

May 2004

Volume 4, No. 2

## IF WE COULD TALK TO THE ANIMALS

Ingrid Collins

My husband, Nick, and I have two heart-stoppingly pretty cats called Tui (which means The Joyous One - the double energy of 'lake' hexagram in the I Ching) and her son, Magic. They are chocolate-shaded silver burmillas, and are as affectionately and passionately demonstrative to humans as they are dangerous to the local small and not-so-small wildlife out in the garden. We speak and miaow frequently to each other, as all people-cat partnerships do, but very rarely do we really feel certain that we are receiving exactly what they are trying patiently to tell us. If they understand every word we say, they also have a tricky way of avoiding some requests, like "Please get off the dining table!" Recently, Tui had been to her stud, Shenu, and was pregnant with his kittens.



How would we feel if, when talking to our pets, we could listen to their replies? How would it enrich our life if we knew just how our affection for them was perceived by our animal friends, and the nature of their feelings for us? How do they react to pregnancy, birth and death? By what miracle is it possible to share their intimate world, with their permission and cooperation?

For quite a while now I have been intrigued by the phenomenon of interspecies communication. On occasions I have heard about some people who

have developed the gift of communicating with animals, and realized with growing excitement that many of us have the sensitivity to develop this skill for ourselves. It was with this in mind that I went to a conference in the spring of 2003, about The Field, the dimension of subtle energy in which all life exists and is connected, one life form to another. Cutting edge scientists, who presented papers about telepathy and imprinting physical matter with effective intention, are proving the existence of these and related processes in their laboratories worldwide.

Workshops at the conference were fascinating, including: the power of prayer; the skill of distant viewing (taken up by some military intelligence services in the past as an inexpensive and undetectable method of spying on each other's countries). But for me the greatest revelation was the workshop given by a gifted American woman called Amelia Kinkade. This pretty young woman with an orchid in her hair, a great sense of humor and a quiet voice, gently lead us into the realization of how simple it is to be with animals and experience their world. Simple it is, but not always comfortable. As she explained in her book, *Straight From The Horse's Mouth*, sometimes the awareness of the animal's world, lovingly and honestly offered by them to us in their words, pure feelings or visual images, is very painful to accept. By the end of our time with her, I was able to ask a seal-point Siamese cat some basic questions, such as "What is your favorite food?" "Which other cat

do you love?” “Which human, apart from your special human friend, do you love?” and received words and images from the cat, which her human friend validated as correct. It was a thrilling experience.

One of our advanced students at The Soul Therapy Centre, a delightful woman called Siobhan, was also intrigued and drawn to study with Amelia. She went on her intensive course a couple of weeks later, at the end of which she was talking with cats, dogs, horses, tortoises, rabbits, cockatoos and other animals, and having the answers validated by their humans. She had an obvious gift in this area, so when one of my clients, Elizabeth, expressed a wish that she might communicate with her dying old dog, I put the two of them together by phone. Siobhan was able to help Elizabeth and her dog Sammy enormously in a very moving way. With their permission, here is the story that unfolded in their conversations.

Siobhan asked Elizabeth to send her a photograph of Sammy. He was a lovely old dog who was suffering from arthritis and appeared to be nearing the last days of his life. Elizabeth loved him dearly, and could not bring herself to take him to the vet to request that he be put down to end his suffering. He in his turn was hanging on longer than was expected.

From a distance of about five miles, Siobhan tuned in to Sammy through his picture, which she held in her hand. Siobhan first told Sammy mentally that she needed him to give her some evidence to prove to Elizabeth, whom she had never met in person, that he was actually talking to her. She asked him to describe Elizabeth, which he did very accurately, adding that he liked it when she sometimes wore very big socks. Elizabeth agreed with his description of her, but was puzzled because she doesn't wear socks. Then she remembered, “Of course! In the winter, I wear big leg-warmers!”

Sammy described how he used to like playing with a little boy, and he gave the boy's name, Tom. Elizabeth easily identified the child and confirmed that he did enjoy the times when Tom used to come to visit them.

The lovely old dog told Siobhan he was holding on to life for Elizabeth's sake. “What will it be like when you die?” she asked him. He showed her a younger version of himself running, jumping and playing, saying that it would be good to be free and able to do that again. Siobhan spoke with both of them about letting each other go, which would be the ultimate way of expressing their love for each other. Sammy told Siobhan, “Elizabeth will always be with me.” Siobhan asked Sammy, “How will Elizabeth know when you are ready to die? She will need a sign from you that she can recognize.” “I know!” said Sammy. “I will shove my nose under her armpit!” Later that day, Siobhan phoned Elizabeth to relay this message. Elizabeth was amazed. “Siobhan, Sammy shoved me with his nose about an hour ago. I wondered what he was up to!”

So it was that Elizabeth was able to take her beloved Sammy to the vet and ask for his physical life to be ended, hoping that he really had given her his permission. A word of warning here: If your animal shoves his nose under your armpit, it doesn't mean you have to take him to the vet! This was not a universal message, just an intimate signal between one woman and her dear and generous-hearted animal friend.

My husband and I had taken Magic a couple of years ago to an animal communicator called Ann Wilson, who lives in Wimbledon in South London. This was when his mother Tui was expecting her third litter of kittens and was getting very tetchy, often screaming and hissing at him, having previously been a warm and playful mother to him. Ann explained to him that he was going to have to be patient and good over the next few weeks. “What's good?” asked Magic. Ann described the behavior that was needed: for example, not ambushing Tui, not jumping on her from a great height, and so on, because she was anxious to protect the kittens she was expecting to have soon. “Why

does she need more kittens?" asked our beautiful little cat. "She's got me." We explained through Ann that as he was such a lovely big boy, Tui needed him to help her to look after them, to keep them safe and to teach them how to play, how to use the litter tray, and do all sorts of kitteny things so that when they were ready to go to their new homes they would be perfectly behaved and wise little kittens. Magic thought this was a splendid idea.

Magic had indeed lived up to his promise and became a super helper for Tui with the five lively little souls that she brought into the world.

Amelia had cautioned us that we needed to let our animals know when we were going to be away, and for how long. Animals often become anxious because they fear abandonment. Nick and I were going to spend a long weekend in Vienna a couple of weeks before the kittens were expected, so I spent a lot of time with Tui, psychically giving her the information in small, easily sendable bits. I told her we were going away to another place from Thursday to Monday, and



that we would be back in plenty of time for her before she had the kittens. I would be there for her as always when she was kitting.

My mother, Mona, who also loves them, would move into the house and look after them as usual. Magic was rushing around at his normal high speed, so I sent to him simply that we were going to go away, but that we would be back soon. I happened to speak with Siobhan that Wednesday, so I gave her a photo of Tui and Magic and asked her to explain the situation to both cats the next day, after we had left for Vienna. I didn't know if they had received what I had been trying to communicate to them. I did not mention the unequal messages I had given them.

Imagine my delight when, on our return, I picked up this e-mail dated 10<sup>th</sup> July 2003 from Siobhan:

Hello Ingrid

I hope you both had a wonderful time in Vienna!

I tuned in to Tui and Magic as arranged. I went through a long detailed explanation of your movements with Tui, and at the end she just said, "I know." I asked what sign she would give you when they are on the way, and got that she would go to the little house when the time came.

I explained how Mona would look after them as usual and she said, "Mona is funny, and she is creaky!" I asked how Ingrid is, and she said, "Fast!" I asked Tui about her kittens. I got a sense of four, three male, all strong. I am sticking my neck out there, aren't I!!!!

Tui was very matter of fact, a cat of few words and quite calm about things Magic was more panicky: "She's gone!" He was a bit afraid about the kittens coming when only he is there, so was reassured that he did not have to help deliver them on his own! But when I asked him about the kittens when they are born he did say, "I am important! I help keep them warm and safe." He is proud of this (as we know!).

That's all - amazing how different they were in how they came across. Magic was much more flummoxed by your departure and more anxious. Tui was not anxious at all.

Both are very verbal cats. I felt - I got more of a conversation rather than images. Obviously because of all the crossword puzzles they do!

Speak to you soon

Love

Siobhan

I was pleased to have this email, with its details confirming the accuracy of the communications. The little house that Tui talks about is a converted supermarket box which we have transformed into a kitting box by cutting an opening flap for easy access, putting a strong board on top for a roof, and covering it with a sunny yellow paper with a sign over the opening that says, 'Tui Towers.' I love doing the quick crossword daily in the Guardian newspaper, so both cats feel honor bound to come and sit on it whenever they are passing and I'm in the middle of working it out, reminding me that stroking a cat is a far more pleasurable pastime. And yes, my mother, Mona, agrees that she is, at 82 years old, very creaky indeed!

I replied to Siobhan's message, saying that I had had a great idea, and like all my great ideas, it involved other people doing most of the work. How would she like to conduct regular conversations with Tui and Magic - and the kittens, too, if that was possible when they were born - at this significant time in their lives? Siobhan agreed to take on this project, and link in with them every couple of days or so, her work schedules permitting.

When we can talk with the creatures who share this earth with us, Dr Doolittle-style, at first it is so riveting that it is tempting to stop at every furry encounter in the street and ask them a question. For instance, a beautiful whippet dog in a shop shared with me the joy of just having eaten a big juicy bone, full of meat, gristle and jelly still adhering to both its ends. (On checking with the owner, she said, "Yes, he had it about half an hour ago!") But with such a hotline, not only is there joy but also sadness and a responsibility: to share the awareness of what we humans are doing to our animal partners.

For example, when one of Tui's six kittens died aged five days old, Tui was able to discuss with me how resigned to its inevitability she felt, and to send me enormous waves of love to ease my own sadness, too. She had decided to focus all her attention on rearing the remaining healthy kittens. Magic was devastated at the loss and worried that his mother wasn't allowing herself to grieve. On another occasion, Tui told of her love and yearning for her stud, Shenu, who lives 2 hours' drive away. There are joyful messages too, eg describing the thick golden streams of light that she sees emanating from my hands when I am giving spiritual healing, and the energy of my spirit helpers swirling in white mists around me, as she perceives me to be standing in my consulting room and simultaneously in a beautiful garden!

We are aware that some people might find it very hard to believe that animals actually communicate with humans, preferring to regard such reports as fanciful imaginings of two devoted and doting cat owners. This is not what happened. We are not fanciful or dishonest folk.

So now, Siobhan, Tui, Magic and I (we assumed the kittens to be too inexperienced as yet to form an opinion) have agreed that Siobhan and I write up the account of our conversations in the form of a book of the miraculous tale, hilarious in parts and at other times heart-searingly sad, that began to unfold on my computer screen. Every couple of days there is a message from Siobhan, telling me what is occupying the minds of our animal friends, and offering me opportunities to ask questions that open the doors into the intimate world of these beautiful creatures.

Ingrid Collins Consultant Psychologist, Registered Spiritual Healer  
Accredited Feng Shui Consultant & Consultant Soul Therapist

Co-Director, The Soul Therapy Centre  
Ingrid Collins [healing@dircon.co.uk](mailto:healing@dircon.co.uk)

#### TERMS OF USE

The International Journal of Healing and Caring On Line is distributed electronically. You may choose to print your downloaded copy for relaxed reading. Feel free to forward this to others.

**The International Journal of Healing and Caring**  
**P.O. Box 76, Bellmawr, NJ 08099**  
**Phone (609) 714-1885 - Fax (609) 714-3553**

Email: [center@ijhc.org](mailto:center@ijhc.org) Web Site: <http://www.ijhc.org>