

Treating Animals With Herbs

Although in the UK this practise is technically not legal except by vets I have had a vet approach me for a herbal cure for eczema in a cat.

Cat Flu

There is nothing the vet can do except inject anti-biotics to counter secondary infections...that's my experience.

Here's my method that has worked magnificently:

Smear the cat's paws with strong garlic oil; also the breast. The animal will lick this off thus taking the anti viral and anti-bacterial properties into the body. When they are very weak scatter cut garlic around the region where they are laying their heads. The fumes will be ingested as they breath.

With a dropper give them a decoction of thyme (or tincture that has boiling water added to take away the alcohol) This will disinfect the lungs and create a thin mucus on which tenacious ropy phlegm may be ejected with a cough reflex. Make sure you dropper plenty of water through the mouth. Food can come later when they are stronger. Then introduce Slippery Elm with the dropper. When Tom or Queen recover put some garlic granules into their normal food with a touch of cayenne

If the cat seems to be slipping away try this that I have used successfully.

Water in a vessel; add some slippery elm; 2 or 3 drops of tincture of cayenne and lobelia. Take a dropper full and squirt into the mouth. This has proven to be a remarkable re-animator as the spark of life is re-ignited.

NB: Lobelia is classed as a poison by the authorities. Utter trash! If this were so I would be in jail at this moment. And the great Herbalist J Shaw Young would never have seen the light of day. Nor his father or grandfather.

Pet wounds

I have a neutered Tom who is not the fiercest beast around but he is territorial and will fight...not very effectively.

He arrived home one day with a large swelling on his neck. Examination revealed 2 teeth marks surrounded by an abscess. I applied a poultice of herbal roots and he eagerly pushed his neck into it for about a minute then ran off. When he returned his neck and side were spattered with pus. The resulting wound was about one and a half inches in diameter.

Powdered herbs were applied to cleanse the wound of morbid matter. Sesame oil with garlic was added to the powder, and the same oil spread on paws and chest for him to ingest.

The edges of the wound began to fall off and the wound was clean and without infection. A new formula with antiseptics, astringents and emollients was then applied to close the wound. This was renewed each day and the wound healed from the outer edges of the wound and inward. When it was less than half an inch in diameter a very hard scab had formed which began to irritate him. He scratched and took it off. Falling onto tiles it sounded like a coin. It could not be broken with finger pressure. Herbs are powerful.

Mr Young told me of a case where a cow had a huge abscess on it's neck and the vet advised a mercy killing. A large amount of elder flowers were boiled and a Hessian sack soaked in the brew. The abscess was fomented with this and the swelling soon subsided.

Birthing in cows and sheep

Farmers in Wales sometimes spend a fortune on vet call-outs to assist with difficult births...cost £25 per visit.

We had sold some farmers tincture of cayenne and lobelia; 300ml for £10 only

They used it most effectively only when the vet's bill threatened them financially. All reports were that the mixture was quick, effective, and very very cheap.

Farmer with shin wound and Farm Yard Infection

A farmer received a kick from one of his cows on the shin. It was infected with Farm Yard Infection and was proving very stubborn. The hospital staff were worried as time went on for no improvement was evident. I backed away from this one not wishing to take responsibility. Ultimately the farmer visited me to purchase some more medicine for his wife's arthritis and showed me his shin...almost completely healed. I praised the hospital for their skills in this case.

But success was due to the birthing tincture. The farmer was so worried at the lack of progress he began applying the tincture and the wound began to improve dramatically...herbs win again.

Josina

A great failure on my part. This queen's breath had been smelling badly and we noticed that she was moaning when eating. She had to be taken to the vet for sedating before an examination. She was like an electric eel and very difficult to hold still. The diagnosis was cancer of the tongue. The method of treatment was to cut away the infected part which would leave her unable to wash herself.

We decided to try the herbal way. We finger fed her slippery elm and honey water; incurring her wrath all the while. Also cleavers tincture which has been successfully employed for oral cancers in human beings. She became less active and when I saw a spume of blood on her lips and nose one day, I lost my courage. One wonders what might have been had I persevered. Maybe the blood was part of the healing process, as sometimes happens with human beings, as the herbs break up cancerous growths.

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A Tribute to Jozina

Grey, puffy, asymmetric clouds of Winter's even' sky skid eastwards,
unconcerned that I, gaze hard to find your form within, to see you once again.
Dear friend whom I have lost this day. No, I have given up your life
or what was left of it. My courage all had gone and you my craven sacrifice.

Forgive me please oh little one for I have let you down. I could have
tried another day of hope, enchantment, nostrums, panaceas, cure-alls.
But when I saw the spume of crimson painted on your tiny lips and
nose; and heard the gasping from your tortured tongue, 'twas time to go.

They counselled me that it was right to take away your pain, although
you never once complained, except with injured pride, at finger feeding times
And then, your anger was the sound we heard, and slashing claws
the warning of your patience at it's end for those who would demean, de-pride.

A tiny Titan to the death, you would not yield when mercy came. Jabs
could not set you free until sedation was decreed. But even this could not disguise.
Betrayal mirrored in your eyes. I faltered. Should I stop it now? Your pupils
pleaded, "please!" Acquit me if you will, dear cat, I did it lovingly. Enjoy eternity.

And now the chanting's all been done to set your spirit free. Your precious shell at rest beside your special playground tree. No more we'll see you on The boughs in our reality, but we shall always see you there in whimsy times, with misty eyes, and watch you frolic, tease, torment, all creatures that you please.

From whence you came we know not where; infragrant spawn of who or what. A little rat-like entity. But nature still endowed you with a noble head Of startling loveliness. And eyes so large, enchantingly, you'd have your way with all of us. And look so pleased we'd been beguiled, entranced, again.

What colour were you feline friend? Soft black and sandy, grey and all the hues between. No contours; blended like vignette; confusing to the eye and to The prey who could not see you lurking there above or just beyond their lairs. For days you'd wait; ignore our calls, true predator but comely just the same.

For when you'd taken out the object of your watch and feasted well you called for Sue to tell her you were there. To sit with her upon her chair then climb Upon her breast, your legs entangled in her hair. And so to bed, she'd carry you to rest; repose upon her head. A tiny little furry fez whose fury had defused.

Miss "Busy Body" Sue called you, impatient feline yapping was your cue; attention needed now; you would not wait to take your turn nor tolerate another One or two or three or more; yours was the need and we deferred to your demand oh precious little skinny queen. What have i done to you this day. God help!

Determined in your life, (as point of death) you tried to have your way, and when your kittens had to come you sat on Susan's lap and willed them to Go 'way. Your son emerged without your will, you took him to the floor, ignored the wailing infant, pretended it's not yours. And to the warmth of Susan's lap.

You succoured in your pain. Dear, lovely cat, was this your memory, of your own birth and traumas that beset your life before we set you free, and Gave you all you wanted; but you gave more to we; the secret how To vanquish; all of life's travails; by living life; enjoying it; to take it day by day.

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