



A Chat With Charley Girl

Lisa: Charley, what would you like to share with everyone today?

Charley: I get to be myself, and I love it! You don't ever yell at me, you understand me, and it makes me so happy that you love me for who I am.

Lisa: Oh, I have SO much love for you! You are my rugby-goalie girl with velvet mitts! Maybe that's why I let you wake me up at night to maul all over me and purr like a lawn mower. Oddly, this actually makes me happy!

Charley: It makes me ecstatic! Sometimes when I wake up from traveling the distant night skies, I get disoriented and a little unsettled. That's when I come flying upstairs to jump in the bed. You are always there for me.

Lisa: Hmmm. Traveling the distant night skies. I like how you worded that. About being worried: Is that why you still self-suckle at times even though you are almost a year old? Some might say I need to put a stop to this.

Charley: I'm just self-soothing. It feels SO good! Just let me be me; there is nothing to fix. I am here in this life to learn about loving myself and experiencing all kinds of love. This is just a little piece of that.

Lisa: OK. I know your Mama cat wasn't much of a nurturer Mom. She was very young when she had you, as I understand, and not very interested in taking care of kittens. She just wanted to get back outside.

Charley: But she showed us how to hunt for mice and be tough! That's what she felt we needed to survive. But there weren't many cuddles for us.

Charley: In my past life I was drop-kicked like a football by a drunken human, and I felt very alone because nobody was watching out for me. I chose a harsh Mama Cat in this life so I would cultivate self-determination, and want more human love. My Soul wanted to know this.

Lisa: So your Soul chose this situation? Such profound words, Charley. This sounds more like “Fergie wisdom” than something you would say!

Charley: Ok, so that’s what sister Fergie suggested when we were choosing our life together. She’s my teacher, too, you know. (Cat wink.)

Lisa: Lol. Yes, indeed. So let’s talk about your favorite subject: Trees! Charley, you about gave me a heart attack when you climbed your first 30 ft. tree at 4 months old, dragging the harness right up along with you. I prayed to keep calm, and hoped you knew what you were doing, because the fire department doesn’t come out to rescue cats up in trees anymore!

Charley: You taught me well. Remember how you would let me go up a bit higher everyday, but you wouldn’t help me get down? I finally got confident enough one day, and I just “went for it!” I kept going up higher and higher on the branches so you couldn’t reach me. It felt incredible!

Lisa: I’m sure it did! If you didn’t have such exceptional tree-smarts and olympic prowess, I would have been petrified! You were fearless up there!

Charley: I’m here to teach you to trust and be fearless. too. Sometimes you have to just “go for it!” and not think too much about why you can’t.

Lisa: Ah. That’s why I admire you, Charley. And I notice you don’t yowl all the time about wanting outside like you did when you were littler. I used to call you “The Town Crier.” Now you are one “very chill” feline.

Charley: That’s because you listen to my quiet voice. I don’t have to use my loud voice to be heard. Fergie and I both know you are listening to us.

Lisa: I sure try. And you both teach me so much. Thank you, Charley Girl, this conversation has been really enlightening. *Btw. Charley did share a few insights about *my* “stuff.” But nothing I care to share with the public!
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