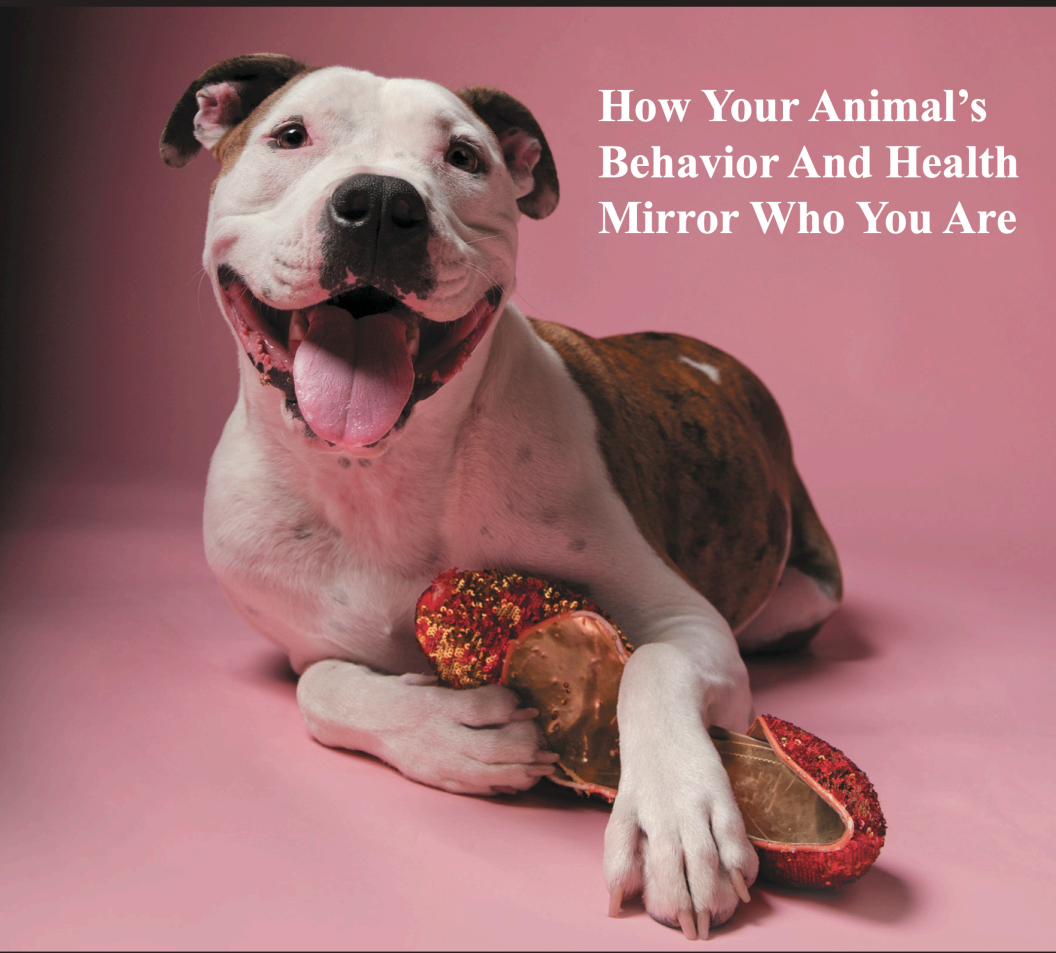
Thich Nhat Hanh meets Dr. Doolittle in this collection of precise case studies of pets and their people.
—Rachel Jones, D.V.M.

Why You Should Listen When Your ANIMALS DON'T



How Your Animal's Behavior And Health Mirror Who You Are

DIANA DELMONTE

FOREWORD BY BERNIE SIEGEL, MD

Why You Should Listen When Your ANIMALS DON'T

How Your Animal's Behavior And Health Mirror Who You Are

DIANA DELMONTE



MONK TRAIL
Los Angeles

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CONTENTS

	Foreword by Dr. Bernie Siegel	ix
	Introduction	xv
1	From Skeptic to Psychic—Why I Talk To Animals	1
2	Being Honest With Animals—And Yourself	8
3	Your Animals Are Watching—Observe Your Thoughts	12
4	Your Unresolved Emotions—And Your Animal's Behavior	18
5	The Dog Gone Truth—Animals Are Empaths	23
6	Dis-ease and Animals—And Your Repressed Emotions	28
7	Happy 'Til The End—Your Animals and Your Thoughts About Their Death	33
8	Why Animals Leave Home—Missing Animals	41
9	When The Issues Are Theirs—You're Off The Hook, But You Still Need To Listen	47
10	Five Ways to Listen To Your Animals	55
	Acknowledgments	61
	About Diana	62
	Books and Courses	64

FOREWORD

Diana and I have lived the experiences she describes and have been changed by them. Years ago, I did not believe in animal communication. It seemed nuts to me. But then my life was changed by what I experienced from my interactions with animal intuitives, and by my ability to communicate with animals once I understood how it was accomplished and followed their instructions.

It is by no accident that I became a surgeon, due to my past life experience, in which I killed with a sword. So, to make up for what I learned from that, our home has become a zoo. We rescued all types of creatures that needed a loving home, and I cure and heal with a knife now, rather than kill and injure.

As a four-year-old, I had a near-death experience choking on a toy. I left my body and, as a child, I thought the ability to see and think while out of the body was an experience everyone knew about. When I didn't die, I was angry, because I felt disappointed to be back in my body again. For me, life is now a spiritual journey, and since animals are complete, while man is not, they have become my teachers.

I have learned to let experience be my teacher and to open my mind, just as Diana has done. I do not let beliefs block my

ability to accept the truth. What taught me about the non-localization of consciousness, and the ability to communicate with all living things through it, was an event that happened several years ago. An indoor cat living at our son's house next door escaped when someone left the door open. It was essentially my cat living at his house. We live in a wooded area, and after several weeks, there was no sign of the cat. I presumed she was dead. But I decided to challenge an animal intuitive I had met at an ASPCA non-kill conference in California. I sent Amelia Kinkade an e-mail asking her to find the cat… if she was still alive. Without even a photo of the cat, Amelia responded with an e-mail telling me she was alive, and that she could see the moon through my cat's eyes. She described our son's house in incredible detail and said that the cat was under the house. The "under the house" part made no sense to me until I found Boo Boo the next morning, hiding under a stairway with sides that came down to the ground. I brought her back into the house and fed and cared for her again. This story became a foreword for Amelia's first book.

This is why I wanted to write a foreword for this book–to awaken others to their abilities and to their potential to communicate, understand, and rescue each other. The key I learned was similar to the message of a still pond. Diana emphasizes the importance of mindfulness, quieting the mind, and using meditation, for your true reflection cannot be seen if the water is turbulent. If you want to communicate with animals, quiet your mind and stop the thinking part of your brain from making the decisions, because this is not about reason and logic, which can be completely wrong in some

cases. The title of Diana's book says it all, and Helen Keller tells us that deafness is darker by far than blindness.

Here are some personal examples of my awakening from my experience with animal communication. One of my first was bringing our two dogs, Furphy and Buddy, to a training class to become animal communicators. I asked the students to tell me why our dogs urinated in the house. Their answer was that since we have so many plants in our house, they can't differentiate between indoors and outdoors. I laughed because that is so true about our home.

On another occasion, I scheduled an early morning veterinarian's appointment for two outdoor cats living at our son's house, knowing I could catch them when they showed up for breakfast and take them to the vet. Well, after I made the appointment, they didn't show up for a week. I called the vet and told him I was sorry to cancel. The morning after I cancelled the appointment, they both showed up for breakfast. Ultimately, the vet let me give them their vaccinations since I was a doctor too. I have to trap our cats in a room in our house the day they know it's their day to visit the vet.

Several years ago, we rescued a rabbit named Smudge, and she became our house rabbit. She was free to roam the house and our fenced-in front yard. Every morning after her breakfast, she would run out through the pet door and spend the day in the yard with all our other creatures. I couldn't understand why she didn't come in when it grew dark, and when I tried to bring her in, she would run around the yard, evading me for a prolonged and frustrating time. After I learned to live the message and to

quiet my mind, I went out one evening and sent her my question: "Why don't you let me pick you up and bring you into the house?" I was startled by her answer and knew it was legitimate and not coming from my imagination. "You don't treat the cats that way."

I responded that I feared for her life if a predator climbed in at night, while I felt the cats were better able to protect themselves. After that conversation, the problem ceased except for the occasional evening when we both laughed as she teased me by running around for a minute.

The Bible speaks of everything God created, except man, as being good. A rabbi said the word *good* should be interpreted as *complete.* That is why I see animals as complete, and we have much to learn from them as we strive to become complete and use animals as our role models.

Just as each chapter in this book begins with a quote from which we can learn, so we can also see our animals' behavior as a quote to learn from. We are not their owners. We are their partners. If animals were not to be treasured and listened to, God would not have had Noah accept them all on the ark and instruct the Jews to feed the dogs while they wandered in the desert.

Animals provide us with many benefits through our relationship. Studies reveal that survival after life-threatening events is higher for people who have pets than in homes with no pets. Animals change our body chemistry, help us to bond with one another, and they have shorter lives because they don't need all the time we do to learn about love and forgiveness.

Our cats Miracle and Hope know when I am in bed not feeling well. They come and sit on my chest and help me to heal. When I am resting, they join me to get some love and attention for themselves.

We feel for each other, and our animals intuitively know whether we are going to live or die, and they are able to warn us about impending medical emergencies. As Diana demonstrates, those animals close to us can also mirror our disease out of compassion.

When our dog Oscar was considered terminal by our vet due to cancer, I called the children to tell them we were going to euthanize Oscar. Over the phone, they told me that since I didn't euthanize my patients, I couldn't do it to Oscar. So I brought him home, laid him down on the floor, and shared my love, massages, meals, and vitamins, and this terminal dog got up and was out the door in two weeks and lived for years with no sign of cancer. We have evidence now of the fact that the universal energy can be used to heal, and we are the battery cables that conduct it.

I'll never forget the dying cat that friends went to bring home from the vet after he called to tell them their cat was close to death. When the vet came out with the limp cat in his hands and the cat saw the family come in, the cat stood up on the vet's hands and leapt across the room onto the chest of a family member. The vet said, "Well, he was dying a few minutes ago." The cat was still alive a few years later.

Through my work with patients' dreams and drawings, I know that we are aware of the collective consciousness and of

the past, present, and future. It is all a combination of what is behind creation—intelligent, loving, conscious energy.

My cat Miracle was named after a cat that appeared in a patient's dream. The cat announced, "My name is Miracle." Then she told the dreaming woman how to treat her cancer. The woman did, and is well today. I used my cat Miracle, from the time she was a kitten, as a therapy animal. She lived for over twenty years.

Our present dogs, Furphy and Buddy, come to all my support groups. Buddy intuitively sends me messages about how certain members of the group are doing while Furphy takes a nap and snores. His snoring, however, is therapeutic, because when people are sharing their tragic and life-threatening situations and hear snoring, they get angry, thinking we are falling asleep. We point out Furphy as the problem. Then they laugh, and their healing begins.

I know from Diana's words, and the accuracy of her information after asking her to communicate with our dog Furphy cross-country, that her work and book are an asset for all of us and an opportunity to expand our beliefs and our interactions with our animals. It's hard for me to stop telling stories, but I will let you move on into Diana's book of wisdom and experience.

Bernie Siegel, M.D., author of *Love, Medicine & Miracles* and *The Art of Healing*

INTRODUCTION

Everyone is a mirror image of yourself;
your own thinking coming back to you.
Byron Katie—-*Loving What Is*

There it was again. Sticky smears across my ex-boyfriend's twenty-inch face, as well as across the rest of my fine art photography and canvases leaning against the wall in my art studio. This mysterious gunk dribbled down the walls, audio speakers, and chair legs; now my metal art flat files were rusting and corroding from whatever this was.

I was clueless until I caught my cat Bubby in the act—rather, until Bubby intentionally made his demands clear, raised his tail, stared directly at me, and struck the wall with a jet stream of urine. I was horrified.

I wondered if it was spite. Was he trying to ruin my career? It never occurred to me that Bubby had something to say.

Urination is communication. The location and consistency of the strike reveal the reason for this terrorist act, and also to whom in the household this message is aimed. Frequency and

location are the key. Are we talking once a week? Every day? Randomly through the rooms, on your bed or personal belongings? Pay attention. When you find piddle, from either your cat or dog, the point is always clear. Your animals are talking. Are you listening?

No?

Well then, CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW? This is when the tails rise.

Unfortunately, we often don't hear them or realize they are trying to communicate. We separate our animals from each other, tie them up, trade them in for others, isolate them from the family, ban them to the outdoors, give them away, dump them at the pound—or worst of all, we have them euthanized.

Our animals risk their lives for us. They beg to be heard. Getting rid of them is never a solution; it's just a band-aid on our wounds. Our unresolved emotions that our animals so sincerely and desperately want us to come to terms with continue to fester under our fortresses. Animals simply want us to look at ourselves ... and perhaps give them a look, too.

This is why I became a translator for the animal kingdom—an animal communicator, "pet psychic," if you will—to bridge the wide gap between human and animal species and help those already attuned and bonded with their animals and who want to understand them more. And I did it for you, ready to look deeply within. Some people aren't ready to take that step, and the animals' unacceptable behavior continues.

Animals often mirror our emotions and thoughts through their behavior. We don't always acknowledge that an animal's behavior may be a reflection of us. Or maybe we do know, but

we are not willing, or are too lazy, to gaze into the looking glass that they graciously hold for us. Our generous, kindhearted companions give us opportunities to look at ourselves and a mission to change, if we choose to do so.

This is why animals come into our lives: to help us step up and see ourselves as the perfect beings that we are. They want us to be balanced and happy. They are here to teach us how to love ourselves and to love unconditionally. Animals show by example through their unremitting kindness, forgiveness, and patience. They patiently wait for us to evolve into more loving and compassionate creatures. Animals are our spiritual companions. They are truly healers of the soul.

Animals are also empaths and naturally feel our true emotions. How do our animals feel when we aren't honest with ourselves? When we argue? Each chapter in this book addresses a different aspect of how an animal's behavior, and sometimes their health, mirrors who we are. How do our animals tell us to pay attention to our surroundings or to our thoughts? How happy are our animals when we haven't resolved our own issues or when we repress our emotions? How do they react to our thoughts about their death, and why do they sometimes leave home?

Most of the people who contact me to help them with their animals are already quite enlightened. No surprise. They want to understand their animals deeply. They know there is a soulful being under all that fur yearning to be heard and to express itself. And they want to know what their animals have to say.

It may surprise you how simple and natural the language of animals is, and to realize that telepathy is not a gift possessed

by some, but it is our birthright and a natural ability possessed by all.

For those who doubt that telepathic communication is even possible, this book is especially for you. I can't prove I can hear an animal's thoughts, but I can share experiences of "talking" to animals and illustrate how an animal's behavior changes after engaging in telepathic communication. You'll see how and why this process is possible through the discoveries and progressive theories of modern science. All life is connected and communicating.

Communicating with animals is the groundwork that makes communion with all life possible.

The case studies in this book demonstrate the wisdom, depth, and concerns of animals—both wild and domestic. The animals in these stories encourage us to follow our hearts. They have been profound catalysts for their humans' spiritual growth. There is Tiny, the Yorkie who alerted his human to her serious depression. Garfield, the cat who wouldn't stop scratching until his person learned to relax. Clea, the elderly Rottweiler who needed to reminisce before she could let go of life. Yudi, the cat who remembered an incarnation with his person when he was a human. Gus, the cat who left home to finally return after his person faced what she had been avoiding in her life. Dali, a dog who tore the house apart until his person learned to cope with her own anxious, addictive behaviors.

It's not uncommon to attract animals into our lives who help us see ourselves in a new light. We rescue animals who end up

rescuing us. I believe we have soul contracts with everyone we meet on our life path—contracts that we make with each other and with the animals in our lives before we are born. There are no mistakes in the universe. We find each other lifetime after lifetime, teaching and learning from each other. Perhaps we agree, before we take a body, to the experiences and encounters that will shape our lives with meaning and help us to evolve and grow—as painful as our life lessons may be.

Our animals are willing to sacrifice their comfort and even compromise their health to help guide us on our spiritual paths. Some of our animal family members can exhibit challenging behaviors; the work we need to do on ourselves is humongous. Sometimes our lessons are raw and can bruise us for life. When is growing easy? Ram Dass says suffering is grace, necessary for spiritual growth. I believe that chaos brings Divine order to our lives. Blessings are disguised as challenges—opportunities for change and self-realization. Our animals are our best teachers and pave the way for us to follow.

Most of my clients know that we are all actors on a big stage, and that we all play a part in our dealings with one another on a higher level. There are no accidents and no one is to blame. Lisa understood this.

Devastated by the sudden death of her cat, Thomas, who was killed by a car, Lisa finally found healing through surrender and acceptance in knowing and believing in Divine purpose. She said Thomas' passing had brought her to me (our animals often lead us to people we need to meet and places where we need to be). She felt my words had pointed her to a mirror that reflected something she already knew in her heart.

This is what Lisa told me. “You have reminded me that I have a spiritual history that needs to resurface. I release Thomas to do his work, be it on me or someone else. I do hope he will return (rebirth). His presence is one of pure love. Thank you so very much—and I am thanking Thomas, as well as the driver, too—for bringing my attention around. I have much to do and many things to find solutions for or to eliminate from my life.”

Yet the truth is, I had nothing to do with the solace Lisa found. Thomas did. It is by no accident or coincidence that our animals choose us and also leave us in the manner they choose. We all have a mission and a purpose in life, and in each other’s life. We have soul contracts. Our helpers and guides may come in animal form. This is why it’s important to remember to cherish every living being.

The stories in this book will remind us to let go of guilt and blame, to practice mindfulness, to observe our mind states and to relax. You’ll see how listening to your animals deepens your relationship with them, and with all life. And how dealing with an animal’s passing can help us come to terms with our own mortality.

I invite you to read these stories with an open mind and heart. I hope this book inspires you and changes how you see both your animal companions and yourself. My animals have raised my consciousness and changed my life’s purpose and direction, from taking alcohol and drugs to teaching meditation and yoga. From skeptic to psychic. From artist to animal communicator—from painting my angst on canvas to writing books…about them.

Bubby sprayed the rooms and everything dear to us for nearly ten years—until my partner and I separated. After the problem (us) was eliminated, and the arguing and tension in the house stopped, Bubby never struck again. Sometimes our lessons take a long time to learn. Who cares? We have until eternity.

Thank you, Bubby, for your patience, wisdom, and empathy. I'm glad that I never even thought of getting rid of you. Need I say more?

I welcome you to the quantum world of Animal Communication.

I

From Skeptic To Psychic— Why I Talk To Animals

Woo woo is where it's at.
Sonia Choquette

I listen to animals because they have a lot to say, and because they speak truth. I talk to them because they listen. They care. They understand. They don't judge me. And because, sometimes, there's no one else around.

Nineteen years ago, my cat Bubby initiated me into the "woo woo" world of pet psychics. Good grief! I rolled my eyes when these people walked into the Bodhi Tree, a spiritual bookstore of World Religions located in West Hollywood where I had worked for several years.

Back in the day, when I followed Holy paths damn seriously, there was no room on the road for animal talk. Bubby, the gentle soul and avid sprayer, turned my path around. It took him several tries to convince me. I was a self-absorbed artist who never wanted animals or any distraction in my life, let alone a talking cat. I only took in animals who begged at the doorstep and needed a home. Four-month-old Bubby was particularly insistent. He sat on a narrow ledge outside my second-floor apartment, staring through a wall of windows as I painted. Every day.

This was when my life with cats began—a simple life of hugs, laughter, and cleaning poop and vomit until Bubby shattered my world one quiet Sunday afternoon.

It was a day as good as any. I had been writing at my drawing table when my pen ran out of ink. With my mind relaxed and lost in writing, I strolled through the rooms looking for another pen. As I approached the entrance of my partner's music room, a distinct voice shot through my mind.

Hey! Look out! I'm down here!

With a foot in midair, I looked down to Bubby lying across the threshold of the music room, glaring back at me. He had no intention of moving. Clearly, he had stopped me from trampling him. I passed it off as coincidence because, after all, animals do not talk.

Two months later, I sat with Bubby outdoors. My mind was in pinpoint attention again, aware of only the warmth of his black, bushy, sunlit fur under the slow strokes of my hand. Just

then, Bubby flashed a vivid image of himself straining to urinate. Was he telling me he was having problems again? He had a history of urinary tract disease (FLUTD, a condition in which struvite crystals form in the urine and can create a life-threatening blockage). But I doubted myself, took no action, or gave the image a second thought. Two days later, Bubby had to be rushed to the vet for surgery.

After a third incident of animal communication, I became a believer. This time, Yudi Boo Longfellow communicated to me in a dream. I'd had a hunch something was wrong with my plump, feline boy. I had asked Yudi if he was in pain and asked him to somehow inform me if he needed help, and I fell asleep.

That night in a dream, Yudi showed me a thick soup surging through his body. When I awoke and asked Yudi if he was all right, I heard an unexpected reply.

Take Baba Looie to the hospital.

Baba Looie was Bubby's black, long-haired brother. Under Baba's skin, an unattended abscess had spread like thick soup across his entire upper back. Thanks to Yudi, I brought Baba to the vet in time.

I became a believer in the nutty world of animal communication, opening to the possibility that maybe, just maybe, my animals were talking. Did Yudi know what a hospital was? Did cats know what an abscess was? Animals know when things aren't right. They don't use words to convey their thoughts. They already have the foundational language of

communication: feelings and emotions, conveyed telepathically. My job was to interpret their thoughts into my own words, like "abscess" and "hospital." Much like the way we interpret a human baby's screams and facial expressions. We are all mothers of intuition.

Yet how do our animals communicate?

Animals Are Psychic

Animals think in pictures. They see your thoughts, or pictures, in your mind. This is why your animals wait by the door hours before you arrive home. They see the thought of home when it enters your mind.

I experimented with Yudi when he sat on the kitchen counter as I brewed a cup of tea. He loved to watch me cook, crying as I chopped onions. Mentally, I asked Yudi to join me under the Laurel tree while I held a picture in my mind of us both swinging in the hammock together. My round, sweet-smelling boy stared like an attentive friend as I "spoke" to him, and then jumped off the counter and ran away. Assuming my humble attempt at telepathic communication hadn't worked, I remained in the kitchen at least ten minutes longer. Finally, I grabbed a book and the steamy cup and headed outside. Much to my surprise, there was Yudi, waiting by the hammock and staring me straight in the face. Not only had he heard and understood me, but he hadn't forgotten.

The Dogs And The Boss

Animal communication works. I worked in an upscale doggy day care center, thrown into washing, grooming, and trimming dogs' toenails. With no training, I had absolutely no idea what I was doing. I never had a dog. I relied on my telepathy to get the dogs to cooperate. One long-nosed, massive-haired Collie in particular, as tall as my chest, refused to get up into the bath area. I certainly couldn't lift him! After several timid attempts, I mentally asked the Collie to please help me out, since I couldn't do this without his cooperation. I might have begged him; he climbed right in.

Then there was the dog who had viciously attacked another and was put in a cage for time out. After several hours, the staff thought it was fine to release him. I warned them, having already talked to the dog in the cage, who, still angry, told me he would kill that other dog if he got out. The staff rolled their eyes at me, released the dog, and all hell broke loose.

I quit. I had no experience handling a pack of powerful large dogs, and following instructions to kick them in the head if a fight broke out.

However, I observed a telling mirror of the dogs' heightened aggression: except for an occasional brawl, they were calm and playful, until the owner of the business walked in. I always knew when she arrived because the dogs became agitated, aggressive, and vocal. My interactions with the owner were few; I found her distant, cold, surly, and argumentative. A fight broke out as the dogs felt her energy as soon as her car pulled up.

Animals' heightened awareness and sensitivity compensate for the absence of words. They sense our intentions and energy, feel our emotions, and see our thoughts. When you throw your thoughts around, your animals catch the whole "ball" and sometimes throw it back to you. They know you more than you know yourself.

I interpret an animal's feelings, emotions, and thoughts and translate the information into words for you. I imagine my consciousness reaching the animal and connecting through the heart center.

Our awareness/consciousness is non-local, not located, or limited, in the brain. It expands throughout and outside our bodies, and can expand further. Animal communication is a heart-centered language. The heart has a magnetic field thousands of times bigger and more powerful than the brain.

Although animals function through the lower three chakras[1]—through instinct, survival, power, and connection to the physical—they primarily operate from the higher centers, including the heart and third eye center, through telepathy, intuition, and compassion. Animals are highly evolved.

Animals mirror our emotions.
Sometimes, resolving problems involves
looking at ourselves.

2

Being Honest With Animals— And With Yourself

The language of the body is emotions.
The language of the Spirit is pictures.
John Fulton, healer, Los Angeles

Even though your animals can see your thoughts, they need to be told what's going on. It's not enough to tell a friend that you are leaving. They want to know when, where you're going, how long you'll be gone, and when you'll return. It is no different with your animals. Talk to them!

Monkey in the Bedroom

Sally called me because her bulldog, Monkey, was pooping in her bedroom. He didn't make a mess in any other room in the

house—just the bedroom. Undoubtedly, Monkey had something to say to Sally.

Monkey told me he did not want to be left alone. Sally had no idea what this meant and said she and her husband never left Monkey alone. She worked at home. Monkey was their baby, and they would never think of leaving him by himself. I did another session with Monkey. Again, I heard, "I don't want to be left alone." Surely, I was missing something or wasn't misinterpreting his thoughts.

I did a third session with Monkey and explained to him that Sally would never leave him alone. He had nothing to worry about. With his permission, I did an energetic body scan, or internal viewing, and found nothing wrong. Monkey was a healthy dog. I asked him why he continued to poop on the rug.

For the third time, I heard the same thing. I suggested Sally call another communicator. I was stumped, and Monkey continued to poop in the bedroom.

Before we hung up, Sally and I chatted about our lives. She said she was disappointed, as she wanted to clear this issue up before they left for vacation.

Vacation? I asked Sally if she'd told Monkey. It had never dawned on her that Monkey had heard them discussing their plans, nor had she ever thought of informing her dog! I explained to Monkey when his beloved people would be leaving, where they were going, when they would return, and who would be feeding him. Monkey stopped leaving deposits on the bedroom carpet.

How Dare You Leave Me!

When Viola returned from vacation, her cat Skeeter ignored her and refused to come into the house, sometimes leaving for a few days. Skeeter was upset at Viola for not telling him when she was leaving and when she would return. This created so much anxiety for Skeeter that he was simply pissed off at Viola when she finally did return.

Always tell your companions when you will return, even when you leave for work. Never assume they are familiar with your routine or that they accept it. You can send them a mental picture of you leaving when the windows are light (daytime) and returning when the windows are dark or dim (nighttime). You could also send an image of the sun or the moon. This conveys one day. Do this for as many days as you will be gone. If you are leaving for one month, mentally show them seven days, and then imagine this block of time again to represent the second week and again for the third week, etc. The concept may seem abstract, but our animals get it. To indicate the day you will return, send them the picture of you entering the house with your suitcase, with a big smile across your face, and all of you snuggled together again. This is important. They need to know you're coming back, and this mental image caps the time frame.

Za Za Fabiana

A small-framed, graceful Italian Greyhound named Za Za urinated on the living room carpets, the kitchen floor, and the upstairs hallway. I knew Megan and Michael spent quality time

with Za Za and always took her for long walks, yet I sensed a disconnect here with a family member. Her heart center was off balance; I knew she missed someone and asked if anyone had left. All Za Za told me was that Megan's son had treated her like a special girl. And then she asked,

Why can't I go into his room?

Afterwards, Megan told me she kept her son's door closed while he was away at college. Za Za missed him terribly and wanted to either see his room or smell his scent. When Megan explained to Za Za why her son had left, when he would return, and opened her son's bedroom door, Za Za stopped urinating in the house.

3

Your Animals Are Watching— Observe Your Thoughts

The ocean is a very calm thing, but when the winds are heavy and high, then it's very choppy— the higher the ego, the choppier is a person's life.

Yogi Bhajan, Ph.D—-Master of Kundalini Yoga

If animals see our thoughts, then why do we have to tell them anything? Shouldn't they just know what we are thinking? Just as we don't hear someone unless we choose to listen, our animals also aren't tuned into us around the clock. Our busy minds broadcast about 1,000 thoughts per minute, and mostly unconscious and unfocused. When our animal companions do choose to tune in, all they might hear is static.

How present are we? In Buddhist meditation, mindfulness is practiced during every activity. My Zen teacher would advise: when eating, just eat. Be aware of taste, texture, flavors, chewing, swallowing. When walking, pay attention to sounds, smells, and sensations in the body—your feet contacting the ground. Paying attention reshapes our perceptions.

Our animals are content and balanced when we arrive with *surfer mind*—a mind that rides the waves. A mind that is flexible and happy, like theirs! Living with animals becomes a heart-centered practice and a lifelong process of growing our compassion.

A focused, present mind makes it easier for animals to hear us and for us to hear them.

Seeing A Fight

Nan joked that her house was a kitty vortex and that animals seemed to drop from the sky. Nan didn't want any more cats. At the time she inherited Charlie, her sixth cat, her other feline, Tara, was ill and aging. But Charlie showed up dirty, starving, and limping, and offered the downtrodden cat her home.

Trouble brewed. Pure white Charlie was a survivor, determined to hunker down. Snow, Nan's other solid white male, did not intend to let that happen. The two white boys fought viciously—fur flying, cats screeching and rolling in a blob, as a not-so-funny cartoon. Every day Nan found fur clumps everywhere and bloody scrapes on the boys.

Certainly, these cats had their reasons. Charlie told me he didn't like the way Snow smelled.

His mouth stinks! Charlie said. (Snow had serious teeth and gum issues.) After our first communication session, the boys tolerated each other, but occasionally a fight would ensue when both cats were with their humans in the same room. I told Nan not to think about them fighting, because fighting would be the mental picture the cats see. However, this is like telling someone not to think of pink elephants.

Then Nan made a remarkable discovery. She noticed that when she was relaxed and forgot about the cats, they got along. When she anticipated a fight out of fear, worry, or anxiety, they did exactly what she dreaded. Nan realized she had to make a conscious effort to think happy, positive thoughts while in their company. As she did, the boys soon responded, curling up together to take a nap on the same bed. Nan relaxed, trusting they'd get along. Charlie and Snow never fought again.

Joey's Deadline

My friend, Loren, asked for help with her neighbor's dog, Joey, a Russell terrier mix. Joey's eyes would glaze over, Loren said, and he would sometimes attack. Her neighbor had given up on the dog and scheduled an appointment to euthanize him. Sometimes Joey would sneak up and growl at the person in her bed. 4th neighbor had consulted several vets, trainers, and behaviorists, but Jack did not improve.

I offered my services free of charge for Joey's sake—but I was unwilling to do a third-party session. I needed to talk directly with the neighbor to establish an energy connection.

I also needed to know that everyone was open during communication with Joey. If one was skeptical or not invested, this could block the cooperation and communication flow.

Loren informed me that Joey was a different dog when in her company. When his eyes glazed over, Loren told him to *come back* in a firm, low, calm voice. It worked. Joey needed direction. I found the same energy centers were either off balance or shut down in both the dog and the woman. Physical problems and entity attachment (misplaced, lost spirits that vibrate at low levels of negativity and attach to or inhabit a human or animal's body when that body is also vibrating at low frequencies) were ruled out. Even if Joey had experienced some past trauma that surfaced occasionally, his behavior was exacerbated in the presence of this woman. I knew this was a mirror to be addressed and needed to speak to her.

When I described to Loren what was going on with Joey, Loren said it sounded just like her neighbor—irresponsible, spacey, and overwhelmed. The woman felt victimized and fell apart at the blink of an eye. She didn't know how to take the upper hand in her life or in Joey's. Loren said her neighbor's eyes often glazed over. Joey held an honest portrait of his person. I was confident I could make headway with Joey, but I never got the chance. Joey had been destroyed that morning.

There are many stories like this—when the gap extends too wide, and all hope is buried alive in the chasm between human and animal. When an animal's viewpoints are heard, and feelings and emotions are expressed, there is a good chance of resolving issues. Yet often, animal communicators are called in last, if at all. Sometimes communicators are expected to resolve a deep-rooted, negative pattern or long-term behavior problem overnight, which is not always possible. As one client told me, "You have two days. Then I'm scheduling an appointment for euthanasia." Would you give yourself two days to recover completely if you were diagnosed with a serious mental or physical disease? Healing and transformation is a process, not an overnight express.

Your animals are your mirrors,
and they are talking to you.

Are you listening?

4

Your Unresolved Emotions— And Your Animal's Behavior

We can no longer view ourselves as isolated from our environment, and our thoughts as the private, self-contained workings of an individual brain. Every thought we have, every judgment we hold—however unconscious— is having an effect.

Lynne McTaggart —-*The Intention Experiment*

Some of us hold back from speaking our truth and expressing our thoughts, from facing our fears, forgiving ourselves, and from loving ourselves. Some of us work jobs we hate and have unfulfilled dreams. We hide our anger and intolerance, and put on a smile. Or maybe we don't smile, and we look as miserable as we feel.

We can fool others, and we can fool ourselves, but we can't fool our all-seeing companions.

I'll Show Them!

Zelda, a black Doberman mix, was aggressive while on the leash. She barked at people and dogs and showed her teeth when she was with her person, Penelope. Twice, Zelda bit a friend's dog when the dog was playing with Penelope's cat. I knew Zelda felt she needed to protect her family—but why? I wasn't surprised to find that Zelda's heart and root chakras were off balance. These same energy centers were off in Penelope. Zelda was mirroring Penelope's unresolved emotions. An unbalanced heart chakra (fourth chakra) can reveal feelings of abandonment, sadness, and grief. The root chakra (first chakra) relates to our foundation and support. I asked Zelda to clue me in.

Zelda told me Penelope was fragile and sad.

I don't want anyone to mess with her. It's too much to bear. All this suffering. She does not know herself, and her mind wanders. She is not focused or ready. She is led by the wind. She blames herself for everything. She is overwhelmed and feels attacked. I am showing her how to fight and not be stepped on. She feels small. She cries. She's hurt.

Zelda sure had a lot to say. I told her she needed to allow Penelope to address her own problems, and that it would make Penelope happy if she relaxed and stopped biting other animals.

Penelope said Zelda was a changed dog after the session. "She listens," Penelope said, "seems so much happier and plays with other dogs, including the one she had a problem with." Sometimes, just getting things out to the surface is enough to resolve these issues. One year later, I contacted Penelope. Since

then, she had made many changes in her life—thanks to her dog Zelda.

She's A Pain In The Ass

A woman approached me with her rescued foster dog, Dino. I volunteered my services that day for a Los Angeles-based rescue and dog adoption organization that hosts an annual fundraising marathon. The woman said she wanted to keep Dino, but not if the feisty Chihuahua continued to bite and nip the woman's sister, who lived in the same house. If this behavior continued, Dino would have to move on.

When I asked Dino why he bit the sister, this is what he told me:

She doesn't do any work in the house. She's lazy and a pain in the ass.

The woman turned scarlet before confirming that her sister never lifted a finger in the house, didn't have a job, and was a sort of couch potato.

Does an animal care what we do? Judge us whether we have a high-powered job or sit in front of the TV eating chocolates? Weren't animals in our lives to show us unconditional love, accept and love us no matter who we are, and forgive us no matter what we do?

Animals do love us unconditionally. The woman was the one bugged by her brother's behavior, and she held her feelings back and avoided confrontation. So Dino stepped forward and spoke the woman's mind.

Sadly, I was only doing quick fifteen-minute sessions that day at the event, and the woman left before I had connected the dots. I hope she eventually made the connection herself and found the courage to come forth with her true feelings. Otherwise, dear Dino, who was merely helping the woman he loved, would be tossed back into the rescue organization until he found another foster mom.

By the way, animals don't swear. I do. It's all in the interpretation.

5

The Dog Gone Truth—
Animals Are Empaths

We are certainly not the only beings motivated
by feelings of compassion and concern for others.
Altruism is widespread in the animal kingdom.
Gary Kowalski, *The Souls of Animals*

Others told me I was too sensitive and that my compassion was out of balance. Shopping mall crowds exhausted me, as did noise and lights. An empath absorbs the feelings, emotions, and energy of others like a sponge and can become overwhelmed.

Our animals feel our true emotions we hide from the surface. Again, we can fool the world and even ourselves, but we cannot fool our animal companions because animals are highly sensitive empaths.

The Barker

Kelly wanted to know why her Chihuahua, Gia, barked ferociously and nonstop at her roommate, Sam, when he walked through the door. Sam was no stranger to Gia, and liked the little dog. When I tuned into Gia, I felt extreme anxiety and concern. I interpreted Gia's thoughts this way:

Sam is tight! He's so tight and all over the room!

Sam's energy caused Gia to feel excited and scattered, and she mirrored this feeling back to Sam. Kelly agreed that Sam entered the house like a storm, often tense from work and the heavy commute in traffic. Now Sam's tension infused Gia's barking, and the nerve-racking cries overwhelmed the rooms, which didn't help Sam, who was already stressed.

Giant To The Rescue

I met a young Canadian Veteran, Johnny, on a Buddhist retreat. Johnny had been suffering from PTSD since he returned from combat in Bosnia two years ago. Doctors had put him on fourteen different medications, but Johnny grew more depressed and suicidal. One day he decided to hang himself and took a rope with him into the woods.

Johnny's Rottweiler, a service dog named Giant, had followed Johnny into the woods that day and tugged and pulled on the rope. Johnny was so touched by this altruistic action that he let go of the rope and decided to live—for Giant.

Giant continues to do amazing things for Johnny. He knows when Johnny is uncomfortable around certain people and will

drop his body between Johnny and the person. When Johnny has nightmares, Giant wakes him up. When Johnny says to him, *Watch my back,* Giant sits back-to-back with Johnny, and when anyone approaches, Giant knocks Johnny's back with his head. Giant is only one year old.

Children also are naturally in tune with their feelings and emotions. Their intuition is fresh and unhindered, not yet discounted and diminished. With as little as twenty minutes of training, my young six- to ten-year-old students in my art classes learned to send and receive thoughts with animals. They didn't doubt themselves or have expectations. They approached animal communication with eager excitement, as though they were diving into another experimental painting project. We sat in our sacred, sharing circle on the floor and took turns communicating with my assistant's dog Sparky. I asked them what Spooky's favorite thing to do was.

One eight-year-old boy told my assistant, Joy, that her dog loved to walk in the park. The boy described a bench under a tree and a circular cement walkway running through the park. He said he smelled pizza. The class burst out laughing. Joy confirmed the boy's findings and told us that her dog's favorite activity was going to the park. Joy, her son, and Sparky walked along the cement pathway through the park and sat on a bench under the tree while Sparky played. On the way to and from the park, they passed an Italian restaurant!

How receptive, insightful, and empathic children are. Keeping their hearts open, listening, and staying in present

moment awareness most of the time, they make good candidates for animal communicators.

Animals are empaths and can feel your emotions,
become stressed, and become sick.
They mirror our diseases.

6

Dis-ease, Your Animals, And Your Repressed Emotions

Perhaps we can say we are only alive
when we live the life of the world, and so live
the joys and sufferings of others.

Thich Nhat Hanh—-*The Miracle of Mindfulness*

Negative emotions and stress can change the harmonious pattern of your DNA and weaken your immune system, creating an opportunity for disease to manifest in your body. If animals internalize your negative emotions and repressed desires, it makes sense that illness can manifest in their bodies as a result.

Do animals mirror our physical diseases? I have known animals to develop cancer after their person's cancer went into remission. Penelope and her dog Zelda both had stomach problems. Penelope later found she had a heart murmur and

recently found that Zelda had developed one too. Jane and her cat Abby shared urinary tract infections.

Steve was on heart medication. His sweet brown tabby feline, Mauricio, always draped across his chest. Eventually, Steve's heart condition improved, and he was able to get off medication—but Mauricio developed heart problems and was now on heart medication himself.

Pain Free

Senda was a German Shepherd who had hip dysplasia, as many of this breed do. Although it would eventually worsen, I witnessed a rapid decline in Senda's body as her person's severe arthritis rapidly improved. Senda's person, Jason, noticed the pain in his body lessening. I noticed that Senda began to have a difficult time walking. Soon, the pain had disappeared from Jason's body. His arthritis was gone. Senda, however, could no longer get up.

Perfect Timing

Hye Su fell hard when her female brown Labrador, Sienna, tripped her. Darn that dog! Hye Su broke three ribs. After a series of rib and chest X-rays, doctors found cancer in Hye Su's lung. It was still in treatable Stage One, thanks to Sienna for catching it in time. Did Sienna smell the cancer and deliberately

trip her person? Since I don't believe in accidents, I believe that Sienna played an integral part in this appropriate timing—Divine intervention.

After Hye Su's surgery and during a painful, six-month journey to recovery, Sienna broke a bone in her ankle that would not heal. Sienna didn't have cancer, but she had massive complications involving multiple surgeries, casts, and treatments, none of which worked.

Vets said amputation was the only option for Sienna, but Hye Su stalked the internet for specialists and alternative treatment for her dog, which in turn took her mind off her own painful concerns and undoubtedly helped Hye Su to heal faster. By the time Hye Su regained her health and strength, Sienna's ankle had healed. Years later, a protuberance on Sienna's left ankle was diagnosed as arthritis. Hye Su also has an arthritic knob on the outside of her left ankle.

Express Yourself

Brita held back her creative expression. She called me from Sweden when her cat, Bo, sprayed in the house. Bo had much to share; one thing was about how much Brita liked to ski. Bo said Brita was bogged down and needed to run more. She was also arguing more with her husband. Bo said he felt Brita's sadness and said she did not stand her ground.

Like most animals who spray, Bo's second and fifth (throat) chakras were off balance. Emotionally, these centers relate to our expansion and verbal or creative expression. When I talked to Brita, she said that she loved to ski and had not done it in a long time. Brita said she used to run every day and missed it. It was something she had been meaning to do again. She agreed that she did not stand her ground. When I viewed Bo's body, I felt stomach indigestion and discomfort. Brita's solar plexus center was off balance. The solar plexus relates to the stomach.

Our animals sense when our spirits are not soaring. They internalize our incompleteness and know when our soul is crying for spiritual food. They sense all our repressed feelings. They are our little mandalas, as Jung would have it, bringing us back to wholeness.

Animals will hang on for us. We need to give them permission to leave their bodies and let them know that we'll be alright.

7

Happy 'Till The End—Animals And Our Thoughts About Their Death

Tell me about the passing of life,
its thin door which is as fragile as life itself...

Lisa Marguerite Mora—author, editor, Los Angeles

There are some things we don't want to think about. As silly as it sounds, I never thought my animals would die. But eventually our animals leave us. Some leave tragically, some slowly, some unexpectedly. Some leave home, never to return. Yet no matter how our companions choose to make their exits, when they leave, our lives are changed forever.

The truth is they never really leave us. No one dies. At least

this is what I know in my heart, after two of my cats and my mother returned in dreams two months after their passing. These were not ordinary dreams, but ones that unforgettably touched me.

When I dreamed of my departed mother and my beloved cats, the messages were always the same. My mother and both cats had each come to say goodbye, to say they were fine, happy, and pain-free. They let me know that they were here. No words were spoken, only an instantaneous exchange of thoughts and feelings, like when speaking telepathically with animals. Each time, I recognized them in their formless, luminous bodies. The essence or energy signature of a person or animal doesn't change after life. It is the only thing that's permanent.

We are more than our bodies, minds, and thoughts. We are part of the unified field, a compassionate, all-seeing, omnipresent, and benevolent presence. It is who we truly are. It speaks loudly when we need to hear it and grabs our attention in any way it can. So I knew my mom was saying hello when her favorite succulent, a Christmas cactus, which only blooms once a year, fully blossomed with radiant red flowers the day after she died.

I met Ernesto at the Self-Realization Fellowship as I was writing this book. We shared stories about our loved ones returning to us in dreams. Ernesto told me that he had found the remains of his beloved cat, who was eaten by a coyote. He and his wife planted a bright red poinsettia plant on the cat's grave. The next day, the plant had also fully blossomed and was glowing with spirit. Later, Ernesto dreamt of a big, toothy smile,

and immediately recognized his cat's energy. "Can you imagine that?" Ernesto gleamed. "A smile from the other side!"

If we make soul contracts before we take birth, perhaps we choose the manner in which we die, including the circumstances and time. From what I have gathered from talking to animals who have passed on, we continue without our bodies.

Bailey, a handsome, large-built but delicate gray dog, told me he died at age fifteen shortly after his hips gave out. He said that he was now running by the ocean and visiting a blond-haired man who lived in an old, two-story, brown house. His person, Dana, said all of this was spot on, and that her uncle—a man who did not know Bailey—was dying. He had blond hair, before it turned gray, and lived in an old, two-story, brown house. Was Dana's dying uncle preparing to meet Bailey on the other side?

Our thoughts affect our animals, both the living and those who have made their transitions. If our animals want us to be happy, they certainly do not want their deaths to destroy our lives. They don't want us to live in sorrow and unforgivable regret. Our attachment creates suffering, in this life and the next.

My Message To You

Death is certain. When death will come is not.

Six years had passed since I worked with Dali's separation anxiety issues. During this time, he had brought his person, Carol, through a deep, inner-healing journey. Dali had later become a well-behaved and emotionally balanced show dog.

Now Dali had recently been diagnosed with an inoperable cancer on his spleen. It was pushing against his kidneys, which were operating at forty percent capacity. Dali was weak and exhausted some days, and other days he was vigorous and enthusiastic. Carol didn't know whether Dali was healing or hanging on for some specific purpose. She asked me to tune in and find out.

Dali had an enormous glow of light around him, but I didn't know if this light was his physical life-force, or his vibrant spirit. He felt fragile as a water bubble, ready to slip away at any moment. And yet, although I felt burning in his stomach, this area felt solid and compact, as though this growth inside him was getting smaller. I asked Dali if he was healing. Or was he hanging on to finish his work?

This is what I heard:

I have done what I came here to do. If I stay on, it is to have fun and enjoy life with Carol. What else is there to do?

"What was your purpose in Carol's life?"

I think Carol knows that answer. She has fulfilled her creative side. My showmanship is hers, too. We are partners here. I have made her so proud of me, given her a sense of well-being, and this has given purpose to her life. She is proud now

too and holds her head high. She has entered a new phase in her life. My agility and performance require presence. This is what it's all about: being present with who you are. Just being yourself. Carol is more herself now. Tell Carol not to fall if I leave. She must continue to hold her head high. This is what it's about. This is my message. This is my purpose in her life. Tell her not to cry. Move out from the center. This is what my performance is about. This is how I am able to do what I have done. I am happy to be alive. Let's just take things from here. We will always walk together. Let's take it from there.

This sounded like a farewell message, but I felt that Dali still had some time. I recorded Dali's message, and Carol listened to it with Dali that morning. He died shortly afterwards. Perhaps Dali joined his father, who had passed just two days before. Death seems to fall in step at the right time, although it never appears this way to us, left behind.

When is the right time?

The most painful part of losing our animals (and human companions) is watching them lose the "quality of their life." We wonder if it is time to put our animals down, afraid to end their lives too soon, and afraid not to end their lives soon enough. We would prefer to see them go naturally, but don't want to see them suffer. Often, we're too distraught to know which decision is best and too emotionally heavy to hear what our animals want. Every road presents a difficult journey.

Say It Like You Mean It

Rose's voice sounded too calm when she called to tell me that her twenty-three-year-old Apple Head Chihuahua, Lamb Chop, was dying.

Lamb Chop was still accepting food from a syringe, but she could barely stand up. Her breathing was labored, and Rose was certain that her dog was suffering. I asked Rose if she was ready to let Lamb Chop go. They had been inseparable since the day Rose rescued Lamb Chop from a freeway in Texas, when the dog was thirteen years old. Her response was a confident, quick "Yes, yes. I am ready to let Lamb Chop go."

Lamb Chop didn't feel quite ready to go. I felt something holding her back but didn't know what it was. Her body felt achy and uncomfortably stiff like cardboard, but I didn't pick up severe pain. Taco was not suffering, and I suggested that Rose wait before euthanizing her.

I asked Rose if she had reminisced about the good times she had with her dog and given Lamb Chop permission to die. Rose gave me an unconvincing yes.

I did a healing meditation for both of them over the phone, taking Rose into a deep, restful space that allows animals to also be at peace, and both human and animal to completely surrender. I knew that Lamb Chop would pass soon, yet there was a missing link. Something else needed to come forth.

The very next morning, Rose felt a huge shift inside, as if the small self had stepped aside and allowed a greater strength to step forth—a compassionate self that wanted what was best for her companion. Now she truly was ready to let go of her dog

and was determined to stop her dog's suffering. She looked at Lamb Chop and meant what she said. "I don't want to see you like this. I am calling the vet right now to help you pass."

She texted her sister to tell her what she was doing, and in that instant, phone still in her hands, and dog under her shirt, snuggled against her chest, Rose felt Lamb Chop take one deep breath, exhale, and leave her body.

Our animals try to hang on until we are ready to let go. Telling them that it's all right to leave their bodies is not always enough. We have to mean it.

Rose later shared something special. She told me that when I described what I had felt during my body scan for Lamb Chop, I had described exactly how she, Rose, had been feeling for the past three weeks. Rose said her joints ached every day, and her body felt stiff, just like cardboard. She didn't think much of it until Lamb Chop died. Rose said she woke up the following morning, after her dog had passed, expecting to feel the same aches and stiffness she had felt for the last three weeks, but to her surprise, all the aches were gone.

Before working with Rose and Lamb Chop, I hadn't realized that we humans can feel our animals' physical ailments in our bodies, just as our animals mirror our ailments in their bodies. I suppose anything is possible when we love each other, and our bonds are deep.

Death jolts all of us into remembering, even for a moment, the impermanence of our lives. We are taken into the present moment, into the here-and-now of ourselves. Our animals live here–in the center of their hearts, and they keep them open for

us. Their death brings humility and graciousness into our lives. We experience the bittersweet vibrancy of life as we connect to our inwardness and our aliveness, which is so necessary for growth.

Know that you will meet your companions again, if not in this lifetime, then in the next. Pay attention to your dreams. Pay attention to who you're drawn to and who crosses your path. Your animals may or may not return in the form that you expect, but you will always recognize them, no matter what form they take.

8

Why Animals Leave Home—Missing Animals

There are no accidents.
Anything you perceive to be a challenge,
problem or crisis is a blessing in disguise.
You need to look at it in a different way.

J.D. Messinger—*11 Days in May: The Conversation That Will Change Your Life*

Our companions leave home for many reasons. Some are bored, especially indoor cats or dogs who never leave the yard. Animals have an intelligent curiosity and want to explore the world, just as we do (although having worked on lost animal

cases for over 20 years, I don't advise letting cats roam. Fencing with predator-safe netting is a safe alternative). Outdoor cats can run away when chased or bullied off their turf, especially in urban areas, and can either be afraid to return or truly lost and disoriented, unable to find their way back, or they have found a safe place with food and don't try to venture home. Cats will slip past the pet sitter and out the door or through window screens. Some get trapped in sheds and garages. Indoor cats are often close by, but too afraid to answer or come out, or they jumped a fence and can't jump back.

Dogs leave for similar reasons. They want to explore the neighborhood, or they want exercise or they don't like being left home alone. Most common reasons are when the gardener leaves the gate open or escaping from the new home you've taken them to when going on vacation. One dog walked out of her gated property down the steep hill. Because she had hip dysplasia, she wasn't able to walk back up the incline. Some animals go off to die.

However, sometimes our companions leave because of chaos or abuse in their home. It takes their absence for us to turn our lives around. There are always lessons or realizations we learn about ourselves when our companion goes missing, whether or not the departure is intentional. Life happenings aren't random, although they appear this way.

Let Me Go

William had only turned his head for a few moments when Molly vanished in the snow. His fifteen-year-old Australian Shepherd had dementia and her arthritis was worsening. William could not accept Molly's decline or the idea that she might be leaving her body soon.

I tracked Molly to a particular house on a hill nearby, where she had also been sighted. However, Molly wasn't turning up, despite William's thorough search attempts. Thinking Molly was disoriented and couldn't find her way home, I asked her if she were lost and if I could enter her energy field to scan for injuries, and her answer surprised me.

Yes! I will do anything to make William realize that I am not coming back.

Molly must have known how hard it was for her person to accept her physical deterioration. William never found Molly's body.

Animals know when it's time for their death, and sometimes they want to spare us the pain. Even though we would rather be with our companions when they leave their bodies, they sometimes choose, as Molly did, to do it their own way.

Free Spirit

Two weeks after Georgiane moved into a new condo, her indoor cat, Sky, fell through the window screen and decided to stay outside. She knew of all his outdoor hiding places: under the neighbor's porch, in the flower bed of geraniums, and under her own home. It was going on two months now, and although Sky ate the food Georgiane left for him on the porch and visited to rub noses with his feline sisters through the glass door, he wouldn't come inside. When the temperatures dropped to fifteen degrees, Georgiane called me for help. She didn't think that Sky knew how to get back into the house.

I felt anxiety when I asked Sky why he wasn't coming home. This is what I heard:

Georgiane needs to explore parts of herself. Those parts that have been forgotten. She has a heavy heart. I have tried to tell her. She doesn't speak up for herself. She is not accepting the way things are. The way things turned out. She keeps beating her head against the same wall. She doesn't stop. She doesn't see. Too much work. She takes care of everyone except herself. Her heart is broken. Too many times. I want her to look at herself. Look at me! I threw it all away. I am a free spirit. She doesn't see this. She just wants me back. I'll come back when I'm ready.

I told Sky that this wasn't entirely true. Georgiane did respect and honor his decision. So much so that she was willing to let him come and go as he pleased. But now, she really needed him to return. I explained that if the snow fell and piled up, it would be harder for him to find food, and it would be

extremely cold. I mentally showed him how to get inside his home.

Sky knew his person well. Georgiane told me about the trauma in her life: leaving her husband, working sixty to eighty hours a week to support her son through college, becoming sick, and then losing her home in a fire and having to move into a hotel room with her son and her six animals, before moving into the condo. She especially missed her paintbrushes, stained with bristles worn to stumps, which bore the sweet scent of turpentine and personal freedom. I understood the attachment. I also couldn't part with my gloriously retired oil paintbrushes, which I had abandoned more than twenty-one years ago. Georgiane knew she had to paint again. She had to start over. She had to somehow cut her hours back at work and speak to her son. She hadn't wanted to burden him, but now she felt ready to speak her mind. She also needed to forgive her husband, to release resentments and heal her broken heart.

"I used to be a free spirit," Georgiane told me. "I've forgotten."

Georgiane made some clear-cut decisions in her life, and waited for Sky to return.

Let Go, Let God

It wasn't until Betty let go that Harley was found, although it was too late. Betty was determined to find her rescued Husky who had escaped from the neighbor's yard when she was at work. It was Harley's second attempt. Betty hired a few of us to

locate Harley, and we tracked him for months. He would not stop running.

Betty spent several months pounding the streets, notifying the town, the mail carriers, and the UPS man. She posted signs, ran ads, and contacted the local newspaper and television stations. Although she was devastated by his disappearance, Betty needed to surrender, let it go, and redirect her focus to her other dog, whose health was rapidly declining. By dropping the push and struggle, Betty cleared a psychic pathway, allowing events to unfold in Divine timing.

In less than a week, Betty received a call from a couple. This man and woman had suddenly decided to turn off their noisy air conditioner before bed. In the quiet night, they heard Harley whimpering in their backyard bushes.

Harley's emaciated body was infested with mange, and maggots had buried themselves into his flesh. His organs were failing. Betty gave the Emergency Animal Clinic permission to euthanize her dog.

Although this story has a tragic, unhappy ending, an energetic connection made its clear, cut route to Betty and Harley, delivered via a "random" couple, allowing Harley to be reunited with Betty for closure and to end his suffering.

When I work with missing animals, I find that most people, although heartbroken, are thankful for whatever closure they can get. For others, death may cross their minds when their animals aren't found, but they never drop the glimmer of hope. Sometimes we never really know either way.

9

When the Issue Is Theirs, You're Off The Hook—But You Still Need To Listen

...Animals' emotions are raw, unfiltered, and uncontrolled. Their joy is the purest and most contagious of joys and their grief the deepest and most devastating...

Marc Bekoff---*The Emotional Lives of Animals*

Not every situation mirrors you. Animals have their own karma to work through and their own spiritual paths to follow. Yet again, to let you know something is wrong with them physically or emotionally, they may act out aggressively, eliminate inappropriately, bark, cry, or display odd behavior.

Living with animals is a game of charades. Understand that they are only trying to communicate.

Beatrice's Pregnancy

Beatrice was not herself and was acting strangely, Lyn said. Beatrice placed her toys together on the bed, sat on them, and growled if anyone, including Lyn, came too close. Lyn thought Beatrice was having a pseudo-pregnancy.

I went to see the gentle Golden Retriever. Extreme sadness struck me when I saw the longing in sweet Beatrice's eyes. She told me she wanted to have babies. Beatrice wasn't spayed, although Lyn had no intention of letting her have puppies. I told the dog how sorry I was and that I understood her desire. I explained why offspring was out of the question, explaining to Beatrice about the laws in the city and all the animals who were unwanted and killed because there were not enough homes, and that being the reason Lyn couldn't let her have children.

Animals understand more than we realize. They may not understand what a law is, but they can interpret and understand the pictures and concepts behind the words.

That evening, Beatrice took her toys off the bed and was back to being herself. I never asked her to remove her toys. She did that of her own choosing. Having the forgivable, accepting-what-is attitude that animals have, she let go.

Take Me Out!

Alison called me when her cat Savanna was peeing on the kitchen floor, in the kitchen sink, and on the couches. Alison had already taken the cat to the vet and ruled out a UTI (urinary tract infection).

Since Savanna was not targeting her person's clothes, bed, or bedroom, I knew this wasn't directly related to her person, as it had been before when Savanna was upset over Alison's divorce. At that time, Alison was still married, so I assumed there was probably discord in the house, perhaps arguing between her and her husband. I was wrong. Right away, Savanna told me,

I liked the other place better.

She flashed me an image of an outdoor courtyard. She wanted to know why she could no longer go out. I had no idea that Alison had moved. Sure enough, the former apartment had a courtyard where Savanna went out a few hours a day. The current apartment had nothing similar. I suggested Alison put a harness on Savanna and take her outside. She did. Savanna was happy again and stopped urinating outside the box.

Big Boy and Joe

Every year, I donate my services to the Stray Cat Alliance, a rescue organization that spays and neuters thousands of feral cats in the lower-income areas of Los Angeles. At their gala fundraisers, I give free consultations. One year, a tall, large man named Joe asked me why his cat, Big Boy, continually ran away from him. He was two years old and had been running since birth.

Immediately, Big Boy said,

I'm afraid he's going to fall on me.

I explained to Joe's cat that humans walk vertically, and although we do trip and fall once in a great while, the chances of falling were slim, and if Joe did fall, he would have plenty of time to move out of the way. I never heard back from Joe until the following year at the same event. He was ecstatic. He told me that when he returned home from the fundraiser and our brief session one year earlier, Big Boy did not run from him—and he never ran from him again.

Where's My Mother?

Neither Bianca nor her husband could get near Ziti, the new donkey they had purchased a few short months earlier. Ziti kicked, cornered, bit, and attacked anyone who got close. At feeding time, Bianca's husband thought he could bond with the donkey, but Ziti charged and would not accept her food. Her aggressive behavior was unpredictable. Bianca had to drop her expectations of Ziti being a therapy animal for children. But she wanted to know why Ziti was so angry and if she would prefer to return to the farm where she was purchased.

My eyes welled up with tears when I tuned in to Ziti. Immediately feeling extreme sadness and grief, I asked Ziti if she wanted to talk. She said she didn't have much to say. I asked Ziti why she was angry, and I heard,

Where is my mother?

I told her I did not know, but that I would find out. I asked her what the farm was like and if she wanted to go back. Ziti showed me what looked like an unkempt, crowded place where she had spent most of her time in the pasture, away from humans. She did not want to go back. I sensed that the farm was like a puppy mill.

Then she said,

They took my mother away.

I asked her if her mother was living on the farm with her.

Yes, but now I don't see her.

Why was she angry? Again, I heard one sentence:

I want to know where my mother is.

I probed as much as I could. It seemed that Ziti had been with her mother on the farm. I asked Ziti if she liked Bianca and her husband, her food, and her new home. I asked her a slew of other questions, and all I heard was,

What happened to my mother?

I turned to Bianca. "Do you know anything about Ziti's mother?"

The question knocked Bianca cold. Ziti had come from a farm that bred and sold ponies and donkeys for profit. Ziti had never known her biological mom, and had bonded from birth with a surrogate mother—a white goat with a pink nose, named Rotelli. Rotelli was all Ziti knew, and they were so attached that the farm owners told Bianca they wouldn't sell Ziti without Rotelli. So Bianca brought them both to her home in Upstate NewYork.

Soon, Bianca realized she couldn't hold Ziti's attention long enough to train her for therapy work. Enamored with Rotelli, Ziti ignored Bianca and every human. The days passed. Friends

came up with the perfect solution: get rid of Rotelli. Then Ziti, they surmised, would give Bianca her undivided attention.

Ziti deeply mourned the absence of her mother, friend, and lifelong companion. Now Bianca frantically searched, tracking the people who were supposed to know of Rotelli's whereabouts. She did all she could to retrieve the goat, called everyone she knew, and searched, even when a ranch hand told her a coyote had taken Rotelli.

Rotelli was never located. Bianca did the next best thing. She found a kind woman living on a ranch with sheep, goats, horses, and two donkeys who was willing to take Ziti, and Bianca let her go. Bianca's heart was in the right place, providing the next best home for Ziti.

Bianca meant well, but a common mistaken assumption is that any other animal will fill an animal's void. Animals have special friends and loved ones, and they grieve their losses, just as we do. How do we feel when we lose a loved one? In the soup of humans surrounding us, can we quickly find a replacement and share the same intimacy we had before? These things take time. Some of us never move on. Even when we do, there remains a place in our hearts for the one who is no longer with us.

Animal communication is the groundwork that makes communicating with all life possible.

10

FIVE WAYS TO LISTEN TO ANIMALS

You will see how simple life is. As you learn not-knowing,
your heart will find its way home.

The Second Book of The Tao, Verse 59
Translated by Stephen Mitchell

Animal communication is not only possible, it is also the groundwork that makes communicating with all life possible. Anyone can learn to do this. When you do, your reality will never be quite the same again. If you are human, you already have the abilities. You just need to stir in five important ingredients before you begin.

Here are some things to check in yourself if you want to deepen your relationship with your animal companions, to prepare yourself to listen, and be open to receive.

1. Slow The Chatter In Your Mind

If you have five channels going at once, your animals will only pick up your static and confusion. Try this experiment if you don't think you are bombarded with thought talk.

Sit down, settle in, and focus on your breathing. Be aware of your inhalation and exhalation. Keep your attention on your breath as you count mentally from one to ten. Inhale, exhale, one. Inhale, exhale, two, etc. Chances are, you will not be able to count past five before your mind will have wandered and your awareness will have fallen off your breath. When this happens, grab the reins, get back on, and ride the breath again. Keep practicing until you can count to ten without being pulled away. Thought will still enter your mind, but you will notice the thought, and consciously choose not to engage.

2. Believe It Is Possible

It was once believed the world was flat. When we believe that the world is composed of, or limited to, what we perceive through our five senses, then our world will remain flat. Know

that you are more than blood and bones. You are energy. We are spiritual beings in physical bodies.

If you are skeptical or doubt you can communicate with animals—or if you don't believe talking to them, or any species, is possible—you block information from flowing in. Our feelings become cemented beliefs that color our perceptions and form our reality.

Believe animals can hear you, and that you can hear them. Animal communication is a process of becoming aware of the abilities you naturally have.

When you believe in yourself and approach another living being with clear intention, fear drops away, and trust is reciprocal. You meet them on common ground.

Believe in your abilities. Believe your animals can hear you. Most of all, believe that you can hear them.

3. Set Your Intention

Intention doesn't mean forcing your will, but holding your purpose or desire gently, allowing and trusting it will be done. Quantum physics has proven that intention sets thought in motion. The universe sends back what we bring forth. Just as a golfer sees the ball drop into the hole beforehand, and a cat becomes one with the prey before the capture, we can set an intention to see ourselves talking to and hearing animals. Set your intention to do so. Know that it is done.

4. See Animals As Equal

If we think we are superior in any way, we will shut down the natural flow of communication and limit our receptivity. Animals may be reluctant to open up. See your animals as companions, family members, and friends—not as pets. Consider their feelings, fears, and comforts.

All beings share an equal right to life, whether or not we believe they have feelings, thoughts, and emotions, whether their lifespan is long or as short as one day. All creatures cherish their lives, and all life is aware and communicative. When we see all living beings as equal and no different from ourselves, our relationship with animals and all life will deepen.

5. Trust Yourself

Stay open to receive. Pay attention. Be observant and aware with all your senses when asking an animal a question. Everything is your answer. We are not alone in life or in death. Always trust the information that you get—whether you hear it from a bird, horse, lizard, oak tree, or even blowing in the wind. All life is connected and communicating.

Trust yourself and the information that you feel, see, hear, know, or receive on any level. Animals don't doubt their instincts. Trusting and becoming mindful of life around us will increase our awareness and build our self-confidence.

Become aware of the subtle pictures and thoughts in your mind and of every feeling in your body. Don't think or analyze. Allow yourself to feel more deeply with an open heart and less fear. Make this your daily practice. Remember that our bodies

are also like radar. We send and receive information to and from one another, and to and from our animals, all the time. Thoughts are like radio waves that are broadcast far and wide. We need to fine-tune our channel to pick up the radio waves.

Opening our hearts is a revolutionary approach to changing our lives for the better. When we take the time to heighten and develop our own innate abilities, we trust our knowing, see the subtle shades of meaning, understand with empathy, and listen with compassion. We no longer operate from the ego, but from the Divine Wisdom within. We tap into the stream of consciousness where the animals reside, in present awareness, and cultivate a more conscious way of interpreting and relating to the world around us. When we develop our compassion, our pain won't stem from our own concerns but from our kinship with all living beings.

Animals are great teachers of impermanence—here for a handful of time—who show us how to allow and let go. For me, they have been the greatest inspiration and models of patience, forgiveness, kindness, generosity, peace, love, compassion, and spontaneity—things that can take us lifetimes to learn and things that I am continuously learning.

Long live the animals in our hearts and who share our planet. They come as spiritual friends and have taught us for lifetimes.

Are we ready to listen?

Acknowledgments

I would like to express gratitude to my animal companions, who have changed the direction and purpose of my life and who are responsible for my inward journey into healing, remote viewing, and telepathic communication. They have been a continuous reminder of the Divine. I have learned feline etiquette: speak in the softest voice and step lightly in the home.

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About Diana



Diana is an artist, educator, and animal communicator for over 25 years, sought for her expertise in resolving behavior problems and locating lost animals. She is also a Reiki Master and healer initiated in the Andean Shaman tradition of Peru.

A certified Kundalini Yoga teacher, spiritual activist, Zen monk, and vegan for 28 years, Diana practices a path of Ahimsa, a Buddhist doctrine of refraining from harming any living being.

Diana is the author of two books and the Spirit Wisdom Animal Oracle deck, and a forthcoming book about Animals in the Afterlife and card deck for animal loss.

Diana presently lives in Los Angeles with her three great feline Zen masters: Louise, Lucia, and the Queen.

Selected Praise

...Diana's keen sense of connecting with an animal's deep inner knowing results in educating her readers with humor, compassion, and truth.

MICHAEL BERNARD BECKWITH, author of *Life Visioning*

Diana opens windows to new ways of seeing our deepest interconnectedness with all animals and all that is.

ALLEN M. SCHOEN, D.V.M., M.S., Ph.D., integrative veterinarian, author of *Kindred Spirits*

You will discover the oneness of all existence and enter into a world of love!

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by Diana



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Based on Diana's Spirit Wisdom Animal Oracle Deck.

Courses

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