

Why we have hope

by Jay Pocius, Reiki Master Teacher Practitioner

I stood in the treatment room waiting, browsing the variety of photos of animal companions and wondered why these particular ones were chosen to grace the walls. Were these memorials to those who have passed on? Each was framed with care and depicted individual's who were apparently deeply cared for.

My attention was distracted as Nobu was brought in. I drew in my breath as I tried to keep my composure. It was a grim scene. The technician laid him gently on the metal treatment table with a blanket over him to keep him warm. He was attached to an IV machine with a long tube running to his left front leg which was covered in stretchy tape to keep the IV needle secure. He laid on his side convulsing every few seconds, his mouth was slightly open and one eye was squashed shut as his head weighed heavily on it. The other eye was open but stared vacantly, focusing on nothing. The technician fussed briefly with the IV machine, making sure it was working properly then asked me if I needed anything. I replied "No thank you." and she left the room.

I lifted the blanket to place my hands on him. Oh my....I have rarely seen a living cat in such condition. He was about one and a half inches high as he lay there, merely skin over bone, blind, deaf and in a coma. What had I gotten myself into?

Earlier that day, Nobu's guardian called me with a request. Nobu had reacted badly to a simple medication and had collapsed with seizures and was non-responsive. She rushed him to the Veterinarian's clinic. Nobu was either poisoned by an overdose of the medicine, severely allergic to it or lacked the proper components in his body to break it down. The veterinarian cared for him for over a week with sufficient treatment to keep him alive but there was no improvement. The veterinarian had recommended that he be put down. The guardian knew that I provided Reiki treatments to animals and asked if I could help. I agreed, called the clinic for permission to treat Nobu and off I went.

I gently placed my hands across Nobu's body. My fingertips could feel individual vertebra protruding along his back. The energy flowed strongly making my palms moist. Remembering what I advised his guardians to do, my thoughts were not focused on "poor kitty" rather visions of him jumping and playing and doing what all cats love to do. I whispered to him, knowing he could understand on some level, that I knew he did not feel well but everyone around him was helping him as best as they could, that he was well loved and if only he could hold out a few more days that he will improve and come through this. The will to live was up to him. By the end of the half hour, the frequency of Nobu's spasms had reduced to next to nothing. That was the only noticeable change. I knew the Reiki was helping him but was the treatment in time? Would the energy just help him through his time of transition or would it help him recover? Only the energy knew. I left wondering if he would make it through the night. That was **day one**.

The next day, I called the clinic for permission to treat Nobi. The receptionist was very supportive and said "sure we will get a room ready for you right away." The technicians brought him and the IV equipment into the treatment room. Nobi looked even worse than before. He now had a feeding tube in his nose and one of those cone collars around his neck to prevent him from pulling the tube out. I asked if he was doing worse and the technician looked at me with a smile and said "No, he actually tried to lift his head last night!" That was the first movement, other than his spasms, that he had since he had been there. The veterinarian decided that it was enough of an improvement, they better start feeding him. The Reiki treatment went much the same as the day before. Nobi drew a great deal of energy from my hands and I took that as a good sign; he was accepting of the energy. The spasms calmed down again and there was some slight movement in his paws. His eyes were both open but not cognitively aware. I once again whispered to him, encouraging him to hang on, that everyone there was helping him, that he was loved and thought a vision to him about running throughout his home, playing, jumping, visiting all his favorite places and snuggling with his family.

Nobi's guardian called me about an hour later and asked if I had heard the news. In a wavering voice, she said that after I left the clinic, Nobi tried to sit up, which was a major achievement. The veterinarian declared this was a turning point; it was a sign he would live. My eyes welled up as she told me. Once again, I was in utter awe of what this energy could do. That was **day two**.

Day three and four, Nobi seemed the same, with minor improvements. The energy still flowed strong. He had fewer and fewer convulsions. He did look hopelessly miserable with the tubes in his nose and leg. Still no recognition of anything around him. Whispers of encouragement continued and I thought I could see an ear twitch at my voice. Could he now hear? As I left, one of the veterinarians stop me and told me that Nobi had taken his first few steps. I smiled as I walked to my car.

Day five was a Sunday and the clinic was closed. I offered distance energy to him to help him through that day. I sensed there was a bit more movement.

Day six brought a big surprise. Nobi was very active. He was self aware at last, no more coma. He squirmed around the blanket to find a comfortable spot. Once I put my hands on him he quieted down and calmly accepted the energy. By the end of the half hour he became active again and I knew he had enough for that day. He still had an IV and the feeding tube but now 'I' was sure he was going to make it.

Day seven brought more comfort to Nobi. His IV and sticky tape had been removed from his leg. He could definitely hear as he alerted to the different noises I made. He would not sit still on the treatment table but rather tried to jump off on my lap. I picked him up and held him close. He curled up on my lap upon receiving the energy and was very relaxed by the end of the half hour treatment. The energy was still flowing strong.

Day eight and another surprise. Feeding tube and cone collar were gone and I received a slightly damp Nobi as the technicians had just given him a bath. Soap and water had done wonders, he almost looked normal. He wanted to move around but settled right down when

energy was offered. He slept most of the half hour away. Very relaxed and seemingly happy cat. The tremors were almost non-existent but his vision was still off.

Day nine and Nobi could now, albeit a bit wobbly, sit on his own. His head still drooped as he could not see and was relying more on his ears for sense of direction. Again he fell asleep in my lap for his treatment. The Veterinarian said he was eating, drinking and pooping on his own. Yea!



Day ten. Nobi is now sitting up very well and his hearing is ok. He sat upright for part of his treatment, still drawing much energy. He eventually ended up in my lap again. Vision is still not right. His guardians came to visit and the Veterinarian allowed him to walk around in the lobby and called him her "Miracle Cat". They were thrilled at his progress.

Day eleven. Nobi came into the treatment room on the technician's shoulder. He just would not settle down and would have nothing to do with the treatment table. I gave up and let him down on the floor and beamed energy toward him as he walked around, sniffing the corners and sneaking under the treatment room chairs, investigating every square inch. I picked him up and noticed he alerted to the activity outside the window. Could he see? YES he could! Tears sneaked down my cheek as I walked around the room, showing him all the animal photos on the wall. He closely examined each cocking his head with attention. I looked



into his eyes. He was there, all of him, completely normal. He no longer needed me, my job was done. His photo would not be found on the treatment room wall, at least not for a long, long time.



Epilogue: Nobi is now home, running, playing, jumping, visiting all his favorite places and snuggling with his family.

Hope is the companion of power, and mother of success; for who so hopes strongly has within him the gift of miracles. -- Samuel Smiles