

# The Owl's Journal

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## R-E-S-P-E-C-T

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The theme of the month has been about respect. Dogs, cats, horses, donkeys, squirrels and all the beings of the planet simply want respect. Even though there was a book once written by some men that would like you to believe we are here to dominate the animal kingdom, the fact of the matter is...that's just not true. Animals are here to

serve us, but not be dominated by us. What most people have witnessed is their undying compassion and extreme patience with us.

Noah, my Carin Terrier and Master Teacher, does nothing unless it is her idea or I invite her to do something. The key word is "invite." If I tell her to "Come" she'll stare at me and tell me to

say, "Please come." I don't tell the dogs they "have to" go for a ride, I ask, "Who wants to go for a ride?" Normally they all pile up in front of the door. However, it is not unusual for Noah to hang back and wait for a personal invitation and then request to be carried to the car. She wants me to always remember respect is important.

## Magnus: The Saga Continues



Nothing like having a squirrel as a neighbor who's willing to be the lead in his own soap opera. When last we heard Magnus had been ushered out of my house, one chamber of his housing system was filled in, rubber snakes where spread in strategic places to inflict psychological warfare, and anti-squirrel stuff was spread throughout the crawl space of my home. Then I had to leave for Colorado.

Two months passed before I could return to our home in New Mexico. All was well and it just felt great to be home again. When I wasn't running around, I listened to the walls and floors of the house for Magnus. All was silent. When I looked out under the bird-

feeder a mega hole had been dug.

"Smart squirrel," I said looking out the window. He knew all the fallen seed from the messy birds would land in his hole; no cause to go out in that bitter snow during the winter months. I didn't have the heart to tell him I won't be there this winter.

I asked the Universe if I could see Magnus before I had to leave. Sure enough, the next morning I saw the little guy in the yard with something red in his mouth. At first I thought it was part of a cactus. Then upon closer inspection I saw that it was insulation from my house! The little monster. Sure he's staying out of the house. He's just bringing it bit by bit into his own house. I'm sure his

bedroom is warm and fluffy thanks be to the insulation. I couldn't blame him. I prayed that he wouldn't eat any of it because it would make him sick or even kill him. Thus, I acquiesced knowing our house had enough insulation to share with a squirrel in need.

Before returning to Colorado I placed a pile of organic almonds next to his hole and wished him happy trails as I secretly watched him bring them into his home. Then I thought when we sell this house, we'll have to make sure that the new owners know that the house comes with a squirrel. So if you know any squirrel loving people who would like a home in New Mexico you can give them my number.

### Animal Wisdom

- Respect is all Beasts want
- The Squirrel Soap Opera Continues
- What does misplaced cat poop mean?
- Feral Cats love their helper
- Donkeys—They're not what you think.
- Big Dog Baxter

# The Message of Cat Poop

This isn't an article on reading cat poop like you might do with tea leaves. Perhaps, there could be great meaning in the size and shape of the little brown pile, but that's something you can explore on your own time. What I'm talking about is why there are so many cats refusing to use their litter boxes. This has been the burning question of the summer. I have been asked this question more than twenty times and each time, I receive a different answer from a different cat. So let me just reiterate some of what I've been told and maybe then you can see which one applies to your little rascal.

## The 10 Top Reasons Cat's Poop Beside Their Litter Box and Not In It are:

10. "I'm having issues and need to see a vet."

9. "I can't stand the litter box cover. I need to feel the breeze in my hair and hear the birds to relax me."

8. "The rug just feels so great under my feet as I lift myself into position. I'm over the beach scene and sand in my toes."

7. "How dare you bring that man home without my permission. You're talking war now. You best not leave your bedspread unattended."

6. "I hate that thing you call a puppy. Take it back today or else."

5. "Hey, you created this mess. I was happy in the litter box until you sat and wondered how terrible you would feel if I didn't use it. Then you stewed on that thought for days. Then you

watched as I went into the litter box to make sure I wasn't creating your nightmare. And then I got fed up. Yep, I did it. I kicked kitty litter all over the bathroom floor, treaded straight out to the living room, hopped on the sofa and pooped on your favorite satin pillow just so you could know what a dynamic creator you are."

4. "I don't see what the big deal is, I can poop under any bush, car or tree that I want outside and nobody seems to care. I don't think I should be confined to such a limited resource as a small box with sand when I'm indoors."

3. "Morris broke the arrangement. He said he would only use the left side of the box. He is such a pig, god, hate him. So what is a girl to do? I can't possibly use the box after him. God this is so embarrassing."

2. "Yo, library girl, take two minutes from that trash novel and clean the box. Would you like to have your toilet filled with poop to the point that your butt hits it when you squat? Think not!"

1. And the number One reason cats poop beside their box is...."LET ME OUT!" Think back. For many of you in this predicament it all started when spring sprung or the boyfriend moved in or the puppy came home or the other cat became more moody than normal. The Roger Dodger kitty said, "Enough is enough, I need out of this crazy household. Open the door."

"But it's dangerous out there," you said being a

good adult. "Not only are there lions, tigers and bears, there are coyotes, cars, big dogs, owls, and mountain lions. Plus, evil trappers. I can not let you out for your own safety." Then you saw the sneer on Roger Dodger's face when he heard that. "You have no idea who I am, do you?" He muttered.

"Yes, I do. You are my precious kitty whom I love more than life itself. Come here so I can give you a squeeze."

Roger Dodger looks to the sky and prays for patience. "They know not what they do," the cat says as he strolls over to his kitty box and stops just a foot away from it and lets out the juiciest, nastiest thing ripped from the other end. He then glances back and struts off. "I am a grand and mighty soul. I am made of God Source. I cannot be destroyed. There is no death. What are you on about? Open the door. I'll be fine."

"But you are so small. I can't protect you out there."

"I am bigger than you'll ever know. I don't need protecting. I will never leave before I'm supposed to. You can't prevent that. I can just as easily die of diabetes indoors as I can from being hit from a car outdoors. Quality of life and respect is all I want. Trust me. I want to roam the streets at night and go on walkabouts and experience this planet, too. I'm tired of being indoors. I am my own cat. Please let me out."

And so it is. What message is your cat giving you?

**A disgusting topic, but we got your attention.**



## Strawberry and Jam

When Sheila called she was concerned about the two feral cats she had been watching over for the past three years. Strawberry and Jam were her companions at work in the warehouse. While Sheila inputted data, Strawberry would sit on her lap. Jam kept his distance except at meal time.

Sheila felt guilty that she couldn't bring the cats home with her. She wanted to know if they still liked her and what they did when she wasn't around.

"Nowadays, they only come out in the morning and see me off at night. Work has been so busy that I don't have time to spend a half hour every night with them. Do they mind?"

I called in Strawberry and Jam. "We know she's busy," Strawberry said. "We just like to say, 'good morning' and 'have a nice night'."

"Does Strawberry still like me?"

"Tell her I love her and deeply appreciate all that

she has done for us. We are free here. We have our own homes. You don't ever have to worry about us," Strawberry spoke for Jam as well.

Then Jam piped in, "Tell Sheila that she hears us just fine."

"Funny you say that because I wondered about that. So it's true they are wishing me good night and telling me not to worry when I give them a pet and have to leave quickly?"

"Absolutely," they chimed.



Jam and Strawberry

## Donkey Ponder

Two donkey's stand still in a pen not much bigger than a master bedroom in a small house. They stand all day. They stand all night. They just stand. Their pen is located at a store in Santa Fe. They are objects to be looked at by the tourists.

Sandy works across the street from the donkeys. Everyday she sends them a prayer. She feels their pain. Trapped. Disconnected. Tired. "It's exactly how I feel," she said to me. "I work in this awful office, in a cubical. I'm only given attention when someone wants something. The rest of the time I'm ignored. My heart bleeds for those donkeys. Can you let me know what they are really thinking."

This sounds like a zoo question. The animals in the zoo can evoke the same type of feelings. "What are the donkey's names," I asked.

"Zen and Buddha."

Right there I knew it was

going to be an interesting conversation. I called in the donkeys and asked them what the story was with standing all day.

"To you I appear standing," Zen said. "Are you sure you really see a donkey or do you only think you see a donkey? What is real?" This is why I love my job. If you think you just see two donkeys standing there then that is what you see. But could the truth of the matter be something else?

"We are here, there is no doubt about it," Buddha said. "Zen is just pulling your tail."

"I see," I replied. "So are you as miserable as Sandy thinks you are?"

"Yes," Zen responded.

"No," Buddha corrected. "We, as donkey's, don't think a whole lot about anything. We are one with the Universe in a constant state of grace."

"We meditate," Zen said smiling at Buddha, "That's what the humans call it."

"Do you feel trapped and disconnected the way Sandy does?"

"What is trapped?" Zen asked sincerely.

"When you can't run free with the wild ones and have the wind in your hair and laughter in the air."

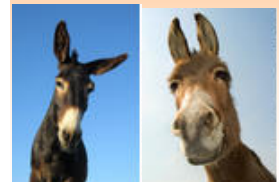
"That sounds like it would take a lot of energy," Zen said thoughtfully.

"We sleep like fish," Buddha interrupted. "Our eyes are open, but we're out dancing elsewhere. While you look at a standing donkey our spirits are on other worlds in other dimensions, we're not really here, even though we look like we are. Tell Sandy to get a new job. She hasn't found the 'Zen' of standing yet."

"Are you making fun of me," Zen asked.

"No, not at all," Buddha winked.

**We make ourselves  
happy in the stillness  
of our being. What  
about you?**



Zen

Buddha

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Rev. Madison Owl, Ph.D., is a Metaphysician dedicated to working with the Universe in a harmonious fashion. Through her work as an Animal Communicator she brings 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 Spiritual Counselor 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](http://Madisonowl.com).



## Puppy Love

Most of you know by now that I'm a proud mama of Baby Baxter. When we first brought him home, we didn't think much about the fact he would be a big dog when he grows up. In fact, it wasn't until I started noticing that he was growing inches in a day that the big dog idea started to seep into my reality. I think the real awakening came when I was working at the computer. Normally, Frodo will sit in my lap watching the traffic while I type. Baxter, who seems to be a very smart dog, watched Frodo. Then the other day, while I was typing, I was pounced upon and slammed into the desk, as Baxter did a running jump to sit on my lap. Needless to say, it didn't work. I'm not that big. We

both landed on the floor in a pile with Frodo wiggling around thinking "what fun, I want to play."

Noah, who usually hides under the desk, thought we were all ridiculous and turned around to ignore us. It was then I realized we might have a big dog on our hands.

The next clue was when I became Baxter's chew toy. It didn't matter how many toys, bones, balls, or rope thingies I stuffed in his mouth, he was determined to chew on my arm and Frodo's head. Thus, the denial started to break.

"Avalon," I yelled for help after Baxter crashed upon me while I was lying on the sofa. "I think we need to

get a grip. This dog is not maintaining his size. In fact, he seems to be getting bigger."

I would share her response, but it wasn't very lady like. The translation would be close to, "Ya think?"

And so, training has begun. Noah has been recruited to be Baxter's personal trainer. She knows all the commands. Baxter watches her and then follows. Frodo, on the other hand, our little special needs boy, simply wiggles in joy. The goal is to get everyone trained and working as a unit so we can go for a *walk* through town and not a drag or a rampage. Baxter is making me step up as Pack Leader.