

STUFFED CATS HAVE HAPPY TALE

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During my many years as a medium, a number of people have approached me to ask whether I believe animals, like humans survive so-called death and go to another world.

Most individuals, as I do, possess a strong love for their pets and have great hopes of seeing them again one day. It seems quite natural to me that every living thing must have a spirit or motivating force, however minute that may be. It is generally considered that insects and animals gradually progress to human status after passing. I wonder sometimes if it may not be the other way round, but, of course, it is not possible to be sure. I do believe that everything and everyone survives. It is quite usual to receive evidence of human survival but not so much of animal survival, although I have a lot of experience of both.

When in this world, my mother was a passionate animal lover. We had quite a number of cats in the family, even a budgerigar, but never a dog, at least not a permanent resident. We did not have enough room or facility to keep a dog, although I used to take other people's for a run as the next best thing. For a short time we looked after a wire-haired terrier called Dandy, the pet of a close friend of the family. His owner had to go away and asked us to mind him. He was already old, and after a few days became quite ill. The vet decided it was time for Dandy "to go" as nothing could be done for him. It was my difficult task to take him to be put down. Somehow I could not bid Dandy a tearful farewell because he went calmly as though ready to go. Later that day the family were having supper when suddenly I saw Dandy walking up the garden path and heard the little bell on his collar tinkling as it used to do when he trotted along. Tears then flowed as I realized he was letting us know he was safe on the Other Side, and that he was saying "Thank you" for everything.

Mother had always wanted a white poodle, insisted that one day she would have a dog of her own, and that would be it. As much as we adored her and

would have loved a dog around as well, it was never possible. Shortly after her passing, I was demonstrating at a church one evening. After the service, the chairlady, who knew nothing about me or Mother, gave me a message. During the evening she clairvoyantly saw a lady with beautiful white hair, wearing a white coat as if she could be a vet, carrying a little white poodle. The chairlady felt it was Mother; she asked her to tell me that she now had her white poodle and was looking after animals in the spirit world. This was wonderful evidence as Mother did have beautiful white hair and always said she would prefer to look after animals than humans as, for one thing, animals never answered back! Mother loved her family, but we always felt she was cut out to be a vet or animal worker. Indeed, the RSPCA often asked her to work for them. This evidence suggested there must be an animal plane and our pets *do* survive.

My preference is for cats really. Always I seem to attract them, even ones I don't like! Beautiful though they are, I am not fond of Siamese cats. But wherever I go and there is one around, it always makes for me. It is said that Siamese are one-person cats and bad tempered, which I know to be true with others, but not with me.

Once I was visiting someone who had just lost his wife. When we entered the lounge, he warned me to take no notice of the cat, even though it was making the most awful noises. It had been his wife's pet. Since her passing no one could handle it. I sat down. Shortly after, the cat peered out of its little heated house, took one look at me, ran over, jumped on my lap and curled up, contentedly purring away. Perhaps it sensed its mistress through me, but animals are intelligent and sensitive enough to recognise the good or the bad.

During demonstrations and private sittings I have often made contact with various animals. It is not possible to say that they speak for themselves, as it were, but they do it in their own way when in this world so why should they not be able to communicate?

I have certainly found it possible to describe animals and give evidential details, much to the pleasure of their owners. I well remember Charlie the goldfish swimming around in his bowl, much to the delight of his owner, who declared him to be quite human for a fish!

Once I was giving healing to a lady in church when clairvoyantly I saw a little lamb running around. I felt she was called Daisy and was looking for her owner; she had been kept as a pet and made a great fuss of. My patient noticed that I jumped and asked what was happening, whereupon I told her.

The immediate reaction was that Daisy need look no further as her mother had taken in a lamb called Daisy some years before. The family made a real pet of her - and she was even allowed to sleep indoors. They were so sad when Daisy passed through old age. She obviously remembered her comfortable life...and doubtless was as comfortable in another world.

There have been horses and cows, birds, and even an elephant. They say elephants never forget, but it seems as though the smaller creatures don't either.

How does one describe animals that have passed on? If one generalises in description, as with humans, it is not really evidential. One has to look for more specific things.

Some time ago I received a letter from a lady who saw me at one of my demonstrations. She gathered I loved animals and had witnessed other people receiving evidence of their pet's survival. The lady felt I was a kind person and wondered if I could help her find a missing cat. She had moved to a new home and taken the cat with her, but it disappeared a few days later. The owner felt the cat might have returned to the previous home, but any number of enquiries and searches failed to locate it. All she wanted to know from me was if the cat had been run over or was it still alive and roaming around lost? She was quite prepared to accept it if the cat was in the spirit world, so she need not worry. When I started to answer her letter I suddenly sensed cats everywhere. There were so many of them - and all I wanted was just one! Certain cats seemed to stand out from the rest, so I gave all the names with details and descriptions, hoping the lost one would be amongst them. I received a delighted reply from the lady, who had kept many, many cats. She recognized all I had mentioned, but her beloved Blackie was not among them. The lady drew a funny little picture on her letter, which was supposed to be him, but we are not all artists and it was not much help! She implored me to try again. This time I got only one cat, who was black with a strange lump behind one ear. Then followed more description and detail. I also felt the cat had been run over near to the old home and was now happy in his new abode. After posting off my findings, I waited patiently for her to reply. It seemed ages before it arrived. The lady apologized for the delay, but as all the details related to Blackie, she made one more trip to the old home. There she spoke with a neighbour who remembered a black cat, answering to Blackie's description, having been run over by a car. With my contact, which she had been able to check, she could at last feel satisfied that Blackie was safe on the Other Side.

I used to do proxy tape sittings for another lady in London, who at first had good evidence of her husband's survival, and other family members. It

transpired she was a great cat lover as on one occasion I sensed cats drawing to her. One in particular, Stella, had been an almost human cat and decided to communicate with her mistress. She fooled me for a while as it was indeed like communicating with a human. Stella gave all sorts of evidence, but then started "talking" about another cat, Marge, who was still in this world. Stella gave messages for and about Marge as well as her owner. Some are rather too personal to mention, but even cats can keep secrets. Should anyone think this is a crazy story, I can assure them it is perfectly true. On one occasion Stella impressed me to say to her owner: "I am on the bed with you every night. You stroke and make a fuss of me so I am in your world still, but also in the spirit world." This puzzled me until her owner explained that when Stella passed she had her body stuffed and mounted...and every night she would put Stella on her bed and make a fuss of her. So the message was right.

Not long after this, Marge passed on and was also attended to by the taxidermist because I suddenly got the same feeling, that there were, in effect, two Marges, and one had her place on the bed. It amused me to imagine anyone being in bed with two stuffed cats, but it made the lady very happy and enabled the cats to communicate and have a few cat laughs.

It may seem macabre, but after passing on, the physical body has no use so there is nothing wrong if we choose to hold on to those of our pets. Of course, humans could be a different matter - and elephants!

These are but a few stories of animal communication. It leaves no doubt in my mind that there *is* a life force running through the whole of creation. There is no reason why our pets should not survive.

It is not always the easiest thing to communicate with animals, but I enjoy a challenge, though I draw the line at contacting performing fleas. It is not something I am itching to do!