

NOVEMBER – DECEMBER 2013 NEWSLETTER

What happened to this year ...? Heaven alone knows but for most of us it was a year of learning in many different ways.

For some of us it was a year of lessons, loss and, most of all, closure. For others it has been a roller-coaster of magic and misery. Any difference?? Well, for some this is lucky and for others it may have been a year to re-group and rest.

Whatever the year has brought you, I ask that when you reflect upon all its blessings, easy and not, you stop for long enough to thank our Creator for all the lessons, for the opportunity for growth and in a space of pure gratitude, accept that for your highest and your best, the year ahead will continue to provide opportunity for growth.

I wish, as my closing newsletter (for this year), to tell you the story of “a Man and his Cats” Many years ago, about 11 or 12 to be remotely exact, I received a cellphone call from a man who asked that I come and speak to his cats. I was, in those days, not experienced as an animal communicator but fortunately experienced as a healer, so with slight trepidation and a heart full of willingness I arrived at his home to meet and chat to his 4 cats. When I look back on the experience it seems slightly surreal as this man clearly was a sceptic of note but at the same time did not allow his scepticism to detract from a desire to know his cats on a deeper level and in a clearer manner.

He introduced me to his cats and provided the barest information regarding age and how they got their names.

My first impression was that he was not a people's person and I innately knew that he would not spare my feelings should he feel that my services were not satisfactory. Thank goodness for years of nursing where one's feelings were of little importance ...

I sat down, whilst being closely scrutinized by him and his 4 cats, and connected to each one. Thankfully these furry ones were vocal and provided some factual information which the dad only verified years later. That particular day, if my memory serves me, he thanked me, paid me and bid me farewell. At that stage of my career as an animal communicator, verification of information and praise were things I looked for, actually craved, but in this case nothing was forthcoming.

Skip a few months ... Same kitty dad contacted me to come and check up on his furry children and so it went for a few years that my communication skills were called upon, provided, service paid for and thanks given with absolutely no feedback. It also seemed as if this man only offered cats love and compassion.

Then, maybe a year or two down the line, I met his wife and step-daughter. Both warm loving people who enjoyed the cats but certainly were neither devoted nor besotted over them.

In this way the years passed with nothing more than a “please will you come speak to, thank you for coming, interesting insights, how much do I owe you” and off I went.

After about 5 years of this, I truly got to understand this man's love of cats. He contacted me to say that one of his cats was not well. I remember clearly; it was a Friday and I was driving from point A to B when the call came. I felt the problem in the hip/pelvic area and advised that he take her to the vet. This he did; she was treated, taken home and sadly got no better. The dreaded diagnosis of Acute Renal Failure was made. She was treated and returned to the vet on the Sunday where they advised she stay overnight. Said dad contacted me to speak to his kitty which I did. I was teaching that weekend so did remote communication and I was clearly instructed not to leave her there and definitely not alone. The message was relayed and plans were made to transfer her to a 24-hour specialist facility. I did some healing on her before going to bed that night and fell asleep with a heavy heart as her energy was very depleted and I was worried.

At 5am I received a call from her dad to say that she had been resuscitated twice in the night, now had again collapsed and what did she want. In those days, I could not see the Angels of Death but I remember feeling, rather than seeing, a big "FULL STOP" sign/character. I relayed my message which was passed on to the vet on duty and with that the spirit of a lovely girl moved on.

I suppose that was when I realised how profoundly animal communication was able to help our dearest friends. I also realised how far the relationship between the dad and I had come.

Our professional relationship continued for many a year; always with the feeling on my side that this dad tolerated my presence for the sake of his cats. I was, of course, absolutely fine with this arrangement but to this day remain puzzled at the barriers such an animal loving person was able to maintain.

Over the next few years, we walked a tough but ever so fulfilling journey from health to death with the other kitties; one that had liver cancer, another with diabetes and cancer and finally his last kitty who, at the age of 22-23, recently died in my arms in the presence of her dad.

There are dozens of stories that I could tell about the cats, their conversations, revelations, condemnations and of course the inevitable sharing of humour. So many, that I could write a book but this story does not go about them. It goes about the most remarkable human being who loved, cared for, adored and most of all respected the lives of his furry children. A man who stood by his pets until they said, "Enough now, I am ready to go; call the vet." Or in the case of his last Grande Dame, "I will do this on my own." A man who spent a massive amount of time, energy and a good deal of money on providing the best life for his furry kids and still continued functioning in his own life. All I have left to say to him is, "You are amazing, you will be blessed and most of all, thank you for raising the bar so that the rest of humanity can raise theirs."

For everyone reading this newsletter, I hope that we, as a species, will continue raising that bar so that our animal's lives will be respected, so that we will be responsible and ensure that no animal is neglected, abused or even euthanized unless it requests an end to its life. That we today still support and condone practices like euthanasia of healthy animals in shelters because they cannot be homed and accept the excuse that there are too many and not enough money to go round and still we vote for political parties that waste money and resources? ... this I cannot understand. It is time that we, as "civilized" humans, raise the bar so high that energetically we will make the change. One kitty dad did; others do; so can we all!

I wish you all the best over the Season and pray that 2014 be a year of learning but that in-between the lessons we all get to experience the full extent of our Soul properties ... PEACE, POWER, PURTIY, BLISS and LOVE.

Happy New Year
Love and Light
Debbie

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- Reiki Level 1 - 24th January
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