

# The Owl's Journal

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## Animal Wisdom

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## How's Frodo?

In the last issue of *The Owl's Journal* a cliff hanger was presented; if I use the principle's of the Law of Attraction will Frodo become a more docile little boy when a cow is in front of him? During this past month I have been telling him what a wonderful, *calm*, good boy he is over and over. I have imagined

peaceful walks and rides in the car.

The other day a woman with two dogs on a leash was standing next to a stop sign. We, Noah, Frodo and I, pulled up along side of her. I told Frodo what a good boy he was. He whimpered a little, but did not freak out at the dogs. Even Noah was

calm. I was amazed. Maybe my outlook on the world does affect the dogs. Frodo has also been doing much better on walks as well. The true test hasn't come yet since a cow has yet to pass us. Stay tuned.



## Hog View



I looked over and saw the biggest hogs

squished into the back of a trailer.

As I looked at them, I didn't see the usual terror. What I saw was a bunch of happy pigs. I asked them if they knew where they were going, "Oh yes, we're all going Home now. Isn't it a beautiful day?" The sky, brilliant blue, held warm air filled with the excitement of Spring. It was indeed a beautiful day.

"Yeah, but," I started.

"Look," said the hog closest to me, "do you think when we come into this world we don't know what we're in for? You people have no concept; we never forget who we are, ever. We come here in service. Every inch of our path is

done in service to humanity. The fact that you see us as peaceful, tells us *you* are peaceful. When you saw terror in the eyes of our brethren in years past, that's because that was where *you* were on your own path. We are your mirror. Do not forget."

What could I say? I was stunned. The pig on the end heard me and replied, "Just say thank you! Don't stop eating us, just be aware and say, 'thank you.'" On that note, the truck sped up, pulled in front of me and exited the highway; another lesson I would have never imagined.

And so, I have returned to eating meat. I give thanks for the animals who have come to be on my plate, and I send them much love and praise, for I understand now.

## Under Pressure

Morris called. "I'm being pressured by my cat. I can't stand it anymore."

"What do you mean," I asked.

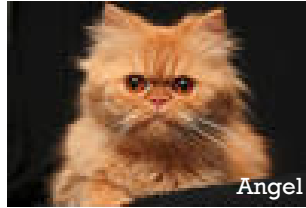
"I'm gone all day and when I get home all I want to do is eat my dinner have a glass of wine and chill out. Then Angel starts in."

"How so?"

"She sits and stares at me," Morris sounded very distraught. "For no reason, she'll plant herself four feet from me and sit and stare."

"Why do you think she stares at you?"

"She's trying to vibe me out."



"Which means, what?"

"Do you want the truth," Morris asked. "I hate my boss. I can't stand the little \*&^%#). He's constantly on my case and all I want to do is grab him by the neck tie and twist, until, well, you know."

"Yeah, I get the picture," I responded.

"I think Angel is trying to psych me out from doing anything."

"Is that true?" I asked Angel. A huge wave of love poured over me as she said in a very deep voice.

"Morris spends too much time thinking about bad things. He needs to start paying attention to the goodness in the world; like me," she smiled.

"That's it?" Morris asked.

"Wouldn't you say that is plenty?"

A second passed, Angel's response hit Morris between the eyes like a ton of bricks. "She is right, I'm wasting my life thinking of that guy. Maybe, I'll look for different work."

Angel jumped in his lap and began to purr.

## Dear Madison

*My friend keeps pestering me to get a name tag for my dog. Do you think it's a good idea?*

*Resistant in Florida*

Absolutely. I am a total believer in animals having name tags. Before micro chipping pups was the norm, metal name tags were the only means of identification. These tags carry your dogs name and phone number on them in the event they should get lost.

Some people refuse to tag their dogs because of how wonderful they are and that they would never run away, but what if the unexpected occurs?

Chiquita was an Australian Cattle dog mix who had been abandoned at a

campground. The ranger asked me to take her and I did. Right after that I bought her a new collar and a \$4 dollar name tag. At the time I had a rag top jeep. Chiquita would sit with the top down and never leave the jeep.

One day, I went into a store. The jeep top was up so I unzipped the window corners just enough to let fresh air in. When I came out, there was no Chiquita. I started to ask questions. "Oh yeah, I saw her, she wanted to come into the store," said a guy standing outside. Chiquita, with major abandonment issues, pushed her nose, head, and body out of the zipped window and left to look for me. "Some woman, probably thinking your dog had been lost, took her." the guy said.

Apparently, the woman felt sorry for Chiquita and took her to Burger King for a couple of burgers. Her boyfriend, a local police officer brought Chiquita to the station where they did paper work until the dog warden arrived. The warden took Chiquita to his kennel. There he read her name tag and called me. Within minutes I was reunited with Chiquita, however, it had been 5 hours since the woman took her.

The woman or her boyfriend could have called, but they didn't know. Fortunately, the warden had enough sense to read the tag. If a person may not know to read a tag, can you imagine them taking a dog to a vet to have a micro chip scanned? Why risk it? Treat your dog to a name tag. It is worth it.

**Even if you have  
the best dog in  
the world get her  
a name tag!**



## Coyote

In the past two months I have witnessed on three different occasions coyotes walking by. From my desk window I have watched a pair wonder down my driveway twice. Last week, I saw possibly the same pair cross the road in front of me. Since this seemed unusual, I stopped to ask the coyotes what they were up to.

Coyote while looking at Noah and Frodo, which could be construed as lunch meat for him said, "We represent the danger that is often around you and lurking in dark places. Have you noticed that you have been safe?"



"I have." It was true, no harm to the dogs or myself has occurred. Even when I called Noah into the house on double time because the coyote was right behind her in the yard, she made it safely.

"This is because you walk in Grace and Divine Remembrance," Coyote said. "You are divinely protected at all times. You and your family are safe. You may see danger but it cannot harm you as long as you remember the truth of your soul."

Where do these animals get this stuff, I wondered. Do they lie under the trees reading *Conversations with God* or something?

"No," he heard me. "We have our own conversations with God. And by the way, the other thing we want you to know is, lighten up. Life is too short to worry about the mundane. Go out and have fun. Know that all is truly well. Enjoy, be at peace, and play until you laugh so hard you wet yourself." The other coyote laughed as they trotted off into the woods. Then I overheard, "Do you think she'll leave the dogs unattended now?"

## Send in the Stunt Double

Ruth was a type "A" kind of person. She loved running marathons, power hiking through the mountains, and white water kayaking. For years, her faithful companion George, a nine year old Labrador, accompanied her. Then he started to slow down. In response, Ruth found the perfect puppy she thought would keep George young and spry. Ruth named the puppy, Roosevelt.

Roosevelt loved George and climbed all over him. George tolerated it. Roosevelt craved petting and hugs, George lay in his bed and watched Ruth dote over the pup. Roosevelt wanted to climb mountains, the higher the better. George, didn't seem to care. In fact, he didn't want to get in the car anymore and go for rides. Ruth called me to find out what was wrong with him.

"I've been climbing, running, and swimming everyday for the last nine years and these paws are tired," George said. "Ruth may think she got Roosevelt for me, but I actually got him for her. I need a break."

"George, are you happy because Ruth is concerned there might be something wrong with you," I asked.

"The only thing wrong with me is that I don't get enough nap time."

"He sleeps all day," Ruth responded.

"He wants to sleep more," I said.

"And I need more space," George said. "I love Ruth dearly but if she gives me one more bear hug with the intent to pop my eyeballs out of my head I'm going to snap. Why do you think I picked Roosevelt? That

goofy kid can be squeezed until his head explodes and still be in total glee. It's time to share the love, if you know what I mean,"

"I do.

"Tell Ruth she has my blessings to take the kid on all her adventures and that I prefer to lie in my bed, which happens to get the afternoon sun, and watch the butterflies flit by the garden window."

"Is there anything else?"

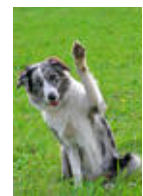
"Yep, Roosevelt is my stunt double. He can do all the official dog things. I'm going to relax. Maybe I'll take up bird watching or become the neighborhood watch, something to think about."

Roosevelt became the game dog and George retired on a big pillow with a big smile.

**It's not a bad thing to hang back.**



George enjoys long naps in the sun, belly rubs and bird watching.



Roosevelt enjoys power hiking, the longer the better, and playing until midnight.

## Owl Wisdom

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Do you have any stories or antidotes you would like to share with other like minded folks? Send them in and we can share them in The Owl's Journal.

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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 assists in the restoration of emotional, physical, mental and spiritual balance in animals and humans. Appointments are available for distance balancing. Please call for more information 505-577-6207.

## We Are Not Alone

I've spoken with many of you about your dog's reaction to spirits in the house. Last year my father died. His spirit popped by a couple of times to see if I was okay and then all was quiet, until January when he brought my two grandmothers with him. Needless to say, Noah has had quite the time.

Noah, is my psychic dog. She'll tell me when my family members arrive in spirit. First, she will bark at them. I'll look over and see Noah barking at a blank wall. Then she sits and wags her tail. I can tell my maternal grandmother is trying to pet her. Next, Noah will lie down in front

of them, or should I say the blank wall. She is in Sphinx position making gentle grunting sounds. Usually at this point, I close my eyes and ask who is here?

"We are," the three of them say together and then the conversation begins. They have been visiting daily, not to interfere or bother me, but to offer support and guidance in a personal endeavor. To them it is important, to me it is monumental and thus they come to cheer me on.

What was an amazing phenomena in the beginning has become routine. While I have my first cup of coffee in bed, Noah will lie at the

foot just "talking" away with my grandmothers. I'll briefly check in to see if there is anything new happening, but there isn't. They just want me to know they are present should I need them.

At night, when I try to wind down with a movie, Noah will bark at the wall. They're back. I check in to see if I have missed something of importance, "No, we just want you to know we love you."

"I love you, too," I turn up the TV. Noah hangs with them for a little while longer until she is ready to play with her stuffed rhino. And so it goes.

Mom,  
They're  
here again!



Noah