closely, but since no physical signs could be seen, he drew blood and only found slight anemia. The depression continued; so did the constant expectation of others for me to “speak” to him to find out what the problem was. Now only an animal communicator knows how difficult it is to work with your own beloved animals.

His people returned and left again and our Soxy never regained his voice. Throughout this time he continued to “soundlessly” call for food all day and often at night. His rather slim body filled out until it became rather fat. All the while the vet kept cautioning about diabetes and limb problems. We tried best as we could to keep his calories down.

Soxy's quest has highlighted another issue in my life: How come most animal food contains no nutritional information! I contacted Purina, Petleys and Woolworths to get some answers. Well, no surprises, only Woolworths was able to supply nutritional information regarding animal food. Even the top brand Veterinarian foods did not reflect energy values. Our wonderful, helpful vet had said that Soxy needed 270 calories per day, but that there was no way of measuring his intake. Wake up people!!

A few weeks later, still without a voice, our Soxy was yet again carted off to the vet. Apparently no documentation suggests that trauma could cause prolonged voice loss, so we started a short course of cortico-steroids. For a day or two, a few croaky sounds came from his mouth, but then back to silence. He has had a second injection and still no sound.

All along my sense has been that Soxy has huge emotional issues. These include abandonment, fear, loss and lack of nurture. Deep-seated and damaging. In my experience I have found that many animals have emotional baggage; mostly caused by us!

It's now been 2 months since his people left. They have been back for a week or more but have made no effort to make contact ... until the 15 January 2009.

Soxy has been placed on a low calorie Hills diet and just as we thought we were on track, his people phoned to say they want him back. Sounds like a parcel does it not?

So, on the 15th, my partner Steve and I, did what we normally do when stressed – fought and became angry. We then cried at our loss. I realize that Soxy is not ours, but then I realized that neither is he theirs. He is only God's. We packed up his special food, his lovely clean sand tray, his food- and waterbowls and awaited his humans' arrival. They said they would collect him between 7 – 8 pm.

As an animal communicator, I realize the importance to speak to our animals, so sat tears and all earlier that day and explained how his people love him so much that they want him back.

I wrote a letter explaining his 2-month mouth history, the input of his EFT healer, the BodyTalk practitioner and the vet. This was in case I missed his people. My loving partner feels angry, so I do the PR work!

Well, we waited and Soxy settled into a lie-down position next to his sandbox and food in our lounge, waiting for his people – they did not arrive.

Now, one wonders what is left and what is the lesson?

Firstly, I must have HUGE animal karma and secondly, I thank Soxy and my own cats for the lessons that they teach me each and every day.

Thank you for being my best teacher.

SAT NAM

Debbie (The animal communicator that has a lot to learn.)

PS: It's now the 1st February and little has changed. Every day Soxy, Crystal and Onyx (our own cats) teach me lessons regarding myself, others and healing. Communication is improving, but his once strong voice remains quiet. Have you ever wondered what lessons your animals teach you