



# The Owl's Journal

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## 2009 A Year For New Beginnings

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Beginning January 1, 2009, I will no longer charge a fee for my services, but will ask for a donation instead. The reason being is manifold. For the past 26 years, I have dedicated my life to discovering the nature of the Universe, learning what my God is and isn't; following my own drummer. When the Animal Communication (AC) biz was dropped in my lap I was immediately flung into inner conflict. J.Jill, the woman I inherited the biz from, generously gave me all the business information I needed to be successful, which I applied and

achieved. However, becoming a successful business woman has never been my focus in life. At the same time, I felt the need to honor my benefactor and do as she instructed me to do.

As time went by, I thought for sure the inner turmoil would settle, but it didn't. So finally after several years, I feel as though I have honored my predecessor by doing it her way and I have achieved a large enough clientele on my own merit to warrant doing this work my way, which is to let it flow.

So I'm no longer an AC business, I am just a person who

can talk with the animals and will gladly share what they have to say. I will trust the perfect amount of donations will come so that I may survive doing this work, if not, then it will be time to move on.

I became a reverend this past year in honor of my spiritual walk. My desire is to stay accessible during these difficult times and be part of the solution.

Have a very Happy New Year, keep spoiling your pets and call if need be. I am here to serve.

Madison

### Animal Wisdom

- Donations are the new way
- Stay True to Yourself
- Lessons from the Camino
- A quick and easy sweatshirt for a little dog
- In Memory of Myra

### Artist Ponders

Many of you are artists, and lately I have been hearing about the struggle to stay true to yourself.

If we go beyond and take a cosmic look at what is occurring, we are being squeezed. Yep, that is my technical term for what your spirit is experiencing. The squeeze is to make you choose. Choose either mainstream and die, or find **peace** to be the artist that you are. *But how do I survive?* Is the constant nagging question.

What I have found is that, there are some people, such as us, that don't fit the

mainstream box. No matter how hard we try, we can't fit in. We must be free to create, yet, we don't want to starve in the process. I discovered if I figure out what makes me feel good and do more of that and trust that goodness will come, then it comes.

When it doesn't come, I now, finally, know why. It's because I have been functioning in doubt and fear. When I used to think I was going to die if I couldn't figure out how to control my life, I would fling myself down on the living room floor and annihilate myself. I would take away the role

of sister, daughter, dog mom, teacher, counselor, friend and whatever else away. Then as a shapeless blob on the rug, I would find peace in my eternity. I would know that somehow everything would work out okay. I would feel a love from the Universe as I floated like a piece of spirit. And after an hour or so, I would have to pee or feed the dog. I would get up feeling better, knowing the truth of me...I am a spiritual being having a human experience and whatever is going on will pass and I will *know* how to survive, and even flourish.

# Lessons from The Camino

A few years back there came a point in my life when things weren't working out and I needed to go for a long walk. Sitting in a Cajun restaurant a few blocks from the Music Hall of Fame, I decided to follow in Shirley MacLaine's footsteps and walk The Camino. Within three weeks a friend and I were on a plane to France.

The Camino, known as The Way, is a route our ancestors walked in pilgrimage. I'm not religious by any means, so for me, the walk was about being aired; shaking off an old life, allowing a new life to filter in. From St. Jean Pied de Port to Santiago De Compostela the path was about five hundred miles. I had planned five weeks for this adventure. And so, up and over the Pyrenees Mountains we went on the first day on our way across northern Spain from east to west following the setting sun.

Looking back over the walk I can clearly see how it was a microcosm for my journey through life. The first night in Roncesvalles there was a blessing for the pilgrims. That's what they call people who walk The Camino - pilgrims. The ceremony was in Spanish and I didn't understand a word of it, but I could feel it. This must have been what it was like prior to coming on to the planet. We are blessed by those who have gone before us and wished a good journey. The next day we're set loose to walk The Way.

I found out quickly I was a typical dumb American. I was in Spain and could only

count to ten in Spanish. I thought everybody spoke English. Wrong. Only in the big cities do they speak English and I was in the country stepping over cow pies. So my walk became a silent one for the most part. This gave me the opportunity to simply take in the beauty of my surroundings and ponder the Universe. I did a lot of smiling, pointing, and acting like a chicken at dinner time.

Each morning my task was to put on my hiking boots and take the first step. I had a map for the day, but really didn't know where I was going. (Does this sound like life?) On the Camino they marked the way with yellow arrows or shells imbedded on tiles in sidewalks, or carved on signs, or spray painted on rocks. Every day I turned my will over to my God and said, "Lead On." If I were to get lost I wouldn't know it and the funny thing was, I never got lost. Angels always popped out of alleys to point the way if we were off track. In my larger life, I have found that to be true, too. I can pin point several of these beautiful people who came out of nowhere, pointed me in the right direction and then softly faded away.

The Camino is an ancient trail, which leads through beautiful pastures, over mountains, along vineyards, and across flat plains. Over the centuries towns and cities have popped up to serve the pilgrims. Since each day was a new adventure I was never sure what type of environment I would find myself in. Trust was the big lesson. I would have to trust that everything would work

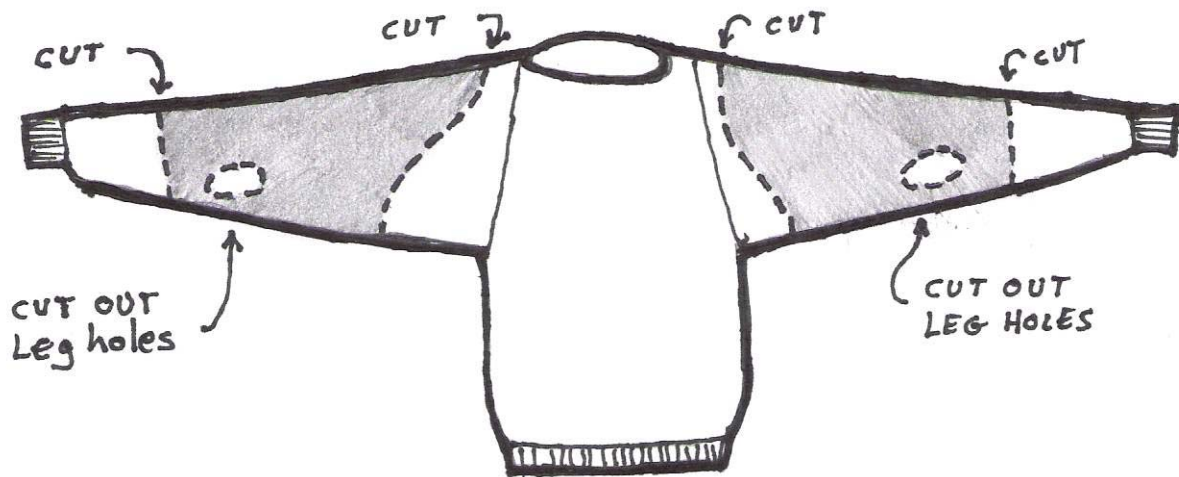
out. For example, at three o'clock in the afternoon my biorhythm would drop and espresso would be on my mind. In the middle of a pasture I would ask the Universe for a cup of espresso and then I would thank it for bringing it to me. I would continue to walk and without fail we would come across a farmer who decided to make a one horse stall in his barn an espresso bar! I would have my espresso in the middle of nowhere. Imagine having the Universe serve you espresso everyday around three o'clock no matter where you are. That taught me that each and everyday, if I ask, I will always get my espresso. I just expect it. This is how I can live the way I do. I have learned to trust in the Goodness of The Universe. I wake up and put on my boots and say, "Lead On." I am a wanderer and explorer everyday of my life.

The journey ended in Santiago. At a gigantic church the pilgrims gather for another blessing. When I looked around I saw people who I had briefly met at the initial blessing. We didn't speak we just nodded because of the language barrier. What I felt is that we had all made it through the ups and downs of the journey. We started together and although we didn't see each other along the way, we ended together. It was a homecoming. I imagine when I leave this planet, I will have another homecoming. I will see my parents, grandparents, best friends, all my animals and the angels that pointed the way. There will be tears of joy and I *know* this to be true.

**Each day  
everything we  
need is provided.  
Just ask and it  
will be given.**



## Frodo's Sweatshirt



Frodo's sweatshirt is made from one of my old sweatshirts. We had to use our Yankee Ingenuity when we went clothes shopping for the little boy and nothing suited his needs. What does a gangly little boy who is built for speed, yet freezes to near death once the temperature goes below 65° wear? Although he looks good in leather, that's not very practical. Clothes with sleeves only hinder him. He has a deep chest and pencil thin legs. You know me, I'm always up for a creative challenge and this is what we came up with. It takes all of ten minutes to make and if you cut two sleeves from your sweatshirt you have two sweatshirts for your small dog.

**Step 1:** Spread your sweatshirt out on a table or the floor.

**Step 2:** Look at your dog and figure out about how big his neck is. Then draw a line at the cuff end of the sleeve. This will be where his neck goes through.

**Step 3:** Estimate at where his front legs might be in relation to the neck line. Draw a smaller than needed circle. It is better to make the hole too small at first, then you'll have room to expand it depending on what your dog needs.

**Step 4.** Create a styling curve for the tail end. This is actually a very practical curve for a boy. He needs a little less underneath him so he doesn't pee on it and he wants more on top to keep him warm. Draw that line as well.

**Step 5:** Once you have your lines drawn, get heavy scissors and cut both sides of the sleeve at the same time. That way you will create a mirror effect and have both sides angled the same, etc.

**Step 6:** Try your creation on your dog. See if you need to loosen the neck or adjust the leg holes. Then make sure the end of it doesn't interfere with his tail. Dogs hate it when you

put a coat on them and they can't hold their tail up without bumping into it. So shorten the sweatshirt if need be. It should be snug, yet be able to get your fingers under it. And there it is.

Frodo wears his sweatshirt his mama made for him all the time. So far, I haven't heard any of the dogs in the park laugh at him, so I guess they are styling enough for the dog crew. During the cold winter months his sweatshirt serves as an under sweater to his Ruff Wear coat. The combo keeps him cozy warm on the trail or if he is sitting in the car.

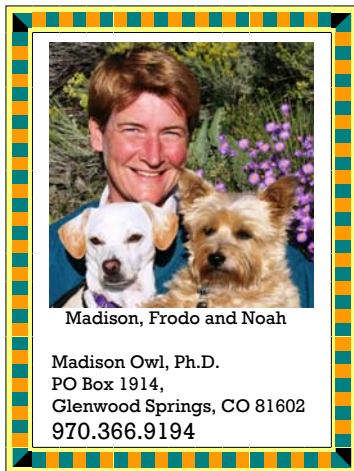
Trust me, if I didn't need to dress my dog I wouldn't, but his little sweatshirt makes a big difference for his comfort. And so, I make him clothes.

PS: I suppose you can decorate these sweatshirts with T-shirt paint. I haven't gone there yet.

**"This is my sweatshirt  
my mama made for me  
and I am warm, now."**



Frodo wearing his purple sweatshirt.



## In Loving Memory of Myra



When Myra was a puppy, Chiquita, our cattle dog mix, was her mama. Myra and Chiquita in their yard.



Myra, with her big brother Stretchy the cat and Chiquita. It's nap time and I'm underneath the pile.



Baby Noah with her proud mama, Myra.



Myra and Noah Best Friends Forever

A chapter of life closed this past month when Myra was released to her family members, Stretchy, Chiquita and the others, who now live on the other side of the vale.

Myra was the best dog in the world, as all my dogs are. She loved to do a happy dance at

dinner, go for rides and walks and sit in her yard and ponder grass. She had an ear piercing bark that could shatter anyone's nerves. And she was afraid of the stove and sneezes. Myra also loved to be picked up and hugged. She was an amazing huggler. Mickey, her other

mother, took the very best care of her for the past few years. Myra had a wonderful life. She was totally spoiled and had a big green yard to play in and lots of friends who loved her. She was eleven years old. We will greatly miss her.