Animal communication or fanciful thinking? Good question!

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On trusting the information I receive.

“How do you know the information you are receiving is from the animal and not from your own mind?” is a question that pops up at every workshop I’ve taught. Inevitably, I have times when doubt creeps into my mind as I’m conveying the information I receive telepathically from an animal client, but I make a point to remember important confirmations I’ve received in the past and refrain from second guessing.

Early on I devised a way to obtain some form of confirmation. Of course, I would have some feedback at the time of the consult, but for the remainder I implemented a follow-up call a month or so later. It is then that I find out what kind of changes and improvements have occurred since our consult and if they support the communication material or not. To this day, this process of confirmation continues to move me forward and keep me from getting flustered when the animal’s person challenges the information I’ve translated as impossible or incorrect. Typically, I calmly remain confident about the information I’ve received from my animal client unless proven otherwise. I go on to suggest that the person wait and see what comes of it before ruling it out as improbable.

Here are three examples that illustrate the importance of trusting information received non-verbally from the animals:

Believing Mia: I didn’t do it!

Mia was a lovely female black and white English Pointer who was seven years old at the time of her first consult with me. We would have several more in the years to come. I appreciated her intelligence and well-behaved demeanor.

Mia’s predicament was heart wrenching and her case study remains one of the most significant I have about understanding the information correctly. In such instances, a dog’s future can depend on it. She lived with her person, Nina, and her daughter, Cambria, on a rented property, where they shared a common yard area with the main house. The landlord’s dog, his girlfriend’s dog and Mia used the yard. The girlfriend’s dog, a small white fluffy terrier type had been found disemboweled at the bottom of the stairs of the main house and had to be euthanized. It was a gory scene.

Mia never really enjoyed the company of other dogs. Nina thought it was a lack of proper socialization. I saw her as a very sensitive and refined dog who preferred to be on her own or with her people. There had been two incidents where she had been in a scuffle with landlord’s female dog, with the landlord viewing Mia as the aggressor. Mia stayed inside when Nina was at work and Nina kept a watchful eye on her when she was outside. Nevertheless, because of those two previous incidents, the landlord squarely laid blame on Mia for the little dog’s dreadful death. He believed Mia had attacked and savaged him. This wasn’t really logical because Mia would have had to get out of the house. In addition, the severe gut wound was more suited to a wild animal’s behavior than that of a domesticated dog. But emotions were running very high and Nina didn’t know how to respond. She felt at a disadvantage, emotionally and financially. The level of the landlord’s anger and accusations were such that even she started to consider the possibility Mia had found a way out and injured the little dog; though this was a totally irrational conclusion. At her wits end, she brought Mia for a consult so we could investigate what had really taken place and set things

straight.

This is what Mia communicated:

BN: You are such a lovely dog. I am so happy to have you here with your people. We all love and adore you. I can tell what a sophisticated girl you are!

Mia: *I am so devastated, so, so, to be the subject of so much doubt and anger. People are mad at me. People are upset. People are everything to me. I feel so, so, so humiliated. I have lost all, all, all my status. All.*

BN: Mia you are here so we can re-establish your status. Will you help me do this for you?

Mia: *How can I, everyone says I am responsible when I am NOT. I am NOT.*

BN: Do you know what happened to that little dog?

Mia: *I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED I WAS SLEEPING , I WAS NOT THERE. I WAS NOT THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED, I WAS NOT.*

BN: I see, and I believe you. We'll figure this out with your person.

BN: What have you come in to do?

Mia: *To be a totally devoted and true companion to my people. Not a trouble maker, not, not, not. How could people think so little of me?*

BN: What are you here to teach?

Mia: *"Devoted", "totally devoted" (dog).*

Mia: *Humiliated; humiliated.*

BN: Mia what happens with the female dog that belongs to the landlord?

Mia: *Bosses me around. Wants to be the boss of me.*

Mia was inside and she was sleeping when the drama took place. That is what she always did while her person was at work. This consult turned out to be helpful because it brought clarity and balance to a situation that was spinning out of control. Her skirmishes with the other female dog weren't aggression, she was simply not allowing the other dog to push her around. Keeping them separated was the best solution. Nina felt so guilty that she had doubted Mia's behavior. I explained that everything is a learning curve. She resolved that she would apologize to Mia and unequivocally stand up for her. Nina left the office with new confidence and resolve to stand her ground and deny any responsibility in the little dog's death. She also made up her mind to move as soon as financially possible. I hoped the situation would eventually resolve itself in Mia's favor. Mia's innocence appeared obvious, but I didn't know how or when the confirmation would come.

Nina did move away to a new place. Finally, the former landlord and his girl friend started to take notice of the daily presence of hawks circling, even swooping down very close above their yard and house. They came to realize that the little dog had most likely been attacked by a hawk or another local predator. Had their emotions not run so high and hot they might have recognized earlier that her injuries were more in line with such an occurrence. They could only blame themselves for leaving the little white dog alone, unsupervised in the yard. Mia was absolved of all blame and her status completely restored. Mia's truth, which was communicated in the consult, empowered Nina to stand up for herself and refuse to accept the false blame cast upon her and her dog by an over reactive male figure

Believing Taz: Ice cream please!

Just a short while ago one of my male dog clients, Taz, asked for something totally impossible according to his person

Chrissy. She absolutely adores her dog and has seen him through two ACL surgeries, full on rehab and two bouts of what the veterinarian identified as a form of Bell's palsy on his left side. He gets the best of everything, always. During our last consult I checked in with Taz because he had again lost mobility, his face drooped, and one eyelid wouldn't close. The vet confirmed it was also Bell's Palsy, this time affecting the right side of his body. In most cases, the body recovers slowly but surely over a period of six months. Chrissy knew what to do and what to expect this time around and that was helpful, but it still felt like such a letdown to them both. Taz needed comforting and moral support.

Here is some of Taz's communication:

Hello Taz,

BN: Chrissy has explained you have a droopy side again.

Taz: *I'm so so sad. I'm so depressed. Why? Why? Why?*

BN: Things like that happen. Chrissy is on top of it. She is staying with you today and tomorrow all day. She wants you to get well again. That will happen, don't you worry.

Taz: *I'm so so S A A D.*

I explained about eye drops and why Chrissy had to give them to him for his dry, unblinking eye etc…then we went on to the following:

Taz: *I want my routine, I want my music, Chrissy forgets the music.* (He's asked for soft music to be left on in the past. Wants his world to be "normal", like before again.)

Then I asked "What else can Chrissy do to cheer you up?

Taz: *Ice Cream?* He asked.

BN: Okay, she is going to give you ice cream. (He wants to be

coddled and be “baby” Rascal right now…)

Are you in pain?

Taz: No.

When Taz asked for ice cream I thought nothing of it. A little ice cream doesn’t do much harm and obviously it would mean a lot to him. However, his request threw Chrissy off completely. She is lactose intolerant, there is no dairy in her house and she has NEVER, EVER, given him ice cream. Chrissy was totally puzzled. How did he even know about ice cream? She immediately went to work sleuthing out the ice cream mystery, all the while devising a way to make luscious, organic fruit based sorbet for Taz. She did admit to being so pre-occupied by his care and condition that she forgot his music, which she would be sure to remember from now on.

A week or so later she called me with the answer to the ice cream mystery. She had talked to Taz’s pet sitter, at whose home he had stayed some time ago when Chrissy was out of town. The pet sitter hadn’t fed him ice cream either, but at the end of the conversation she suddenly connected the dots. Her husband, who loved ice cream, had shared some of his with Taz on several occasions! Taz knew what he was talking about and I had relayed it correctly. Ta, da! There was our confirmation. Chrissy was so pleased and I was too. Taz didn’t seem to mind that his evening icy treat was dairy free and healthy. Everyone was happy.

Believing Eli: I want my collar!

This incident happened many years ago and involved a cat named Eli. Eli was a beautiful silver-haired Persian, five years old and neutered. Eli’s original person couldn’t keep him and had relocated him to her mother’s home. Her parents were busy professionals who didn’t have much time for pets. Nevertheless, her father, who perceived Eli as distant and independent, decided he wanted a more affectionate cat around

the house. They got a two year-old female cat named Zoe.

Soon Eli started spraying in the house. It got worse, he was put outside. The mother had not really wanted a second cat and when Eli started to act out and got relegated outside she felt she needed to find a way to help him out of his predicament. A friend suggested she try a consult with me.

It was very difficult for Eli to be outside, because, as he communicated, *"I'm not a fighter. It is difficult for me to maintain my territory. I get into fights and skirmishes all the time. I am not a fighter by nature. I just fight to maintain the boundaries around my house. I wish to be let inside again…I spray because I'm unhappy and so misunderstood".* I inquired: "Do you want to be the only cat?" He replied: *"No, but I do need my position and rank. I was here first, I'm number one."*

I explained to his person how to properly treat each cat according to their place in the natural hierarchy so they could get along better. Eli was "first arrived" and "senior" in age. No matter how cute, affectionate and cuddly the young female made herself, she needed to be number two and "junior". The people had given more attention and importance to the new cat and, therefore, led her to believe she was in the number one position. She was quite the affectionate charmer, which made it much easier for her to get attention so that the human attention scale was quickly and completely leaning in her favor. Eli could only respond by marking. That made matters worse, as it usually does. Relegating Eli to the outdoors strengthened the new cat's importance in her eyes and further diminished Eli's. When I asked Eli what he wanted his people to do to get him out of his difficult situation this is what he communicated:

Eli: *First of all I want to be cuddled. I want to be bathed and shampooed and made completely beautiful. I want to go to a good (he means professional) groomer for this. I want to*

enter the house with a bow on my collar. I have a collar with a tag with my name on it. I want my new address on the tag and my name. Not that old address. I am of Persian extraction; I want to be treated like a Persian. I am truly a beautiful cat, they do not see my beauty, and they do not see my breeding. I am not a shorthaired country bumpkin…. I have come to be a cat on the satin pillow. To be someone's treasure and love; to be treated like royalty that I am. I am cat royalty.

Eli summed up what a Persian needs to be happy. They gift us with their beauty and presence in exchange for a lot of attention and care. They really don't feel they need to "do" anything in particular. As Billy Cristal would say they are just "faabuloos!".

All went well during the consult until Eli brought up having a collar. He wasn't wearing one and I was told had never had, a point about which his person was adamant. I simply asked her to go home and work on the cat/people dynamics and follow the suggestions I had provided based on Eli's communication. We'd find out soon enough how valid the session would turn out to be.

I sensed that the communication experience, and especially the doubt cast by Eli's collar request, had unsettled this rather left-brained person. At this point, all I could do was cross my fingers and wait.

When I called back a month later to get an update, the situation had improved. The people and the cats were doing much better. Eli got professionally groomed; he wore a new collar with a tag which included his name and present address. He also received the kind of attention he needed and was recently let inside again without incidents. But, most revealing, was how Eli's information about the collar had been confirmed and validated. One day, while rooting around in a desk drawer for new checks, the woman had come across an old pink cat collar with Eli's name and her daughter's address on

the tag. It had been taken off shortly after he arrived a few years ago and forgotten by all except Eli. I breathed a sigh of relief and smiled. It was exactly the kind of confirmation one would want for the lady and for myself. And that is how I find out and know with certainty that I’m not imagining things!