ANIMAL CHANNEL NEWSLETTER

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Summer 2003 Newsletter

Hi Everyone,

It has been a long time since I have written anything in the newsletter other than the editorial so I had to try to get my mind organized enough to know what I wanted to write about. Elena Smith has been writing Animal Channel for several years and I have been delighted with her work. As I told you in the Spring issue, Elena's baby arrived early and weighed in at a tiny 1 lb. 13 oz. Little Jonathan has now passed the ten pound mark and is thriving. We are all thrilled with his progress, but that adorable baby is the reason I'm typing away at this time.

I am technologically challenged and computers intimidate me. Elena always had little bugs or designs on the newsletter, and she made everything seem so easy, so I thought I would give that stuff a try. So far so good.

This is workshop time of the year and we have done some traveling and made some new friends. I love doing workshops. I enjoy watching the people as they realize that they are actually getting information from the animals. If I get this cutting and pasting right, there will be a list of upcoming workshops somewhere in this newsletter. If not – oops.

We have been quite busy here in the office with our regular calls, traveling, or dealing with my recent medical problem with a kidney stone that does not want to go away. The first surgery to break it up did not do the whole job, so I have to back for some more work on it November 6. When we cannot always take your calls right away and you have a problem that is an emergency, or time sensitive we refer to a list of people who have attended workshops, have also had special training and are quite good at communicating with animals. We don't want to put you off for several weeks, so please understand that we are doing the best we can to help you.

I hope the puppy that I put here comes up as cute as it is as I see it while I'm typing this. If so, maybe I'll change careers and go into writing newsletters! I even got the text to wrap around him. You might not be impressed, but I am. Sybil Hulis will probably write upcoming newsletters with some input from me. If that works out well the newsletters should be coming to you in a timelier manner.

Since this newsletter is so late I have made it longer than usual, and for those subscribers without a computer, I will extend the length of your subscription.

Enjoy the wisdom of the animals,

Anita

PHONE MESSAGE

If you call between 10: 30 am and 5pm, Eastern, Monday-Friday and get our voice mail, please leave a message. Jean is on a call helping another client and will call you back as soon as possible.

FRIENDS NOT FORGOTTEN

Sebastian Barbero
Hooch Greene
Dugan Wampler
Max McDaniels
Marie Karns
Tundra Karns
Gretel Karns
Tankie Bauman
Flurry Rogers
Rosie Wilson
Mocha Wilson
Chrissie Wilson
Tickle Janney
Caesar Janney
Henrietta Matheos

Khalif York
Miss Bink Mains
Freddie Mains
Cheeks Mains
Oscar-B Mains
Oliver Brown
Lissa Baumbach
Monty Baumbach
Tillie Baumbach
Munchkin Sharon
Zemo Straley
Lily Cava
Bernie Fort
Max Beal
Lacy Martin

Pumpkin Glendenning
Noel Kerzner
Tina Kierman
Oscar-B Mains
Eza Johnston
Precious Woodbury
Blue Hansen
Riley Gast
Scout Hennessy
Genevieve Geesaman
Maggie Lewis

WELCOME BACK!!!

Tiffany Fisher now Crystal
Tess Marks now Miranda
Rumley Broner now Riley
Shadow Lee Jurasus now Moonlight Shadow
Sam Rogers now Sam
Katie Bott now Katie
Beau Bourque now Hadley
Mischief Laraway now Little Bit
Keisha Doyle now Maggie Keisha
Teddy Bear Fuellgraf now Toby
Cloud Nine Hershey now Cloud's Sweet Essence

Kaopectate - change in formula

From Veterinary medicine Bulletin #4544.1 Those of you who use Kaopectate to control diarrhea, especially in CATS, need to be aware of the recent formula change. Due to concerns regarding lead levels in the old formulation the manufacturer of Kaopectate have changed the active ingredient to bismuth subsalicylate.
Salicylates (e.g. aspirin, pepto bismol and now kaopectate) should only be administered to cats under veterinary supervision. Some dogs are also sensitive to salicylates. **It is no longer safe to use Kaopectate for dogs or for cats at home.** J. Martin DVM

There is no snooze button on a cat who wants breakfast. – Anonymous

Thousands of years ago cats were worshipped as gods. Cats have never forgotten this. -Anon.

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

As every cat owner knows, nobody owns a cat. – Ellen Perry Berkeley

Dogs come when they're called: cats take a message and get back to you later. – Mary Bly

There are two means of refuge from the miseries of life: music and cats. – Albert Schweitzer

Dogs believe they are human. Cats believe they are God. – Anonymous

Some people say that cats are sneaky, evil, and cruel. True, and they have many other fine qualities as well. – Missy Dizick

Cats seem to go on the principle that it never does any harm to ask for what you want. Joseph Wood Krutch

There are many intelligent species in the Universe. They are all owned by cats. –Anonymous

For months Bill had been Lynn's devoted admirer. At long last he had collected sufficient courage to ask her the momentous question.

"There are quite a lot of advantages to being a bachelor," Bill began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being, a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol, whom one can treat as one's absolute own; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows."

To his delight, Bill saw a sympathetic gleam in Lynn's eyes. Then she nodded in agreement. "I think it's a wonderful idea!" Can I help you pick out the puppy?"

Fruitful Feeder Bread attracts bluebirds, jays, mockingbirds, robins, wrens, and even orioles.

2 ¼ cups sifted flour
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup blueberries, cranberries, raspberries, or other berries
1 cup finely chopped apple, peel left on
1 cup chopped orange pulp
2 eggs
1 cup milk
¼ cup melted margarine

Sift together flour, sugar, and baking powder. Add fruits. Whisk eggs with milk and melted margarine. Add egg mixture to fruit and flour mixture, stirring quickly with fork until moist. Scrape into greased 9 x 5 x 3 inch loaf pan, and bake about 55 minutes at 350oF. Cool, then slice into thin strips and offer at feeder.

2003 LECTURE/WORKSHOP SCHEDULE
HOW TO HEAR THE ANIMALS
(Click on an item for more information.)

Date(s)	Time	Lecture Name
Saturday, August 30	9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Workshop in Dover, PA 8/30 - 8/31/03
Saturday, September 13	9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.	Workshop in Pottstown, PA 9/13 - 9/14/03
Saturday, October 18	9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Workshop in Juno Beach FL 10/18 - 10/19/2003
Saturday, November 1	9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Workshop in Harrisburg, PA 11/1- 11/2/03

Call our office for registration information.

Wags and Me…My Friendship with a Doe
A loving remembrance and plea for compassion By S. M. of Pa

(Note: I did edit this story for brevity. If you would like to read it in its entirety please send me an E-mail and I will forward a copy to you. Anita)

Note: This photo is not of my Beloved Wags, but Wags did enjoy a snack of lush leaves. I called her The Madonna of the Forest.

Dedication:

I have not been able to write about Wags until now. In March of 2002, she left the beautiful physical body I knew so well and loved so deeply. She is in Spirit, and blesses me daily with thoughts of the times we shared life in this world. Now, in September, with leaves turning; the quiet time of Fall around me, I face the gifts she gave me, and the loss I continue to experience. [In truth,

I was not able to continue past this point, felled by the depth of my grief. I continue now, in August of 2003, with unceasing tears streaming down my face, and my heart in spasms of pain; a heart cracked open by the perfect innocence of Wags; a heart broken beyond repair by her death.]

Through Anita Curtis, Wags had asked me to write about her and the plight of deer facing the aggressive development of land at one time available to these fellow creatures for shelter and food. The deer are being driven out of places which once belonged to them. They are regarded by many as nuisances because of the plants and shrubs they eat to quell their hunger. They lose their lives and suffer crippling injuries because of automobiles driven too fast on roads that were once small country byways. Because they are the victims of automobiles, deer are frequently viewed as dangerous nuisance. The deer are blamed as the cause of accidents, when the carelessness and impatience of humans is often at fault.

On behalf of Wags, her children, and deer everywhere, I feel it is my responsibility to honor her request, and to tell others about the parts of her three years of life which she lovingly and graciously shared with me.

My employer decided to move operations from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, PA in 1997. I had consulted psychics and spiritual advisors, who kept telling me that the move was likely to be permanent, and to remember that God puts us where he wants us to be…that somehow the managers in Harrisburg were really in service to me because they moved my office to a dilapidated mental institution which was an hour's drive from my home. I was annoyed with this interpretation, and thought the psychics were fakes.

For the first few months, I was furious and in denial. I decorated my office with a vengeance, and avoided driving and walking about the grounds. I did not want to see the many old, closed buildings were depressing ("like Germany after the war", was my favorite description). I believed that I deserved better surroundings; more professional and sophisticated accommodations.

Eventually, I began taking walks, and my sullenness began to be dissipated by my enjoyment of the natural setting. On one of my walks, I saw, to my delight, three beautiful cats. I went up to them and called them, not realizing these were feral cats living in the abandoned buildings I so despised.

I met Sally, a woman who fed the cats. She was a cat rescuer, and was more than a little intimidating in her fierce protectiveness of her wild brood. I asked her if I could feed the cats, too. She agreed, and I began buying cat food and setting it out with water for the cats. I loved the cats, even though they would come to Sally, and would run from me.

I kept cat food in my car, and started parking near where the cats lived, so that I could see them, and feed them more easily. I noticed that even in the daytime there were deer running around the gravel parking lot, and wandering around the area where the cats were fed. I noticed small amounts of corn lying out, and learned that my cat-rescuing acquaintance also fed the deer and wild turkeys. The tameness of the deer alarmed me. I was completely enchanted by them, as well. Old memories were being stirred: my childhood sympathy for the tragic Bambi, deprived of his mother so early in his life, and the experiences of the early years of my marriage, when I lived in an old farmhouse in the country. Deer had lived in my yard, and I had waited and watched for them, heedless of the passing of hours. They were sacred to me, and I had been under the spell of their blessed magnificence some twenty-five years earlier. Somehow, I was being reunited with my own Spirit. Somehow, the cats and the deer were making me feel whole.

I bought some corn and put it where Sally had been depositing the corn that she brought to the deer. I started staying at the feeding area later and later after my quitting time. The days took on a lushness and meaning apart from the demands of my own small life. I was beginning to live in the larger Life, and the experience nourished my starving inner self.

Sally and her husband Charles were devoted to the well being of all of the wildlife at the facility: feral cats, deer, turkeys, groundhogs, squirrels, songbirds, mallard ducks, and raccoons. Their feeding of the animals created a tableau of The Peaceable Kingdom, with many species eating together in the wild, without animosity. We were slowly becoming friends, and we loved the animals together.

I began putting corn down the hill under the trees, to keep the deer away from the parking lot. Charles and Sally agreed that this might help keep the deer stay wilder, as opposed to being too accustomed to roaming the parking lot, where the food had been placed previously. We were creating feeding stations without really being aware of it at the time. We called the areas "The Feeding Trees".

Wags: The One, The Only:

I can still see her the way she was the first time I saw her. I wish that I had a better recall of exactly when that first time was, but I don't. I only know that it was some time during the warm weather in 1997. She was standing under the apple tree bordering on the gravel parking lot where I parked my car to have access to the cats I was feeding and trying to befriend. She was so thin: a scrawny little undersized fawn; white spots fading. Her ribs were showing through her red coat. Her delicate legs were spindly and twig-like. She was all alone, and so very small. Her front legs were spread apart, and her neck and head were raised, but not to the level of her shoulders. She was looking at up me with the sweetest, kindest, most innocent brown eyes I have ever seen. I knew she was hungry, and I made a promised to her and to myself that she would never be hungry again. My mission was to see her ribs cover with muscle and fat. My goal was to never see that little fawn's ribs again.

I started buying two 50-pound bags of corn at a time. I put them in the trunk of my car. Every afternoon, I went to feed the cats and the little fawn. She wagged her tail when she saw me; and she wagged her tail when the corn was put out for her to eat. Unselfish to an unfathomable extent, she would not eat all she could before the others came. When I put the food down, she would wag her tail, and then run down the hill to get the other deer. Often, they would then push her out of the way while they ate, filling me with anger and resentment at their lack of appreciation for her nobility on their behalf. Didn't they know that I would feed them all because she had bonded with me? My anger would melt as I saw that they, too, had prominent ribs. None of them had been able to find enough to eat. Somehow, though, Wags did manage to get enough to eat. She began to look healthier as the weeks went by. I talked about her at home. I spoke of the way she wagged her tail. I began to call her "Wags." I never saw her with a mother, or with any other older deer, despite her young age. She was always alone, or in the company of a Turkey.

"There's your deer," an institution employee said to me after I worked late one afternoon. She was under the apple tree, grazing and waiting for me. I walked across the grass to the parking lot, and popped the trunk of my car. Wags did not run. She waited. I fed her, and true to her loving nature, she ran to get the rest of the herd. She was my deer. She was my Little Girl, and her trust in me filled me with joy.

The weather became less warming as fall waned. I would sit at my desk and look out the window at graying skies. I would see my little Wags in my mind's eye: she would be standing under the apple tree. Driven by an irresistible urge, I would leave my desk, thinking, I must feed Wags now. When I went outside, she would be there, just as I saw her in my mind's eye: standing under the apple tree. This would happen at any time of the day. I realized that she was sending me messages, which I would then obey. I swore to her: Dearest Wags, I promise you will never be hungry while I am alive.

Winter came, as it always does. I continued to receive mental pictures from Wags. I would inexplicably leave my desk and go to my car to haul buckets of food from the bags of corn in my trunk. At times, I would be puzzled. Driven by my inner urgings, I would haul several buckets of corn, two at a time, down the hill to the "feeding trees" where I put out the corn in large circles under the arches of the boughs. Wags would not be there. No deer were there. I would be carrying my empty buckets up the hill through the snow, when I would feel eyes upon my back. When I stopped and turned around, there would be fifteen to twenty deer not more than fifty yards behind me: all were looking silently at me as if to say, "Good job! You got the message!" They appeared out of the mist, gray coats blending with the gray tree bark and gray skies. I felt as if they simply materialized when I wasn't looking; or that maybe they materialized because I did look! Wags had led me into the mysterious world of deer, like the deer of King Arthur's Camelot led humans beyond the edges and border areas, and into the depths of the woods. I had begun communicating with her and the feral cats through Anita Curtis and another animal communicator recommended by Anita. I was attuning myself to the subtleties of the animal world. I sent Reiki to the wild animals around me. My life was rich beyond my previous hopes. We were all flourishing: feathered, furred, and human. We endured hunting season through interspecies communication and maintaining the "safe zone" at the feeding trees, where no hunters were allowed. Sally, Charles, and I counted the numbers of deer to try to determine how many may have been lost to the hunters. I asked that guardian angels accompany our beloved animal friends to protect them from human predators.

In the Spring of 1999, I was injured in an automobile accident, and was unable to walk for some time. My friends continued the feeding, and when I was able, my family and I came to the institution grounds, and my husband carried buckets of food to the deer, and put food out for the feral cats. I watched from my husband's old car, as mine had been destroyed in the accident. That year, Wags gave birth to her first babies: beautiful twins. She allowed me to see them for the first time when I took one of my first walks after the accident that damaged my feet. She was grazing in a field near a winding hilltop road, and beneath a pine tree were the twins, lying down and facing in opposite directions. As the summer wore on, she seemed to know when I would be near. She would surprise me by walking out of the trees, with both fawns in tow; or when I was driving my car, she would come out of the woods and walk slowly and deliberately in front of me with the babies, knowing that I would stop.

She would graze on a small knoll of grass by the road on grounds at the end of the day when it was time for me to go home. I would drive by slowly and stop, putting my window down to speak to her. She knew her name. When I said "Wags" she would look at me calmly and evenly, never running away. She became a Dignitary on grounds because of her even disposition. Many people would stop and look at her as she grazed, without starting or making an escape. Her behavior was markedly different, even in the presence of other deer who were accustomed to human activity.

On one occasion, a friend and I were walking up a hill alongside the main road, which divides the institution grounds. We saw a small adult doe eating grass on the opposite side of the road. I stopped. My friend was captivated. I said, "Wagsie!" What are you doing by the road! You could get hit by a car." She looked at me and continued to munch. "Wags, please go back up into the woods," I said, and pointed up the hill into the woods. She looked at me, and turned, then trotted calmly up the hill in the direction I pointed.

On another occasion, my friend and I were walking up the winding road leading to a hilltop residence for patients. Wags and her babies came out of a wooded area and crossed directly in front of us into another wooded area, walking slowly and deliberately. I noticed with anguish that Wags

seemed to be limping in one of her hind feet. I sent Reiki to her injury on a daily basis for some weeks. Eventually, she seemed not to limp any longer.

Inexplicable things were happening. One afternoon as I took food down to the "feeding trees", a group of turkeys ran around me. One turkey stopped in front of me and held up one of her pink feet. When she rejoined the other turkeys, I could see that the foot she showed me was injured: she was limping. I sent her Reiki for some time, and after that, was not able to detect a turkey with a lame foot among the group, which always had the same number of birds. A hawk sat on a low-growing bush near me, and did not fly away although I was within a short distance of him. I learned through animal communication that he had been watching my actions, and was pleased with me, and that he had chosen to honor me with his presence to let me know that my sensitivity to the needs of the animals was appreciated.

I could walk into a large group of deer with my buckets of food, and they would not run away. They maintained a distance of several feet, but did not show their tails and flee. Wags would walk right up to me. On one occasion, I was feeding the deer during a snowstorm. I had not noticed immediately, but there were two men in a truck watching from the road below. I fed my beloved deer friends, and then walked down the hill to confront the men, concerned that they might be hunters spotting deer. When I stopped right in front of them, I saw that their mouths were open and they looked amazed. "What are you doing here?' I demanded. One man said, "That deer walked right up to you! I have never seen anything like this in my life! We were just watching!" They assured me that they were not hunters, but were workmen who had been hired to do complete a project on the grounds. I said, "That doe has known me since she was a baby. I have fed her since then. Deer are not afraid if they are treated with kindness." The men thanked me, and said that their job was completed that day and they would not be returning again. They continued to express their utter disbelief and awe at what they had observed.

One beautiful summer evening, as I left the grounds after work, I saw a doe half hidden in the leaves by the side of the road. Instead of turning right to go home, I turned left to see the deer, who I knew to be Wags. I stopped my car within two feet of her, and put my window down. She had been waiting to surprise and delight me, peeking out of the foliage like a wood sprite. She looked into my eyes through the open passenger side window. "Wags," I said to her. "I love you, Baby Girl. You are so beautiful. Thank you for waiting for me." She continued to look at me, not moving. If anything, she seemed rather pleased with herself. "Wagsie, it isn't safe for you here, honey. Go back into the woods away from the road. Stay away from the road." She turned her neck and head, and then her body, and trotted off back into the trees. I confirmed through animal communication that Wags did, indeed, love to give me those surprise visits. She could sense my presence, and did actually wait for me in places where she knew I would see her and stop.

There were tragedies. Junior was a deer that I had fed since he was a fawn. He sprouted antlers to my surprise and delight. He followed me and my feed bucket like a large Labrador retriever. One day, we saw him at dusk, mortally injured by an arrow through the front of his chest and upper body. We never saw him again. I spent the Veteran's Day holiday sending him Reiki and invoking the auspices of the Deer Spirit on his behalf. The day was one of many tears, and great spiritual exertion to ease his passing, although I prayed against all hope that somehow the arrow could be dislodged and he could heal.

Another buck, Stepper, came to the "feeding trees" barely able to walk. He lurched, having been hit by a car or truck. One front leg was completely ruined, and we were horrified, convinced that he would die; and sickened by the plight of his suffering. He survived for several years thereafter, using his wounded leg like a gondolier uses a pole. He could run without apparent disability; but when he walked, we wept. His body was somewhat twisted, and his progress up and down the hill was a process of twisting and turning movements. He never backed down from

"jousting" with other bucks, and held his ground. We admired his courage, and his great spirit, and were overjoyed when "Monica"(so named by Sally during the Clinton scandal), a young doe, fell obviously and hopelessly in love with Stepper. She rubbed up against him, and they kissed each other and he rubbed her with his one good antler and one malformed antler. We delighted that "Monica" and Stepper were like teenagers in love. "Monica" had Stepper's son, notable for his mismatched "rack", that was just like Stepper's. Stepper stopped appearing altogether in 2002, and it was confirmed through animal communication that he had crossed the Rainbow Bridge. We have seen other bucks with the distinctive mismatched antler formation, and are comforted that his great battle was ultimately won in the end.

But there was always Wags. Through it all, the injuries and the losses, Wags endured, with her calm presence, and her extraordinary friendliness towards us. In 2001 she bore another set of beautiful twins, and took as much delight in showing them to my friends and I as we did in seeing them. She had been such a beautiful mother that I referred to her as The Madonna of the Forest. Her babies shared her disposition, but none were as comfortable with our presence as she was. Her solitary habit continued. She did not congregate with groups of other deer, but appeared at the "feeding trees" and under her apple tree with her babies and in the company of one or more turkeys. We waited and watched for her daily, reassured by her presence and by her healthy beauty. In the summer, her coat was a shiny, golden red, somewhat lighter than the coats of other deer in the herd. She remained small, and her babies quickly grew to match and surpass her in size. When wearing her winter coat of gray, it was her size and her behavior that served to identify her.

During the early spring of 2002, I became uneasy. While Sally and Charles thought that they were probably seeing her, I was convinced that she had not been present at the "feeding trees" for several days. I became anxious and worried. Charles tried to reassure me, pointing to a deer that he thought might be Wags. I could not feel reassured. Yet, we had not seen one dead deer since the previous winter. We were happy that no one had been lost to car accidents, unlike previous years. One day in March, I took an alternate route onto the facility grounds. I saw a gray shape on the side of the road, near the place where I had warned a young Wags to go up the hill to avoid being hit when my walking partner and I had happened upon her that morning several years previously. My heart stopped. I couldn't bear to think it might be Wags. Unbelievably, I did not go back once I got to work. Later that day, I reported the deer by the road to Sally and Charles. Charles insisted that he thought she had been coming to the "feeding trees". "It's not her," he said. The next morning, I took the same route into the facility. The deer was still there, gray fur misted with frost. This time, after signing in, I went back. I parked my car on the opposite side of the road, and walked across to the deer lying there. My heart was pounding, and I felt sick. I stood and looked down at the doe. She was small. I knelt down. I noticed a black stain on the leaves beneath the doe's head, and wrenchingly, saw a bullet hole in the side of her head. I was sobbing silently, tears streaming, as they are streaming now. "Wags," I whispered. "Oh, Wags, Wags, Wags, it's you." I caressed the soft fur of her cheek and neck. The blood was pounding in my head and neck, giving me a headache. My chest felt filled with tears somehow, and felt as if all the pain would blow my heart right out of my body. I knelt there, and gave her a Reiki blessing over the wound. I got back in my car and went to the nearest grocery store. I bought bouquets of pink and yellow flowers. I came back to Wags' body, and covered the bullet entry wound in her head with a bouquet. Then I put a bouquet against her abdomen, which appeared rounded, as though she might have been pregnant. I wanted to lift her up and take her into the woods. I considered it, and almost did it, but realized suddenly that she was probably heavier than I had ever thought she was. I didn't want to drop her or to make a mess of things. It was so quiet all around us. I have always thought of Death as profound. Her lifeless body was more profound than I could absorb at any level. I thought of her surprise visits, peeking out of the trees at me; waiting under the apple tree for me; the

first time I saw her; but I couldn't remember the last time I had seen her, and I cursed myself for losing track.

I didn't know what else to do, so I went back to my office, and I called Anita Curtis. I don't remember whether I was able to speak with her that day or whether I had to wait. Jean Grim told me to light a white candle and let it burn. I did. I sent Reiki, also. The consultation was difficult for both Anita and me. The outcome was that it was Wags. She had gone over The Rainbow Bridge, thank God, without confusion. A truck had hit her. She said she knew she shouldn't have been standing by the side of the road, but she just got a little careless. She did remember that I had warned her in the past. The truck hit her, and someone in a car behind the truck had a pistol. He shot her through the head to put her out of her misery. She said that she did not suffer, however, and that she was out of her body as soon as she was hit.

To be certain, I asked Anita to ask if anyone had touched her. The response was that someone had touched her on the cheek and the neck. That someone was me, of course. And so I broke down again. Wags said that she had been watching me beside her, and that she had felt the touch of my hand, somehow. She loved the flowers, particularly the yellow ones. She was happy, and had plenty of food. She was with her mother, and Stepper, and other deer and animals. Wags said that she had bonded with me in a previous life when I had rendered assistance to her and cared for her. In her life as Wags the doe, she recognized me, and knew that I would help her. My affection for her, and my feeding of her calmed her fears and made her feel secure. She had, indeed, lost her mother at an early age, and was alone. Wags asked me through Anita to write about her. She asked that I tell people to care about the deer, and to feed the deer who do not have enough to eat because of the destruction of their habitats by human development of wild areas. They must be fed in safe places. She asked that I explain that the deer and humans can coexist, if humans become aware of the plight of the deer because of the thoughtless actions of humankind.

I sit here devastated still; covered in the salt of my tears; my head is pounding, and my heart feels as though it will blow up. My Little Girl is dead, and there were not babies of hers to look forward to this spring. There was no little doe waiting to surprise me. There was no anticipation of seeing her at the "feeding trees", or in any of her favorite haunts. And now, the administration of this institution has forbidden the feeding of animals on grounds. At least, I will not break my promise to Wags that she would not be hungry as long as I lived. But I wonder, what of her grandchildren? What of the other deer, like Skip, who has part of one front leg missing, and who still gave birth to three beautiful healthy fawns this Spring? What of the wonderful turkeys, and the songbirds, who give so much for so very little? What of the pain suffered by those of us who love and appreciate the deer and the other animals, and who recognize the struggle they face in daily survival? The incomprehensible lack of sensitivity to the well being of these animals on the part of the facility administrators, and on the part of all individuals who close themselves off from the natural world and its creatures sends up a great sorrow into the Heavens. It sends up a great wound of the hearts of all of us: the animals, the people who care, and those who don't care because of ignorance. There is nothing positive to be gained in any degree of permanence by tuning one's back on the needs of other creatures. Feed the deer where they will be safe. Drive carefully. Feed the birds and other animals. Wags asked for understanding and compassion. I ask for it on her behalf, poorly as I may be asking it. Ask St. Francis for guidance and assistance. Pray for the hearts and minds of the ignorant to be turned. Send Reiki to the plight of the deer and their fellow creatures. Let public officials know that persons sensitive to animals also vote.

Whatever each person can do for the betterment of the deer, let it be done without holding back. Whatever a group of concerned individuals can do, persevere.

I ask this for my friend, Wags. At the conclusion of my consultation with Anita Curtis, I said, "I am so fortunate to have been loved by a Deer." I consider this great gift to have been a

miracle between the species. There are more miracles possible: all it takes is openness and compassion.

Postscript

This June I was quite unwell. I did not recover until late July. I felt that I needed massage, reflexology, and Reiki, and since my husband was also overdue for some type of vacation or retreat, we decided to go to Nemacolin Woodlands Resort and Spa for a few days. I had a healing crisis of phenomenal proportions after my treatments. I literally had to be helped out of the Spa, and onto a large rock outside, where I sat and waited for my husband to bring our car around. A Spa employee stayed with me out of concern. We were staying at a condo at the Resort. As we turned down the path leading to the condo, I saw a most unusual sight: one deer, by herself, under a small tree. She was grazing. We had seen no other deer at all, although it is a very rural area. Feebly, I remarked to my husband, "That's what Wags used to do. That is very Wags-like behavior." We slowed down even more, and looked at the deer, who looked right at me and didn't run away. The next day, we were checking out. I was feeling better, but still was not really well. We drove down the same little path, and there in the bright midday sun, all by herself, was the solitary deer, under the small tree. This time we stopped the car. I put my window down, and the deer looked at me. I said, "Hello, Sweetheart," She stood calmly, looking at me without alarm. "Wags? Wagsie, is that you, Honey?" I said. The deer stood where she was, and wagged her tail in the heat. I haven't confirmed this with Anita Curtis whether Wags has decided to live at Nemacolin, or whether her Spirit asked a deer to acknowledge me for her to let me know things would be alright, but I hope that is the case. After all, all it takes is openness and compassion-and the love of a Deer named Wags.

From Anita:

I'm going to switch from Wags' story here to one of a breed of unusual horses. I was speaking with a friend, Susan Ajamian, one day and she told me about a Nokota horse living in my area. The information she gave me about the Nokota's was interesting and I said I would like to meet one some time. The rest of the story is from Margaret Odgers and a poem by her 12 year-old daughter Kat.

And so the Wolf Becomes the Dog…. The Nokota Horses

The Nokota Horses are a rare historic breed native to North Dakota. They are believed to be the only horses directly descended from the Indian ponies belonging to Lakota Chief Sitting Bull. For the past 100 years, these horses have lived a precarious existence, running wild in the Little Missouri Badlands. For the last 30 years, the Nokotas have been rescued from sure extinction through the efforts of two brothers, ranchers Leo and Frank Kuntz. Today, approximately 350 Nokotas live on Kuntz Ranch under the auspices of the Nokota Horse Conservancy. They are the last of their kind.

My family became involved with the Conservancy when, just over a year ago, my then 10 year old daughter, Kat, met the first great love of her life – a 7 year old grey Nokota gelding named Chico. While I do not consider myself a particularly accomplished horseperson, I have owned and ridden most of my life and have had experience with many breeds – Thoroughbreds, Quarter Horses, Arabians, Warmbloods as well as a variety of crosses. Of all the many horses I've been privileged to know, there is no horse has made an impact like this seemingly innocuous little grey Nokota Horse.

The Nokotas are blessed with many wonderful attributes. They are sound, they are smart, and they are so durable that they are almost impossible to kill. They live on air, have the best feet, are wonderful jumpers and you simply cannot find a better horse on the trails. They have made fabulous foxhunters, polo ponies, and have been used in most equestrian activities.

Even with all those glowing qualities – that is not what makes the Nokota special. They have an almost indescribable quality – an innate wisdom – an almost family-like loyalty – an awareness of the world – good and bad – that separates them from other horses. They are not horses who you "own". They are horses that choose to be your partner, and are never your property. They choose to give their love, their respect has to be earned, and once earned, this horse is your trusted friend for life.

Very quickly after getting Chico, I started learning more about their background. And the story of the Nokota is both amazing and heartbreaking. Particularly, for someone who has the privilege to know one of these horses, as you understand their history, you come to understand their special quality. It can be seen, literally, by looking in their eyes. It is a miracle that this breed has survived. And they survived with their spirit intact.

It quickly became very important to me and my family to do whatever we could to assist the efforts of the Nokota Horse Conservancy in preserving these truly exceptional horses. Throughout the last year and half, I've been involved in many events to raise the awareness and money for these horses. I have become quite accustomed to being contacted by people all over the country with questions about the Nokota Horses.

So, when I was recently contacted by Susan Ajamian, on behalf of Anita Curtis, I, as always, welcomed any interest in the beloved Nokotas. It is important to understand that I have never before had any contact with, or interest in, animal communicators. Indeed, if you were to say I was "one of them" - the skeptics, the cynics, and the non-believers – you'd be quite correct. However, this was an unsolicited request, something I certainly wouldn't spend money on. So, ever a good sport, and frankly, with the opportunity of free publicity, I welcomed Anita's approach. Her request was simple – she had heard about the Nokotas through Susan, and was curious to meet one.

With my daughter Kat and my rambunctious five-year old twin sons, Alex and Nick, in attendance, we waited for Anita and Susan's arrival with much snickering over what our Chico possibly had to "say". Most who know Chico - the original "Peck's Bad Boy" - the Adorable One - were in hysterics over what he could relate to an "animal communicator". We even admonished Chico that he'd better behave or NO DINNER – a serious threat indeed!

Anita's visit was profoundly different from anything I had imagined. Within the first ten minutes of her visit she told me of a "message" she had received that morning from a horse in answer to her question about the Nokotas. "Why were these Lakota horses so similar in temperament among themselves and so different from other breeds?"
Anita asked what spirit had answered her question. He answered, "I have no name", and showed himself to her. She went on to describe this horse – he was a blue roan stallion, big boned, with a slight Roman nose and thick mane. My slightly bemused response was to ask Anita if she had been on the Nokota website. She replied that she had not.

The Nokotas possibly have the highest percentage of blue roan coloration, a very rare color type, of any breed in the world. I quietly picked up the Nokota brochure I had brought, opened the inside cover, and asked Anita if the stallion looked like the one pictured. It was a picture was a blue roan stallion, big boned, with a slight Roman nose and thick mane – <u>the</u> definitive Nokota type. Yes, the unnamed horse looked much like the horse in the picture – though this was not the horse Anita communicated with.

Anita went on to relate the blue roan stallion's message. And I listened to his message with tears in my eyes. The Nokotas are special horses, of that I, and anyone who has interacted with Nokotas, already know. The

blue roan's message was that the special quality of the Nokotas was acquired through centuries of training by the Lakota, a people keenly aware of the natural and spiritual world. The Sioux selected these horses for their loyalty, intelligence, and obedience – "these qualities were needed or the rider is dead". This uniqueness , "You call it instinct" ,could be "bred in or bred out" or, "just as the wolf became the dog," without this training of the bloodstock, the true Nokota would be no more.

There was more to Anita's message. It was a very emotional and moving visit, for all of us. For over an hour and a half, Anita shared and we discussed the Nokota horses, their often tragic history, so connected with the lost Sioux horse culture, their uniqueness among horses, and the people involved in the Nokota Horse Conservancy - a seemingly lost cause to save a little known, often disparaged and misunderstood breed. All the while, Chico stood with his knowing eyes at half-mast, as if quietly approving of what we shared.

I will say, if Anita Curtis, Animal Communicator, is a fraud – she is a fraud who does her research. And, I'd be frankly puzzled at what she would hope to gain. The Nokota Horse Conservancy is a small, struggling, and little known organization. We have no particular cache or money to impart. On the other hand, Anita left her thriving practice, short staffed, to make an almost unprecedented, and free, visit to meet Chico. In her words:

"I cannot thank you enough for allowing me to touch the lives of these wonderful animals. I could not believe I was hearing myself telling Susan that I wanted to go meet a horse when I am short-staffed in the office and up to my ears in work! Susan jumped on the idea with her usual enthusiasm, and I just couldn't back out -- which entered my mind. Had I done so I would have missed meeting all of you and having one of the most incredibly profound experiences of my career."

As a person well acquainted with the history of these horses, I must say that I was moved, to tears, by what this woman has so generously shared. Indeed, when the "Wolf becomes the dog" is when the Nokota is no more.

To learn more about the Nokota horses: www.nokotahorse.org. Also, for the month of September, the Nokota Horse Conservancy is a finalist is the Ivercare "Because You Care" Award. Please cast your daily online vote at www.ivercare.com. For further information about Nokota Horses, contact me at: greyponies@comcast.net

Thank you, Anita and Susan.

Here is a poem my daughter Kat composed, inspired by your visit. Thank you.

What If?

What if the world did not spin?
What if there were races, but no one to win?

What if there was no such thing as Lewis and Clark?
What if God never told Noah to build an ark?

What if the Nokotas had no Leo and Frank?
What if the Nokotas had no one to thank?

What if Kat didn't have Chico or Chico have Kat?

If the Nokotas were gone, would that be that?

What if the Nokotas were long since gone?
Dying with them the rituals and songs?

What if the Nokotas were just another breed?
Like any other plant in the Garden of Eve?

What if we knew that all that was true?
I'd back away from life, wouldn't you?

By Kat Bauder
September 11, 2003
Age 12

Sincerely,

Margaret Odgers

Kat and Cisco.

Farewell for now

Anita

Please note email change: Now is petportraits@att.net

Website:http://petportraits.home.att.net