



The Owl's Journal

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Choosing the Right Vet

Need a vet? Ask yourself what type of vet do you want? Holistic? Traditional? Are brains more important than bedside manner, or are both equally important? Try to find a vet who is friendly, knowledgeable, and humane. Look for someone who is unafraid of people

and willing to explain things and empathize with your concerns. Having caring vets for your precious "kids" is vital. Plus, it is important to feel as though you can discuss matters in a respectful manner. Don't be



afraid to dump a vet if you feel you are not receiving the treatment you deserve and quality of care that is needed for your pet. It is better to look for a vet who is more compatible than staying with one that doesn't meet your needs.

The Gift From Archimedes



Archimedes aka Archie was a mysterious cat. He would always stare with yellow eyes at Cindy.

One day Archie went out. After six days, he had not returned. Cindy called and I checked in with Archie. He said he needed two more days on his secret mission. Three days later, Archie had not come home. We checked in again. "He'll be home tonight," I said. The next day when I checked in I clearly saw that Archie had returned home but chose not to let Cindy know. Later in the week, Cindy called again.

Cindy said she had talked with four other psychic type people and they all gave her conflicting information. I asked, "What does your heart tell you?"

"That he's still alive. So, why won't he come home?" Archie said his mission was to teach Cindy how to trust her inner voice and guidance. Archie wanted her to connect with him directly because he knew she had the ability. He saw how Cindy would give her power away, because she had stopped trusting herself a long time ago.

"Great, if I could do that I would have. Can you teach me?" Cindy asked. I spent some time teaching her how to hear Archie and her inner voice. With new tools to help her hear, she immediately started to check in with him.

Another week went by and Cindy called again. "Madison, I have been having conversations with Archie, but I think something has happened to him." It was true, Archie had transitioned, but in-

stead of telling her directly I asked, "What does your heart tell you?" She responded, "Archie has passed on." She continued, "He left because I can hear him now and have started to trust myself again."

Cindy is a healer in training. She has been learning different techniques and methods to assist people. However, Archimedes knew that if she didn't start trusting her intuition she would never rise to be the amazing healer that she is and do the work she was meant to do. Archimedes knew that the love connection between them and his leaving was what was needed for this lesson. Without the love and the loss Cindy may never have come out of her shell to learn this vital lesson.

When A Dog Is A Dog

Each one of us has the most amazing, sensitive, cute, lovable and intelligent dogs. They know our every thought and we marvel at the wisdom that oozes from those precious baby browns. Then in an instant, he is either licking his private parts, barking hysterically at nothing you can see, or walking around with a grocery bag stuck on his head. What happened? Hate to say it, but your dog is acting like a dog.

One of the most unpopular Dog being Dog traits that I've come across is the dog who believes motorcycles have no right to be on the road. How many of you

have taken your happy dog for a car ride? The sun is shining, Fido is quietly scoping scenery from the back seat and then the buzz happens. A mile away he hears the rumble of the motorcycle. The call of the wild envelops him, his eyes narrow as he gets into pounce position. His mission: to take out the biker. However, the windows are up so biker and dog are safe. Yet, the wild behavior and incessant barking trashes your serenity as Fido yells through the glass, "You're lucky my mama won't let me free." Your nerves are frayed and you yell out "Silence." There is a pause for a millisecond and then the bark-

ing continues until the biker is over the hill. Don't you just hate that behavior of Dog being Dog?

You can train him. Have a friend drive you around while you sit in the back seat with Fido and do corrective measures on him until he can finally watch a motorcycle go by without a care. It may take a while of constant intervention. But it is possible to train your dog to stop acting like one.



Hello, my name is Missy. I'm a recovering Dog. I haven't chased a motorcycle in 3 months. Well, except that time....

Dear Madison

In preparation for the New Year I have been cleaning out my closets. Do you know of any place I can take my old stuff that would benefit the animals?

Stuff to Give in NM

Dear Stuff to Give, There are plenty of places to take your old stuff that will

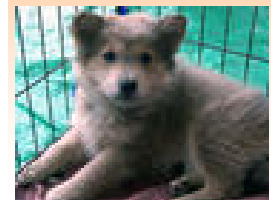


benefit animals. If you have old blankets you can offer them to shelters, kennels or vets. Sometimes they are seeking

blankets to make bedding for the animals visiting. Some shelters, such as the

ones run by the Animal Humane Association of New Mexico have thrift stores associated with them. By dropping your old stuff off at their thrift store you can be sure that the money collected on these items will go to helping the animals. Plus, it is tax deductible.

Your old blanket may benefit a fuzzy buddy!



Kitty Tip - Hairballs away!!!!

If you have a cat, I'm sure you've encountered at least one hairball. Hairballs are a result of grooming. The hair gets ingested and gathers into a wad in the stomach. Then the cat does its best to hurl the thing out. It can be pretty gross sounding when your kitty is trying to discharge a fur ball. To ease the process there are a couple of things you can try. First, if you

have petroleum jelly (PJ) in the house wipe a 1/4 teaspoon on the cats lips. They'll lick it off and the PJ will help the hairball move through the digestive track instead of up and out. Another way to deal is to give your kitty 1/2 to 1 teaspoon of butter a day for up to a week. Butter is a natural lubricant and acts as a mild laxative. It helps the hairball through the digestive

track. Also, a high fiber diet will assist in the removal of hairballs. Look for a food that contains 3.5-10% of fiber. If your cat continues choking after three days, call a vet. It could be a serious blockage.

Special thanks to L. Bond, D.V.M.; J.B. Dalley, D.V.M.; and F. Fettman, D.V.M. For the hairball suggestions.



When Do We Say Good-bye

Often I receive calls from people with sick or old animals. Their voices are filled with sadness as they ask, "How will I know when it is time to say good-bye?" The person always wants the best for the animal, but they are not sure when to stop helping them stay alive.

One little dog I spoke with asked specifically to not be returned to the vet. Going to the vet was too traumatic for her. All the bright lights, noise, poking and prodding. She asked to be left at home with her "mom" and that would be perfect. Several days later she died very peacefully in

her mother's arms.

Another dog, Rex, said that he would hang in there as long as it took Paul time to let go.



Rex was at peace with leaving, but he knew his "dad" was having a terrible time letting go. Rex kept hanging on for Paul, in spite of the constant trips to the vet, needles, and pain. Eventually, Paul came to an understanding that he would never be separated from his beloved furry companion. With tears streaming

down his cheeks, Paul carried his best friend into the vets for the last time. As Paul later recounted his story to me, I clearly saw Rex's spirit very happy and full of energy around Paul's leg. "He's still with you, Paul."

"I know, I can feel him."

Whenever you decide it is time to help your animal transition, that is the PERFECT time. These decisions never come lightly. There is much agony and turmoil through this process. Then one day there is peace about it all. And that is the day we say good-bye.

Pledging Anchorship

In the last two issues I have discussed anchorship and how our animals do much more than just provide a friendly companion on our life's journey. In this article, I wanted to share how Noah gave me a wake up call to the importance of her job as an anchor in my life.

Noah, my Carin Terrier, pledged her Anchorship to me when she was first brought home. Having a dog would be at least a 15 year commitment, which meant, I would need to be on the planet that long.

A few years later, life got dark. If I were beamed up, it would be okay because Noah had my best friend Mickey to care for her. Noah's Higher Self must have caught wind of my disenchantment with life and took drastic action.

While I was away in Florida helping a friend, Noah was staying with Mickey. At 11:00pm I received a call saying that Noah had been attacked by a WOLF! The wolf had snatched her out of the backyard. But, Noah being the fearless terrier that she is gave the wolf a run for his money, forcing it to drop her. From the emergency room at the animal hospital Mickey asked me if I wanted to use "Heroic Measures" if need be. I said, no. If it was for Noah's highest good she would pull through on her own account. As much as I loved Noah, I would never force her to stay. She would have to make the decision on her own. The rest of the night I spent with her spirit doing distance energy work and letting her know it was okay to go, if that was what she needed to do.

Noah's body had been torn apart. She had gashes all over from bite wounds, a broken rib, punctured lung, and possible punctured stomach. She needed surgery. The doctors didn't think she would make it. Her survival was dependent on overcoming the trauma, surgery, swelling, and possible infections. She was in intensive care for 4 days. After a week I brought her home. I feared she might suffer psychological damage, but she didn't. After a month she returned to her normal self and wasn't afraid of big dogs or nothing (except vets). Through this experience we recommitted ourselves to each other. I told her not to worry, I would stay as long as she did. Noah made her little pig noises, and we had a deal.

.....Stay tuned to hear about the Flight of Frodo.

"I take Anchorship very seriously and no dumb wolf is going to stop me."



Owl Wisdom

New Address

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If you would like to receive this newsletter electronically and/or directly please let me know. Also, if you have any thoughts, ponders, or questions please send me an email. I look forward to hearing from you.

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(Madison, Frodo and Noah)

Madison Owl, MA, is an Animal Communicator dedicated to bringing the truth of the animal to their human counterpart. Her ability to connect with the animal's spirit allows her to work with animals all over the country via telephone. Sessions are a minimum of 15 minutes and are \$2/minute. As a Quantum Energy Practitioner, Madison's multi-dimensional energy work often addresses past and parallel life issues that physically, mentally and/or spiritually affect the animal or human. Sessions for a person or animal are a half hour long and cost \$45 or one hour for \$90. Call to make your appointment: 505-577-6207

We Are Not Alone

Have you ever looked into the eyes of a baby and said, "That kid has a very old soul." Have you ever met someone who can't seem to find their way out of a paper bag? The kind thing to say would be, "they have a very young soul." One day I was privileged to meet a Master teacher of young souls.

Marion called because Mocha her Border Collie kept barking at the air, the ceiling, and the vents. I asked Mocha what she was barking at. Without hesitation she said, "I am announcing Marion's students!" Mocha then showed me these beautiful beings of light. They were young souls that had contracted with

Marion. Apparently, Marion's Higher Self had told these newbie's to the planet earth and three di-



mensional living that they could come and observe and study her. For years they had been watching Marion's amazing spirit work in her beautiful skin-suit as a citizen of Earth. In preparation for their own incarnation, they needed to learn what it was like to be human. This is something we all went through before coming here, but it's not

something a dog has ever told me. I checked and triple checked before I said anything to Marion. No matter how I phrased the questions to Mocha I still received the same answers. At the risk of sounding totally nuts, I came out with it. "Mocha says you've contracted to be a Master Teacher to young souls. They come to learn from you and Mocha is announcing their arrival when she barks." A very long pause followed. Then Marion said, "That makes sense. I've always known I've been a teacher of some sort. This is very interesting. I guess I'll do it with more consciousness now." **And so it is.**