

The Alliance With Gaia

Passage Six



Pegasus Healing

Come now, remember the feeling of softness.
The purity of nature, the placid lake and
the still forest as we make our retreat.

We will have other times to rest along the way.
The Alliance With Gaia is to care for the earth.

Do you have tenacity? Are you humble?
Are you warm? or are you trapped in the
cold trajectory of the intellect?
The journey is from mind to heart.

We are not here to “fix” anything,
“healing” is not an “assertion” its a resonance.

We humbly work on healing ourselves,
we can help where required and you will know
intuitively when to help.

By working to heal ourselves we offer
up a more peaceful resonance to humans and animals.

We can observe and learn certain patterns of behaviour, in animals. We can learn about their care and all its aspects remember though that animals are able to sense and feel resonances more than people think or know. They also absorb human emotion.

Animals do communicate in a variety of ways, sound body language, eye contact for example and telepathically. However the information received can be misinterpreted by human mind, emotion ,opinion and agenda, just as occurs with human communication.

Animals communicate when they want to not as a result of mental concepts and infringements. Remember the Eagle Owl in the Blog post below, -our mascot.

<http://www.pegasus-animal-healing.com/the-owl/>

We now turn our attention to the crow family, the Corvids, (Corvidae) these birds include crows, ravens, jackdaw and magpies , jays, tree-pies they are considered to be some of the most intelligent of the birds, and among the most intelligent of all animals. Surprising to some, confirmation to others.

Research has shown that for example European Magpies demonstrate self-awareness in mirror tests, can make tools e.g. crows and rooks.

Conventional science has regarded tool making to be

confined to humans and until recently regarded the making of tools as solely the domain of humans and a few other higher mammals.

The Psittacidae family of birds – Parrots, Parakeets, Macaws are also considered brainy birds.

The African Grey Parrot for example has complex reasoning skills just like humans have, e.g. memorizing sequences of numbers and learning the meaning of words.

The derisory English expression “bird brain” meaning stupid, a “scatter brain” is not accurate, the absolute size of a brain is not a determinate of intelligence. This has been known for centuries by some long before conventional science “proved it”

The brain to body mass in Corvids is equal to that of the Cetaceans and only slightly lower than in humans according to research papers cited in (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Corvidae>).

The Corvids can achieve primate levels of cognition.

The intelligence, perception and beauty of the animals is not confined to human empirical, comparative and evaluative activities and “conclusions”, the findings of which all too often are used for cruel and exploitative purposes. The children of Gaia are not limited by human definitions and control.

We are aware that often our pets / animals we know read and sense things about us, even manipulate sometimes.

They remember and seem to understand certain words

and behaviour patterns and predict our movements.
More on this in a later Passage.

1. See now a video about the intelligence of crows

https://www.ted.com/talks/joshua_klein_on_the_intelligence_of_crows

Here below is a true story of an encounter between a fledgling Jackdaw and Alexander.

“Hi Wendy

The baby jackdaw of the river

Two years ago I was sat at my laptop racking my brains trying to get my head around the ins and outs of immunology, when I heard an enormous racket from the birds outside.

Noise from the birds wasn't unusual but this time it was impossible to ignore the crowing from these corvids.

I ran outside to see what was making the birds so agitated. I ran up to the rails and saw in the river was a crow flapping its wings trying to get up the bank. Something was strange about the bird though it had a strange lump on its back. That was when I realised there was a massive rat on the birds back trying to eat the fledgling.

Not being able to stop myself I jumped straight into the river, waded through the water and chased off the rat. Upon picking up the baby bird I could see that its right leg had been broken in two.

I then went back to the bank, grabbed a towel, wrapped up the bird and drove as fast as I could to the vets to see if they could help. Sadly when I got there they said that there was nothing they could do and the best action would be to put the bird to sleep. So I left the bird with the vets defeated.

On the way home I thought to myself that if I saw this again I would allow the rat to eat the bird, as then I could allow nature to take its course rather than end up with a dead bird in a veterinary clinic.

Two years later I was again at my desk on my laptop racking my brains about the varying fluctuations within wolf howls, when again I heard an awful racket from the jackdaws outside.

Instantly I knew what had happened, this time I decided that I was going to leave the bird and leave it to nature. Less than a minute passed and I realised that no matter what happened I couldn't knowingly let any animal suffer a death from drowning or from being mauled by a rat. So I ran outside to the bank and I saw a fledgling jackdaw in the middle of the river trying to swim to the bank opposite to mine, jumping down into the river I then noticed the rat on the other bank waiting expectantly for the bird to make its way to "safety".

Seeing this I jumped into the water and managed to wade through the river to the bird beating the rat (who swiftly ran away after seeing me in the river). Holding the bird softly in my hands, its brilliantly blue eyes stared deep into my soul. The stare was strangely chilling. I managed to call to my girlfriend to bring a towel, so we could safely carry the bird back to the rest of the jackdaws.



Sadly whilst walking with the towel to the trees where the birds nest, the jackdaws eyes began to fade. With each moment the birds' eyes closed more and more until they were completely closed and the neck became limp. Realising the jackdaws death I returned to the foot of the tree where the jackdaws nest and placed the little bird at the base of the tree.

I did this because jackdaws are extremely intelligent birds, although it's not 100% proven that birds feel empathy it has been known for them to mourn the death of others, a trait that has also been witnessed in other species such as wolves. By placing the jackdaw at the bottom of the tree it would allow the birds to see the death and allow for mourning.



Leaving the bird I carried on with my day. I was upstairs in my home rewiring a plug opposite the jackdaws tree, when I heard a crash into the upstairs window making me jump. Turning around I saw a half downed jackdaw stood on my window sill. The jackdaw then stared at me in the eye, once again the brilliant blue eyes stared deep into my soul, but somehow this time it just felt different, it wasn't chilling or scared it seemed almost like gratitude, it then turned around and flew over the trees.

When the bird left it made me wonder “why did the bird fly on the windowsill and was this the same bird?” Bearing in mind never in my whole time of living in my house has any bird landed on that window sill. Not believing this could be the same bird I decided to check the foot of the tree to see if the jackdaw was still there. Convinced it wasn't the same bird I walked up to the tree.

There it was the bottom of the tree and no bird in sight, not even a single feather was on the ground, so not even an animal had taken it. The jackdaw was completely gone. In total disbelief I went straight home, went straight back on my laptop and did some research on corvids and after a little searching I discovered that corvids can actually fake their own death.

This defence mechanism can save them from some species that would otherwise kill a hard earned prey or even save them from an unknowing Homo Sapien that is trying to save the corvids life anyway.

After this whole event it kind of left me a little stunned and unsure what to think. The bird may have been taken away and eaten by the rat (who would have been very thorough as to not leave any feathers) or the bird got up after I walked away and accidentally flew into my window, or possibly the bird flew to my window to almost say thank you before flying

way to live it's life. Either way I felt much better thinking that I might have saved the jackdaw, rather than have lost another."

All the best

Alexander Entwistle

Questions

1. What did you notice about the stance of the speaker in the video on the intelligence of crows?
2. Which birds belong to the Corvidae family?
3. Name 3 characteristics of Corvids.
4. Have you had any observations or experiences in 3D and or the aluna with Corvids? If yes which bird?
 - b) What did you learn?
5. What do you feel the story of Alexander and the fledgling Jackdaw helps us with? Include any information you read from the photos?

Written by Wendy Datta

Letter by Alexander Entwistle

Photographs by Katie

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