

The Owl's Journal

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Written and Published by Madison Owl

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Inside this issue:

Group Therapy	2
Releasing Spirit	2
Bad Breath	2
Zoo Trip	3
Frodo's Flight	3
Bird Song	4

Animal Wisdom

- Talk to ALL the Animals
- The Dog Knows Who Dun nit
- Group therapy with cats
- Look away and release a spirit
- Bad Breath got you down?
- A Trip to the Zoo
- The Flight of Frodo
- Bird Funeral

What the Sheep Said

I was talking with The Girls the other day about the usual farm issues. They agreed their new grain was tasty and they were sick of the snow. Then Rose piped up, "Your newsletter sucks!"

"Excuse me," I said rather shocked.

"Yeah, its all about dogs and cats."

"That's right," Myrtle chimed in. "You're not saying nothing about the farm, zoo or wild animals. You know they have a lot to say."

And so, having dealt with sheep and knowing there

is no arguing with them. I vowed to Rose, Myrtle and Princess that I would do better and try to represent all animals in my future newsletters.



The Girls

Catching Criminals?

Jim called frantic. "My house has been robbed and Bruce is the only one who can tell us who did it!" I was stumped. Why would a guy call and tell me this? So I asked, "Why are you talking to me instead of Bruce?"

"Bruce is my Doberman," Jim responded. "He was here and saw the whole thing. There's no blood anywhere so he didn't attack the person. I want you to ask Bruce what happened."

This was a new request. I had never done crime fighting before, especially working the witness who happened to be a dog. After checking with my Full Self and being affirmed that it was appropriate to work with Jim in this specific situation, I did my best to refer him to the police before proceeding. Besides, what would Jim do after I



Bruce

spoke with Bruce? Go to the police and tell them his dog told him so and so did it? And they would ask him "how do you know he knows?" "Oh, the animal communicator told me!" Right. I was treading in delicate territory.

At Jim's insistence, I asked Bruce what happened in his home. Bruce said one of Jim's friends came over. He described how they wrestled together in their usual fun way and that he had received a biscuit for being a good boy. Bruce helped guard the door as Jim's friend loaded a stereo and small TV into his truck. On the way out, Bruce was quite happy because he had received another biscuit. "What was the big deal?" he asked inno-

cently.

"Damn it," Jim blurted. "Ask Bruce what did the guy look like."

Bruce gave me a visual image of a short, round man wearing a plaid jacket with a face full of whiskers and a bald spot on his head. Bruce wagged his tail as he showed me the picture of...

"Harry! Why that S.O.B." Jim explained how he had borrowed these items from his friend. "I was going to return them. Hold on. I'll call you right back." Before I could say anything Jim hung up.

Several minutes passed before I received the call back. "Bruce was right, it was Harry. I just got his confession and he still wants his \$20 I owe him." And so it is.

Group Therapy

There's a new cat in town and he's not like the others!



Buzz

Buzz thought he was a frog. When he moved to Memphis, TN his new neighbors did not take kindly to him. "You're weird!" "Go back to the pond." "Your mother is green and that's not natural!" The local cats shouted as Buzz hopped by. And so, Joan, Buzz's care giver called and asked if I would work with

the neighbor cats to help restore harmony in the neighborhood. She gave me the names of the offenders.

"Billy Sue, Bobby Joe, Puss-n-Boots Too and Razor come in," I called out through the ethers.

"Yeah, we're here," Puss-n-Boots Too said. "Are you going to tell that freak we don't want him here?"

"Not exactly." It took three days of negotiations with the Kit Cat Club to straighten things out. The bottom line was that the cats were to accept each others strangeness with appropriate behavior. For example, Razor being

cross-eyed was not to be made fun of anymore. Billy Sue has a bobtail. Bobby Joe has six toes on only one foot and Puss-n-Boots Too has bad breathe. In comparison, a frog's suit was not so bad. Peace returned to the neighborhood. Buzz continued to happily wear his frog suit and life was good.

The moral of the story is that sometimes group interventions can be helpful. Not to mention, all my years as a therapist finally paid off.

The names and the exact nature of the situation were changed to protect the innocent, however the kitty group therapy was a real deal.

Dear Madison

Why do animals die when you're not looking?

Curious, in Virginia

Dear Curious,

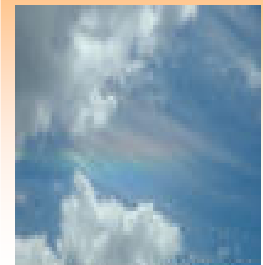
This is an excellent question. When you look into a creature's eyes a connection is made, which is often hard to break. That's be-

cause an energy, transmitted through the eyes, holds you together.

When your animal is dying and you are lovingly looking into their eyes, searching their souls for their last message, listening for their last breath, you are holding a very strong connection. This makes it very hard for

their spirit to break away. And so, they wait for that moment of disconnection. With the knowing they are fully loved, they wait until you've gone out or are asleep to seize the opportunity to release their skin suits and set their spirit free. It is all in perfection and a beautiful thing.

Look away and set a spirit free.



The Bad Breath Blues

Do you naturally run away when your cat or dog wants to give you a big kiss because their breath is enough to kill a passing alligator? It's time to remedy the situation.

You can go to any pet store and buy tooth paste and tooth brushes made specifically for your pet. This is an excellent way to reduce bad breath, however it can

be a bit daunting. Sweet Pea, on the other hand, loves carrots. She snacks on them during the day and it helps eliminate plaque and gives her fresh smelling breathe. You might also try dental bones or Greenies made especially to help clean dogs teeth. Greenies are even made for cats. Another fun thing is to engage your animal with a rope toy. You know,



Sweet Pea

the kind with a big knot on it? It's a perfect way for them to floss their teeth. These are all simple things that can help prevent going to the vet's for The Big Cleaning!

A Trip to the Zoo

There's nothing like hounding sheep to light a fire under your butt. At the urging of The Girls, I took a trip to the Rio Grande Zoo. It was a beautiful January day, bright sunshine and few people. It was my first visit to this zoo.

Through the years I have learned to not have expectations. Instead, I walk in as a blank slate and allow the experience to etch itself upon me. My mission was simply to see what was there. As I moved through the zoo I found the animals pleasantly peaceful. Many of them were basking in the sun taking in the warmth of the day. The



Rhino's were playing, which was a sight. I had never seen Rhino's run back and forth nudging one another. They

were amazingly graceful and agile. The hyenas seemed content as I passed them on my way to the cat section. It was there that my pleasant experience started to wane.

The mountain lion was pacing. "Not enough space." She kept repeating. One of the polar bears was having a similar experience as it paced back and forth. I kept moving to avoid en-

gaging because I wanted to make sure I had time to see everyone. The wolves peacefully lounged as I walked by.

Then I came to the Raptors and that's when my heart broke. Screaming in the corner was a Golden Eagle. Clearly his wing had been hurt so he could never return to the wild. He was distressed being so confined and unable to fly. He had a story to tell, but I asked him to wait until our next visit. And now I know why The Girls sent me to the zoo, to listen to the animals and tell their stories.

Pledging Anchorship - The Flight of Frodo

Throughout my life, I have taken dogs for rides probably 30,000 times or more and yet have never experienced anything like Frodo. I suppose since Noah, my terrier had picked him to be my second anchor and she went through a near death experience, he felt obligated to have his own. What can I say?

One day I needed to go for a ride so I piled the kids into the car. Noah was in her queen seat in the front and Frodo was in the back of the car. As we drove to Santa Fe along the country roads Frodo was getting excited about seeing the horses, neighbor dogs, and occasional cow. Each time we passed an animal he would get wild and bark. I didn't mind since he was in the back and the windows were rolled up more than half way. In order for him to catch a whiff of an animal

he had to stand on his tiptoes to barely get his head out the window. I thought for sure he was safe.

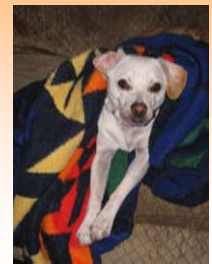
As I cruised down the road at 50 mph we came upon a herd of white cows. Noah started barking and Frodo flipped out. He couldn't get a big enough whiff and started bouncing all over. The ruckus was ear shattering and then all of a sudden... silence. I quickly glanced at Noah who immediately looked away from me. Then I looked in my rear view mirror and saw Frodo flying through the air! I pulled over and watched this dazed dog come running up to me. He stopped within three feet of me and asked, "Are you my mamma?" I got him back into the car and checked him over. He had no broken bones; only a cut lip and some road rash. It was a total miracle he

was alive and well.

After he calmed down, I took him to the vets to make sure he was okay, which he was. It seems that Frodo, being the little spineless jelly boy, survived his flight merely because while in mid air he didn't have an "Oh Shit" moment. To him, flying seemed as natural as drinking water. The landing was a bit of shocker, however. The next day Frodo was pulling on his leash as though nothing had ever happened. The whole thing was so weird. Now when we travel the rear windows are only open an inch and we try to steer clear from cows that may be telling Frodo to jump.



"I don't know what anchorship is, but I love my moms."



Frodo

Jump Frodo, Jump!

Owl Wisdom

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If you would like to receive this newsletter electronically, 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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"All you have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to you."

Gandalf



(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 - Bird Song

For The Girls ...

This is a story that happened many years ago when I was living just outside of Philadelphia. One day while driving home, I saw a bird had been freshly run over. It was flat. I felt terrible for the bird but knew there was nothing I could do. Removing the remains was impossible since they were so destroyed. I quietly parked my car in the driveway just a few feet from the squished bird. As I pulled my gear from the car I looked over and saw a bird land next to the flattened one. I figured it must have been a friend sharing last respects. Then another bird landed next to the

one. Three more came and a circle was formed around the little flattened bird. The air was still and thick



with reverence. There was a very long pause as though the birds were praying. I know I was. It was as though the birds knew I was there and they had invited me into their world for that sacred moment. I was deeply blessed and humbled. And then, a car came zipping down the road oblivious that it was about to run

through a funeral. The birds scattered and all traces of a gathering had disappeared.

That was 24 years ago and I have never viewed life quite the same since. The gathering of the birds helped me to understand that there is a much greater picture going on than I can ever imagine. Everything down to the smallest thing has the Universe's presence in it. Everything is Divine and we are all truly One. The birds did exactly as we would have done. They are indeed our brothers and sisters. And so it is.