ANIMAL CHANNEL NEWSLETTER

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I lost two friends recently. Ron Briel lost his long fight with leukemia on July 24.
Ron, Linda, and their daughter, Alycia had moved to Virginia on June 30 and the dread disease within Ron went on a rampage and took him quickly.
Ron and Linda had been close friends with my husband, Vic and I for about thirteen years or so. We shared laughter and tears, and a strong love of animals.
When Ron was writing his book, *Equine Acupuncture: First Aid With Your Fingertips,* I often went with them as they worked on horses. Ron massaged the horses and worked the acupressure points, Linda did Reiki at the same time, and I felt the sensations the horse was feeling. Ron taped the sessions and then spent long hours analyzing the information for his book. I knew I would miss Ron and Linda when they moved, but I didn't expect to feel the deepened sense of loss that I do because of his passing.

I met the Arabian mare, Briana, just after I met Ron and Linda. I worked for a while at the farm where Briana lived, and loved her for her wisdom and bravery. Briana became quite ill and Ron and Linda took her to their farm. They worked their healing magic on her and Briana got better. Her owner was disposing of his horses, so Briana came to me. I already had her daughter, BB, and their reunion brought tears to my eyes, as did their final parting.
Briana was sweet and gentle. When visitors would tell me they were afraid of horses I would introduce them to her. By the time they left they had been petting and hugging the lovely chestnut mare.
Briana's health had been declining for over a year and she decided to move on in her spiritual journey. Her friend, Ron had made the transition and she made up her mind to join him. On August 5, Briana coliced and her intestine ruptured. The veterinarian came to help her on her journey and Ron was there to take her home. I am sure that my husband was waiting when they arrived.
I miss them so much.

Anita

Please remember our animal friends who suffered during Hurricane Katrina and be generous. I have been asked to help a rescue organization in Delaware and I will do everything I can to be of service. I have supplied the names of there communicators who might give their time to help reunite the animals and their people. If you can help, please contact Anita Walliston at 302-764-1852.

There have been some major changes in my office. Up until the middle of February Jean Grim had answered your calls. Jean had to leave for personal reasons and I have restructured the office work and have been scheduling consultations as well as doing them. I still have workshops on some weekends throughout the year, so I've been pretty busy. If you call the office please leave a message and I will return your call either the same day or the next business day. I appreciate your patience.

In my spare time I read a new book by Nancy Bowker, *New Horse Handbook: How to Make Your Horse Feel at Home,* Sterling Publishing Co. Inc,, $24.95. It was quite informative as Nancy led the reader through possible problems and how to solve them when a new horse is introduced to the herd (even a small herd).

Last March I was invited to be a speaker on The K9 College Cruise to the Caribbean. It was wonderful!!! The dogs were not on the cruise but there was a photo contest and a "Dog Show at Sea" that was great fun. When I was asked to go again I didn't hesitate to say YES.

Here is a list of speakers for the March, 2006 Cruise. I put them in alphabetical order. Kaye Ames, Maximize Your Puppy's Potential and Bach Flower Essences, Dr. Carmen Battaglia, Breeding Better Dogs, Richard Beauchamp, Solving the Mysteries of Breed Type, Anita Curtis, Animal Communications, Learn to Listen to Your Dog, Edward & Patricia Gilbert, Jr., K9 Structure and Movement, Dr. Martin Goldstein, Fundamentals of Health and Disease, From an Alternative Point of View, Pat Hastings, The Puppy Puzzle and Tricks of the Trade, Paul Owens, The Dog Whisperer, Dr. Beverly Purswell, K9 Reproduction, Linda Tellington-Jones, Getting in Ttouch With Your Dog, and Dr. Christine Zink, Coaching the Canine Athlete.

The seminars are included in the price of the cruise. I went to several and was quite impressed with the speakers.

For prices and other information please go to www.allcruising.com. I hope to see you on board.

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If you think dogs can't count, try putting three dog biscuits in your pocket and then giving Fido only two of them

Phil Pastoret

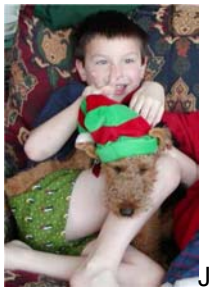
Cats are smarter than dogs. You can't get eight cats to pull a sled through snow.

Jeff Valdez

You & Me... We Is Friends!

The New Pet Detective by Mason Hulis

Mason Hulis is an internationally known Animal Communicator, Author, Lecturer, Teacher, Television, and Radio personality. His work in helping people locate missing animals has earned him the title of ***Pet Detective***. The focus of Mason's work is helping people understand how animals communicate with each other and humans through non-verbal means using mental images and emotions. Here are a couple of recent cases that Mason has solved.


July 23, 2005, Mason receives a call from frantic owner (Sharon) that her one-year-old Welsh Terrier Tibbs has been missing for two days from their home in Charlestown Indiana. He requests the following information regarding the dog; name, age, breed and last know location of the animal. Using his computer, he accesses a geographical map produced through satellite imagery and he prints a copy. He holds the pendulum over the printout of the map to collect positive responses for the location of Tibbs. Mason is able to narrow down the location of Tibbs to the closest street, indicated on the map, and relays the information to the owner Sharon. Sharon also confirms that prior to speaking with Mason she utilized a local tracking dog and human handler, and they have picked up the scent of Tibbs in this area.

In addition, Mason makes a mind-to-mind connection with Tibbs. He receives mental images from Tibbs and describes them to Sharon. According to Tibbs, he is in someone's house. *The house is located to the west of the railroad tracks and Route 3, close to or on 2nd street, (confirmed by the pendulum dowsing).* Mason also receives the image that there is red oriental carpeting on the stairs in this house. Sharon is skeptical and states that she does not believe anyone living in that area would have red carpeting with a black design on his or her staircase. Mason recommends to Sharon and to all of his clients with missing animals that they put up posters with the animals picture, name, age, breed, coloring along with the owners address, and telephone number and Sharon agrees.

Prior to speaking with Mason, Sharon listens to a telephone message from a friend a fellow church member. The woman only asks Sharon to call her back. Sharon is very upset about her missing dog Tibbs and she does not return the call until the following morning.

The friend explains that she has found Tibbs and has him at her house. The woman's home is located to the *west of the railroad tracks and Route 3, close to 2nd street*. When Sharon arrives to her friends home to retrieve Tibbs, she explains to her friend about my vision of the red

carpeting with a black design running though it. Her friend and Sharon are both astonished when the woman shows Sharon the red carpeting going down to the basement of her home.

Photo of stairs inside home where Tibbs was located.

Sharon's letter dated July 25, 2005.

I left you a message. Tibbs is home! I believe that God comes to us in many forms and you are one of those. Not to mention the tracking woman that stayed with it in the very, very hot temp. My children and all the people were praying and watching for him. Sharon and Tibbs

A Snake Named Bob

The New Pet Detective receives a call for an unusual animal case involving a Rat Snake located in London England. The owner, Rikki explains that her pet snake Bob has not eaten for several weeks and she is afraid he might be ill. She has brought Bob to the Veterinarian who was unable to find a medical problem with him. Mason explains to Rikki that in order for a communication between an animal and human to take place, the human must have an emotional relationship with the animal. In the case with Bob, Mason asked her what she loved about the snake. Rikki explained that she pictured Bob with a personality of a little boy and she would often picture him wearing a baseball cap. Mason suddenly sensed a profound feeling of sadness coming from Bob and described that to Rikki. She explains to him that in recent weeks she was working out of the home more often. Mason then communicates with Bob and he receives the mental message confirming that he was sad because Rikki was not home as much. She explains to Mason that her husband was home and she thought he would be enough to keep Bob Company. Bob sent Mason the mental picture of a man sitting with his back turned away from the snake. Rikki substantiates that her husbands desk faces away from Bob and that her husband spends most of the day with his back facing Bob. Mason explains to Rikki that Bob misses her company and her physical movement around the house entertains him. Mason recommends to Rikki that she move Bob's aquarium to her bedroom where he could see her more often.

On March 22, 2005, I received the following note from Rikki:

After you and I spoke, we moved Bob into our bedroom. He is now directly opposite where I sit on the bed most of the day while I am working on my laptop. Having had a remedy, last week he went into a very fast and unusual shed, just as he did last year right after his remedy. I was hopeful that he would eat, as he did last year after all of that. Yesterday, I offered him a mouse and he showed no interest. I left it there for two hours. Finally, he ate it!

It was most impressive, as far as we were concerned here! Had it not been for you, I think he would have eventually been put down by the vet because to force nutrients down his throat by tube every couple of days was horribly stressful for him, and the vet had no idea What was wrong... I could never tell you how grateful I am for your gifts. Rikki

Rikki's

Animal Family

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MATCHMAKING by Susan Rifkin

A friendly, handsome 5-year-old blue roan Nokota gelding chose me to be his person. Considering that I looked at about 150 horses loose in two large pastures in just a few hours, I'm happily amazed this was so easy and so much fun. It was a wonderful experience and an adventure I recommend. Although the final matchmaking took very little time, the whole process started more than a year ago.

I've named him "Charlie" and he is my first new horse since 1988. He was a private purchase like the four other horses I've bought over the past 25 years. But this is the first time I was alone in a field with loose horses, and had one who I had never seen before come up to me, choose me, hang around me to be petted, and even warn his friends to keep away from me. There seemed to be an invisible "Sold" sign. But I think Charlie hung the sign over my head, not over his.

My shopping trips in the past involved seeing one or a few horses at each location. Our introductions were always one-on-one. Although I could experience how each horse and I interacted, I could not easily compare one relationship with others. While shopping this way I could easily consider differences involving how we interacted.

I came here knowing that most of these horses had never been ridden. In fact, some of the yearlings and two year olds may not have been handled yet.

I had already lined up Debby Hadden, a professional and patient trainer who was also a trusted and good friend. She felt capable of training both my new horse and me.

And I discovered that my preferences were consistent. After I bought Charlie, I learned that he was closely related to other Nokota horses I'd admired, who already belonged to other people.

STARTING THE JOURNEY

Charlie's process of finding me began in the fall of 2003 when several of the local Nokota owners came to my Brass Ring Riding Club (A local chapter of the Old People's Riding Club (http://www.geocities.com/brassringridingclub) meeting to tell us about the breed, and its Native American origins as descendants of Sitting Bull's horses. They discussed the Nokota Conservancy's efforts to preserve this type of horse. (For more information, see www.NokotaHorse.org). I was impressed with what I heard about the horses' combination of intelligence, athletic ability, and bonding with their people. And I found their history intriguing.

Their conformation and character reminded me of my horse Richie. My complementary medicine veterinarian had recommended that when I look for another horse, I look for one like him. He had not yet succumbed to the cancer described in my 2001 article "Repairing Richie" in Natural Horse magazine. So I hoped to get my new horse while Richie could still act as a mentor. (I now realize that a former horse's spirit can help us do that any time.)

Then a few days later I met some Nokota horses who had just shipped in from North Dakota and were at a farm near me in Pennsylvania. The black gelding I admired was already purchased by a man as a birthday gift for his wife, named"Susan." And a friend of mine, whose birthday I share, bought the 18-month-old red roan filly. Bedaza is now a magnificent mare, the kind of horse you could be happy with for 20 years. It was as if there was a message:"You need to get yourself a Nokota."

A few months later, I had to euthanize Richie. Several friends told me that they'd had messages from him about my next horse. It would be young horse, and an unusual color. They also said she'd be a filly. She was described as "a joy."

I convinced myself that getting my new horse should wait until I got my life and finances in order. It was a bit more than a year before I realized that I had it backwards. I needed a horse in order to get my life in order!

I heard myself explaining to someone who recommended joining a dating service that there was no point in looking for a new romance if I didn't have a horse, because I wasn't truly myself without one. So I decided that it was time to look for a new horse.

By this time, I met several people who got their Nokota horses through the Kuntz family. I'd met Frank Kuntz on some of his trips to Pennsylvania to deliver horses. And my friends spoke highly of Leo Kuntz's integrity and horse knowledge (one said "he's half horse"). So I felt comfortable dealing with them.

The most recent load of Nokotas had just arrived a week after my birthday. The only horse who had not yet been sold would mature 15.1h or 15.2h. But I'm 5'10" and I needed a bigger horse, like the "Ranch Type Nokota" which has some Thoroughbred &/or Percheron blood.

I was also impressed with the more natural environment the horses grew up in. I believe that a real functional horse society teaches the horses a lot of things they are designed to learn.

These foals are kept with their dams for 8-9 months. The weanlings are in a large group with some older mares. And the fillies are in one pasture and the colts into another. The colts also had a few pregnant alpha mares who teach them equine manners. (The mares are also an incentive for the colts to stay with their herd instead of going looking for fillies.) I later discovered

that Charlie's dam was one of the alpha mare "dorm mothers." I saw her snap in the air at a pushy colt. She made her point quickly, and the herd around her remained peaceful.

I thought this horse society background would make it easier for me later because my veterinarian often ran into horses with behavioral problems she believed were due to them not learning properly "How to Be a Horse."

So, when family matters suddenly sent me to Colorado, I arranged to fly from Denver to Bismarck, North Dakota.

It was an hour's drive from the airport to the Nokota's at Leo Kuntz's ranch in Linton. I thought I had rented a compact car. So it took help from a fellow traveler to locate my 4-wheel -drive SUV. I drove along a gently winding paved road and saw more pheasants than cars. (But the next day was grateful for the 4WD the next day when I drove along miles of gravel roads).

I met Frank Kuntz and Shelly Hauge at my motel and they drove me out, and into, the young mares' pasture. I thought Frank said they were in a "17 acre" pasture. So I figured I'd see about 10 mares. It was 17 HUNDRED acres. I saw at least 75 mares.

The fillies were in three bands. They came when they heard our truck because they associated it with being given hay or grain. Most would come near the truck. How close they came to us depended upon their personality. Some had been gentled and came very close by to get petted.

They are also known for being compatible with each other. Most of the horses had no marks on them from biting, kicking, or the fence. So my being out with a herd of them loose had me only slightly worried. I was confident that none would harm me on purpose. I had only to watch out for "horsing around" with each other, and there was very little of that.

I was in their pastures. I was literally in their territory, and they were out with their friends.

Frank asked what my criteria were for the horse I wanted. He later explained to me that he has had people describe what they think they want. Then they connect with a horse they are happy with, who might be different from their description. I was reassured by his easy acceptance of my "the horse will find me" plan. Turns out, he is familiar with this technique.

I thought I wanted a filly, but would also look at the geldings the next day. My preferences in order of priority were personality and athletic ability. I thought I had no color preferences. I wanted a friendly, confident horse who would be a cooperative partner for a variety of my horse club activities, like trail rides, mounted games, lower level dressage, and jumping.

Anita Curtis told me that Richie's spirit would help me find the right horse by telling likely candidates to interact with me. And if I saw a horse who he didn't think was a good match, he'd draw my attention to something I would criticize about that horse. For instance, on one handsome blue roan gelding I noticed that one barefoot hind hoof had a longer toe than the other. So I assumed it meant the horse wasn't using himself symmetrically. Frank later told me that their trainer got bucked off that horse once when he stepped on a wire.

My first evening I saw more than 75 fillies and took more than 100 digital photos. After sunset, we went to a local bar for pizza. Then I went to Frank and Shelly's to look at my photos on her computer screen. But due to a technical glitch, I went back to my motel with an empty camera. Shelly had the photos on her computer, and made me a disc the next day.

Much to my surprise, not having many photos actually made it easier for me. I had to rely on my memory. By the time I got back to my motel room, only three fillies stuck in my mind. And I thought two of them might not grow large enough to fit me well. So I had narrowed it down to one beautiful mare with a big blaze and two white feet. She kept looking at me, but did not come

close. The only fillies, who came close to me, also came to Frank and Shelly. Frank suggested that I plan to return alone the next day to the filly field and hang out so they could get to know me.

Before I did that, I wanted to go to the ranch to see the geldings. My trainer had said it would be easier on her farm's equine equanimity to have another gelding. Back when I got telepathic messages, from Richie via my friends, I was told to look for a filly. But back then, I was living closer to another stable at which gender wasn't an issue. Now the message was to look at both sexes.

I slept late and arrived at the ranch mid morning, when everyone was working elsewhere on the ranch. I was greeted by their friendly herding dog," Miss Nay." So I was off to a good start.

I easily identified the weanlings' pen and the stallions' pen. I was impressed by how quietly more than a dozen stallions were together. I'd heard this was possible.

So the herd of 75 plus I saw about 200 yards away in another pasture had to be "the boys." I convinced myself that it was reasonably safe to go in there alone. With hindsight, it was quite a blessing to be alone there for an hour. It meant that the horses interacted only with me.

I was walking slowly towards the herd when a small group of colts decided to head towards me. They passed nearby and kept going. Perhaps they were directed to by Richie's spirit getting me to turn around and look behind me. Because then I saw the group I call "The Linebackers" emerge from an area that was out of my sight. The first gelding I saw made me choke up – he was exactly what I wanted. He had a big confident walk, powerful haunches, good legs, and nice head. Even his black coat reminded me of Richie.

But he ignored me.

Then several blue roans came into sight. It would have been very difficult to choose one of them if I were looking at them using a conventional shopping method. In fact, when Frank finally found me almost an hour later, this gang made up my second, third, etc. choices.

But, just as Frank predicted, one horse chose me. A big blue roan with a wide blaze set slightly to his left side hovered over me. He ignored his friends, except to tell them to leave me alone. He stood quietly for petting. And he easily accepted the Reiki I did. He practically had his head in my lap. So, I was smitten.

But I had enough of my logical brain working to look him over. His conformation was good, his muscles were evenly developed, and there were no obvious knots or dents. He was comfortable with being handled all over – no pain anywhere, nothing tender, or ticklish. His legs were clean; his bare feet hadn't been done, and were wearing evenly naturally. So I assumed he was sound, and moved symmetrically. He had a kind eye, and enjoyed attention without being pushy. And when he told the others to move, he did it quietly, but effectively. It wasn't until I'd paid for him that I saw he was also a beautiful mover at the trot.

So I wasn't surprised to learn later that his dam was an alpha mare Leo owned. I was very happy that we were able to go out into the pasture to see her at work keeping the colts in line. Leo explained that he hadn't ever touched her before now. I was happy with what I saw of her conformation and character. I heard that about 80% of a young horse's behavior is influenced by the dam.

I also discovered that my taste in horses was consistent; I wasn't just being swayed by his attention to me. The black gelding I admired with him was his full brother. The black gelding I'd liked in 2003 was by the same stallion, Ed Kuntz's Baldy. He'd been ridden for several years and Ed said he was a good riding horse. He'd taken Baldy elk hunting as a 3 year old. And he now trusted that he'd be easy and safe to ride even after a few years off.

This information about Baldy was very important to me. Back in 2003, Anita got a telepathic message from a blue roan stallion that preserving these Nokota bloodlines needed to include using the old training methods. The stallion's spirit showed her something that looked like a Maltese cross. My veterinarian explained to me that this looked like chromosomes dividing. As an animal learns something, the process of neuronal adaptation affects the cells, including a stallion's sperm as they are produced. Therefore training a stallion can cause changes that can be passed along to the offspring. (But training a mare can't affect the eggs that already exist when she's born.)

Coincidentally, the Maltese cross was also the brand for Teddy Roosevelt's ranch. This land later became the Teddy Roosevelt's National Park where most of these Nokota horses' ancestors were found.

Frank then took me for a tour of the main part of the boys' herd. Many of the horses were so relaxed around him that he had to ask them to get up. I admired many of them – but kept repeating that the blue roan was clearly #1.

We went back to the house and drafted a ranch hand who agreed to come out with us to take photos of Frank and me with the horses. So, Frank got a chance to see how Charlie acted around me. All the photos were taken without equipment to keep him nearby. And no treats to bribe him.

Since we were clearly a happy match, when Leo got home, Frank had to convince him to sell me this horse. I later learned that a mutual friend tried to buy him 3 years ago, and someone else wanted him the week after I bought him.

Leo took me into the field to see Charlie's dam. She had never been handled, but only walked off quietly when Leo touched her. And she was clearly watching me carefully as I took photos of her. She was calm and confident.

The next morning I had a little time before I had to catch my plane home. And I realized I had no photos of my horse's breeder/owner. So Leo went out into the pasture with me. As Charlie led us, Leo explained how I should behave to become the leader instead of the follower. We finally turned back towards the main herd, and Charlie went out into pasture with his friends. But a few minutes later, he walked the 100+ yards back to us and the main part of the herd. Then he worked his way through them to where I was standing by the fence. And he stood quietly while I petted him.

Leo drove me into the field to say farewell to Frank, with Miss Nay racing beside us. We were cresting a hill as a Harlan's Hawk, rarely seen around here, swooped by the truck's window, with a message for us that he was a good omen.

I barely made it to my flight home to Pa., and then made plans to come back to North Dakota for a week to get to know Charlie and his training on his home ground, before bringing him back east.

SIDEBAR

Before I arrived at the ranch for my first visit, Anita told me she'd gotten a message from a rose grey gelding. He wanted to send a message of "thank you for giving him this honor, for allowing him to be part of saving the Nokota horses." He said it was "a huge honor to be a part of saving these Nokota horses." He was "honored that he was trustworthy enough to do this job. "

He also said there was something about his leg that would help us identify him. When I first met Charlie, I saw that there was a grey gelding nearby with a very unusual marking along his side near his leg. I asked about him and was told his story. I figured out that Anita's message was from Halvah, a horse who helps Leo train the babies.

Some time ago, the woman who'd owned Halvah for 12 years planned to sell him. Leo was concerned that Halvah would have problems in a new home because he can be aggressive toward other horses. So even though Leo needed to sell horses, not buy more, he went a got Halvah.

Now Leo uses him to train the babies. Halvah's job is to push them around as Leo tells him to. For example, Halvah teaches the babies to like people because when they try to approach him in the pen he sends them back toward Leo. Other times he will stand beside them to make it easier for Leo to reach across Halvah to approach and pet the babies.

I saw Halvah working that way the day I arrived for my second visit with Charlie. And the following day I saw Halvah in a pen full of horses, standing quietly between two of his young filly "students." So obviously, the fillies liked and trusted him. I think he knows his job well, and does it as needed in response to Leo's requests.

* * * * *

Is this Heaven?

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead. He remembered dying, and that the dog walking beside him had been dead for years. He wondered where the road was leading them. After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. At the top of a long hill, it was broken by a tall arch that glowed in the sunlight.

When he was standing before it he saw a magnificent gate in the arch that looked like mother-of-pearl, and the street that led to the gate looked like pure gold. He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got closer, he saw a man at a desk to one side.

When he was close enough, he called out, "Excuse me, where are we?"

"This is Heaven, sir," the man answered.

"Wow! Would you happen to have some water?" the man asked.

"Of course, sir. Come right in, and I' ll have some ice water brought right up." The man gestured, and the gate began to open.

"Can my friend," gesturing toward his dog, "come in, too?" the traveler asked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't accept pets."

The man thought a moment and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going with his dog.
After another long walk, and at the top of another long hill, he came to a dirt road leading through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence.
As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside, leaning against a tree and reading a book.

"Excuse me!" he called to the man. "Do you have any water?"

"Yeah, sure, there's a pump over there, come on in."

"How about my friend here?" the traveler gestured to the dog.

"There should be a bowl by the pump."

They went through the gate, and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned hand pump with a bowl beside it. The traveler filled the water bowl and took a long drink himself, then he gave some to the dog. When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree.

"What do you call this place?" the traveler asked.

"This is Heaven," he answered. "Well, that's confusing," the traveler said. "The man down the road said that was Heaven, too."

"Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That's hell."

"Doesn't it make you mad for them to use your name like that?"

"No, we're just happy that they screen out the folks who would leave their best friends behind."

Services Offered

Anita Curtis, Animal Communicator offers the following services:
PH: (610) 327-3820
FAX (610) 970-2696 * Anita@anitacurtis.com * www.anitacurtis.com

Consultations - $25.00/15 min.
These consultations are all done over the telephone. I can help many more animals in a shorter amount of time this way. It is also less distracting for the animal to be in his own home environment.

Tape recording - $5.00/tape
A tape recording of your consultation is optional. If you decide you do not want the tape after having your consultation recorded, you just do not send the extra $5.00.

Workshops - $85.00 and up
The workshop fees can vary because of travel costs, space rental, and lunches provided.

Lectures - Mileage fee
Sponsors of the lecture may charge admission as a fundraising event. I do require reimbursement for travel expenses.

Books & Video tape- see below + $2.00 to ship item & PA tax for PA residents.

Anita's books: **'Animal Wisdom: Communications with Animals'** and '**How to Hear the Animals'** (kit) have been combined into one book: 'Animal Wisdom: How to Hear the Animals' $15.95 (Meditation Tape $2.00) **A Second Chance to Say Goodbye** Marianne Michaels with Anita Curtis This new book, about medium Marianne Michaels, not only tells of her experiences communicating with loves ones on "the other side," but instructs the reader how to develop his or her own psychic abilities. **Book:** $13.95

Mason Hulis, Animal Communicator offers the following services:

PH (561)-691-4633 Mason@AnimalsCanSpeak.com www.AnimalsCanSpeak.com

Telephone Consultations: $25.00/15 min.

Workshops: Call Mason for fees.

Books: Animals Can Speak by Mason Hulis and Gail M. Ross-Edwards PH.D. $11.95

- Individual Massage
- Chair Massage
- Animal Massage
- Animal Communication
- Magnetic Products, Juice+, Emu Oil

Shiatsu Massage for People and Pets

Ronni Yaskin
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