



# The Owl's Journal

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Written and Published by Madison Owl

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## Bridging The Worlds

### Inside this issue:

<b>Quiet Angels</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Gifts of Mia</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Prairie Dogs</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Loosing Friends</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Returning Kitty</b>	<b>4</b>

### Animal Wisdom

- Bridging The Worlds between Humans and Animals
- Quiet Angels respect the deceased
- Spiritual Lessons only the Missing can teach
- Days remembered: a Prairie Dog Cheer
- Loosing a Prairie Dog Family
- Trading in the old for a new Kitty adventure

Beverly Antaeus has the best and hardest job in the world. She and Robert Hayes created Bridging The Worlds, An Animal Sanctuary.

My first contact with Beverly was phone tag about a missing dog. In thanks for a message I left, she sent me information about her work. When I learned about the organization, I was so thankful for their service. Their Mission Statement: "To alleviate animal suffering by providing sanctuary from abuse, neglect, and homelessness; To end the killing of healthy animals as a method of population control; To teach that animals are intrinsically valuable, worthy of respect, compassion, and care."



Beverly and Robert are currently focused on caring for dogs. They have securely fenced 35 acres where dogs can safely roam, play and run without confinement or chains. The dogs are welcomed to come in and sit with Bev-



erly while she does office work, or join her for a daily walk. The dogs, literally live with Beverly and Robert, receiving the nurturing and care they didn't have before.

At Bridging the Worlds all dogs receive nutritional meals, lots of love, and a place to relax in safety while they get their feet back under them. When additional care is necessary the dogs will receive veterinary care, acupuncture, chiropractic treatment, vitamins, herbal and homeopathic remedies, or anything else they may need. Each dog is spayed or neutered as well.

Once a dog has regained its strength and is in good health it is ready for adoption. Adoption Days are scheduled several times per month in Santa Fe.

For those dogs who are either too sick, due to cancer or other such illnesses, or dogs too wild and unable to adjust to living in the world, Bridging The Worlds provides sanctuary where they may live out their lives in peace and

with care.

When I finally had an opportunity to meet Beverly I was humbled by her deep commitment to the animals. She is a heroin to the dogs she rescues and cares for. I know, they tell me. If you would like to learn more about Bridging The Worlds, how to adopt a dog, and give donations, please browse their website or contact them directly.

Beverly Antaeus and Robert Hayes, PO Box 9109, Santa Fe, NM 87504 505-501-1887 [www.BridgingTheWorlds.org](http://www.BridgingTheWorlds.org)



Thank you for my life!

### Adoption Day Schedule

#### Santa Fe, NM

Saturday, Oct 13, Teca Tu, Montezuma

Friday, Oct 19, Feed Bin, Alameda

Saturday, Oct, 20, Feed Bin, Alameda

Saturday, Nov 3, Zoe & Guido's, Paseo de Peralta

*Let's Make a difference!*

# Quiet Angels

Have you ever had this experience on your way to work? You have your coffee or tea, the music is perfect and then you round the corner and are shocked by the horror scene of skin, bones, fur and blood. There's a word for the carcass left behind—roadkill.

Your entire energy level drops 60%. Even though you can't save it, you want to give it dignity by burial, but you're dressed for work. All day long flashes of the mutilated body disrupt your thoughts and then it's time for the dreaded ride home. You wish you had another way, but there is none. You must pass the scene of the crime.

You squint, and turn your head slightly hoping if you



don't look straight on, it won't traumatize you as much. But then, to your surprise, the creature's body is gone. Some how it was lifted off two lanes of highway. No vulture or raven could have cleaned it up so well, what happened?

A quiet angel stopped by. These are the men and women dedicated to honoring the souls of deceased animals who have met their death on the roads and highways of our nation. They carry at all times gloves, plastic bags, cardboard boxes, old tarps and a shovel to assist in the removal. They take the battered bodies either gently to the side of the road

where they can be placed under a bush or lie peacefully in a shallow grave. If it's not appropriate to set them on the side of the road, these special people will literally take them into the rural areas and find a suitable place to say a prayer before burying them.

I once knew a man who did this and recently I met a woman who does this. In my travels, I've witnessed hundreds of carcasses disappear and can only imagine that there is a quiet army of beautiful souls that love and care for these bodies. What a wonderful gift they are. It soothes my soul knowing about the goodness in people. Thank you for the work that you do.

## The Many Gifts of Mia

Mia, a 10 yr old tabby left home after Lira broke up with Rick. She didn't care for the separation energy in the house and left.

"Mia says, she'll be back," I said to Lira. A week went by and Mia had not returned. "I still get that she's coming back and she has a list of requests." This was a surprise, but I have learned not to second guess what I hear. "Mia wants you to burn white candles, put the old red blanket on the bed, and make a promise 'to put yourself *first* in all situations'. If you do all these things, she'll be back in four days." Lira was willing to follow Mia's requests .

On the fifth day, I received

the call, "Mia didn't come back."

"I know, I felt it late last night," I replied. "Mia's mission has been completed. She wanted me to review how she has helped you from afar. When Mia left home, it prompted you to call me. Our conversation provided an opportunity for your guides to disclose an exciting new life path for you. They also reminded you of your grandness of soul. Mia's promise of return gave you relief while grieving your old life. Her list of requests were special gifts of love. The candles cleared the energy in your home. It is lighter and clearer now. You have a pledge to yourself, that will help you to

follow your truth. The red blanket is to wrap yourself in as a representation of the arms of the Universe bowing down and wrapping itself around you. Lira, you are so loved. You are never alone. Your guides really want you to know this. Mia could not have given you these gifts if she had stayed. And now, she has ventured to her next mission."

My guides tell us exactly what is meant to be known in the moment. Whether it is a truth or not, it is the *exact* information needed to propel us to take the next step. When your animal is missing I walk beside you as we're lead down a path of discovery.

**A definite path  
does not guarantee  
the destination we  
desire.**



## What's a 22 Prairie Dog Salute?

*I wrote this article last November.*

In New Mexico, prairie dogs live all over the place. Prairie dogs are cute, skinny, woodchuck looking critters that live in communities.

The day I was going to my official "coming out" party as an Animal Communica-

tor at the Whole Health Expo in ABQ I left my house early taking the same road as always out of the East Mountains. I was excited because most of my work is done over the phone and to be face to face with animal lovers is always such a joy. At one of the intersections, I looked across the road into

the field and saw 22 prairie dogs all standing and looking at me. Everyday, I have driven that road and never once saw a prairie dog let alone 22. I stopped and counted them. Then I heard them say, "Go get them Madison, We love you and what you're doing for the animals and their people!" My heart sang.

**A 22 Prairie Dog Salute is truly a sign you're heading in the right direction.**



## Loosing Prairie Dog Friends

After a hard winter, one of the first signs of spring in New Mexico is watching sleepy, skinny prairie dogs (PD) come out of hibernation to greet the world. I look for their arrival as I drive down the road.

Across the parking lot from my favorite deli I saw two PDs sitting in the grass munching away. Since it was still cool, I sat inside and ate as I watched them. The next day, I happened into the deli again and looked out to see the happy couple. I sat down at a table and they sat in the grass and we had lunch together. We never felt the need to have a conversation. We all knew life was good; the sun was warm, the sky was blue, what more could a person or PD ask for?

When the babies arrived it was all I could do to not run over and pick one up. They were so cute. And I'm not a "cute" oriented type person, but these babies snatched my heart the moment I saw them.

During the summer every other day I would have

lunch with this family. On hot days, someone would put a water bowl out for them. Others, left offerings of lettuce and vegetables. The PDs multiplied. There were about 20 fat and happy PDs now. They were being raised and loved by the community and were the talk of the deli.

Sally, the deli owner, said she called the Prairie Dog Pals to come and relocate them. The PDs lived between a parking lot and a busy road. Sally witnessed them wandering into the street so she wanted to protect them. "You know how they remove the PDs from the holes?" she asked me. "They blow bubbles into a hole, which scares the PDs and they run out where someone catches them. Then the whole family is relocated to a safe place."

Personally, I wanted them to stay because they felt like part of my family.

The day came and they were gone. "Did the Prairie Dog Pals come," I asked Sally.

"No, I'm so upset," she

said. "I think the landscapers told the owner that the PDs were chewing up the grass. They poisoned them all and filled in the holes. I found one dieing on top of its hole in the hot sun and moved him under the bush. God, I hate this world," she cried as she turned and left me standing there.

I didn't handle the news any better. There was no way I could make sense out of it. I didn't try. Instead, I hiked to a peaceful place on the mountain and held a ceremony for them. I called their spirits in to insure they made it to the other side okay, which they had. They were definitely safe now. I thanked them for the hours of joy they brought to me and the others. In case they ever wanted to return, I invited them to live in my yard. And then I watched as they moved into the light with little tails wagging. They were at peace.

Even though I know all is in Divine Order it still hurts and we may never know the greater meaning of this tragedy.

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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 \$3/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

If you would like to receive this newsletter electronically and/or directly please let me know:

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## We Are Not Alone

Ms. Kitty had slept under Marie's arm every night for fourteen years. That was her place, close to Marie's heart. River was a six month old kitten filled with spit and vinegar who held Tarzan as his idle. River was meant to keep Ms. Kitty company. Ms. Kitty didn't see it that way. He was a "boy-noise" to her.

After four months of trying to get along, she had enough and left. After 12 days, I received a call from Marie explaining how Ms. Kitty vanished. I checked the ethers and immediately knew she had crossed over. "I know; I felt her," Marie started to cry. "But she was healthy!"

I asked Ms. Kitty what happened and she said, "I quietly slipped my skin so I could return as a kitten and play with River instead of be annoyed by him."

This is why I love my job; not in a million years, would I have thought of that. Coyotes, cars, or even rattlesnakes would have seemed more normal. Her answer was precious. She couldn't readily change her attitude, however she could change her



age and being. "Tell Marie to come and get me. I'm ready when she is," Ms. Kitty said to me. "This was good thinking," she smiled pleased with herself.

"Now, I can swing with that crazy boy. We can grow old together and I've already called the right arm of Marie. Tell her to have no worries. I'll be home as soon as she picks me up."

"How will I find her," Marie asked.

"Follow your intuition. Don't rush to look for her unless you feel the need. If you're inspired to go to a certain shelter, do it. She will guide you. Just listen."

**And So It Is.**