



The Owl's Journal

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New and Improved

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Hindsight is 20/20. Looking back over the past three years living in New Mexico I see that it was a time of restructuring my belief systems (that's the gentle term for what I went through), recommitting to life itself and then determining what to do with my remaining time on this planet. Thus, instead of hiding the majority of me from you since most of you know me as only an animal communicator, I will reveal my multi-dimensional self.

I have never been a person

who found one job and stuck with it for 20+ years. That is not in my bones. What is in my bones is that I am an artist, humorist, and a spiritual counselor. I love working with disenchanting people and helping them find the light within themselves. I have a thriving long distance energy healing practice and work with people all over the country. And, I am a Certified Life Success Consultant. Using the Bob Proctor material, I help people



achieve their goals. I am an ever expanding being and I love exploring. I recently bought a high-tech blender and now make green smoothies. I recently got involved in a chocolate business because it is wicked fun. And so, what to do with the all of me? Share.

My newsletter will not only feature animal stories, but people stories of wonderment and discovery, plus what ever else is going on. Thank you all for helping me come out of my shell. Ready or Not, Here I am.

Colorado...How did I get here?

You know the saying, "Life Happens while you're making plans." Well, that's exactly how I ended up in a two bedroom apartment above a busy street in downtown Glenwood Springs, CO.

When I last left you, I was going on sabbatical to write a book. The book didn't happen, although in the midst of everything I was able to complete my dissertation for my Ph.D. and submit it.

Meanwhile, my partner Avalon, decided to return to the spa industry. She applied to a position in Sedona. We thought for sure that was where we would end up and at the

last minute it didn't work out. Immediately after that fiasco, she had another opportunity in Glenwood Springs (GWS). She was given the directorship of the new spa. It is her job to open and manage it. This is at the Glenwood Hot Springs. She's in charge of the new Spa of the Rockies. And off she went.

For two months, I remained in New Mexico because we couldn't find housing in GWS. Finally, this little apartment opened up. Compared to our bright and sunny NM home in the country, this was literally a dark pit of hell. Not to mention the deafening traffic and smells. I miss the birds and fresh air.

Anyway, the good news is that we put all our crystal rocks in this tiny apartment and shifted the energy. Thanks to our friend Barbara who declared this place as our "Penthouse," we now have a positive spin on it.

I am determined to find the goodness in this transition because I know it exists. Our weekend hikes in the mountains have been amazing and the people we have met are beautiful. I'll keep you posted with my progress as I integrate into city living.



- Animal Wisdom**
- Multi-dimensional Me
 - Life Happens
 - Battle with a Squirrel
 - Red Hawks Message to Madison
 - Healthy Chocolate for Animal Lovers
 - Horses Know

Magnus—The Squirrel From Hell

As you may recall, Magnus the ground squirrel has been my next door neighbor in NM. We have shared morning tea and I feed him peanuts over the winter. I have recently come to learn what the saying, “Good fences, make good neighbors,” means.

One day, while on the phone with a client, I heard Magnus chirping at the top of his lungs. I followed the sound of his voice to the vent that came up through the middle of my kitchen floor.

“Magnus,” I yelled covering the phone so the client couldn’t hear, “Get out of the house!” Upon further investigation I discovered that my dear neighbor had burrowed down along the house foundation and emerged on the inside of the crawl space under the house. From there he had jumped into insulation and shimmied his way to the kitchen vent.

“Love the squirrel, hate his actions,” I muttered under my breathe as I called through the ethers to have a discussion with him.

“Yes, I promise to stay out of the house,” he said. Under his fat belly I couldn’t see that he was sitting on crossed toes.

Two days later, I heard Magnus chirping under the house again. “Okay mister, this means war,” I sent the vib through the air.

Perhaps this is a New Mexico myth, but I heard that squirrels are afraid of rubber snakes. I quickly got online and Googled “rubber snake.” Within five business days I had 12 very large rubber snakes

delivered. I placed them around the outside of my house and underneath. I filled in Magnus’s route into the crawl space. The one thing I knew about Magnus was that he had multiple entrances to his lair so I wasn’t worried about trapping him in his den. I spent another couple of hours on my hands and knees crawling through spider webs and who knows what to make sure my castle was secure. I felt good about my humane approach.

The next day, Magnus was underneath the house and this time it felt as though he was sticking his tongue out at me.

“You come in my house once more and you’ll be involved in a relocation program,” I said very calmly. The squirrel had pushed me over the edge.

Magnus was silent. I hoped my threat would deter him because I really liked Magnus and didn’t want to relocate him, but I couldn’t have him living in my house either.

Peace for three days. I thought for sure Magnus, had understood the terms, but no. His screeching chirp cracked the silence of my meditation. “That’s it,” I yelled at him, “Pack your bags, you’re moving.”

I went to the local hardware store and bought a Stay-Alive trap. These are traps made for relocation programs. They don’t hurt the animal at all.

“Better take that squirrel very far away,” the old woman cashier with two front teeth missing and a tired eye said, “because they have homing beacons

located in their brains and will be back as soon as they can.” She could tell I was new to the critter trapping business. So my thought of taking Magnus to a beautiful mountain stream in the heart of the Sandias was foiled. I would have to take him across I-40 to the Manzano Mountains nearly 30 miles away if I wanted to ensure peace. I prayed that I wouldn’t catch him. On the way home I stopped at the grocery store and bought a handful of organic pine nuts. His favorite. I placed the trap just inside the bulkhead with the nuts.

For three days the trap was sprung and the nuts were eaten but nothing was inside the trap. “This is not working,” I muttered to a rubber snake in disgust. “I’m going to have to poison him. I hate the thought, but he’s really starting to piss me off.”

I returned to the hardware store to buy poison. When I got to the rodent removal section, there was no squirrel poison. I could have sworn there was an entire shelf dedicated to the demise of squirrels, but it was all gone. Instead there was a product that guaranteed the smell of it would humanely deter squirrels so I bought it. I spent another hour sprinkling the stuff under the house and then I moved to Colorado. I haven’t thought of Magnus until writing this today. Perhaps with me gone and no one to torment, Magnus has decided that life under the Pinon trees and Junipers is much nicer than crawling around some icky old insulation. I pray that he’s having fun in the yard and not in my house!

**I am a squirrel.
I do not
recognize stupid
human rules.**



**Crazy girl has a
bug up her
butt!**



Hawk—The Messenger of the Gods

It was Red Hawk that gave me my name Medicine Owl aka Madison Owl four years ago. It happened during a trip to NM right after I made a decision to move to the state from Massachusetts. Red Hawk flew right in front of my windshield as I drove through the open plains. Before I could chicken out I changed my name and declared my move freaking out all my family and friends. If you ever want to shake the wheat from the shaft amongst your

“friends” this is a definite method. Since then I’ve seen many red hawks high in the sky circling, but nothing significant.

For those of you who have never driven up 285 through Taos County and then into Colorado, you may not know it is a continuous panoramic view that extends fifty plus miles in all directions. The road cuts through an open prairie with beautiful mountains in the far distance. As I’m driving Avalon’s car and

she follows me in the truck on our moving day we pass the “Leaving New Mexico” sign and the “Welcome to Colorado” sign. Just then a red hawk flies directly in front of my windshield! And so, the message was... I have learned well during my New Mexico years. I am solid in my being as I go forth to prosper and share all that I’ve learned.

YEEEEEE HAAAAAAA!!!!



Healthy Chocolate For People Who Love Animals

Doesn’t the term “healthy chocolate” seem like an oxymoron? When my friend Ellen introduced me to the healthy chocolate, I was not impressed. I didn’t understand it. Who in their right mind would eat three pieces of chocolate a day? And who would want to have chocolate shipped to them each month? Not I. But since Ellen and I are buds and we wanted to support her boyfriend’s new adventure in the chocolate business, I agreed to come to some of the lectures his “upline” was having. My sole purpose was to fill a seat so the room wouldn’t be so empty and discouraging to her beau.

As most of you know, I am a forever student. Put me in a setting where someone is teaching something and I pay attention until the BS light goes off. Much to my surprise there were many people at this lecture about healthy chocolate and my

BS indicator never went off.

Doug, the spokesperson gave scientific backing to the wonders of this healthy chocolate product. One piece has more antioxidants in it than 1/2 pound of spinach. Mind you, I had just bought my super duper, wicked expensive blender to make green smoothies and become healthier. Now to hear that eating chocolate can do more than my blender was a bit upsetting. I wanted to deny that chocolate could reduce the bad cholesterol and improve the good cholesterol. My blood pressure was fine so I didn’t need chocolate to bring my blood pressure under control. Nor was I diabetic, so I didn’t need healthy chocolate. I could continue with my norm.

So what made me buy into having a case of chocolate shipped to me? It was the taste! It was literally the best chocolate I ever tasted and I am one of those peo-

ple who spends \$4 on a bar of organic chocolate. Instead of viewing the chocolate as a competitor to my blender, I decided I could chase the green smoothies with my chocolate! I’ll just become super healthy. And, prevention is the best medicine.

As a result of our move Avalon had big, black bruises all over her legs from carrying boxes. She ate the healthy chocolate we had received. No kidding, within three days, the big, black bruises were a dull yellow brown! These were the kind of bruises that take weeks to heal. I told two of my clients about our experience and they both wanted the healthy chocolate! Simply by sharing it with them a business began.

If you or your kids or grand kids like chocolate check out this site:

Thechocolateowl.com

**I spoil my animals,
now it’s my turn.
Show me the
Chocolate!**



**CHOCOLATE
IS FOR PEOPLE
CONSUMPTION ONLY.**

New Address

Madison Owl
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**Same Phone #
505-577-6207**

If you would like to receive this newsletter electronically and/or directly 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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(Madison, Frodo and Noah)

Madison Owl, MA, M.Sc., is a Metaphysician dedicated to working with the Universe in a harmonious fashion. Through her work as an Animal Communicator she is 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. Madison is also a very successful Spiritual Counselor, Healer, and Life Coach. By using the Universal principles, she assists in the discovery and/or restoration of one's faith in self and helps them to create the life they desire. As a Quantum Energy Practitioner, Madison's multi-dimensional energy work addresses issues that physically, mentally and spiritually affect the animal or human. To learn more or book a session go to Madisonowl.com.

Horses Know



Bill called. He wanted to know about his horses Starbright and Beaches. It had been ten years since he had to leave them.

"My daughter got cancer, and since my wife died a few years earlier, I was her only family. I had to go to her side, but I couldn't afford to move my horses," Bill said. "Not a day passes that I don't think of them, but I fear that they never forgave me for giving them up." There was a long pause before he continued. "But recently, I was diagnosed with cancer and the doc doesn't give me much time. I need to know how my horses are." Bill took a

deep breath, "I drove 13 hours to visit them in my old home state, but it's been so long I couldn't recognize them. I failed them again. Can you help me?"

The way I call in animals is through the energy of the person. Even though Bill may not have been able to recognize them, his spirit knows his animal's spirit and so I called the horses in. I explained to Starbright and Beaches what happened and how Bill had missed them and wondered if they could ever forgive him.

"Tell, him we love him and never faulted him for leaving," Starbright said. "The folks we live with feed us and take good care of us. Beaches lives down the

road with another good family. We are in our perfect places."

I told this to Bill and he started to sob. Moments passed as he did his best to pull himself together. "Do they still like me and do they really understand?"

Beaches responded, "Tell, Bill that we deeply love him and fully understand. We have felt him over the years and know the hardship he has endured. Let him know that everything is okay. We'll be okay. Tell him, he must now forgive himself." Bill was able to hear Beaches as he tearfully, and with much relief, hung up the phone.

