

The Owl's Journal

February, 2008

Written and Published by Madison Owl

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Taking A Sabbatical

It's been a very full, chaotic and shifting winter, which I liken to a swift river upturning the bottom with new treasures being found. With so much going on, I want to take time to re-think, revamp, and redo how I do business with you and how I can become a more effective teacher. Thus, I will be putting to bed this newsletter until June 1, 2008. In the meanwhile, I will still be available to answer your calls

and do energy work. So please know that I'm still here and ready to help. I simply need to take the time that I spend on this newsletter and redirect it to writing a book and other activities.

My desire is that everybody learns to talk with their animals. Information I have gathered over the past few years, I would like to share with you, such as inside antidotes that can greatly enhance your connection with your animal.

Developing workshops and other modalities to get this information out to everyone, is another task for me to focus on. Plus, I want to figure out how to make the newsletter into a more valuable and entertaining piece of information and make all these services very cost effective. So there is much for me to do in a short time.

Look for the return of *The Owl's Journal* in June. Have a safe and happy spring.

Madison

Helping Animals with Stem Cell Technology and Products

<http://www.stempets.com/>

When J.Jill Fairchilde emailed with the news a single word was written in the subject line: "AMAZING!"

Her excitement permeated the email as I read that Duke, her beloved 17 year old dog, no longer needed his wagon to enjoy the outside. "He can walk and even did a little trot around Rolland Moore Park. He'll be eighteen years old in a few months."

She continued to write, "He's been taking Stem Pets first thing in the morning and he's like a new dog. It's as though he is ten years younger."

You can view the research on the link I provided above. The basic gist of how it works is that animals naturally pro-

duce stem cells in their bone marrow. These stem cells are like Master Cells and can become whatever the body needs. For example, if the heart has been hurt, the body naturally sends stem cells to replace the wounded cells. The same is true if the kidney or liver are in need of help. The body naturally sends stem cells that can shift their structure to fit perfectly into the function of the kidney or liver. Stem cells can help out any area of the body that is in need of assistance.

Stem Pets works by supporting the natural release of the animals stem cells. With additional stem cells in circulation within the animal's body they become available to support the



organs and systems in need.

If Stem Pets looks like the thing you've been looking for, please take time to review the research. This is great for horses and cats, too. J.Jill, who has done extensive research on this product has made herself available to anyone seeking more info from a consumers point of view. She can be reached at her temporary local # (970)229-1362 or cell (928)227-5969. You can also email her at:

TheOneFairchilde@aol.com

The Level of Safety



Where ever I go there they are! I usually take Noah and

Frodo almost everywhere I go. Car rides are their highlight of the day. My car doubles as the Plush Puppy Palace. The back seat is down and two dog beds and lots of blankets make every corner a luscious place to nap or observe from. Needless to say, they are spoiled.

The other day, I was cruising down Interstate 40 at 70 mph when a pick up truck with a black lab standing in the back of the truck whizzed by going at least 80 mph. I cringed when I saw the poor dog. In my mind, the owners were completely irresponsible allowing the dog to be loose in the back of the truck. I know what happens to the lucky dogs that survive falling out at 80 mph or who survive car accidents when they are free roaming in the back of pick ups. Marci, a very sweet elk hound no longer has back legs and is attached to wheels. She seems quite happy, but I just have to wonder how people think their dogs are safe in the back of pick ups? Not to mention the wind chill factor that could cause some harm. On the day I witnessed this dog go by it was 27 degrees out. I would say that a fur coat just doesn't work too well under those conditions.

As I muttered my disdain, Avalon caught me and said, "You're judging them, stop it." And I replied, "Yeah, but," And she said, "There is no, 'yeah but.'" So, I turned my attention to the

beautiful landscape and played with the radio.

On the way back from town another pick up truck with a yellow lab went zooming passed us. The dog was standing on the edge of the truck's side with it's ears blown straight back and its tongue frozen to the side of its head.

"Did you see that!" I cursed. Avalon gave me the look. "Yeah, but," Her eyeballs went over the top of her glasses to make sure I saw the look. Then she said, "Maybe there's a message here?" I wanted to respond with many other words, but instead I pondered what the universe was showing me.

What is the proper level of safety? I know I used to think having the dogs head out the window was a wonderful freeing thing to experience until my neighbor ruined my fantasy.

"Decapitation," was all she said.

So then I created the Plush Puppy Palace (PPP). And was told, "Projectile missile upon impact."

Once off the highway we passed a bicyclist clad in armor; special riding tights, helmet, knee pads, the works. He looked very official. Looking at him reminded me that someone had invented the official dog seat belt. I actually know someone who has a dog seat belt and uses it. She also wears a helmet when she rides her bike. In fact, there are entire catalogs devoted to gizmos created to insure a safe ride for your dog. But how do we know when our dogs

are really safe? Bottom line; we don't!

If I can be the voice of the senior dogs, I know they would say, "Let me ride in the back of the truck and feel the wind in my fur, at least on warm days." To them, it's like riding a Harley. Granted there are some dogs that would insist on riding in the front seat with the window rolled *all* the way down so they could get half their body out and hang eight in the breeze.



When I was a kid, we didn't have helmets and tights to wear when we rode our bikes. We took the risk of a crash in order to feel the wind in our hair. So can I honestly, disapprove of a dog in a pick up truck going 80 mph? I still want to say, "Yes," but...

What I have been taught and continue to learn on a daily basis is to allow each person to do what they need to do on this planet. That is not simply to tolerate it, but to see the divinity in All That Is. The dog in the back of the pick up is a divine being who has chosen his people. His people chose him. All is in divine perfection so who am I to judge whether it is right or not? For all I know, they could be on their way to the hospital with an injured person lying in the front seat and the only place for the dog was in the back. I don't know. And so, I will stay focused on my own life and do my best for my dogs.

Does a fancy car seat make a dog any more safe than being exposed to the open air?



Noah's Debut

The other day Noah gave me an ear full on how dull her life had become. Granted the walks were great but that was only an hour of her day. The rest of the time she was stuck with her wiggly brother, Frodo, and watching me work. Not nearly exciting enough for a young girl.

"I need people and action," she grunted at me.

"Fine," I replied exasperated. There is nothing worse than being dumped by your dog who doesn't want to play with you anymore because the game is old and boring. What can I say, I have a very high maintenance princess on my hands whom I love beyond measure. The next day I made all the power calls to get this girl a social life. I called the groomers so she could get her hair done. Then I called three nursing homes to see if they would like a visitor. We received two replies.

The first place said come

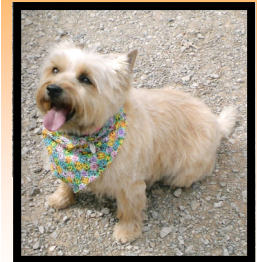
over "Whenever." When we arrived the coordinator was elsewhere. The secretaries loved Noah and gave her lots of love. The 3-4 residents were lounging about and Noah wanted to greet each one, however, there was a big cat in the way. His name was Max. He was taller than Noah and was doing his best to intimidate her. Noah, knowing she had to be on her best behavior ignored him. She trotted around and did her cute stuff and was very happy. We walked way around the cat in order not to bother him. When we came to a resting point at the far end of the room, I watched in disbelief as Max the cat came galloping straight up to Noah and attacked her. She was shocked and dismayed, as was I. I knew she wanted to turn into her Evil Demon Dog self, which is not pretty. In fact, that behavior makes the coyotes drop her, but she didn't. Instead, she growled very discretely.

The Secretaries found it all amusing. Since there was no structure or involvement with our visit we figured it might not be the best place for us to visit, not to mention Max's reaction.

The second place was very official. We made an appointment for an interview. Upon arrival we were greeted and introduced to about 35 residents who greatly appreciated Noah. We were given a weekly schedule and a list of the dog friendly people and their room numbers. We were treated like royalty. Everybody seemed happy and helpful, and they genuinely cared for one another, which was wonderful to witness. So now Noah has a job. She is an official Pet Therapy Dog.

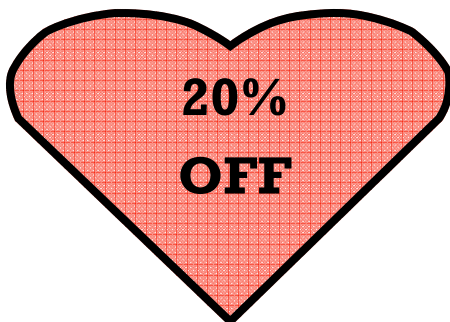
If your dog is bored, perhaps getting them trained as a Pet Therapy Dog will be the perfect thing to help with the winter blues. Check out your local dog schools and the Humane Society for classes.

A Star Is Born!



Little Miss Noah

Valentine Special



The Gift of Communication

For all of you who wish to give some extra loving thoughts to your pet and receive the beautiful thoughts and feelings your animal would like you to know, I'm offering a 5 day

Valentine Special:

February 11 -15, 2008

All appointments scheduled during this week will receive 20% off.

Madison Owl
PO Box 355
Sandia Park, NM
87047

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 \$3/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.



We Are Not Alone

Rose Jennings of Denver called hysterical from Las Vegas about her missing cat. "He's been missing for over a month. I cry for him everyday. Can you find him?"

She was traveling with three cats and her husband in a RV from Denver to Las Vegas, NV. They stopped in Albuquerque to find a place to spend the night, but the parks were full. They drove on to Grants, NM. When they arrived they realized that Ra, their six year old pure bred Abyssinian, was missing.

"We've been putting his picture in the ABQ Journal for three weeks in hopes someone would find him and return him," she wept. When I checked in with Ra I found that he was not in ABQ but actually in Grants. He said that he had been there all along, they just didn't see him and then the next thing he knew they had driven off without him!

What was a cat to do? What he did was find the best answer for himself.

He found an elderly blind woman to adopt him. When I checked in with the blind woman I saw clearly that Ra was an answer to her prayer. She was very lonely and had yearned for a creature that needed care. Being unable to see she could not tell that Ra was a fancy cat. To her, he was simply a fellow friend in need of some food and water. Tears of gratitude came to her eyes as she petted Ra while he ate some of her left over dinner.

Even though Ra was safe and fed instead of being squashed on the highway or eaten by a coyote, Rose was not satisfied. She wanted her cat. Rose became very demanding and expressed how she had kept Ra safe in a room for six years. The only time she let him out was when

he was on his leash and they stood together on the deck. She had paid \$500 for that cat and was not about to loose him.

The blind lady allowed Ra to come and go as he pleased not knowing that Ra should be kept in a prison. "He won't be safe," Rose gasped. Ra said that if Rose came for him he would return, but he was happy with this new quiet life of adventure.

Rose tried to get her husband to return to Grants, but he was content to know that Ra was fine. In fact, he was relieved that Ra was gone, because since that cat had arrived Rose had been obsessed with it to the exclusion of all else.

There was no guarantee if Rose went back she would find Ra. And by the end of the conversation. Ra had me tell Rose, "It is all right to let me go. I'll be okay. I love you."