Boxer Helen returns as Boxer Pippa

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Helen wanted to come back! It came as a surprise to all of us. If any of her dogs were to come back to her in the near future, Lesly surely expected it to be Buster. During an Otherside session in 2004, Buster, Helen's sire, had clearly stated he wanted to return to Lesly and Kevin when the two boxer girls, Helen and Rascal had passed away.

A year later, Buster communicated that he was still a bit tired and not ready. Now, this amazing development was occurring.

Buster, Rascal, then Helen passed. A couple without children, Kevin and Lesly devoted themselves to their furry kids and did everything they could to give them a good life. They assisted Buster through his geriatric years, and moved mountains to give Rascal the highest and best care when she became ill with a form of doggie multiple sclerosis. During those years, Helen was the healthy one and, in the end, the one whose needs weren't always met because she was the easier keeper. In other words, Helen was the "middle child" who quietly adored Kevin.

In time, Rascal passed and Helen became the "only one". By then, she was 10. Within two weeks of Rascal's death, Helen developed seizures. It was her turn, for good or for bad, to receive Lesly's undivided attention and care. Lesly and Kevin managed her condition with both traditional and holistic medicine. While they were both at work, she was home alone and

they wanted to know if that was hard on her. As you can read in the transcript below, neither seizures nor staying home alone were going to dampen her spirits.

Transcript with Helen 4/8/2009

BN: Hello Helen,

Helen: I am very happy, I am to be the center of the attention. I love being only dog. I do.

BN: Do you get lonely?

Helen: Sometimes, but I'd rather wait and be alone. I'd rather wait at home. I love my home. I love my home. I do need the curtains left open, I do. I want (to see) "inside/out". I do.

BN: Do you miss Rascal?

Helen: Sometimes I do. She comes around often. I don't feel lonely. I don't.

BN: Lesly was thinking of taking you for a day a week to doggie day care. There, you would play with other dogs instead of waiting at home.

Helen: Half a day only. Half a day. Not all the day. Kevin must come get me. He must.

BN: Okay. But understand, they won't take you to doggie day care if you don't want to go. (I sensed the 1/2 day seemed fine with her if it made everyone feel better…)

Helen: I'm happy. I am.

BN: How do you feel inside?

Helen: I'm fine. I'd like a "springy" (as in Spring like) headband and more clothes. I need more clothes.

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Helen had the best time as an only dog. It wasn't always easy for her to take on a position of greater responsibility, but with Kevin's help she managed. She simply adored Lesly and exponentially worshiped Kevin. They did as much together as possible. She passed away, a content and happy elderly girl, on July 13, 2010 at the age of 12.

For the first time in decades, Kevin and Lesly had an "empty" home. They were taking a bit of a break and letting the grieving process run its course. About a month after Helen passed, Lesly felt internally prompted to connect with her on the Otherside as we had done with Buster and Rascal. The evening prior to our consult a mysterious package made its way to their doorstep. It contained a beautiful garden stake of a boxer with angel wings. Lesly absolutely loved it and felt it was confirmation. Indeed, we needed to connect with Helen. (Lesly found out later a friend of hers had sent the gift of the boxer garden stake in memory of Helen.)

Helen on Otherside, September 7, 2010

BN: Hello Helen, This is Brigitte connecting with you for Lesly and Kevin.

Helen: Please let them know how I am well. I am well. I am also very worried because I'm coming back and I don't want any competition. I'm COMING BACK TO BE ALONE. I LIKE BEING ALONE. I DO. I AM COMING BACK. THAT IS MY DECISION TO COME BACK.

BN: Great, I'll let them know.

BN: How are you feeling?

Helen: I'm feeling LONELY. I am not happy here without Kevin. I want to be with KEVIN. I adore KEVIN. HE NEEDS ME, KEVIN NEEDS ME.

BN: And what would you like to share with Lesly?

Helen: I am here for KEVIN NOT LESLY JUST FOR KEVIN.

BN: But you love Lesly as well?

Helen: OF COURSE I DO. I ADORE LESLY. BUT IT IS FOR KEVIN, KEVIN, KEVIN.

BN: In what ways do you help Kevin?

Helen: I am his little girl. I am his little girl. I am Kevin's little girl. I am, I am, I am.

Note ~~ I took a little break to discuss this with Kevin and Lesly, for whom this was unexpected news. I also asked them to tell Helen where they would be looking for her. (It gives the process a known starting point.)They planned to turn to Buster's breeder in Temecula, CA for a new puppy.

BN: Helen, Kevin and Lesly would love to have you back. They have contacted the breeder where your sire, Buster, came from and are planning to get a puppy through her or her contacts with Buster's bloodline next Spring, six months from now. We'll be able to give you better details down the line.

Helen: So, I'm okay, I'm "Reserved"?

BN: Yes, you are. We will guide you to the contact. You need to connect with Jennifer's breeding female dogs. That is the entrance and the way back to Kevin.

Helen: Okay, this is so, so, exciting! So. I'm thrilled but

still worried.

BN: You'll be fine. Get help from the Otherside; we'll work it out from this end.

Helen: Okay, I will do that. I'm very OBEDIENT you know, very.

BN: Do you want to be a girl (female)?

Helen: I am a girl. I am girly, girly always girly, girly girl. But NO babies. I'm a girly girl.

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We were all stunned and excited. Helen was coming back and so soon! Buster obviously was letting her go first. He would wait. Time, as it has been explained to me, does not exist like it does on the Earthplane. It is a long continuum, a sort of eternal flow of "now" for which ten years here is hardly a blink of an eye over there.

Helen's focus was returning to complete her relationship with Kevin. Buster, ever the gentleman dog, apparently gave her the opportunity to do so. Had he wanted to change the course of these events he could have joined the conversation, since we were open and receptive, but he didn't.

Lesly immediately contacted the breeder in Temecula. She recommended they contact another breeder from Escondido, CA who had moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. Puppies from the desired bloodline were due in December. That was two and half months away. Salt Lake City was closer to their home in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho as well. Things were falling into place very quickly. Lesly and Kevin were found to be suitable guardians by the breeder and they made the agreement for a puppy with a "first pick of the litter" clause. We clearly explained to

Helen, where she was expected to make her entrance. Lesly kept focused on the Salt Lake City breeder and periodically checked in to see how things were going. The litter was due around December 10-12. We decided to check in with Helen on December 1 to see where she was in the process. We didn't know if she had made the jump in time for this particular litter.

December 1, 2010

BN: Hello Helen. This is Brigitte communicating with you, along with Lesly and Kevin. Lesly has contacted a lady in Salt Lake City. The female boxer named Cayman is going to have puppies. (I gave her the name of the breeder, location and the name of the business.) Lesly and Kevin would like to know if you are ready to come back to them.

Helen: Hello, hello, I am a puppy. I am a puppy

BN: Great, where are you? (BN thinking: Oh, my!!!)

Helen: I don't know.

BN: Are you in this mom boxer, named Cayman.

Helen: I very well may be. I am a girl. I am a girl. I am very warm. I am very hot. I am a girl.

(BN note: it was hot and crowded in the womb, puppies were quite big by now.)

BN: How will Lesly know it is you?

Helen: I am a girl and I'll look like me. I'll look like me. I am a girl. I'll look like me.

BN: Okay. What does Lesly need to know?

Helen/Puppy: Kevin, Kevin needs to know I'm HIS girl. I'm HIS Girl. I'm his Girl. I'm Kevin's girl. I am. I am. I am. He

needs to know.

BN: So, you are here.

Helen/Puppy: I'm here. I'm here. I'm here. Not too many puppies. Not too many puppies. I'm here.

BN: They are planning on calling you Pippa.

Helen/Puppy: Pippa, Pippa, Pippa. (BN: I sensed she loved the name right away.)

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In the early hours of Wednesday, December 8, 2010 little Pippa was born with four other puppies. Two males and two females.

Kevin and Lesly hoped there would only be one girl, but of course it was a bit more involved. There were two brindle girls and a fawn colored one. They had first pick of the litter which served to calm Lesly's apprehension about finding Helen. However, as soon as they received the pictures of the newborn puppies, it was clear a petite brindle girl, the first girl to be born after the two white males, most likely was their little Helen/Pippa. Lesly had hoped for a fawn boxer, but she knew right away the little brindle puppy was the right one. More to the point, Helen was brindle and she said she would look like Helen.

Email from Lesly on December 14. …We fly down to meet them Friday, January 7th. I felt absolutely positive the second I saw her picture. I took one look and said "she's here". And guess what, she's not the flashy fawn girl of my wish list. Go figure! Kevin is so worried and over thinking it to death. He is just sooo excited about getting his little girl back.

Lesly had a very good rapport with Cheryl, the breeder, and they had arranged for Cheryl to call her and send pictures of the puppies as soon as they were born. (Lesly is the designated organizer and get-it-done person in their marriage.) That Wednesday, Lesly sensed a call was eminent and wondered why her cell phone wasn't ringing. By ten o'clock they were ready to go to bed when Kevin checked his phone messages, not expecting anything in particular. There, to his utter amazement, he saw the emails and the pictures of the just born puppies. By some fluke the breeder had entered Lesly's cell phone number with an eight at the end instead of a nine—which converted it into Kevin's cell number. In this unanticipated manner, the news of Pippa's birth flowed directly to him. His little girl had landed!

The final confirmation for Kevin and Lesly came when they visited the four week old puppies for the first time in Salt Lake City. Lesly sat down on the floor facing the puppies, with her legs folded by her side. The petite brindle girl separated from the group, walked around her, curled up behind her legs, and went to sleep. She was "home". During the visit, Kevin held that same puppy and she planted "a petal kiss" on his lip ~ the exact quick, gentle lick Helen used to give him. He was elated by this confirmation. In an unexpected twist and turn to the meet-up with the puppies, one of the big white males took an immediate liking to Kevin and singled him out. Their connection felt strong and the puppy was adorable. I remember learning about the second puppy's behavior with Kevin and thinking it was a crucial juncture. Would Pippa be the only one or would she have a dog companion? Kevin felt very drawn to the white puppy, but in the end his sense of commitment and loyalty to Pippa shone through. Soon he learned the two white boxers were going to a good home in Las Vegas, where no doubt their coloring, size and beauty would turn heads. All the puppies were well placed. A few weeks later, on February 10, the breeder boarded a plane with Pippa, now weaned and eight weeks old, and flew with her to meet Kevin

and Lesly at the airport. They drove their puppy home to a new life together.

Pippa as a puppy was a handful of exuberance and play. To this day she enjoys a lightness of being that was out of her reach as Helen. She cracks everyone up with her antics. Lesly takes care of all of Pippa's needs but emotionally leaves plenty of space for Kevin to bond with his dog. Pippa goes to work with Kevin every day. They are inseparable.

Recently, she sat with great poise and gravitas for her picture. It is the one that Kevin would send me for our consult. It was clear to him while he took the photo, and to me when I saw it on my monitor, that Pippa understood perfectly she would be communicating with me soon. This is how she wanted to present herself. It was our first connection since she was born four and a half years ago.

June 10, 2015

BN: Hello Pippa, This is Brigitte, the One Who Listens.

Pippa: I know, I know. I am so thrilled, so thrilled to be back. My life exceeds all, all, all my expectations. I never dreamed it could be so good. I am so, so, so, HAPPY. SO, SO, SO. I HAVE KEVIN. I finally HAVE KEVIN all, all, all to myself. I am the Only One and Number One and MORE.

BN: What is the more?

I am a STAR,

I am a STAR,

I COUNT,

I COUNT,

I COUNT.

BN: What does Kevin need to know he doesn't already know?

Pippa: How PROUD I AM TO BE HIS GIRL, TO BE HIS FAMILIAR. I AM HIS CLOSEST, CLOSEST COMPANION. I AM. I AM. I AM SO, SO, SO thrilled to go everywhere with Kevin. I am so, so, so happy. (BN: felt her bursting with joy and love of life.)

BN: What does Lesly need to know?

Pippa: How much I ADORE HER AND I AM SO GRATEFUL NOT TO HAVE TO CHOOSE. (BN: Lesly acts selflessly, completely from the heart and allows the relationship between Kevin and Pippa to flow freely.)

BN: Do you remember your life as Helen?

Pippa: Good, good life but this one SO, SO MUCH BETTER. SO!

BN: What do I, Brigitte, need to know?

Pippa: How special you always, always make me feel. So special.

BN: You are! Is there anything you need from Kevin?

Pippa: No

BN: From Lesly?

Pippa: No. We live in complete H-A-R-M-O-N-Y. Harmony.

BN: How does your body feel?

Pippa: Great, so happy. So.

Pippa is a smart girl and she entertains herself for hours. She does all sorts of clever things like roll the windows up and down in the car on her own and "negotiates" with them for

what she wants. Helen used to be game to wear anything: shamrocks, bunny ears, bee antennae headbands, hats, holiday outfits, summer or winter and every day outfits. Pippa clearly shows she doesn't want, or perhaps need, to be dressed up and wear clothes. When she wants attention, she asks for it and it is generously given. People stop to admire her on the street. Kevin feels they know each other in a manner that goes beyond what he has experienced with his other dogs. The sense of complete fulfillment is mutual.

Returns are not unusual and I've facilitated quite a few of them. Helen/Pippa's had a quick three month turnaround from time of death in July to re-incarnation in December of the same year. All of the important elements, such as location and timing, fell into place. I was happy to assist, as I always do, with a few practical suggestions that would create coordinates the animal and their people could follow, a bit like a (celestial) GPS system.

In general, for the join-up to be successful two criteria have to be met. First, the animal is the one to choose to come back and secondly, the people, after they agree and some ground work is laid out, let the process unfold without trying to control the outcome in any way.

A perfect example of this happened just this year with a cat named Allez that was yearning to return to his person. He clearly stated in a communication from the Otherside she would have nothing to worry about or do. He would find his way up the driveway of the home and back to her. His person was to simply wait for him. She waited and waited and he did not come. We connected with him on the Otherside and knew he was on the Earthplane as a kitten. Then, in another communication, he mentioned he was in a cage and the woman thought all was lost. She had a strong feeling he was in adoption center about to be homed. Resigned, she (finally!) just let go of the hope of being reunited with her cat. Then one day, well over a year after Allez had passed, a friend of hers in Northern

California asked her if she would take an eight month old cat, named Katrina, which she and her husband had rescued as a tiny kitten up a tree. I saw a short video and felt this young cat surely belonged with my client. Eventually, the woman agreed to take her. Katrina traveled down from Northern California in a comfortable, air conditioned animal transport service van. The van, (we later joked it was her limo) with her inside, drove right up the driveway to the front door, as she said she would. Yes, Allez chose to be a she this time around, and responded with exuberant racing around the house when asked if she was Allez. Her “new” name, because she appeared to like it so much, became Ally with a y. (My client also found out later, kitten Katrina had spent a couple of months in a big metal crate on her friend’s property.)

Some animals may return to their people older in years, in a different species, and from far away locations. From far or near, in a straight line or with multiple detours, the reunion eventually takes place. All one needs to do is be aware, sit back, let go and have faith.