

CHARMED CHARMA

by Kim Kalina

So I have this amazing horse – his name is Whisper. There could be no more perfect name for this wondrous spirit that I have been blessed to care for, for his powerful unspoken lessons are clear and numerous.

As it seems, Charma is what brought the two of us together. I had been horseless for several years, having had to sell my previous beloved horse during a difficult pregnancy and then never quite getting back to riding until I came upon Whisper. A dear friend of mine, who just happened to have been given this horse several years earlier, was having a tough time with him. Whisper had a tendency to walk out to the pasture on 2 legs, rather than 4, if the day seemed right or if the wind blew ever so slightly stronger than suited him. He also had a habit of spooking and throwing my poor friend, so he had pretty much stopped riding him.

Now, understand that I didn't know any of this when I first came to meet Whisper. I had seen beautiful pictures of him at my friend's store, and had heard how he won halter shows and was an amazing natural jumper. And, as fate would have it, just when I decided I was ready for a new mount, my friend decided it was time to sell his horse. So one snowy day, I set out to Pennsylvania to meet what would fast become my soul mate and companion for life.

Now although my friend was extremely nervous that first day, worried as I tacked him up, worried as I mounted and then rode Whisper – not a thing happened. He was a perfect angel...a little slow perhaps, and not particularly WANTING to work, but no acting up at all, not then, not ever. Needless to say, I had found my new horse. And everyone around the barn started commenting to me, telling me all the stories, amazed that Whisper was so well-behaved for me. It didn't take me long to know that this would be a life-long relationship – no matter what occurred in the future. And I was looking forward to a long and illustrious show career, lots of fun and lots of ribbons. I knew I had one special horse, and that charma had brought us together to do some amazing stuff.

But everything changed about a month after moving him to my barn, and I was soon to see fate step in again. Did you ever notice how charma seems to have a different idea whenever

we have the audacity to make careful plans for the future? Anyhow, one day someone in the barn left a nylon halter (you know, that thing that goes over their heads so you can lead them around like a dog!) on Whisper after putting him in his stall for the night. And Whisper, being a rather unique animal, had this habit of using his hind hoof to reach around and scratch his nose. Well, it seems that night that while scratching his nose he got his brand new shoe caught in this nylon halter (nylon doesn't break you know). The be all and end all is this – by the time anyone noticed it was 18 hours later, in the middle of Summer heat, and my poor beloved equine companion no longer resembled anything close to a horse. He was bruised, grotesquely swollen, unable to move, pee or defecate and his kidneys were in shut down from an enormous accumulation of blood in his system. The vet said he would be dead by morning.

Obviously Whisper didn't agree. Being a homeopath, I did everything humanly possible to help my soul mate: homeopathic remedies, herbs, mineral salts, massage, chiropractic, acupuncture, etc. But I can tell you that, while all those things certainly helped, that horse would not have survived had he not had the biggest heart in the world. Because heart and courage and love are what got him through, not anything that I or anyone else did. And through it all, that same heart and zest for life defied every prognosis he was given; first that he would die - he didn't; next, that he would never be rideable again - he was; and last, that he would never jump again - well, he can jump 6 feet without even trying. Charma had other plans for him. Little did I know it was to teach me another lesson!

So that was 2 years ago, and Whisper has been doing just great. About a month ago he was given an astounding clean bill of health by my vet/chiropractor/acupuncturist. No one could believe that he was just as healthy, maybe healthier, as he was before the original injury. Well, fate decided to play with my head again - within a week he was completely lame in the same left hind leg that he had injured 2 years before. Now I admit, I raged and cried thinking "Why me? Will I ever get to enjoy riding this wonderful horse again?!" But fairly quickly the healer in me kicked in and I started using homeopathy and herbs to help the lameness. No change; if anything he was getting worse, so I called the vet. After xrays we discovered he had a deep hoof abscess smack dab in the center of his hoof, so deep that the vet couldn't even imagine how he got it (Whisper was being unique, as usual). Instinctively I knew it was the remnants of the original injury, since it was located right at the end point of

the bladder meridian (acupuncture) and his original injury 2 years prior had been at the beginning point of the bladder meridian in his neck.

No coincidence there! Nothing the vet could do – it was so deep and centered between very sensitive internal structures that there was no way to drain it. But Whisper was in so much pain, as was I for him, that I HAD to do something; or so I thought. So I ran around calling every gifted healer I knew, starting with 2 of my dearest friends who are deeply intuitive and communicate with animals. The abscess was confirmed and the need to drain it clear...but how? The first suggestion was to perform Shiatsu massage on the bladder points, so I called several equine shiatsu healers, but they were all out of town. OK, next idea? Use acupuncture to drain the bladder meridian...OK, great. I called all 12 equine acupuncturists in the state – and they were ALL on vacation. Do you see charma working again?

Well, I wasn't quite there yet. So my dear friends watched me call every healer I could think of, even trying to sell ideas like lasers to drain the abscess, all to no avail. About a week later, after spending all my spare time and energy at the barn trying to relieve some of the pain for my poor Whisper, I collapsed and gave up. I turned it over to the Universe and cried Uncle...I knew there had to be a lesson in here somewhere and now I was ready to be open to it. I put my trust in the hands of fate and stopped trying so hard not to fail my beloved animal.

So what happened? The very next day I got to the barn and the abscess had opened. Coincidence? I think not! Whisper was kicking his stall door to get out, perfectly sound with the abscess oozing away. I hadn't done a thing. He had done it on his own, and my lesson was to stop trying so hard and trust in that. All I had done was make myself crazy for a week, make everyone around me crazy for a week (sorry to all my friends and family!) and lose a lot of sleep. Again, Whisper quietly and gently taught me another important lesson – trust the body's ability to heal, trust in fate and trust myself to know when to not be healer, but just friend and companion in life. There is not a day that goes by that I am not thankful for the gift I have been blessed with in being able to be a part of this wondrous horse's presence. He is truly a shaman, and charmed charma personified.