

Animal communication, their inner-feelings, their passion for living and loving.

What Your Animals Tell Me

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WHAT YOUR ANIMALS TELL ME

AN ANIMAL COMMUNICATOR REVEALS THE FASCINATING
INNER WORLD OF OUR PETS

BY DR. MONICA DIEDRICH

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INNER WORLD OF OUR PETS
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First and foremost, I must acknowledge the great teacher who help me to understand myself and my gift and, by allowing me to be me, showed me how not to be afraid of the images I was seeing. Master Tam Nguyen (see photograph) accepted all my “pictures” with grace and understanding. He has always been my constant support because he believes in me.

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INTRODUCTION

“You do what?” people exclaim in amazement when I tell them I am an animal communicator.

“And how exactly do you do that?” they ask.

“Well,” I reply, “I get pictures in my mind like clips of a movie. These pictures tell me whether an animal is happy or sad, if it’s longing for something, or satisfied with its life. They show me their wants, desires, needs and their hurts.”

The images I receive do not refer to time, so it may be hard to place the content of the picture in the past, present or future. Also, the meaning depends greatly on the circumstances surrounding the event or the context of the situation. The images are often accompanied by impressions, feelings, tastes, sounds, and smells. I use all my senses when I am receiving the picture clips so, when I see a scene, I also know how the animal feels about what I’m seeing.

Occasionally, I call myself an animal behaviorist, which is tongue-in-cheek because most of the time, any behavioral change called for is on the part of the *human* and not the pet.

People often assume that, because I communicate with animals, I grew up close to them, observing them and sharing their lives. In fact, I grew up in Buenos Aires, Argentina, a busy metropolitan city, surrounded by apartment buildings. The downtown area, where skyscrapers competed for the sky and for how many apartments or offices they could contain, was no place for pets. To see the slightest hint of green, I had to walk to a park, the lungs of the city, a couple of miles away.

When I was eight, my family bought a summer home about two hours away from the city. It was a large Spanish-style home surrounded by lush green, and lots of fruit trees. It was a little piece of heaven, away from the noise of taxi horns and exhaust fumes. All of my three-month long school vacations were spent there and, on one such vacation, I realized that I could hear animals’ thoughts.

On the corner next to us were neighbors who had emigrated from Europe. They had a farm and everyone within 30 miles knew the family and sought them out for fresh produce. They also raised chickens for eggs, cows for milk, a few work horses, a couple of dogs and some barn cats. We felt lucky to have them nearby as it meant that we would not starve, even during bad summer floods.

I would often go next door to buy milk and eggs. On one occasion, I was given a tour of the farm and saw a new mother pig with about 20 piglets beside her. I was surprised to hear her complain about how incredibly tired she found nursing her young. As I “heard” this, she was looking right at me, and it was clear to me that I was not imagining it. I was paralyzed by this phenomenon and couldn’t move for a long while. From then on, I volunteered to go for supplies all the time so that I could talk to the animals.

Once a dog tied to a tree told me how hot he was and laughed about the beating he received the previous day for breaking his chain. He said, “It didn’t hurt that much, and besides it was worth it. I got to inspect the whole ranch and marked everything. Now, even if I’m tied down most of the day, everyone will know it’s all mine.”

I also heard a cow that warmly offered me some freshly squeezed milk, and the chickens complained about the new arrogant young cock.

At such a young age, I took these things for granted, never realizing that not everyone had this gift. I simply replied to the animals and went on playing. It was not always pleasant, however. One day, a dog was about to be beaten and I really heard his desperate cry for help. The man undid his belt and called the dog to his side. The faithful animal, well aware of what was going to happen, obediently trotted over to him, shoulders sloughing down, head looking at the ground, and tail curled low between his legs. He looked at me and screamed, “Tell him to stop, tell him not to do it.”

“Please don’t hurt him,” I begged the owner, but to no avail.

“He needs to be taught a lesson,” the man said gruffly.

Filled with anger and disbelief, I turned and walked away, the dog's cries ringing in my head. His pain was my pain. I ran home and vowed to never experience this again.

It wasn't until my eighteenth birthday that I realized I was different, and began asking why I got extrasensory information from people and animals but others didn't. Why was vivid *déjà vu* an everyday occurrence? Why could I foretell events? For example, in conversations, I routinely knew what someone would say next.

This was a matter of mild curiosity for me until the day my world stopped. I had just married and we went to a furniture store to buy furnishings for our new apartment. The moment I set foot in the store, I started to see a "movie" that showed me what the two-level store looked like, and I noted that the sweeping main staircase reminded me of the one in *Gone with the Wind*. I saw how every piece of furniture that we would buy was already in our new apartment. And I suddenly discovered why I was there and why this was happening. The picture inside my head showed me a little girl playing on the staircase accidentally fall and break several bones.

My mind raced. What am I supposed to do, I wondered. Has this already happened? Or is it about to happen? And if so, what am I supposed to do? Stop the little girl? Tell her mother? WILL SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT TO DO, I screamed internally.

The movie played for several minutes, during which time I actually saw a little girl begin to play on the staircase. She was jumping to the first step, then turning around and jumping to the ground. The next time, she jumped two steps and turned to jump back to the ground level. She did this several times, each time jumping up one more step before turning and jumping down. I was motionless, watching and reliving my premonition. I counted six steps and, as I saw her begin to turn, I screamed. This startled her and she shifted her weight so that, unlike the premonition, she was only bruised, with no broken bones. She still cried and screamed

for her mother but I felt so good when I saw her stand up and run to her family.

Somehow my scream had changed the outcome. Shaken and confused, I wondered to whom I could speak about this. Who would understand? Would I be judged weird or worse, insane? I decided to say nothing to anybody, except God, the Universe, or whoever out there was in charge and hopefully listening. “If I am never shown any bad things, then I will accept this gift and put it to work in helping people and animals. I will honor this promise as long as you never, ever show me scary things again.”

Getting over the furniture store incident took many years. By then, however, I knew what the word “psychic” meant. I had read all the books by Jane Roberts in which she channels an entity named Seth, and was glad to learn that I wasn’t the only one who was “strange.” Jane Roberts had the same doubts that I had and as she recounted that she was, in fact, her own worst skeptic and critic, I began to feel more at ease. Then came other authors. And so my path began.

How will I use my gift in a positive way to help animals, I wondered. I reasoned that when you meet new people, you begin by asking them about themselves. So why not just do the same with the animals? I will ask them questions, and they will answer, I decided.

As I would come to find, animals are usually happy to describe their personality so that I can get to know them quickly. For example, they may describe themselves as “a little lady,” “an old grouch,” “an adventurer,” or “a couch potato.” Sometimes they explain their interaction with family members. They might tell me, for instance, that they are very close to Mom or Dad. (Most animals hold a parental-like image of their humans, so ‘Mom’ or ‘Dad’ often comes to mind.) Members of a multi-pet household talk about who is “top dog.” A few talk about “friends” when describing the humans with whom they share a home. Amazingly, even those who are beaten and cursed talk lovingly about their families.

Some give me deep spiritual messages while others talk about their favorite food or activity. They all talk about love, about patience, and

about having a job to do. Their jobs vary and are the most important part of their lives. Dogs, for instance, might take care of the house, watch for strangers, keep an eye on the kids, prohibit the cat from entering the room, or watch the baby. Outside dogs can go hunting, fishing, hiking or herding. No matter what the job is, they always enjoy doing it well. They want to please their human companions and see them happy.

Cats, on the other hand, are more independent. Although some of them have a job, their main desire is to sleep, sunbathe, and do exactly what they want (as opposed to what *you* want). Still, they balance their wants and desires so that the relationship can be give-and-take. Granted, some of you give more than you take ... or do you? At times, it seems as if our animals give us a lot more than we offer them. Their unconditional love is always there for us, regardless of how we treat them, and that far outweighs any payment or sacrifice that we can make.

Many of the stories in this book reveal that often our animals' main purpose is to teach us something about ourselves, and if they don't achieve that purpose in one lifetime, they will reincarnate back with us to continue their work. This may involve an animal getting the same sickness as its human guardian. With one of my clients, the animal died while *she* made a complete recovery.

Understanding the role of our animals and what they do is sometimes far beyond our comprehension. By their actions, they mirror your feelings, showing you whether you're having a good day or a bad one. By being stressed themselves, they show you how stressed you are. Even when you show no outward signs of stress, they sense it because they can see your aura (the energy field surrounding your physical body) and become sponges, absorbing your stress for themselves. This helps you feel more relaxed. And what do you do then? You pet them and tell them you love them. They, in turn, show you their tummy, look at you with adoring eyes or simply purrrrrrrr

Purring signifies a magnificent feeling of contentment. To make your kitty purr with delight means that you must be a wonderful person. She

needs you to show love and you do. In return, she shows you just how special you are. After all, she doesn't purr for just *anyone!*

When our animals speak to us, they say things they need us to hear. They seldom complain, but do want us to see their perspective. It's not enough for us just to understand what they're saying, though; often we must also take some action. If, during a consultation, I tell you that the reason your cat refuses to use her litter box is because it's dirty, I get concerned if you give me excuses such as, "I work long hours and get home tired," "I can't change the location of his box!" or, "He always liked that brand of litter before." I can't change your animal's mind; I can only tell you what they tell me. It's up to *you* to act on it and do the changing.

Some people scoff when pet lovers ascribe human-like feelings to their animals. As an emotional empath, I disagree; every day, animals share their feelings with me. They can also rationalize what they want and what they prefer, and events and circumstances to do with home and family.

It is my hope that this book will open a door in your mind. Even if you question my gift, please strive to be receptive to the insights it offers. And know that I have been as truthful and honest in every detail as I possibly can. Some of these consultations are on audio cassette for my reference, and others have been verified with the animal's owner. The stories are all true!

Hopefully, this book will reveal the rich and deep inner world of our pets, so that owners may appreciate them more. Animals know *far* more about what is happening in their lives—and yours—than we give them credit for. And as you will see, they have souls that survive physical death as do we, and often watch over us from the other side.

For clarification in the following accounts, I have put the animals' communications to me in quotation marks, as if they are speaking. Sometimes, I do in fact hear actual words; when it is important, I get the whole sentence and, other times, I get a few words with the movie clip. I hope this conveys the to-and-fro nature of our telepathic "conversations." So please relax and enjoy each chapter, filled with the animals' insights

and perceptions, and walk alongside their families to experience how animals affect, enrich and enlighten our lives every day.

Dr. Monica Diedrich
Anaheim, California

CHAPTER 1



YOU CALL YOURSELF A HEALER ... DO SOMETHING!

I am sitting on the floor of my bedroom watching my best friend die. He has no control of his bodily functions and lies on the floor with eyes fixed on some imaginary object. His breathing is labored with his mouth open. My dog, my best friend, my “baby” might not make it through the night. My mind wanders back to the day we met. How tiny he was then! I chuckle at the thought of him quiet and secure inside my purse, occasionally sticking his head out, as I go shopping. People would stop me to get a better look at the fluff of white fur that looked more like a chrysanthemum than a dog. When they realized they were looking into the bright, black eyes of a tiny puppy, they would tell me how beautiful he was. He eagerly soaked up their attention, but always retreated to the comfort and safety of my arms.

Today, I can't even help him to feel good. He is dying before my eyes and I don't know what to do.

For many years, I had been studying the art of Cosmic Healing, a technique much like Reiki that is passed down from master to student. For the past twelve years, I had been guided by Master Tam Nguyen, my

spiritual leader, in the fine art of channeling the healing energies of the Universe to help people heal themselves. Every Saturday, I would go to the Association for Research in Metaphysics, in Anaheim, California and spend many hours helping people with their problems.

Master Tam derived this technique by adapting it from Tantric Buddhism, and it is based on the heart chakra and the love of all things. It became a part of my life and, when he asked me to be a teacher, I jumped at the opportunity.

Because of my fascination with Eastern thought, I studied Tibet, its culture, people, history and, of course, its pets. The origin of the Shih-Tzu breed is obscure. It is classified as a Chinese dog, since it was bred there for hundreds of years, but is considered to have originated in Tibet, where it was kept in the temples and occasionally given to the emperors of China as a tribute gift.

In Buddhism, and its more mythical form, Lamaism, the lion is held as a sacred animal. The Buddha Manjusri, the god of learning, is said to have traveled the four continents as a simple priest, accompanied by a small dog. In an instant, the dog can be transformed into a mighty lion with Buddha riding on its back. The Tibetan Lamas probably encouraged breeding these dogs to resemble their “lions,” and undoubtedly their best specimens would have been selected. To be given a lion dog was a great honor, and the last tribute gift to the Chinese emperors was made in 1908, when the Dalai Lama, bringing several dogs, visited the Empress Dowager some months before her death.

The Shih-Tzu became known as the Lion Dog. The small lion dogs were kept for temple duties and as house pets, where they lived as members of the family. Following the death of the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi in 1908, there was no one to supervise dog breeding in the Imperial Palace. The new emperor, Pu-Yi, was not interested in the palace dogs, so many of them were given away to important Chinese families and high-ranking foreign officials, while others were sold in the dog markets of the Lamaist temples.

Dog breeding continued outside the Palace and it was believed that the Chinese would go to great lengths to prevent live dogs and puppies from leaving the country, including feeding powdered glass to exported dogs just before they left for the West.

With the Chinese invasion of Tibet, the breeding stopped and the dogs disappeared. Years later, some of them were found in the city and sold to General and Mrs. Douglas Brownrigg who fell in love with the breed. They took them to England in 1931 and, after many tries, successfully bred a couple of females. Shih-Tzus were brought to the United States in 1966 and rapidly became one of America's favorite lap and toy dogs.

I became enchanted with the breed and its history, and set out to find one. After much research, I found someone who had been breeding them for many years. The trip took over an hour and I thrilled with anticipation. I had been to two other kennels before but none of the puppies was what I was looking for. When we finally arrived, I was discouraged; such a long trip and they had only one left, an 8-week-old male. Even though I wanted a female, I took one long look at him with his white fluffy coat, curly tail and big, black expressive eyes, and fell in love. I was hooked.

He came from a long line of champions, both American and English. Wanting to keep his Chinese roots alive in him, I named him after one of his ancestors, Chop-Chop, meaning fast because he would run quickly to me when I called him. He was my first animal love.

Chop-Chop was a happy, sweet, obedient and playful puppy, very close to the family and eager to please. He would always come when called and never had any 'accidents' inside the house. The perfect gentleman never barked either.

One day when he was two years old, I was going upstairs to my bedroom and called out for Chop-Chop to follow me as it was customary but he didn't come. My puzzlement turned to alarm when instead he began to whine and looked up and then down. First I called out more loudly, then enticingly with a soft cooing voice. He just kept whimpering.

I went back downstairs and picked him up. As soon as I put my hand around his belly, he let out a piercing yelp, an unmistakable cry of pain.

My children confirmed that he had been quiet all day, lying down most of the time. I was very concerned for him and settled him down with padded blankets for the evening. Once settled, he didn't complain and was asleep in minutes.

The next morning brought no improvement. He wouldn't follow me out to go potty and I had to lift him up from his bed and take him outside. He squatted like a female instead of lifting his leg. Again, not like him.

I immediately took him to the veterinarian who diagnosed hip dysplasia compounded by a pinched nerve in his spine, worsened by the severe cold, humid weather we were experiencing. The doctor gave him a shot for the pain and prescribed medication to be given twice a day for ten days. He said there was no real cure and warned me to start thinking about hip replacement surgery even though that offered no guarantees. The only other option was euthanasia.

I was distraught. Chop-Chop was only two years old. He'd never shown any sign of this disease until now and he hardly weighed 12 lbs. In my attempt to deal with the situation, I reasoned that the vet was wrong. Chop-Chop had probably just hurt himself playing with one of my boys. Surely the pain killers would surely make him feel better by tomorrow, I rationalized. They didn't.

As time passed, walking became progressively more difficult for him, until finally he was paralyzed from the waist down. He was in so much pain that he couldn't even pull his body along with his front paws. What's more, he would lie still, eyes fixed on an unknown horizon for hours at a time. He was no longer able to control his body functions, so I bought him diapers. All this in a matter of days.

I took him to another vet who also diagnosed him with the same condition and prescribed more of the same ineffective pain medication. Chop-Chop would not eat and rarely drank. It became painfully clear to me that he did not have long to live.

I cried all the way home from the vet, and cried some more while telling my husband of this second visit. I cried even more at my own helplessness. That night, I put some warm blankets on the floor next to my bed and stared at Chop-Chop for the longest time. He wasn't staring back. He was lost again in that state of blankness where everything else makes more sense than where you are in the here and now.

Thinking that this might be his last night with me, I couldn't go to sleep so I grabbed my own blanket and laid down next to him on the floor, talking to him gently. Suddenly, a voice startled me: "Well, you call yourself a healer. You've helped a lot of *people* ... SO DO SOMETHING!"

I was shocked and sat up immediately to look around the room. Of course, I was alone with Chop-Chop. When I looked down at him, I realized that he was talking to me by mental telepathy. For the first time in days, he looked me directly in the eye and gave me a long stare. At that moment, the connection between us was so strong that I realized we were communicating on another level and he was putting his trust in me and my abilities to channel the healing light.

"Of course," I gasped. "Why didn't I think to apply Cosmic Healing to animals? It will work the same as it does for humans."

Quickly, I began to put all my knowledge, effort and concentration into the task at hand. I invoked the Cosmic Energy, talked to the heavens, spirit, the universal light and love, the angels and fairies, my higher self and guardians, all the saints and sages of all times, space and dimensions. I asked everyone and everything that was, is or will be to help me be the transmitter of life and healing light. I waited for a sign. My hands became very hot and the usual prickling sensation followed. I knew I was ready.

My hands were directed to start at the base of the neck, the beginning of his spine and, with a slow pulling and pressing motion, they traveled the length of his back until they reached the base of his tail. My mind thought to stop, but my hands kept on going as if they knew what to do. They grabbed his tail, which curves up and around, and pulled slightly, thus manipulating his whole spine. My hands then concentrated on the

hip area and manipulated his legs into strange contortions. Finally my hands moved to his belly area where the weak stomach muscles were making him bear the weight of his body. I watched different patterns emerge as I let my hands be guided to heal. Then the flow suddenly stopped. I thanked everyone and bowed my head in reverence and gratitude. My belief was unwavering that I was doing everything I could for his highest good. Satisfied with this, I slept soundly the whole night for the first time in days.

When I got out of bed the next morning, Chop-Chop got up on all *four* legs and shook his mane, something he had not been able to do for a long time. I was so happy to see him do that much that I immediately picked him up and took him outside to relieve himself. I was careful to put him down gently for fear that his back legs would give out on him, but he stood firmly and relieved himself without difficulty, still squatting, however.

We went inside and I gave him another healing session. After our customary breakfast and sharing time, I went to work. When I came home that evening and took him outside again, he was able to stand much better, and I was pleased that the healing was indeed doing some good. I gave him another healing that evening. By the next morning, he was in good spirits and, when I took him outside, he slowly walked two or three feet until he found his spot and I could see him trying to lift his leg. Within a week, he was back to his normal self.

That was years ago, and the dysplasia has not recurred, nor has he had any other health problems. I believe that he volunteered his own body to teach me an invaluable lesson—that the Universal Healing Energy is here to give hope, light and healing for *all* living things; and that's exactly what I've been doing ever since.

Regardless of whether I offer healing or communication with pets, healing *always* happens in the session; healing of the heart and mind are just as important as physical healing. And when my clients call me because they need closure after a pet has died, the session is always healing.

I can offer my human clients nothing better than the opportunity to understand their own pets. My gift to them is to let them know what animals like or dislike, and to glimpse their personalities and attitudes towards their life and family. They have something to say about everyone around them, be it human or animal, as in the first story.

JONATHAN

One Saturday, I was having a garage sale at home when the phone rang. One of my clients was concerned about Jonathan, her 11-year-old mini daschund who was having a seizure in the middle of the living room. It was very hard to concentrate at that moment and leave behind what I was doing, but I did the best I could over the telephone. I asked Mom to concentrate with me and we went through some guided visualizations designed to bring Jonathan back into balance. He kept sending me images of green pastures and a big tree so I asked Mom to take him to a park. “Take his favorite blanket and lie down in the shade for about an hour, and call me back later.”

She called me late afternoon and thanked me profusely. “Jonathan is acting better than he has all month. I want to make an appointment to see you in person.”

When they came in, we talked extensively about Jonathan’s various concerns. Uppermost was his concern over Mom’s plans to move to another state in the immediate future. This stressed him to the point of having chronic seizures. He needed some details that would make the change to another home a little smoother, which Mom and I gave him.

Not long after I saw him, I got a call from Mom telling me the seizures had stopped and they were both ready for their big move.

When I give a class or a workshop, I try to make sure that everyone understands “healing” as a principle of life. The Bible says that we all possess a “Divine Spark” inside of us. This Divine Spark is part of what we call God, or Universal Energy, the Tao, the All That Is, etc. It is what

connects us to the Universe and each other. This sublime energy can be harnessed for the good of others. When we do good unto others without expecting anything in return, we in fact get a lot more returned to us with the same good spirit. That's why, when I do good for the animals, I get so much love in return that I have no doubt this is one of my missions in life.

Calling in a professional healer is not always practical, so at the end of this chapter, I present a healing technique you can perform yourself. All you need is love, good intentions, concentration and imagination, as in the next story.

SHADOW

I went to visit Shadow, a 2-year-old Great Pyrinee, because Ann, her Mom, was concerned that lately she had been acting strangely. "She doesn't enjoy visiting with people or places anymore and starts whining and pawing at me because she wants to go home. I'm curious to know what's wrong."

Now, a day or so before the session, I send the animal a message that I am going to be visiting for a "talk," so the animal knows in advance. I'd done this with Shadow so, when I arrived, she greeted me at the front door and immediately let me pet her. She felt at ease with me and I with her. We cuddled and she smelled my body and hair thoroughly. While I knelt down to talk to Shadow, Ann was amazed. "I can't believe it. Shadow always jumps up at people and then brings one of her toys to the guest for play."

When I explained, "Shadow was not about to do that with me," Ann was perplexed. "Shadow knows that I am here to 'talk' and not play," I added.

Ann, still amazed, asked, "Did you tell Shadow not to jump on you?"

I smiled and answered, "No, I didn't."

We talked for a while about Shadow's recent problems, about her separation anxiety, and about how she had destroyed her carpet and other things. Then she complained about pain in all four knees, but especially

her right hind hip and knee areas. Ann explained that when Shadow had been a year old, she'd had surgery on her *left* knee. When the conversation turned to her sleeping habits, Shadow complained, "I can't find the right place to lie down because I am experiencing some pain in my bones. Several times a night, I need to get up and try to find a comfortable place to lie down."

Next, Shadow sent me an image of her standing up on her hind legs playing with other dogs, as if wrestling. Ann verified, "That's exactly what Shadow likes to do when I take her to the leash-free park."

In view of Shadow's complaints, I was puzzled by the image until she explained that she was no longer able to play rough. I suggested to Ann that she take Shadow to her vet for a check-up. We talked about a few other things and left Ann with a new understanding of her "big girl."

Ann called me less than a month later. "I took Shadow to the leash-free park for an afternoon of fun. She soon found a friend, a big German Shepherd, she could play with. After a couple of minutes, though, she yelped really loudly and fell to the ground after being up on her hind legs. I rushed her to the vet who said that she'd pulled her right kneecap off and needed immediate surgery. Shadow was right all along. It *was* her right leg."

Ann went on, "I'm concerned about the operation's success but I'm more worried about her recuperation. She's a big girl, about 150 pounds, and will be off her feet for a few weeks. Could you come see her again?"

When I got to the house, Shadow was waiting for me, standing on three legs and wagging her tail. She recognized me right away and limped over to the sofa and lay down. I could see that her right rear leg had been shaved. She had been opened from the upper thigh in a straight line down the front of her knee almost to the ankle. Many staples held the wound together, which was a little swollen and painful.

Shadow asked Ann many questions, starting with why she'd needed the operation, why so much pain, how long before the stitches would be removed, and how long before she could get out of confinement.

Shadow complained about back pain because she was not used to distributing her substantial weight unevenly on three legs. She also complained about a noise coming from the outside. “The pounding is bothering me and won’t let me rest.”

Ann explained, “The rain is dripping down the chimney. Tell Shadow that if she wants, she can move to the living-room.”

Shadow replied, “Not now. I’m very tired.”

I explained to Ann how to harness the light energy and do some hands-on healing by transmitting the energy with love into the body of Shadow while at the same time using imagination. We did it together and I asked her to do it twice a day. I added, “Next time she goes to the doctor, he might tell you that she is healing faster than anticipated. That will be your cue that what you’re doing is working.”

Ann diligently used this technique on Shadow and, as I predicted, the doctors and nurses were surprised that Shadow was healing a lot faster than they expected.

Because so many people ask me what they can do to help their animals overcome surgery or injuries, I would like to share with you the following healing technique I introduced to Ann for Shadow. Please note, however, that this is *not* a substitute for veterinary care, but a supplement to it. If your animal is sick or injured, *always* consult a veterinarian.

THE HEALING PROCESS

Sit quietly in front of your animal friend and close your eyes. Breathe in deeply three times while imagining that, with each breath, you are receiving the Healing Light of the Universe through your nostrils. As you breathe, the energy accumulates in your lungs and then is transferred to your stomach. The Chinese Masters call this spot the *tan tien*, an area located approximately three inches below the navel and 2½ inches inward. This is the center of your aura, the balancing area of your internal energy, your grounding point.

Continue with a slow rhythmic breathing and position your hands with palms up, elbows elevated and fingers pointing outwards, as if gesturing, “Why?”

Continue breathing in energy until you feel a prickling sensation in your fingertips or heat in the palm of your hands. Sometimes the energy will come from the top of your head and travel down your body. Then, turn your palms face down and lightly touch the affected area, and direct the healing energy into your pet. No massage, no caress, just hands-on. Feel this healing warmth radiate through your body and into your pet's body. Know that, as this transfer is happening, you are only a channel for the Light, much like a TV antenna. The energy is always around us; all you are doing is harnessing it and transferring it to where it is most needed.

While you're doing this with your hands, imagine that you are being helped by an army of little people. They are volunteers from the spirit world and are at your service for helping others. Think of *Gulliver's Travels* when the whole town of Lilliput went to the beach and tried to tie up the huge monster asleep on their beach. That's exactly what I'd like you to picture, only in this case, the army of volunteers is armed with instruments made out of light. The first battalion has thread and needles made of light and they will go over the sutures, sewing so that the wound closes perfectly and heals rapidly. The second battalion is armed with sponges made out of light that, when pressed on the wound, make the light penetrate and heal faster. The third battalion has tiny syringes filled with love and light that when injected into the muscles will help them to grow, stretch and be pliable once more. The fourth battalion reflects light with their shields into the immune system to reactivate it and, in so doing, allow the red blood cells to grow.

Maintain these images for as long as you can; usually ten to fifteen minutes will be sufficient. Once you can't hold the visualization any longer, let everyone go by thanking their efforts and release them until next time. Thank the Divine Spirit, the Heavens, your God, the Tao, whomever you believe in, and add that you are doing this for the Highest Good of All. Believe in this.

This is a great visualization technique that provides your mind with an avenue for *doing* something for your beloved pet instead of waiting and doing nothing. It also helps your mind by concentrating on the task at hand and mentally exercising your focus for the end results you expect.

As always, meditation is a great tool and that is where everything begins. I encourage all my clients and students to start their road to a new awareness by meditating at least once a day, every day, at the same time and in the same place, for a period of at least 10 minutes.

Meditation is nothing more than giving yourself a chance to listen to what your higher self needs to tell you. It is a non-doing, non-thought state of being where you are able to receive information from a higher source. One of the best ways of meditating is by breathing deeply and counting your breaths. Another is to concentrate on a single object such as a candle, the flame of a fireplace, a blade of grass, a flower petal or the foam of a wave. You can meditate anywhere, any time.

CHAPTER 2



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We use names to identify people, places, animals and plants. Almost everything has a name. When you name a living creature, you are, in effect, acknowledging certain qualities and vibrations that resonate with you. Many times, people grow up with a name they absolutely hate and change it when they get to be adults; others actually like their name because it feels good.

Perhaps a friend or family member gives us a nickname. We may become so familiar with it because it feels right that we go through life introducing ourselves by that name instead of our given name.

American Indians followed a custom in earlier times of naming their children after natural phenomena—qualities found in nature and animals (Running Brook, Swift Deer), events that occurred around the time of childbirth (Dark Storm Cloud), or the baby's appearance (Smiling Eyes).

Australian aborigines have an even better custom. Children are named at birth and, as they develop and outgrow their birth name, they choose a more appropriate name, possibly changing names several times in life as wisdom, creativity and sense of purpose grow. So maybe they can be Water Searcher, Herb Collector and then Animal Healer.

For our pets, the situation is a little different. Usually, they have no say in what we name them, and some of them do not like their given

names. All I know is what your pets tell me, and they *do* talk about their names ... a lot!

THE BLACK TWINS

In summer 1998, I consulted with the owner of two cats. They had different parents but were so much alike that they actually looked like twins: males, black, short hair and light green eyes. One of them was named Dingolin; the other, Little Shit.

As soon as I made contact with Little Shit, he told me, "I am very, very upset with such a disgusting name. I feel offended. I've always felt that Mom committed a terrible offense against me."

When I conveyed to him that Mom apologized, saying, "I always call you Little Baby instead," he told me that no amount of apologies could compensate for his hurt feelings. And neither did he find "Little Baby" funny at all. Anyway, I impressed upon Mom never, ever to refer to him as Little Shit. He was *very* serious about it!

Mom was really more concerned about Dingolin, the other cat, who was dying of kidney failure so, when Little Baby was done, he simply turned his head towards the window and stopped sending me any more information. He said only, "It's his turn now," so I turned to talk to his brother.

Dingolin had just returned from a three-day hospital stay. He wanted so much to live. He loved his home and his Mom but, again, his name was the only thing he was unhappy with. Feeling so sick, he refused to drink water, and no promises of warm arms would entice him to come when called. He had retired to a spare bedroom and would hide for most of the day, as far away from his food and water as possible. Only when he needed some affection would he come out and stretch up as far as he could to touch Mom on her face with his right paw, thus telling her he was ready for some love.

I talked with Mom about her own kidney troubles, how our pets take on our diseases and mirror our feelings and how, in the end, by taking

care of ourselves and our own problems, we start taking care of them as well. She understood and instituted some changes right away. When I called three months later, both boys were doing well and enjoying their new names, Sweetie and Dini.

Sometimes we can be a little obsessive with the names we give our pets. I still do not understand the reason why one of my repeat clients names her pets after very famous people. Her rabbits are named Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin and Joey Bishop; her two cats are Peter Lawford and Frank Sinatra (even though she's a girl!) When I asked her about it, she said, "My husband and I are avid fans of the original Rat Pack."

AMBER

Jean shared her home with two beautiful female Himalayan cats. One was about 1½ yrs old, and named Beauty Emilia Huntress. She loved that name, and just to show her Mom how correct she was when she had named her, she used to run around hunting fuzzy toy mice. One Christmas, Mom got her a real mouse. She did not eat it but had hours of fun playing with him.

The kitten, 5½ months old, was named Smokey Amber. When I approached Smokey, I realized that, although a beautiful seal point, her eyes were blue and not amber. I asked Mom, "Why did you name her Amber when she has blue eyes?"

She said, "Smokey was lying in front of me while I was experimenting with different names out loud. When I said, 'Amber' she looked up, so I knew that she liked the name."

I was able to confirm that fact during our conversation. Jean had done everything right. She'd experimented with different names and waited for a reaction from her cat. But, at the last minute, she chose a name that *she* liked. From then on, the name was changed to Amber Smokey.

LADY

Even when a name seems perfect for a pet, the animal still might not like it, as was the case with one of my own. As a long-time Shih-Tzu breeder, I find them to be exceptional with children, adults and other animals, as well. They are lap dogs, love to be petted and handled, and are at their best being next to you.

When Chop-Chop was a year old, I bought a female Shih-Tzu and named her Princess Tatiana (see photograph). She quickly became the love of his life, and still is. They act just as a married couple would; they sleep touching each other, go out together, climb on the sofas together, eat at the same time and lick each other every day.

In one of their litters was a little puppy that was smaller than the rest. Her colors—white and gold—were unusual for a Shih-Tzu so I decided to keep her and named her Lady Madonna, or Lady for short.

Two years later, I had three adults and eight puppies that were nearing their weaning period. We sent the word out to people we knew and to our vet, and soon had a waiting list.

One day out of the blue, Lady, now two years old, told me, “It’s time for me to be special. I want to find a good family where I don’t have to share the lap of my human with anyone else. I long to be the one and only.”

I listened to her, my heart breaking, and promised to try to find her such a home. Well, to be honest, I didn’t. I loved her too much and couldn’t bear the thought of letting her go. How could I? I struggled with the idea of interviewing someone to be my little baby’s new Mom but, when I thought of placing an ad, all I could think of was the chilling phrase: “*Free to good home.*” What value can you place on two years of love and affection?

About this time, I had Lady spayed because she’d had her first litter of puppies and was proving to be a terrible mother. She wouldn’t stand still to feed their puppies, refused to clean them and would disappear for

hours while her Mom, Princess, would have to clean up her grandkids. So, deciding that Lady was not a good candidate for motherhood, I had her spayed.

I put all thoughts of her leaving behind me, at least until the Universe proved that it knew better than I what was in the best interests of everyone involved, human *and* animal. One day, a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge (see photograph), called looking for a puppy. I told them that I had eight and invited them to visit.

When they arrived, I showed them the puppies and we spent half an hour talking about them and how to take care of them. Suddenly they asked me, "Could we see the older dog?" (My husband later told me that he'd told mentioned Lady when they'd called for directions but had said nothing to me, thinking I would be angry with him.)

I was stunned. Barely able to think clearly, I asked, "Why do you want an older dog?"

Mr. Woodbridge explained, "I'm retired now and although I'm home most of the time, I don't think I have the stamina to raise a little puppy. About three months ago, we lost our little female Shih-Tzu and we feel so lonely and the house is so empty that we want a young dog, one that will outlive us this time. We've been searching for months for a gold and white Shih-Tzu and haven't been able to find one."

I agreed with them that the coloring was difficult to find. Unsure of my feelings and regretting every step, I went outside and had a "talk" with Lady. I told her, "There's a couple here who want to meet you. They might be the family you're looking for. But I can't and won't make a decision on your behalf. If you feel that they are the new family you're hoping for, you must let me know in no uncertain terms. It's the only way I'll let you go."

She agreed, so I picked her up to hug her and tell her how much I loved her, and brought her into the house. As soon as I put her on the living room floor, she was happily smelling them. She jumped on the

couch to visit with the woman, and then jumped down and up to visit with the man on the other couch. For about five minutes, she went back and forth between them while I made idle conversation just to keep my mind occupied.

What Lady did next really shocked me. Sitting on the man's lap, she slowly, sheepishly, but purposefully, licked his chin, twice. Now, she'd *never* before licked people and certainly not faces, so this was highly unusual behavior for her. Next, she stared at me for what seemed an eternity, then looked up at him, gave him another lick and curled up on his lap.*

I'd asked for an unmistakable sign that she approved of the couple, and had received it. With a broken heart, I agreed that they could take her on a one-week trial to make sure they all liked each other.

Mrs. Woodbridge asked me, "Do you think Lady would mind terribly if we gave her a new name?"

When I asked Lady, she told me, "I've never been too happy with that name and would love a new one."

When I conveyed this to Mrs. Woodbridge, she said, "We'll call her Youshie, after our first dog."

The new Youshie not only took to her name but also, before the week was over, she'd stolen the hearts of the two people whom she had picked as her new parents. She is, to this writing, an inseparable part of their lives, accompanying both of them everywhere, even into the morning shower!

Thank you, Youshie, for teaching me a great lesson in letting go. Thank you also for teaching me that, by allowing your new parents to give you a new name, you gave them an immediate sense of belonging that can only be surpassed by your love and affection.

* See Chapter 3 for the deeper explanation of this uncharacteristic behavior.

BUTCH

“This is Naomi and her dog Joey,” my assistant announced. It was Saturday morning and I was consulting to a local Animal Training Club’s fundraising event that included Breed Conformation, Obedience Trials and Canine Good Citizen certification.

Joey was a huge, five-year-old, male Rottweiler who looked at me with intense eyes. As he sat down, he gave me a familiar smirk that makes you believe that some dogs can actually smile! No sooner had I closed my eyes and made contact when Joey told me in no uncertain terms, “That is *not* my name! It’s a sissy name and I will *not* respond to it in any way!”

Mom was so surprised to hear how adamant her dog was about his name that she was speechless. I asked her, “What’s his real name?”

Reluctantly, and making an effort to even say it aloud, she said, “Butch, but I hate that name, so I changed it to Joey.”

“Well, I’m sorry. He doesn’t like it and refuses to cooperate in obedience classes. How long have you had him?”

“Less than two months. I adopted him through someone I met at another show. His owners couldn’t keep him any longer and I agreed to take him in. The first thing I did was to give him a new name. The second was to sign up for obedience classes. Although he was housebroken, obedient and good-natured, he didn’t pay attention during his obedience practice. When I read in the club’s newsletter that you were going to be here, I thought you might be able to ask him questions and find out what’s on his mind.”

When I asked Butch what *was* on his mind, he told me, “I want to thank my new Mom so much for making me feel comfortable. Tell her that it shows she’s had experience with big dogs before. I can tell because she does special things for me, especially the way she raises my food bowls so that I don’t have to reach all the way down to the floor. The way she treats me and the respect she gives me tell me that I’ve found a home where I can be happy and feel loved. That’s all I ever wanted.”

Naomi laughed and said, “I can’t believe he’s thanking me. But he’s right. I do have a lot of experience with large dogs, especially Rottweilers. And yes, I have raised the food and water bowls to make things easier for him. So, understanding his point of view,” she added with a laugh, “I guess it’s back to being Butch.”

As she gave him a big hug, I could see the beginning of a long, loving and understanding relationship.

You may wonder how pets actually relate to their names. What is far more important than the sound you make when you use their name is the *energy* you project at them when you make that sound, for animals are *much* more sensitive to energy than are most humans. So they come to associate a *feeling* with that sound. When I was introduced to the cat Little Shit and heard that name, an involuntary feeling of mild revulsion ran through me, which the cat picked up and associated with his name.

My editor, Tony, has two dogs. The elder is an exalted old-soul black Labrador named Shiva; the other is a playful young-soul Labrador/pit bull mix named Louie. When Tony speaks Shiva’s name, he projects the energy of respect and reverence towards the dog. When he speaks Louie’s name, he projects energy that is light and goofy. Both energies suit, and both dogs are therefore happy with the sound Tony makes to get their attention.

Still on the subject of Shiva, he demonstrated to Tony just how much more our pets know than we give them credit for. Tony was worried about Shiva’s hair loss on areas of his body and the way Shiva would scratch at the bald spots, so he asked both Shiva’s vet and me about it. After examining Shiva, the vet said, “It’s probably a food allergy. Let’s try him on a special prescription low protein diet for two weeks and see if there’s any improvement.”

Almost at the same time, I had a 'talk' with Shiva and asked him about the hair loss. He told me, "It's an allergy to something I am eating. I think it's too much protein, so Tony should start by changing my diet."

Tony has always believed in my line of work, but that validation made him an *absolute* believer. And Shiva? He loved his new diet, stopped scratching immediately, and hair began growing back after only a few days.

Animal communication, their inner-feelings, their passion for living and loving.

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