



OWL WISDOM, LLC

The Owl's Journal

July 1, 2007

Written and Published by Madison Owl

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Fireworks Aren't Always Fun

Happy July! Summer fun is at hand. Fourth of July festivities are being planned such as family gatherings, picnics, and watching fireworks. What we think of as fun can sometimes be traumatizing for a dog.

Family picnics are what dogs live for, but they can do without the fireworks. I have come to this conclusion after working with

many dogs that have been severely stressed by the sky exploding. What I have witnessed is; we think our dogs know what fireworks are and that they are supposed to be fun to watch, but not all dogs see it that way.

First their energy fields are shattered by the sound scraping their nerves. Then flashes of light, the rolling of

sparks that buzz, and everything seems very unsafe. Dogs shake with fear. It's not fun. It's very scary. Especially to a puppy.

After the picnic, consider leaving your pet at home when you leave to view the fireworks. Even though they may give you those sad eyes of being abandoned, they will thank you in the long run.

Animal Wisdom

- Fireworks and Good Sense
- An Amazing Teacher
- Love is in the Air
- Keep with the Beat of the Zoo
- The Owl's Way Workshop.
- A Sign From Spirit



'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Tiger, a mighty soul in a very tiny body stopped by on her life's journey to bless two beautiful women.

Marianne, Sadie's mom, had called because Tiger had escaped out the back gate. "She's a Jack Russell Terrier puppy and she's not very big. Can you help?"

After explaining to Marianne that I'm more telepathic than psychic I checked in with Tiger. She was alive and taken care of. "Whoever picked her up did it with goodness in their heart," I told Marianne. "What was to

you a lost puppy, to them was an abandoned dog."

"But, she's micro-chipped," she responded.

"It doesn't matter. Only fairly astute people know to have dogs tested for a micro chip. Most common folk don't think about it."

If Tiger was wearing a dog tag, would the outcome have been different? It may have. Perhaps, the person who picked her up might have called immediately, we'll never know.

Sadie and Marianne went door to door asking neighbors if they had seen Tiger. Sadie had just moved into a new neighbor

hood and didn't know anyone, but her desire to find Tiger was so strong, she made herself knock on every door. She was welcomed by many kind people who were sincerely concerned. However, no one had seen Tiger.

There is a reason for everything. One of the gifts Tiger gave Sadie was the opportunity to meet her neighbors in a very short amount of time, which was a positive experience. The gift for Marianne was that she could leave her daughter knowing she was in a safe neighborhood. As for Tiger, she has moved on to teach her new caregivers. All we can do now, is give thanks for her blessing our lives.

Kitty Love

He was smart and handsome, not like the other cats in town. She was bright and bubbly and had a magical way that softened the heart of old Tom. It was kitty love.

Spring sprang in Santa Fe and with it love blossomed. Sophy was only 4 years old, but in cat years that is considered a late bloomer. She met a guy. And as the familiar story goes, all else flew to the wind. Sophy was no longer coming home at night. She wasn't eating her kibble when she did show, and she was no longer interested in what her human family was up to. All she could think about was moonlit strolls



with him. Needless to say, I was called in.

"She's missing," they said.

"She's in love," I said.

"Really?"

"She's met a guy."

"Really?"

"Yeah, she's safe and happy with him."

"We did see her with an-

other cat. Will she be coming back?"

"She's not far, she'll check in with you to make sure you're okay," I said.

"That's good, we just wanted to know she's alright."

"Oh yes, they roam the quiet streets at midnight, take naps under the juniper, and drink water together from the neighbor's dog dish left in the backyard. They are very happy."

"That's great. We were concerned about coyotes."

"No worries, he is seasoned and will keep her safe. All is truly well."

Caesar The Carrier Squirrel

Ever wonder how the polar bear knows the scuttle about the antelopes in the zoo? Or how the mountain lion knows that the seals received extra fish for dinner? Meet Caesar The Carrier Squirrel.

The other day I went to the zoo to see if any of the animals wanted to be interviewed for my newsletter. As always, I go without an agenda and just see where spirit guides me. I had barely moved beyond the entrance way when I heard, "Hey, up here." I looked up and saw sitting on a rock on top of a waterfall just across the alcove of the pond a squirrel.

"Are you talking to me?" I asked as I walked a little closer to get a better look..

"No, I'm talking to the fish," a sassy squirrel responded. "Of course, I'm talking to you."

"What can I do for you?" I asked. The squirrel sat on the rock staring down at me.

"I heard last time you were here you wondered how news traveled within the zoo," the squirrel bobbed his head.

"That's right, who told you?"

"Zoey, the hippo."

"I see."

"I'm Caesar The Carrier Squirrel and it's my job to make sure messages get from one place to another. For example if Tanya the Spider Monkey wants to tell Simon the Meer Kat about a

strange tourist experience she would call me, and tell me and then I would run over to Simon and tell him. Do you understand?"

"I do." Just then a hummingbird flew up to Caesar.

"This is Spike. He's the fastest hummingbird in New Mexico. He's our express carrier." Caesar gave Spike some instruction on something and then Spike darted away. "The day has begun," Caesar looked down at me.

The tourists had started rolling in. I looked over at a bus load of kids. "Make sure you spell my name right," Caesar said as he started to hop away. "And just between you and me, the zoo people have our names all wrong but we humor them." And off he went.

Squirrel News

Keep with the Beat of the Zoo. Subscribe to the Squirrel News by Caesar.



Healing Your Animal

The Owl's Way

July 28, 2007

- **Learn to help animals** in a gentle and effective way whether they are near or far.
- **Learn a simple, yet profound balancing technique** that you can use on animals and people alike. This technique has helped animals become seizure free, reduced and eliminated allergies, restored mental and physical health and has assisted with animals in the process of transitioning.
- **Learn to hear your animals** through telepathy and the energy work.

The Owl's Way Workshop will be a day filled with practical techniques. It will assist you in understanding, communicating and healing your animal. This class is designed for those just beginning their path into energy work and for those who already are adept. The technique I teach is a compilation of 20+ years of experience working in the field figuring out what works best.

Location: Santa Fe Soul

2905 Rodeo Park Drive East

Santa Fe, NM 87505

Date: July 28, 2007

Time: 9-3pm

Registration Fee: \$150

For More Information: 505-577-6207

Madison Owl, MA, QEP is a nationally known Animal Communicator and Quantum Energy Practitioner. She has been working with energy and animals for over two decades.



.....
Yes, I would like to attend The Owl's Way Workshop. Enclosed is my check for \$150.

Name

Address

Phone

Email

Please send this form with your check to: Madison Owl, PO Box 355, Sandia Park, NM 87047

All registration fees must be in by July 25, 2007 to ensure seating.

Owl Wisdom, LLC

Madison Owl
PO Box 355
Sandia Park, NM
87047-0355

505-577-6207



(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 with over 20 years of experience, 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.

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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We Are Not Alone



Katie called desperate because Dear Barton, aka DB, had been missing for two days. "He had a stroke last week," she said between tears and gulps of air. "Before, he would always stay nearby, even when I was in the house he would be by the window. When I looked out he was gone. I've been combing the woods ever since."

DB was a 14 year old elk hound. When I checked in with him it was clear that he made a decision to leave. He realized that it was time for Katie to move on in her life. Katie, was not one to let go. She was prepared to do everything imaginable to help DB. She would

have gladly given up her life for him and she was on the verge of doing this. Barton was Katie's life. Barton knew this and didn't want a "fuss" he said to me. And so, Barton left to transition in a quiet place under the junipers and pines.

Through experience I have learned that animals often prefer to die alone. When they know the dieing process will be very traumatic to their person they will often slip away to a quiet spot where they can't be disturbed and their person can't bear witness. It is their choice.

I relayed this information to Katie but she didn't want to

hear it. "I know he's out there. I must find him. I'll call you back later."

The next day Katie left a message. "You're not going to believe this. I woke up in the middle of the night because of a sound. I went out to see if it was DB. When I opened the front door a very large deer was standing in my yard, not ten feet from me. And it just stood there! What is so wild, is that I used to call DB my 'Little Deer'." Katie started to cry and hung up.

Dear Barton had come to her as the deer to let her know he was alright and all was truly well.