

Introduction

I'm soon turning 60, which I find astonishing. The years have flown by so fast, creating an amazing journey that has brought me to this point in my life. Everything up until now needed to occur before I could begin writing the book I've always intended to write. Everything in the Universe always happens for a reason and in its perfect timing, and this book's timing is now.

I cannot remember a time in my life when I haven't been fascinated with animals – all types of animals. When I was very young, my folks took my brother and me to see “Patty the Porpoise” on a Florida vacation. I fell in love with the bottlenose dolphin and I begged my parents to go every night. It was as though I'd reconnected with an old friend. Eventually, the attraction owner took pity on them and waived the entrance fee.

I came out of the womb with an innate love of horses, which no one in my family understood, since there were no horse people in our family. My love for dogs was no surprise, because both my parents loved dogs: we had Collies for many years and then Labradors.

My folks were willing to give me riding lessons, but our local park system's stable had a minimum age requirement of eight years old. It seemed an eternity until I turned eight. From the age of six, my mom would take me to gaze longingly at these magnificent creatures. I imagined one day riding into the sunset like Roy Rogers & Trigger. Happy trails to me....

Five years into my riding lessons, my dream of a horse of my own was realized for my 13th birthday. I've had one or more horses ever since, and each has contributed immensely to the person I am today. The sense of responsibility I learned from caring for my own horses has served me well throughout my life. I wish more kids could have a horse to teach them, but horses have become very expensive. I'm extremely grateful that I grew up when I did.

From childhood through college, I successfully showed my jumpers and hunters, as well as others' horses. Training and jumping horses was my passion from the start. It is the one constant in my life that always brings me great joy no matter what else is confronting me. There is no better therapy for me than being on the back of a horse.

After high school, I choose to follow my father and grandfather into pharmacy. This was a mental decision based on my belief that as a pharmacist I'd always be able to support my horse. I thought I'd made a very mature decision that would chart the course for the rest of my life. I decided against a career training horses because I never wanted to jeopardize my one joy in life. I never wanted to resent going to the barn.

My pharmacy career robbed me of spending every day at the barn. Luckily, my heart knew I was meant to work with horses and put me back on target when I fell in love and married an equine veterinarian. I left pharmacy to manage our vet practice, equine hospital, and horse farm in central New Jersey. I was back where I needed to be, whether I knew it or not.

For the next 27 years I worked alongside my husband to care for our practice, hospital, and farm; our horses, dogs and cats; and our clients' horses. Working with horses is an all-consuming occupation, a lifestyle. Even during the most stressful of times, I was happier than I'd ever been working as a pharmacist. My heart was so right about where I belonged.

In the early '90s, I was shown my true path by one of my husband's patients, a Quarter Horse filly foal named *Because Of Love*. Love helped me uncover my abilities in animal communication and healing, which changed the course of my life forever.

All my life I'd carried on conversations with animals, which I thought were imaginary chit-chats. Animals were my friends, and I talked with them about everything. It never occurred to me that these dialogues were anything more than fantasies. A perfect example is recorded in my poem, “Lacey,” composed for a school assignment 45 years ago. The poem resurfaced when both my

parents died on our farm in 2000. I'd totally forgotten about it, but Mom had saved it in a scrapbook of memories for me. The subject was picking out our new Collie puppy.

The snow was deep,
The wind was fierce,
But neither kept me away.
With frozen hands and frozen feet,
I hurried to the cage.

There she was so small and meek,
But I knew no other like her
I would meet.
I watched and stared
And laughed and sighed.

As we walked on,
My mom, my dad and I,
I knew no other dog would do.
No other but my little friend,
Who waited for me 'round the bend.

I quick ran back.
And there she was,
Sitting,
Saying,
Won't you take me home today?

At last, my mom and dad agreed.
No other dog like her had they seen.
So, now my little Lacey
Was coming home with me.

What I believed was born of my imagination, Love taught me was reality. I had truly heard Lacey's plea to come home with us. I'd received a telepathic communication whether I knew it or not, or believed it or not. As a 15-year-old with Lacey, I didn't realize telepathically communicating with animals was possible. As a 42-year-old, a generous soul came to teach me what's truly possible and altered my beliefs dramatically.

I began working with many of my husband's patients, who were instrumental to my development. Countless times over the years we'd commented, "If we could only ask them what happened, where they hurt, etc." Now, we could. Various animals started appearing to teach me about each new healing modality I was learning. My learning curve was quite rapid, because it was in perfect timing for me. Not only would I know what the animals were saying, thinking, and feeling, but I could offer solutions to my clients for the challenges they faced.

Seven years ago, my husband retired. We sold our farm and moved to the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. Six weeks after our arrival, my husband walked out – and I began the most painful, yet transformative, chapter of my life to date. My journey through the darkness is retold in my book, *Letting Go: An Ordinary Woman's Extraordinary Journey of Healing & Transformation*,

which was published in June '08. While not the book I'd always intended to write, *Letting Go* needed to be written first to allow me to heal from my "dark night of the soul."

Looking back, I can honestly say there isn't anything I'd change – not even the pain of my divorce, which resulted in amazing personal growth that has freed me to focus on my animal communication and healing work. My journey of healing also unearthed my gift for writing (which I was totally unaware of), making the time perfect to begin my series of books of animal tales.

In 1904, the Pawnee Chief Letakota-Lesa stated, "In the beginning of all things, wisdom and knowledge were with the animals; for Tirawa, the One Above, did not speak directly to man. He sent certain animals to tell men that he showed himself through the beasts, and that from them, and from the stars and the sun and the moon, man should learn. Tirawa spoke to man through his works."

Master Teachers is the first book of a series and contains the tales of those "certain animals" that shared incredible lives and lessons with me. All but one lived with me, and all willingly gave their love, support, and guidance to this lucky human. In an effort to provide continuity and flow, their tales will follow mostly chronologically, yet intermingling just as their lives did. They are my "master teachers." I'm humbled that they chose me, and honored to share their tales and teachings with you.

The wealth of knowledge that I've acquired through my work with animals is far too much for one book, hence the series. My third book, *Tales of an Animal Communicator ~ Being A Clear Voice*, will focus on all I've learned from my clients' animals. I believe that the animals and people I'm meant to help find their way to me. I also believe part of my mission is to share their teachings so all may benefit from their wisdom. For now, let's saddle-up and meet my *Master Teachers*. Hang on; it's been quite a ride!

Chapter 1 My Epiphany

In April of 1993, my husband ran into an old friend at our local feed store. Boots was a local Quarter Horse trainer and asked Bob for a second opinion on a week-old filly foal that had been born with scoliosis – curvature of the spine. Little did I know that this friend's innocent request for help would introduce me to one of the most influential animals in my life.

Bob examined the filly and really couldn't recommend euthanasia, although several other veterinarians had. Bob didn't feel the foal was suffering inhumanely, even though her condition prevented her from getting up on her own or walking once helped up. Boots was willing to give the foal a chance and try whatever Bob suggested.

The horse's attitude is instrumental in making these types of decisions. Is it willing to try? Is it allowing us to help them? Does it want our help? Our conclusions are based on intuition and years of experience. Although we'd never seen a foal with this rare condition, she was answering "yes" to all our questions. The filly displayed a remarkably strong will and incredible determination.

My role in this tale started out quite innocuously. I accompanied my husband to assist in any way I could. Mostly I lent moral support, peppered with expertise from raising numerous foals on our own farm. It was heart-breaking to watch the filly struggle to stand, and once up, not be able to move around and play.

Young foals often nurse every half-hour. Two hours would be the longest one would let a foal go between meals, for both the foal's and the mare's sake. The filly had to be helped up in order to suckle, which meant someone needed to be available at least 12 times day and night. Having cared

for numerous critically ill foals at our hospital, I knew just how exhausting this was. Nevertheless, Boots was willing as long as the filly was.

It was intriguing to see the filly attract specific people to her. A team gathered, each with skills to contribute. The team was anchored by Boots and her husband, who were willing to give her a chance, despite having no guarantees. My husband contributed his medical expertise and became the guiding, positive force through it all. A veterinary chiropractor performed spinal adjustments, while another friend and client, Kathy, offered TTTouch treatments, an innovative method of energetic healing.

Boots called the filly *Wild Woman*, due to the antics she'd go through trying to play in a less-than-perfect body. I have to admit that I couldn't see how this was ever going to be a normal, useful horse. I felt so sorry for her, but everyone wanted to try, including the filly. Everyone donated their time and services. We all were involved for one reason: to help the filly. This was so refreshing in a society of "What's in it for me?" Our love of horses provided our guiding light.

The filly was otherwise very healthy and growing just like any other Quarter Horse foal would, which made it even more difficult for her and those helping her. I knew everyone was hoping that time and Nature would correct her spine so she could begin to live a normal life. She tried so hard, but I could feel how frustrated she was with her uncooperative body.

Around two months old, the filly grew depressed and uncooperative. Bob examined her and found her physically healthy, except for her scoliosis. Without telling my husband and me, Kathy had an animal communicator working with the filly as well. The things she reported the filly had told her were truly remarkable, such as: she had come to teach, she was starting to wonder whether all the suffering was worth it, and she didn't like people feeling sorry for her. The filly's last comment shook me. I was guilty of that, and I felt awful. The communicator said that the filly had decided to try awhile longer, but we had to be more positive around her.

In early June, the communicator was coming to the area to teach a workshop with the filly's chiropractor at Kathy's farm. The communicator was going to Boots' farm the day before the workshop to work with the foal. As luck or fate would have it, we were called out on a colic emergency and couldn't meet her. We went to Kathy's the next day for the workshop. Bob was becoming interested in chiropractic and wanted to observe the chiropractor in action. I went along for the ride, my curiosity piqued about the communicator.

After watching the workshop, I knew this was what I was meant to do. It was as though a cosmic two-by-four hit me in my consciousness – *I'd communicate for the filly!* I'd communicate for *all* animals; their thoughts, desires, needs, feelings, everything. This would become my life's work.

Driving home from Kathy's, I was overcome with the first true knowing I'd experienced in my 42 years. Communicating with animals was a learnable skill. I knew it was what I was meant to do with my life. To finally be rid of the barrier that had always separated me from the animals would be phenomenal. I was third in my class in pharmacy school, so I was confident I'd be able to learn this. No matter what was needed, I *had* to learn to talk to animals. Step one was finding a teacher and finding one *now*.

The only person I knew who was psychic was a gal I'd met seven months earlier in New York City. We'd sat next to one another at a meeting and developed an immediate connection, which I thought odd since we were so different – or at least that's what I thought. She was a psychologist and clairvoyant counselor.

I called her the next day and explained about my epiphany and my need for a teacher. She laughed, telling me that she'd been getting a message that a surprise was coming her way. She figured I was it. She was not an animal communicator, but was the ideal person to help me awaken these talents that were buried until the timing was right.

Thus began my weekly forays into Manhattan that lasted over a year. I had neither the time nor money to do this, but somehow I found both. When the student is ready, the teacher(s) appear. I must have been over-ready because the Universe began showering me with incredible teachers and experiences.

Wild Woman was two months old when I began my trips to the city. I couldn't wait to become a more active member of her team. I had no idea how long it would take for that to happen. I had homework from the start. Devouring the books I was asked to read was the easy part. The first thing necessary for anything psychic is a quiet mind. Learning to quiet my left brain was excruciatingly difficult for me. Meditation is the doorway to a quiet mind; twice daily was my prescription.

I held the responsibilities of three people on our farm. Finding the time to meditate once a day (let alone twice) was a challenge, but my desire to talk to the filly motivated me. The exercise I was taught, using colors, really helped me. I'd go into the bedroom, close the door, and try to meditate. When I think back to those days, I smile. Practice definitely makes perfect. Today, I can communicate while driving if need be.

One early morning between my first and second sessions in the city, we got a phone call from the local police. Bob was their go-to vet for any large-animal crisis. Someone called them regarding a doe deer roaming around their yard with a fawn hanging out of her hind end. This was a rare event for us, working with a wild one.

As we rushed to her, I wished I could communicate to her that we were coming to help. We found the doe lying down covered by a blanket to keep her calm. Two cops were standing guard over her. I went to her head and sat stroking her neck while my husband removed the already decaying fawn. She had obviously been in trouble for quite a while. She somehow knew to come out of the woods to "ask" the humans for help.

Bob gave her injections of antibiotics to combat infection, cortisone to help with shock, and a rabies vaccine. She never moved a muscle the entire time. She knew we'd come to help her. I joked that she'd be the healthiest doe in New Jersey. One of the cops had a friend who kept deer in an enclosure, but Bob and I wanted to give her time to recover and remain wild. We agreed to return in a couple of hours to check on her.

Before we left her, I cautiously pulled the blanket from her face. I just had to meet her. Those amazing doe eyes were filled with sadness, but also gratitude. I thanked her for allowing us to help her while I continued to stroke her lovingly. Our souls touched. This was one of the most rewarding things I'd ever done. There was no material gain, yet I felt spiritually wealthy from the experience.

I was filled with bad feelings about the cop with the friend. I didn't want this doe to lose her wild life, albeit in New Jersey. I decided to attempt to communicate with her, although I had no idea how. I went into the bedroom, quieted my mind as best I could, and "told" her that if she felt well enough she needed to go into the woods, otherwise the other people would take her to live in an enclosure. We'd come back soon to check on her, and if she wasn't well enough, we'd bring her to our hospital until she recovered. I promised I wouldn't let her end up caged for the rest of her life.

While I had tons of things to do on the farm, the wait to return to the doe seemed like an eternity. Bob had to make some vet calls first. About two hours later, we returned to find the doe and the blanket missing. I was very worried that the cop had come back earlier and taken her. Why else was the blanket missing? Bob called the police and was told they hadn't been back yet. The missing blanket had me doubting their information. I hoped I'd get to the truth the following day in my second session in the city.

I shared my experiences of the preceding week with my teacher. She couldn't believe how much support I was getting from the Universe. I voiced my concern about the disappearance of the

doe and the missing blanket. I wondered if the doe had heard my message. My teacher asked her and she replied, *Yes*. Then, my teacher told me to communicate with the deer. I thought she was kidding. I had only been studying with her for one week. But she wasn't laughing.

Despite not having a clue about what I was doing, I quieted my mind and started a dialogue just like I'd done all my life. What I hadn't expected was to "hear" a response. The doe said, *I'm fine and am forever grateful to you and the kind man. By the way, the blanket stayed on for two miles before it fell off*. Wow! I felt another of those knowings. I knew that I'd done this before. I didn't know where or when, but it was very familiar. There was a buzz of energy throughout my body.

We discussed the other happenings during the week and then I told my teacher about a dear friend's horse that was having surgery the next day for an ankle injury. Unknown to my teacher, the horse also had an unusual heart condition. Immediately, she was concerned about the anesthesia because his heart was not normal. I was astonished.

My teacher started to say she'd talk with the horse, but quickly backed off. Her Guides told her that I had to counsel him, because I would know exactly what to tell him. Whatever I did would make all the difference.

Were they for real? This was a life-or-death deal with a dear friend's extremely valuable show jumper. My teacher told me not to argue with destiny.

For the rest of the day I felt a heavy burden of responsibility. I already had plans to drive with my friend to the university hospital the next morning. How coincidental that I'd be there after the surgery. I worried that the Universe was making a terrible mistake asking a novice to assume such an important role.

After dinner, I went into the bedroom, followed my color meditation exercise, quieted my mind and started a conversation with my friend's horse. At least, I hoped I was. It was a one-way conversation: me talking but hearing nothing in return. I described everything that would be done with him the next day. I wanted him to know exactly what to expect – no surprises.

I spent a lot of time on the anesthesia portion, especially how to wake up from it. Coming out of anesthesia is extremely dangerous for horses. Having a 1,000- to 1,200-pound animal flailing around can be hazardous to everyone. With his heart condition, it was crucial that he accept the loss of mobility. Horses' sense of safety resides in their ability to get up and run – their fright-flight response. Anesthesia robs that from them and can create panic. I told him not to try to get up until he felt really awake; there was no hurry. He should simply stay down until he knew he could stand, then just get up easily. Then I asked my Guides for a sign or something to help me know whether I'd actually communicated with the horse.

Afterward, I realized that the Universe was absolutely correct in its assessment – big surprise! Given my years of assisting with the surgeries that Bob had performed, I was knowledgeable about equine surgery. My teacher was not. She wouldn't have known any of the specifics that would help him cope with the next day's events, whereas I'd helped recover numerous horses from anesthesia without any injuries. My life had prepared me for just this moment.

I couldn't sleep the whole night. I couldn't wait to get to the hospital to see how the surgery went. I felt like I had before my first few horse shows as a kid: happy, anxious to go, confident. I had no worries. I thought about another of my friend's wonderful jumpers that had received joint injections years earlier. I had had a strong foreboding beforehand, which I didn't share with my friend. The mare developed a joint infection and died, despite a very long and expensive fight to save her. I never forgave myself for not speaking up about my feelings. I felt none of those feelings this night.

About 5 am, I heard my horse, Junior, running around the front pasture near our house. I looked out the window and saw that he was genuinely frightened – but of what? I walked outside to

try to calm him before he hurt himself. As I climbed the fence, I saw the threat. I was staring into the eyes of a doe deer! I just smiled and thanked my Guides for the sign.

No, I don't believe it was the same doe, but I do believe this doe offered to be my sign as a thank-you for helping one of their own. I didn't have much longer to wait until my friend and I began the two-hour trip to the university hospital. I really couldn't wait to get there now.

I could sense the worry in my friend as we drove. Given that she was such a close friend, I opened up to her about my recent epiphany and my communication with her horse. I wasn't sure what she thought of my confession, but she listened intently. She was the first person besides my husband who knew what I was up to.

Like a good movie script that intensifies the drama, nothing flowed smoothly that day. We had unusually heavy traffic that delayed our arrival (which really didn't matter since the surgery started late and took much longer than expected). The staff at the hospital didn't seem to know anything. They couldn't answer any of my friend's questions about her horse. All of these things compounded her worry and concern. The tension was alarming. I was so glad I was there for her.

Unlike her, I was feeling great. None of these things had an effect on the positive feelings I was having. It was as though I knew everything was fine no matter what happened – which for me was not the norm. Back in the day, Bob said I worried enough for the entire nation, and he was right. So, this was a big change for me.

Eventually, the surgeon found us and put an end to my friend's suffering. The surgery was more involved than he anticipated, but he successfully repaired the ankle. I couldn't wait, so I asked how the horse handled the anesthesia. He quickly replied, "Like a champ! He got up so easy." My friend and I exchanged glances and smiles, acknowledging the success of the secret she and I shared.

The surgeon took us to the horse. The minute I saw him, I knew he'd been out of surgery for quite a while. He was way too stable for a horse that had just come out of anesthesia. It was apparent that the staff had really blown this one and caused my friend unnecessary anguish. It provided a wonderful contrast for me to learn from – her intense worry and my knowing that all was well. The longer we visited with him, the better my friend and her beloved horse seemed.

As for me, I was flying high with the realization that I could talk with Wild Woman without further delay. The Universe was right after all; it knew that it wasn't sending a novice to do an experienced communicator's job. The occurrences of the past week were staggering for me. Obviously, there was a place outside my conscious mind that knew exactly how to communicate telepathically with animals. My job was to bring that buried knowledge out from its hiding place into my conscious mind. I wondered what else might be hiding along with it. I couldn't wait to find out. I now understood that the rest of my life would be forever altered by the events of this astounding week.

Chapter 2 Because Of Love

My experience with my friend's jumper showed me that I was indeed communicating with an animal. But while the horse had no problem hearing me, I wasn't hearing anything back. I decided just to be grateful that I was sending the message properly. Receiving was obviously going to take a little longer than a week to learn. I'd give myself whatever time was necessary to learn how to receive a telepathic communication. Knowing the animals understood the information I sent was inspiring.

I communicated with the filly as much as possible, but a one-way conversation makes it hard to know if there's actually been an exchange. I went to Boots' farm as often as my obligations would

allow. Even though I wanted to be there daily, I had a vet office, hospital, and farm that required my attention, too. But other situations came up with some of Bob's patients that allowed me to practice my newly discovered talent.

One afternoon, I tried hands-on energy work that I'd been reading about. My intuition guided my hands as I "applied" the energy to the filly while she was lying down. She began nuzzling me, seemingly enjoying it. I asked her if it was helping, but again I couldn't hear her reply. I didn't have a clue what I was doing, but the foal's positive reaction was good enough for me. I couldn't be frustrated; it had only been a few weeks since my epiphany.

The next day during our third session, I asked my teacher if the filly had felt anything from my hands-on energy work. She assured me that she had received great benefit. Her Guides informed her that we were to expect the unexpected. Okay. The filly confided to her that she wanted to get out of her "bad body." I certainly understood it, but I hoped she didn't give up yet. My teacher also told me that I had saved the jumper's life at the university hospital – good to know.

When I got back to our farm, Bob told me the filly was much improved, especially her attitude. That night I asked her about the energy work. I still didn't hear her reply, but I sensed her answers, which was new. The foal was standing the next day while I flowed energy, making it very difficult for this novice healer. At night, I requested that she stay down while I worked on her.

The next day, Boots shared that the filly had gotten up by herself a couple of times. This was monumental! My intuition guided my hands to areas in need of healing energy. The filly stayed down and was almost asleep when I finished. I communicated a thank you and a hope that I'd helped. She let out a huge sigh that I interpreted as "yes." At night, I asked my Guides to show me a sign to let me know that I was actually doing something.

Boots called first thing to tell us that the filly had gotten up twice already on her own. I was elated and thanked my Guides for my sign. When I got to Boots', the filly nickered and struggled to stand, showing me what she could do. I knew she was extremely proud, so I made a big fuss. I did the energy work while she stood perfectly still the entire time. It was the longest I'd seen her stay standing. She was very affectionate, giving me equine kisses as I was leaving. Boots reported later that the filly got up five or six times throughout the day. Needless to say, she and her husband were thrilled.

I decided after doing the energy work the following day that I'd ask some questions while I was with the filly. This time I heard rapid answers. Is my touch helping you? *Yes, it relaxes me and the pain lessens. Please don't stop.* Are you happy that you can nurse whenever you want now? *Yes, and so is my mother.* Do you have much pain? *Pretty much all the time, but everyone is helping me, so it's okay.* You aren't planning on leaving, are you? *Not yet. I've got too much to teach.* You've taught me so much already. I don't want you to stay just for me. *You're not my only student.* I figured as much.

I wasn't sure if it was truly the filly speaking or just my imagination creating the responses since her answers were what I wanted to hear. As I got up to leave, she stretched her nose towards me as if to say "Thank you." I gave her a hug and kiss, thanking her for all she'd taught me already.

The next day, the filly was up when I arrived but not standing well. The combination of her growing, muscular Quarter Horse body and being up more often and for longer periods was taking a toll on her. She didn't care that I had come. When I tried to reposition her weaker hind leg she got angry and bit at me. I apologized. Once she lay down, I did some energy work and then left. Bob had been having concerns about her right hind leg, and today I saw what he meant. It was worrisome.

Boots had decided to register the filly with the name *Because Of Love*. How appropriate since everyone was drawn to her just for that reason. I'd always disliked the name Wild Woman, because I knew her antics stemmed from her frustrating life in a less-than-perfect body. From now on, she'd be known as Love. How perfect!

Given the positive results I was seeing, I worked daily with the filly despite all my other responsibilities. During our next session, my teacher suggested applying the energy long-distance. Do what? She explained that I didn't need to be with the filly to help her energetically. It was called long-distance healing. This would be a huge help since Boots' farm was a half-hour drive each way. Time was always my enemy on our farm.

My teacher also said that I'd made all the difference with the foal, which encouraged me. But there were others sharing their skills with Love as well. She was receiving spinal adjustments by the chiropractor. Kathy was contributing her TTTouch sessions, and Kathy's communicator was occasionally talking with her. Bob lent his medical expertise whenever necessary along with his undying positive outlook. Sadly, Bob was going to get infinitely more involved given the increasing weakness in her right hind leg.

Being the most inexperienced member of Love's team – at least as far as my communication and healing skills were concerned – I was worried about making mistakes with her. My teacher reassured me that I wouldn't make any mistakes with Love. She said, "We make the right mistakes at the right time with the right people and animals." I hoped so. My teacher wanted to meet Love, so our next session would be at Boots'. I'd have to be her chauffeur since she was a true city-dweller, with no vehicle.

Doing Love's energy work via long-distance techniques saved so much time. I only hoped it was as effective. Bob felt Love's right hind leg needed support before something tragic happened. Her ever-increasing weight was compromising it. If she damaged her hind leg, it would mean the end for her. I asked if she would allow us to put a splint on her leg. *If you think it will help.* She was very cooperative while we worked on her, but the following day she told me she felt crummy all over.

Splinting only the lower portion of Love's leg wasn't helping. Bob added a removable cast that fit over her hock, reinforcing her entire leg. Once again, Love was very cooperative. I knew the up-front explanation of the cast helped her understand and accept the cumbersome support apparatus she was now carrying around.

It was time for our session at Boots'. My teacher met Love and gave us a lot of information from her Guides. She told us we needed to do something to support Love's weight so her leg could heal. She said, "Love needs one of those gizmos (carts) used to support the rear end of a paralyzed dog." Well, we all started with a million reasons why it wouldn't work with a horse, but she wouldn't listen. My teacher was adamant. Love needed a gizmo; end of discussion.

Bob and I left for four days in the Adirondacks. I was exhausted from the double round-trips into Manhattan the day before, but I felt it had been a very worthwhile day. We took a mini-vacation hiking in Nature that renewed me. I didn't talk to Love until we got home, apologizing for my silence. I asked how she was feeling. *My shoulders bother me and I feel over-all crummy.* Are you in pain? *I just ache all over.* Is the brace helping? *Yes.*

Boots relayed that Kathy's communicator told the filly that if she decided to leave, it wouldn't be fair. This really upset me. I told Love that I disagreed with the other one who talks to her. What she told her was wrong. I told Love not to worry about us. If she were ready to move on, then she should. We loved her and would miss her, but we'd understand. Do you want me to explain this to the others? *No, not now.*

Bob and I caught up with Kathy at Boots'. We stopped obsessing about the right hind leg and looked at the whole filly. Love needed assistance with the ever-increasing weight of her growing Quarter Horse body. We finally accepted that she'd never get outside on her own. The cart's time had come. I don't think any of us wanted to admit that the cart might be the best we could give her. We wanted more for this wonderful horse that had come to teach us, but it was time to get realistic.

Our job was to give her the best life experience possible. She deserved no less. Slings have been made for horses, but a cart was another animal altogether.

Before bed, I talked with Love about the cart, asking if she would tolerate it. *I don't know if it's worth trying anymore.* I reminded her that she'd come to teach and asked if her lessons were taught. *No. I really want to go outside.* I asked if she would keep trying if we could get her outside. *I'll try if I can go out soon.* I could feel how desperate she was to leave the confines of her stall. I'd been so focused on her condition that I hadn't given much thought to the fact that all she knew of life was her stall. None of us really knew what was possible, but I promised Love I'd do whatever was necessary to get her outside. *Really?* I promise! Love taught us that possibilities are unlimited with an open mind.

Besides being a terrific horse vet, Bob was extremely handy. He started building the cart, because he wanted me to be able to keep my promise to Love. See, everything because of love. Having no model to work from, and other clients' horses to take care of, made its construction even more difficult. I told Love that Bob was building something that would help her go outside, but it might take some adjustments to get it right. Would she cooperate when we were ready? *Yes, hurry!* I explained she needed to act sensible, so she didn't get injured. *Yes, just hurry, hurry.*

I'm sure it seemed like eons to her even though animals have no sense of time, but four days later Bob finished the cart. It was late in the day and Love didn't seem interested when we arrived with the cart. Eventually, she got up. We attached the cart, but it bent. So, it went back to our farm for some further work.

Bob repaired Love's gizmo and returned the next day. I had other commitments, so I couldn't help. It worked this time. Bob was so excited as he painted a picture for me. Love galloped out and started eating grass. In her excitement, she moved around too quickly and broke a wheel. Bob said she loved it! I wished I could have been there to see her, but Bob deserved to share this special event with Love. He was always positive no matter what. He never gave up, just like Love.

I talked with Love that night. *It was wonderful. I'm so sorry I broke it, but I got so excited.* I told her it was okay and that I was so happy for her. I explained how hard Bob had worked on it and asked what she thought of him. *He is the only one who has been positive throughout. He always has an answer for each new problem.* Throughout all of this, we continued with a collection of splints, casts, and braces, trying to strengthen Love's right hind leg. I applied hands-on healing energy when I was with her and long-distance healing energy as often as possible when I couldn't be with her.

Love's foray outside had everyone energized, including the filly. Boots located someone who could build a cart in heavier metal. I explained to Love that someone was building a stronger cart for her and she had to be patient and not get disheartened. *I want to go out.* Bob worked on repairing his while we waited. I could tell Love was getting discouraged. Animals have no sense of time. All they know is now. I kept encouraging her to be patient. *I need to go out. I don't know how much longer I can wait.* Love felt really down.

After hearing how depressed Love was, Bob brought his cart back while I was in the city with my teacher. Apparently, he pressed her; Love got angry, and then he got angry. For the first time, I sensed frustration in Bob. He said, "She laid down in the barn and wouldn't try." I went upstairs to get Love's version. What happened? *I have to go out!* Bob tried today, and he said you wouldn't try. *It hurt my stifles. It was humiliating.* Bob wants to know how he can help you. *I don't care about the leg braces. I just want to go out.*

The stifle joint is in the horse's hind leg and is comparable to the knee of the front leg. The stifle is unique in that it contains a locking apparatus that allows the horse to relax all its muscles and sleep while standing; a definite advantage in the wild. For whatever reason, Love's stifles were bothering her that day.

I asked Bob what happened. What did they do to Love? Bob confessed they'd kind of forced and manhandled her, i.e., disrespected her. They'd tried to carry her. "Well, no wonder! Love needs

to do it herself,” I declared. The breadth of her emotions continually amazed me. Love wanted so desperately to be independent. It broke my heart to know she never would be, but I couldn’t let her sense that from me. I’d learned early on how much she picked up from those around her. I wasn’t going to make that mistake again.

I continued to encourage Love to be patient while I applied healing energy and waited for the stronger cart to arrive. Again, *I don’t think I can stay much longer.* Is your mission done? *No, not really.* Didn’t you come to teach me? *Yes.* Have I learned all I should? *No.* Did you come to teach others? *Yes. Boots, Bob, Kathy, the other communicator, and my chiropractor.* Have they learned everything? *No.* Could you please be patient with people and stay to help us? *I’m trying, but I’m so sad and tired. I don’t know if I can make it. If I can’t get outside, I don’t want to live within four walls, no matter what.* I spent longer than usual, flooding Love with healing energy, trying to heal her emotional state as well as her imperfect body.

Boots called to say the filly seemed really alert, happy, and energized – very different from the last week or so. She said Love was lying down just like a normal foal would, with all four legs tucked underneath her. This was a momentous first. I asked Love what had changed. Excitedly, she confessed, *I can feel things in both my hind legs that I’ve never felt before. My bad leg doesn’t bother me, because I know where it is now.* Is it painful? *No, it’s just sensations.*

The new cart still wasn’t ready, so we went over with Bob’s cart. I sensed Love’s excitement. Bob wanted me to handle her head, because he knew I’d let Love do whatever she wanted to. This was her deal. We’re just there to support her. My promise had been kept as I helped her outside. She was amazing – flying as fast as she could to the grass to graze. I was ecstatic to finally see her out of her stall.

We headed back in when Bob felt she’d done enough. Love cantered back in, breaking another wheel and bending the cart. She did it on her own. She had an amazingly strong will and endless determination. I was so proud of her, and of us. Bob said she was the most alert he’d seen her, with a very normal head and neck carriage; all were encouraging observations. She stayed up for quite a while – meaning she wasn’t too tired. I, on the other hand, was exhausted from her Herculean effort.

Her short time out had her sweating and breathing like she’d run five miles. I told her I was appalled at how hard she had to work. *I don’t mind. It’s my turn to work. You’ve been doing all the work ’til now.* As I talked with her, I felt a buzz down both of my legs that I interpreted as the new sensations Love was feeling. I thought I’d be happier seeing her outside, but knowing how many people she had to rely on was disheartening. She’d never be truly independent, which I knew was so crucial to her. We were so much alike, this remarkable filly and I.

The next day, Love was exhilarated when I asked how her muscles felt after all her exertion. *They’re a little stiff, but that’s okay. Being outside makes my lungs expand, which feels good.* I told her the new cart was finally ready. *I know it’s outside my stall.* I told her we’d be out the next afternoon. I’m sure it will take some adjustments. Please be patient. *Hurry.*

The stronger cart was donated by the generous builder. Love attracted the most wonderful people to her and brought out the best in everyone. The cart supported her weight and had wheels that swiveled. She galloped out, calling to the other horses. She seemed so proud of herself.

Later, I asked what she was screaming at the other horses. *When I told them you were going to fix me so I could go out, they told me people wouldn’t if it was too hard. I wanted to show them they were wrong about people.* The older horses’ low opinion of people broke my heart, but I certainly understood it. I asked how she felt. Did anything hurt? *I don’t really know how I feel. I’m enjoying it so much. I don’t focus on anything negative.* Smart gal. Do you feel your hind legs? *Not much, just a little. I use my hips to move them when I’m going fast enough. That’s why I go fast.*

We got Love out again the following day. She was elated, moving fast and attempting to buck and play just like any four-month-old foal. She almost got away from me. I was leaving for a weekend workshop at the Omega Institute in Rhinebeck, New York, the next morning. She'd be without my help the next few days. I'm not sure who was happier about her adventures outside, Love or me. No doubt Love, because I knew this was the best we could give her, while she had no expectation for her future. Animals know nothing of future. For Love, *now* was all she knew – an important lesson we humans could learn from our animal brothers and sisters.

Chapter 3 Unearthing Buried Treasure

As I drove towards the Omega Institute for my weekend workshop, *Mother Earth Spirituality*, I thought about the joy of seeing Love so happy for the first time in her life. It was a tempered joy, because I knew this was the best we were ever going to be able to give her, and it was so much less than this remarkable soul deserved. I was so grateful that animals only focus on the present, because her future was disheartening, in my opinion.

I pondered my decision to take this course taught by Lakota Sioux lawyer and author, Ed McGaa, also known as Eagle Man. A friend had mentioned the Omega Institute when I told her about my newly discovered skill of communicating with animals. She thought I might be interested in what Omega offered. When the catalog came, there were hundreds of workshops to choose from; some were fairly mainstream, others quite unusual.

After looking through the catalog, Ed's course was the only one that really attracted me. My left brain got involved and began trying to figure out which I *should* take rather than which I *wanted* to take. I went back and forth between courses on meditation and others that I thought might speed my progress in learning telepathic communication.

I'd already given up trying to take an animal communication course with America's leading communicator, Penelope Smith. After four unsuccessful attempts to take her course, I received the Universe's message that I didn't need to *learn* to communicate. I just needed to reawaken the knowledge and *remember*.

Luckily, my heart wrested the decision away from my left brain, so I was about to meet a culture that believed what I'd always felt deep within. Ed required all participants to read one of his books beforehand. Reading *Rainbow Tribe* was like reading about me. Maybe I wasn't so odd after all. There were others who believed what I did. After 42 years, I finally vanquished my feelings of isolation thanks to Eagle Man's book. I couldn't wait to meet Eagle Man and learn all he'd come to share.

I called Bob after I got settled in at Omega. He informed me that Love was down most of the day and didn't use her hind legs at all when she was in her cart. I connected with her next. What's wrong? *I pulled all the muscles in my back bucking yesterday. It was foolish, but so much fun. I just wanted to play.* Her desire to play like a normal foal was encouraging to see, but at the same time sad. I applied lots of long-distance healing energy all along Love's back before turning in.

By the end of the first day, I was reeling with all that I discovered I had in common with Native American Indians. It was surreal. Ed's assistant, Catherine, and I had a real connection. She was an ex-Wall Streeter, who'd moved to Arizona. When I shared with her about my recent epiphany, Catherine asked if I could speak with her dog, Haley, who disappeared in Mexico not long ago. I told her I'd be happy to try, but reminded her I was just a novice.

The big news for the day was that Eagle Man was leading a Sweat Lodge Ceremony after dark. I'd learned about this purification ceremony in *Rainbow Tribe*, but I never expected to experience one. As we gathered for the ceremony, multiple large bolts of lightning struck with no accompanying thunder or rain. Normally I'm afraid of lightning, but surprisingly I continued walking to the lodge with no apprehension whatsoever.

It was a huge lodge, accommodating 30 to 35 people. Ed had to perform two ceremonies to handle all who wanted to take part. Suddenly, a bat circled clockwise around the lodge. Eagle Man remarked that the earlier lightning and the clockwise-circling bat were signs from Mother Nature validating the importance of our ceremony. Bats represent rebirth to the Native American, which fit perfectly. The Sweat Lodge Ceremony purifies mind, body, and spirit. Exiting the lodge represents being reborn from the womb of Mother Earth.

I entered early in the first group and sat along the back edge of the lodge, which was circular and covered with tarps to prevent any light from entering. In this first ceremony, there would be two circles of people in order to fit as many as possible inside. As I sat waiting for the lodge to fill, I became uneasy and extremely nauseous. It was tight, confined, and already very warm. I looked right, left, and behind trying to figure out where I could barf if need be.

My nausea was so intense I almost asked to leave, but I sensed this ceremony was crucial to unearthing buried knowledge I'd come to Omega for. I meditated, asking for help with my ever-increasing queasiness. I told my soul and whoever else was listening that I needed to stay put. Despite the total darkness, sweltering heat, and feelings of claustrophobia, my physical symptoms disappeared as quickly as they came. This was my first lesson about emotions, i.e., energy being able to create physical symptoms – and it wouldn't be my last. Wow!

By entering the lodge with no expectations, I couldn't be disappointed. The Sweat Lodge Ceremony was profound, sacred, and beyond anything I might have imagined. The darkness was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. Just after Eagle Man invited all Spirits into his lodge to join his ceremony, I saw with my own eyes (not with my third eye that sees psychically), many purple orbs flying around the lodge. They were fast, mesmerizing, and quite discernible in this complete absence of light. One purple orb slowed right in front of me, growing larger as the rest of it caught up with itself. It stayed briefly hovering as if watching me, before zooming off again. I was overwhelmed by the direct connection I sensed with this tiny amoeba-like glob of purple energy. It was astonishing.

For those who were seeking a natural name, Ed would ask Great Spirit for one. This ability was a gift from Spirit that Ed had received years earlier. When my turn came, Ed declared, "This is a very powerful name! It will give you the strength to stand on your own. It will help you in your work with the animals – Igemu Winam, which was Sioux for *Mountain Lion Woman*."

Judging from the reactions of the other participants, it was apparent that this was an important name, although I had no idea what Mountain Lion represented to the Native Americans. I just knew I'd always been attracted to cougars – but I was attracted to most animals. Once our ceremony was complete, I needed to uncover the significance of this name and what it held for my future.

I was struck by the sharp contrast of not wanting to leave the lodge verses my earlier nausea upon first entering it. Now I felt safe within its circular walls, just as I'm sure I must have as a fetus within my mother's womb. Exiting from the intense heat of the lodge into the cold of the night air felt very much like a rebirth. First thing I needed was a shower, and then I wanted to try to reach Catherine's lost dog Haley.

I'd called Bob twice before the ceremony and again just after my shower, but he wasn't home. I asked for help reaching Haley. Catherine had helped me so much; I wanted to repay her

somehow. I didn't actually speak with Haley, but what I heard was, *Haley was called away because it was time for Catherine to be alone. Haley is fine. She is with someone who needs her more now.*

I sat outside the lodge waiting for Catherine to emerge from the second ceremony, so I could tell her what I'd discovered. I was mesmerized by the night sky. There were as many stars as I'd seen on our trip to Kenya. While staring at the stars, I observed *five* shooting stars – a first for me. I wasn't sure, but it appeared that several stars were wiggling, sort of dancing. I assumed I was imagining it until the next morning several others described the same phenomena.

I grabbed Catherine as she exited the lodge. I told her what I'd found out about Haley. She was so grateful and happy, hugging me for a long time. "I'll never forget you." I sensed the peace she gained from the information. Helping her really made me feel great. I headed back to my little room to reflect on this absolutely unforgettable day.

I finally reached Bob, who'd been out on a colic emergency. Next, I quickly checked with Love, who was still feeling stiff. I explained that I'd be home late tomorrow and would see her the following day. Images swirled through my mind as I tried to sleep. I felt so grateful that I'd followed my heart and chosen what was undeniably the best workshop for me. Finally, I drifted off to sleep.

The morning session consisted of reviewing everyone's natural name and sharing our Sweat Lodge Ceremony impressions. I learned that mountain lion represents leadership, which was a little scary for a woman who was very much like a cougar, living a solitary life on her farm with her animals. Catherine found me and exclaimed, "What a name! Wow!" Even she was impressed with my natural name. Ed drew the symbol for my name, Mountain Lion Woman, and spelled it in Sioux when he signed his book for me.

As I headed off to lunch, Catherine called out, "Mountain Lion Woman!" I spun around as though I'd been hearing that name all my life, which really surprised me. My weekend workshop had been filled with treasured information and experiences. I was reluctant to leave Omega with its amazingly peaceful energy, but I was anxious to get home to my husband, my animals, my farm, and of course, to Love.

Chapter 4 Expect the Unexpected

I was exhausted from my magical weekend at Omega. Fortunately, the traffic was light, making the drive much easier. I arrived home to my two Lab brothers, Shadow and Licorice, but no husband. Bob returned a little while later. He'd been at Boots' treating Love. She'd suddenly spiked a 104.5° fever combined with severe diarrhea. A horse's normal temperature ranges from 99.5 ° to 101.5 °. Love's temperature was worrisome, but nothing like a person with 104.5. I was crushed with his news since the filly had been very healthy, except for the spinal problem that brought us all together. I was too drained to talk with Love. It'd have to wait 'til morning.

Boots called early. Love was bad. Bob rushed over while I fed and turned out our horses. I drove to Love in tears. I just knew she was leaving. I wasn't prepared yet to say good-bye. Bob was heading back to run a blood count when I arrived. I could tell by his eyes he wasn't optimistic.

I rushed into Love's stall. She was in so much physical distress, yet her eye radiated peace and acceptance; seeing that made my tears flow more. I got control and started asking questions. Are you leaving? *Yes.* Is your work done? *Yes, almost.* Have I learned everything you wanted to teach me? *Almost.* I don't know how to help you leave. I'm new at this, but I'll try. *You have to. It's your job.* When I asked for verification, I heard, *Yes. Let her go,* and sensed her running over grassy fields. *This is what you wanted for her. Let her go!* But I couldn't just yet, as tears of mixed joy and sorrow fell uncontrollably.

I told Boots we needed to reach Kathy's communicator and my teacher to verify my information; neither answered, so we left messages. As much as I wanted to be wrong, I knew in my heart that the information was accurate. I returned to Love and sat stroking her while I called on the strength of Mountain Lion Woman to stop my tears and help me flood this kind, selfless, and special friend with all the love and healing energy I could muster. Love confessed, *I waited for you to come back*. I thanked her and continued stroking her beautiful Quarter Horse neck.

Kathy's gal called saying Love hadn't decided yet, and that Love would tell Boots when she was ready. She also said Love thanked me for staying with her. It made her feel better. I wondered about my information, but only for a moment, due to my strong knowing.

Love's blood wasn't too bad, so Bob returned with IV fluids and Salmonella antiserum. Fluids have to be given slowly, especially with a horse as stressed as Love was. At first, as the fluids and antiserum flowed into her catheter, her gums were gray and she felt cold – indications of her terribly compromised circulation. I whispered that it was okay for her to go if it was time, as my tears started again. Love's escalating stress forced us to stop the fluids after only 75 percent had been given. Now she felt warmer and her gums were a healthy pink; both encouraging signs. Maybe I was wrong? I dearly hoped so!

Bob and I headed back to our farm for lunch and to give Love time to improve, we hoped. I still had all my farm chores to do. My teacher called back, stating that Love hadn't made a choice yet. I was devastated. The two experts agreed that she hadn't decided. My teacher said I needed to go back immediately. Love needed my touch desperately. I called Boots and asked her to sit with Love and stroke her until I could get there. It was very important!

Bob headed back, but I had to bring in all our horses first, due to an approaching storm. As I was leaving, Bob called. Love was terrible, and Boots was ready to euthanize her. They'd wait if I wanted. Yes! I'm supposed to help her. I hated to make her wait the 20 minutes it would take me to get there. I *flew*, hoping no cop was hiding around a corner. Bob had given her two different painkillers while she waited.

Love was alone when I got there. I rushed in and stroked her with a trembling hand while fighting back my tears. I'll miss you. Thank you for showing me what my life is supposed to be about and for everything you've taught me. I'll help you now as best I can. Both Bob and I were crying. What was taking so long? Boots' husband was on his way back from somewhere.

I kept stroking Love's head and neck while looking into those peaceful brown eyes. You'll be freed soon from your prison. You can run and play. Love made a few attempts to get up, but was too weak. Several times her legs moved in a very strange way, like she was trying to shake off her useless body.

Everyone was finally present. At 4:35 PM on August 16, four months and one day from when she entered this life experience, *Because Of Love* was set free. I wanted to stay connected as she released from her imperfect body, but I was way too emotional to hold the connection. I wanted to feel her freedom, but I just couldn't. I knew her decision had been made hours earlier, despite what others thought. Love's parting lesson for me was to believe what my heart tells me. *Believe in yourself!*

Bob confessed that he'd sat at our kitchen table crying after the blood work, despite its normal results. He just had an overwhelming sense that Love was dying. After he put her down, he did something he's never done before or since. Bob went back to Love's body to remove her spine. He felt there was something he could learn from it. "Expect the unexpected" echoed in my head as he opened her body. The first thing we saw was a totally healthy digestive system. How was this possible given the severe diarrhea she'd been experiencing? Her entire intestinal system was pink and healthy looking. Bob had no explanation. Oddly enough, dissecting Love's body wasn't nearly as hard as we'd expected. We knew it wasn't Love. She was gone.

Upon removal of her skeleton, which was a monumental task, there was no evidence of any deformity in it. Where was her scoliosis? Her spine should have been curved somewhere, yet it was perfectly normal looking. We looked at one another, totally baffled. How could this be?

Next, I did something I've never done before or since. I asked Bob for a piece of Love's hide, to serve as a reminder of this most incredible friend who'd changed my life forever. Eighteen years later, I'm stroking her hair as I type this. It still feels like it did the day she left this earth, and it elicits so many memories, both happy and tragic.

I left a message for my teacher after I got home, explaining that Love had returned Home. I was completely spent, emotionally and physically. It had all happened so fast, making it incomprehensible. I tried to contact Love, but felt and heard nothing. I talked with Love's mother, Dinah, who was very sad. I sent her some healing energy with the last bit of strength I had.

The next day, my teacher called – very upset that she'd been wrong, and I'd been right. I explained it wasn't a matter of right or wrong, but one of interpretation and asking the proper questions. I told her my connection to the animals was very strong. They were always truthful with me. It was my gift. I told her Love had taught me to trust my knowing – big time. My teacher couldn't reach Love either, which wasn't a surprise.

Several days later, I met Boots for lunch and asked if I could write Love's story. I wanted everyone to write down what they'd learned from Love. Boots thought it sounded like a great idea. She said Kathy's communicator had talked with Love, who'd sent messages. Love knew Bob had done all he could, and she loved him. She loved me and thanked me for being with her when she left. She will be coming back, and we'll know her by her eye.

Later, when I was freed from my intense emotions, I struggled with the contradictions resulting from Love's post mortem. Her life had been dictated by her scoliosis, an obvious spinal deformity; yet at postmortem her physical spine appeared normal. In addition, Love succumbed to what appeared to be an infection resulting in severe diarrhea, yet her entire intestinal system was pink and healthy. Being a pharmacist with extensive medical training, this was inconceivable.

I was hungry for understanding – an explanation of why there was no physical evidence of Love's scoliosis and intestinal infection in the body that she'd left behind. Love showed me that there was much more to our world than just what can be seen, heard, and felt by our five senses. Many years and many teachers later, I would finally accept the lesson begun by my nausea in the sweat lodge, and continuing with the mystery of Love's physical illnesses and her seemingly healthy body postmortem. The teaching I struggled so long with – unbalanced energy and/or emotions are the root cause of “dis-ease” within the physical body.

Our physical illnesses originate from disharmony in the energy bodies that surround our physical body. When the imbalances, negativity, and disharmony persist for too long, symptoms appear in the physical body. The key is to correct these things before they affect the body, because healing the physical body is a much slower process than healing an energy body.

Love came to teach people. In order to do this, she needed physical limitations to attract us to her. When her mission was nearing completion, Love's soul created severe conditions that would allow her to return to Spirit. Once her soul released from her body, the energies causing her scoliosis and severe diarrhea departed, *leaving the physical form undamaged*. It would take many more teachers creating sudden and unexpected life-threatening illness to allow them to return Home, before I totally embraced their powerful lesson.

Five nights after Love's transition, I felt an incredible, buzzing energy as I began to meditate, more than ever before. Love, is that you? Are you with me? *Yes*. How are you feeling? *Rested now, much better*. I told her how much everyone missed her and loved her. *I know*. Love, I want to write a story about you; would that be okay? *Yes, you're supposed to, so many more people will learn*. What's the

single most important lesson you want them to learn? *Take action through Love. If they keep love as the basis for their decisions in life, everything in life will work for them. People need to let their hearts guide them for the good of all creatures, both human and non-human.*

The other communicator said you'd be coming back. *Yes. Will you be a horse or something else? A horse. Why? It's my choice. How long 'til you come back? About six months. What will you look like? When you see my eye, then you will know. We're sorry we couldn't help you more, especially Bob. It was how it had to be. You did the most that you could. No more could have been done. Tell Bob any more was out of his control.*

I told Love we'd kept her skeleton and hoped she didn't mind. *No. It was what you were supposed to do. When people see the spine and learn what I was able to do with your help, they will truly learn the power that love has. Love allowed me to do what I shouldn't have been able to do. I told her I had a piece of her hide and felt she'd left it for me. Yes. You're supposed to have it. It will give you power and always remind you of my lessons as you travel to help the animals.*

I told Love I wanted to feel the freedom she now enjoyed if I could. I *needed* to run and play with her like I had hoped we could've done on earth. All of a sudden, I felt her racing around, bucking, rearing, and calling. It was so truly joyful and real for me that it created tears. I felt her moving away and knew we had talked for the last time. *I won't talk to you again until I come back.* I cried harder, shouting, Good-bye 'til then!

It was apparent from our discussion that even Love didn't understand that her deformity was one of convenience. It was a necessary component to achieving her purpose and then returning to Spirit as a more evolved soul. I truly believe the lack of evidence of the scoliosis and severe diarrhea is a more powerful teacher than if we'd found proof of both.

The effect that Love's presence had on my life was nothing short of remarkable. Because of Love, I discovered my life's purpose, acknowledging that communicating with animals was absolutely what I was meant to do. So many people never know their life's purpose. This was perhaps Love's greatest gift, one that I'll treasure always. I'm forever grateful to Love for coming exactly when her student was ready. My only regret is that she couldn't stay longer.

Embracing my destiny released the creative powers of the Universe. Animals and experiences flew to me, ensuring that I'd continue uncovering buried skills necessary for my work to help heal the human-animal bond. I remembered an agreement I'd made long ago to help bridge the chasm that had developed between animals and humans. I had no idea where, when, or with whom I made the pledge, but I felt it very deep within. I was thankful to Love for awakening me from my slumber. I will tell you now that Love does return, in an almost perfect body and with another powerful teaching for me. However, that tale has to wait for my next book.

Master Teachers tells the tales of the animals who provided the lessons, love, guidance, and support that helped unlock hidden gems lost within me – treasured assets that were crucial to developing a successful animal communicator, healer, and author. All but Love are my personal animals; brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, and grandsons, as it were. I am honored that they chose to share their lives with me. These are their tales and teachings that I'm proud to share with you. Without these unique and special souls, I wouldn't be who I am. They are my Master Teachers.

I apologize, dear friends, for taking so long to tell your tales, but everything has its perfect timing!