

A Spiritual Connection

with a MAJESTIC SOUL

by: Gail Lynn

No matter what time of day it is or which vehicle I may be driving, when I show up to the barn each day I am greeted with a nicker from my horse, Holly. We might not even be able to see each other, and yet she somehow senses I am there for our visit. It's the highlight of my day.

Holly's greeting to me is always a friendly nicker; it might be a low rumble, or it might be on a higher pitch. Sometimes the tone is, "Hey, how's it going?" Sometimes the tone is, "Oh my Gosh! I have so much to tell you and it's been crazy all up in here!" That particular nicker is a low rumble that lasts a long time, and she does several back-to-back as they increase in intensity. I exclaim, "My gosh, did all that really happen since I last saw you?!" She nickers another low rumbling sound and I know we are all caught up.

Horses have different communication methods. When Holly is startled, she snorts. When she is investigating an unfamiliar horse in close contact, she squeals. When she misses a neighbor horse that may have moved to a new home or stall, she whinnies constantly. It breaks my heart because it feels like her heart is breaking with sadness. If you have a horse, I feel you should know these communications from him or her. Not only do they communicate with sounds, but they communicate with body language. Holly has at least ten ways she communicates with her eyes alone, five ways with her ears, and the list goes on and on with her body language. It's brilliant and entertaining.

Holly and I met in 2012 when I went to visit my friend in Kansas. He is an old cowboy and had about nine horses on his ranch. I did not grow up with horses, nor was I that girl who had wanted a pony. We had dogs, cats, hamsters, ducks, rabbits, toads, snakes and fish growing up, but being from a Detroit suburb, a horse was not on the list of acceptable pets to my parents. My dad was a nature lover and he taught me and my two siblings how to respect nature and care for the land and our menagerie of pets.

When I arrived at my friend's Kansas ranch, I did find myself excited to see horses. I walked to the fence and two of the horses turned their butts to me and walked away. However, there was a gray / white horse that walked right up to me, and her head was so large it scared me. She was very inquisitive

of me and I thought it was pretty cool, but I was still a bit overwhelmed by her presence. My friend was watching from the house and he came out and said, "Huh, that's your horse." Since I lived in an apartment in another state and had never owned a horse before, I gave him an incredulous look. I said, "What the heck am I going to do with a horse?" He replied, "Well, I'm not sure, but energetically that is YOUR horse." I thought to myself that if she is my horse, I had better find a way to get her home to Colorado so she and I could figure this out. Isn't that what any insane person would do?

My cowboy friend explained to me that when he first saw her, she was standing in a pasture and caught his eye. He inquired and purchased her from the owners. He had no idea why he was purchasing her at the time...and then I showed up. He said she had no papers, no name, and he didn't know anything about her. The only curious thing he said, which I did not understand, was that the owners told him she was "too much horse" for their daughter. Keep that in mind and I will explain what that means later. I laughingly thought that was a good start to someone who had never owned a horse before! And so, the story began.

I called around to a few horse boarding places in Colorado and found a place to board this new family member of mine. I hired a driver with a trailer to go get her and bring her home. She named herself Holly... it's a long story...and she showed up in Colorado on November 12, 2012, at 4:30am. Of course, I was there to greet her, and I

showed her around in the dark, gave her some hay, and promised her I would be back after I got some sleep. From that point on, I started reading books about horses and watched training videos so I could learn everything possible about how to properly care for my 4-legged friend.

This is as good a place as any to let you know that while I was changing my life for Holly, I was also running a small business in energy medicine. I had very limited time to take on this HUGE (pun intended) project of being trained to be a horse momma. In 2012, I was 42 years old and had been self-employed since 1998. Being an entrepreneur is not for the faint of heart! It's long hours, no paid vacations, no paid sick time, no financial security, no paid health insurance and lots of stress...BUT, to me it's been worth the risks I have taken to be my own boss and to build a future for myself and Holly. I have no regrets and would not change a thing. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger!

Every day, I made time to go to the barn where Holly was boarded so I could spend time with her. We hung out and chatted, and I learned how to care for her body and what kind of saddle would be the right fit for her. It was important to me to make sure she was happy and comfortable. I had been taking riding lessons for a few months, and I found it was a great way to network my business with some prominent







people in the equestrian world. The style of riding I was learning was English, hunter jumper. Don't laugh, but when I put my English saddle on Holly, it looked like a pea on a mattress. She gave me a look that told me all I needed to know...clearly, she was NOT a hunter jumper horse, nor an English style riding horse. I sold all my English tack and bought all Western tack for my short, stocky, big butted Holly. I did try jumping her, but she was as awkward at jumping as was a 42-year-old Detroit girl at owning a horse.

I soon came to realize Holly was not very comfortable with the energy of the hunter jumper show barn I had chosen to make her home. She had been a pasture horse, outside all the time and grazing. This world was inside a stall most of the day...she did have some pasture time...with a busy, competitive, environment for her the rest of the time. This was not what she was used to! It created some stress for her, and in those early days that stress made it dangerous for me on two occasions.

The first occasion was when she could have killed me. I had her lead rope tied to a rail where I was grooming her. We were in the indoor arena and I was not tuned into her like I am now. I didn't feel the signs of her starting to get scared when a strange lady had walked up to take a photo of her daughter riding. When the flash of the camera went off, Holly spooked and jumped into the air. I was cleaning her front hoof and she snapped the rope in her attempt to get away. I froze. Everything was in slow motion; I could hear people yelling to me to move away, but I could not.

I saw Holly up in the air, her eye looked right into my eye and her hoof was about to crush my chest. Suddenly, she quickly bent her leg to avoid crushing my chest. She came down to the ground and stood there with me. Everyone was running over to see if I was ok, and I was...but at that time I realized how smart she was and that she actually protected me. That day and incident is burned into my brain forever.

The second time of danger wasn't as dramatic, but still scary. A trainer was in the arena on a stallion, and the stallion went wild on her. The stallion was bucking and out of control. Holly and I were grooming again and she was tied to the rail. The stallion pinned me against Holly and I could feel both of their bodies. The stallion energy was wild and crazy and Holly's energy was, "Oh my Gosh, oh my Gosh, oh my Gosh!" The trainer got the stallion under control and was able to get him away from us. I quickly released Holly from being tied and praised her for staying calm and not freaking out.

As Holly and I grew more in sync, I had new opportunities to witness how smart she is. Since most barns require the horses to be vaccinated, and I had no idea about her past medical or vaccination history, I had the vet come out, and Holly was so untrusting of this new world that she had to be sedated. Two guys had to hold her to give her the shots, and she was so frightened that even under sedation she was on adrenaline and wild. It broke my heart to see her so scared and I cried, but I wasn't educated enough yet to know what else I could do. It was quite traumatic for both of us. I can tell you that four months later, the same vet came out for the next required, seasonal shots. I asked him if we could try to do them without sedation. He said, "Gail, you remember just four months ago what happened?" I said, "Yes, but can we try?" He agreed, but told me no less than twenty-five times, "Be careful Gail, be careful...watch her, be careful." I told Holly to just look at me and I put my face close to her big eye and watched her body language carefully. She was scared, she was apprehensive, but she trusted me. The vet finished her shots and said, "Gail, this is a completely different horse!" I said, "Yes, she and I have bonded and she trusts me." He was more than impressed and I was grinning from ear to ear. We did it together, me and Holly! I just love her so much, and she's my best friend.

Our next step was learning to ride together. I hired a trainer at the barn and she was going to teach me to ride Holly. After Holly

tried bucking her off several times, she told me Holly was too wild and would end up hurting me. I asked a guy to ride her and Holly tried bucking him off too. You recall that my cowboy friend said Holly was "energetically" my horse? I got on her bare back, scared out of my mind, but I thought it was a good idea to try. You know that insane people try these kind of things. She was so gentle with me and walked like a Pretty Pony. I think she was thinking, "What is this girl doing?! She is clueless and I need to be careful!" If horses could roll their eyes, she did.

I hired another trainer to give Holly private lessons. However, I showed up at the barn one day and saw her beating Holly into submission. That was the end of that trainer and of that barn; I found another barn and moved Holly immediately. Holly is a mare, she is stubborn, and I can see a lot of myself in her. You can't beat her into submission. She would rather die than to be treated that way. We respect each other,

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and I ask her permission to ride. We do fun things to keep her mind active. If you own a horse or any pet, you really need to get to know them at a deep level and find out what makes them happy and how you can best serve them. They are beautiful soul beings and deserve to be understood and respected. There is no one size fits all training or manual for all horses. Just like people, we are all different and have different desires, needs, diets, interests and we expect our friends and partners to not treat us like they treat others.

Remember when I was told that she is "too much" horse? Well, I found out what that meant. Holly is not a typical horse. She can follow my crazy mind and keep up with me. She needs stimulation for her mind and she gets bored easily. You can't do the same thing with her for hours and hours. She likes to switch it up..."Squirrel!" Then her mind is somewhere else. She is super entertaining to me. I love to watch how her mind works and how she gets distracted so easily. Many horses can focus on going around in circles for an hour; they mind and do what they are told. But with Holly, I have to switch it up with obstacle courses, trail rides, grazing or just being present with her and doing nothing. I am judged at the barn by other horse owners because I don't ride her every day. But, it's just not our thing. Our thing is being together and it doesn't matter what we do.

Holly has taught me how to treat her and I have taught her how to treat me. She is amazing! I have taught her to lay down and I can give her snacks while she is lying down. She knows the drill and when I am out of snacks, she gets up and wants to go do something else. I would love to lie against her and read a book, but she doesn't let too much time pass before she is on to her next adventure. To be continued on that one! She is not one to let the grass grow under her hooves.

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Today, I am the inventor of the Harmonic Egg, a sound and light healing chamber. I run a multi-million dollar company with Harmonic Egg owners worldwide. My friend, Susan, is Holly's guardian when I am traveling. Susan is also a horse trainer and uses Holly for kid's lessons. Holly loves kids, but I can always tell when she has been with

a kid that has a lot of trauma. Holly will be exhausted the next day from expending the energy to try and help the kids. She knows how much they need healing, and she is so gentle and different with kids than she is with adults. It's quite the thing to observe.

The Harmonic Egg is great for two-legged and four-legged souls. I "put" Holly into the Egg...she won't fit physically, but we do remote sessions for many clients and animals. I put Holly's photo in and set an intention for her well-being. There is a noticeable difference in her and I can say that most horses live in "flight or fight" as predator animals. Holly is very balanced and I am constantly impressed by how she responds calmly to situations that other horses would flee in hot minute just to get away from a plastic bag, loud bang, or the wind. Holly has her moments, but all in all she is very level headed and doesn't react like most horses. I watch her think and then react. It's quite beautiful to watch and to be a witness to her loving soul on a daily basis. I have observed that children and animals heal very quickly in the right environment / energy. When you only know LOVE, healing is easy. Imagine, if you can, only living in LOVE and how easy you could heal?

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If you have the honor to be a horse owner, please do all you can to respect the spirit of the horse. Pay attention to their every move and watch how they communicate with you so brilliantly. Also, check your emotions and your attitude if your horse doesn't seem to be bonding with you. Maybe you are not present with them. I know when I have my phone in hand, Holly tries to knock it out. She has put two and two together to get four. See, horses can do math. She knows the phone equals me not being present with her. When we first started riding, she would trip a lot. I had an animal communicator



come out and show me how my not being present made Holly not present, so she would trip. I now am present when I ride and she does not trip anymore. When she does, I know that my mind drifted off and I was not present, so she drifted off, too. It's easy to tune into them when you are paying attention.

Horses need us to be present and to spend time with them. And now I will make a lot of people mad: If you don't have time for a horse, you should consider releasing them to someone that will give them a good life, spend time with them and honor them with the best life they can have. They are amazing spirit animals. They are majestic and loving. Holly will be coming to live with me in the Spring. It is our dream to live together. For years now she keeps thinking that we should live together and I get pictures in my head from her showing her looking in the window at me in the morning or nickering for me to come visit her when I need a work break. She is more than ready to start this new adventure with me...I am a bit scared of taking on the responsibilities that the boarding facility currently does, but Holly said she will help and it will be fine!



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