

Raja's Transformation

by Hildreth Rinehart

The early clairvoyant experiences in my life with animals were small and far between – a dream here, a knowing there. It wasn't until I fell in love with a horse after moving from Canada to rural Tennessee in the USA that this level of communication became so vivid. It wasn't until Raja the cat that those communications reached beyond physical death.

So it may be thanks to a Tennessee Walker named Beauty, who got me by the soul and wouldn't let go until I helped resolve her pitiful situation and, as it turns out, those of many other four-leggeds who had it pretty bad. And thanks to the great overpopulation of companion animals in the South, we had a houseful of dogs, puppies, the occasional kitten, squirrel, bunny, turtle... and sometimes even stray cows and horses! Our daily walks became an eclectic mix of fosters, family pets and neighboring dogs, along the remote country road. They came from the side of the highway, people's yards, our yard, local rescue groups – they found us and we found them, nursed, healed, shined up, rebalanced and, perhaps most importantly, acknowledged their very essences, so that we could find their humans, the ones they would stay with for life. Those humans who would drive up from Florida or down from Ottawa, fly out from California or have them flown to Alaska. And the clairvoyance and clairaudience grew all the while, quietly under the surface, ready in case we should take notice.

We learned how to stay sane and not get dragged into the despair of the human, animal and planet situation. We discovered that there are many ways to help an animal in need, not all of them physical. A book could be written on the variety of each situation: there were gloved night visits to mailboxes with typed notes regarding dogs living on chains, stake-outs in the county sheriff's office, not-for-profits formed, visits to school principals, musicals on humane animal treatment, and even one case of breaking and entering which we will not go into! We learned that to help an animal from neglect or abuse was often to provide education, care and healing to the human who allowed it to happen. Our hearts grew heavy yet we chose again and again the weight of riches to fill them up, rather than sadness.

Each story is unique and special, but Raja cat is the first to teach me communication from beyond physical form. Raja was one of a litter of six, deposited in an outbuilding on the property we shared with friends – an old Amish village of about 130 acres. He was the loud one, black, long-haired with clear green eyes. He came to join our family, sort of by default. When we moved back up North, I tried to leave him with friends since we were up to seven cats then! However, he joined us for the move and grew to the age of 15 before he was to become the only animal in our family to get so sick that he needed to be put to sleep. So, here we are, over 15 years

of caring for as many of these beloved creatures as we could, and now – for the first time – we must help one of them to die.

It was an aggressive lymphatic cancer and medicines were not reversing it or providing enough comfort. It was a clear choice and we had the assistance of a



professional animal communicator, Irene, to find the timing, and a lovely sensitive veterinarian to come to the house when the time was right. It was a full turn around for me, from helping him to live and thrive all those years to telling him it was time to go. In his last week Raja made his rounds of each dog and cat in the family, having a bedtime snuggle with each one in turn. He stopped eating and could not walk well. He then gave me the

message, as Irene said he would, "I'm ready". It was unmistakable.

His passing was beautiful and brimming with love and support from his humans. It was like dropping off to sleep and then his body gradually shut down over about ten minutes. I held him and felt his essence swirl around his body as he worked out that things were winding down. I then got a gentle message to break physical contact. I let him go and immediately felt what I can only describe as his essence jumping from his body and then saw a brief glimpse into this beautiful pattern of pulsing, thriving energy, just like a portal opened up and he flew in.

He was gone and I felt the thread that connects our hearts stretch out with him into this life force, and with it came the knowing that one gift of death is that it joins these heart threads across time and space, connecting us all unconsciously to the very stuff that life is made of, creating a web that is part of the life force itself. It was stunning to discover how much presence Raja had been to our family until then – a quietly noble heart of the family.

We buried Raja at the edge of a forest behind the house with a favorite cat toy to wish him joy in his next cat life. And this is the thing: I believe in reincarnation. The only tangible proof that I have is the seasons – winter becomes spring and so on. I simply feel that it makes sense. Nature is very efficient and doesn't waste anything. So I made a deal with Raja before he left. I told him that if he wanted to live with us again in his next life, that we would welcome him. I reminded him of his loud meow when he was a kitten and told him that is how I'd know it was him. I told him about our friend, Nicoal, down the road who fosters kittens for the Humane Society and that was one way he could find his way back to us if he needed to.

I never felt moved to visit Raja's grave until about three and a half months later. I was out working on the horse fence one evening when I was suddenly compelled to go over to his grave. As I was walking towards it, a brief feeling of glee overcame me and with it the translation "He's in a kitten body!" Once there I sent him love and strength wherever he is, feeling that heart connection still alive as my hands pulsed with healing force. I reminded him about the guidelines for finding us if he wanted to.

That night I got an email from Nicoal who had just brought home two black, long-haired kittens! So, next day, off we go to meet possible Raja. This is completely new territory for me. The moment I walked in and saw the two kittens (a brother and sister) in their kitten tree I said "He's the one on the left!" He looked at me and let out a "MEOW"! We spent the rest of the visit giving him tests and he simply wanted to be with me the entire time, even attaching himself to my neck the way I used to carry Raja, draped over my shoulder. Two more visits and three weeks later, we brought him



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We can never know for sure if this is the reincarnation of Raja. My heart believes it to be so and there is plenty of evidence to support it. Whatever the case, one thing remains infallible – these furry beings who share their lives with us humans carry the keys to unlocking, healing and infinitely expanding our hearts. I hope this story may bring comfort and easement to others whose heart threads have been stretched into the unknown. May we do all that we can to grow the value, respect and care now needed by every species across the globe, and return the favor with hearts of abundant gladness and gratitude.