

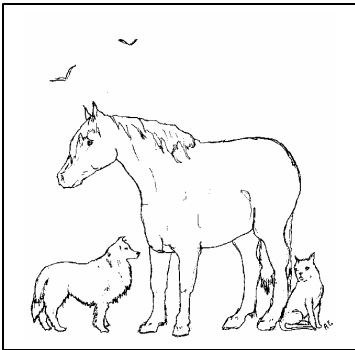
ANIMAL CHANNEL

NEWSLETTER

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Spring 2004 Newsletter

Greetings:

It's April. March is just a memory now. March ranks 12th on my favorite month list. I don't want to offend anyone who celebrates an occasion in March; my dislike has to do with the weather. One day it's warm and windy, the next it's cold and windy, then it's snowing and windy. I walk around mumbling, "I hate March." Next year will be different. I will be smiling from March 13 to the 20th. I have been invited to be a presenter on the K-9 College Cruise (for people only). It sounds incredible! There will be presentations on over a dozen topics, with eight presenters. There will be information on breeding, puppies, emotional development, health care, diet, training, flower essences, and of course animal communications. The seminars are included in the price of the cruise!

If you want to join us and visit Fort Lauderdale, San Juan, St. Thomas/St. John, Catalina Island/Santo Domingo and Nassau, click on

<http://www.allcruising.com/k9cruise.htm>, for prices and schedules, or call Katie at 1-800-979-8687. This trip will be well advertised so don't delay if you are interested.

For the first time in my life I'm saying, "Come on March!"

I hope to see you in the Caribbean on the CostaMediterranea.

That's most of my big news for now. Mason is doing a great job on the newsletter so we'll be in touch again for the summer issue.

Anita

It's Spring and Here Come the Birds

By Mason Hulis



It is spring and our wild bird friends are beginning their journeys to their summer homes in the north. You may have already noticed some of them in your backyards and birdfeeders. Some of these birds make journeys that are several thousand miles from where they started. The Artic Tern migrates from the North Pole in the fall down to the South Pole and them back again in the spring. *“Whew, I get tired just from just walking my dogs a couple of miles.”* Many small birds, such as the warbler can fly for up to ninety hours non-stop. The Ruby Throated Hummingbird flies five hundred miles, non-stop from the coast of Texas, over the Gulf of Mexico to the Yucatan peninsula. The Hummingbirds flight can last for thirty hours or more. *“Another cup of coffee for me please.”*

How do the birds know when it is time to migrate and where they should go? In the fall birds migrate south to find food. In the Spring, birds migrate north to breed and raise their young. Researchers believe it may be the position of the Sun's rays, the bird's hormonal changes or weather changes that cause the birds to migrate. During the spring migration, the male birds arrive first, to stake out their territory.

The birds use the wind currents to guide them to their destinations and to conserve energy. They instinctively know when the winds are blowing in the direction they want to go. *We humans need to learn from the birds how to go in the direction that life flows and not fight the winds of change.* Birds on the east coast of the United States will fly out over the Atlantic in the fall. The winds will carry them to the southeast to Bermuda and further. The winds will allow the birds to glide and use less energy. It has been reported by airline pilots that they have seen birds flying as high as 26,000 feet. Many birds travel at night to avoid predators and hunters. I was surprised to learn that hawks, eagles, pelicans, swallows and some finches prefer to travel during the day.

How do the birds know they are going in the right direction? Research shows that birds use the sun and stars to guide them. They also use the landscape they are flying

over as a map to guide them to where they are going. Some studies have shown how birds have a “homing” instinct that guides them to their destination.

How do birds get the physical strength to make such long migrations? *No, they do not get memberships at Bally’s fitness clubs.* Many birds that are getting ready to migrate have hormonal changes that cause them to store body fat. Smaller birds can double their body weight before migration, giving them enough energy to make flights that can last as long as ninety hours.

How can we help the birds during their migration? We can help migrating birds by keeping our birdfeeders and birdbaths full so they will have something to eat and drink. When planning your garden you can plant trees and bushes for the birds to find shelter and food. It is also a good idea to plant flowers that will provide seeds for the birds to eat.

I often enjoy the peace I feel listening to the birds chirping, while I am out walking my dogs. It is hard to imagine how we humans would survive if our lives were dependent on moving in the fall and spring to find food and to mate. Writing this article has giving me a greater appreciation of the hardship birds endure, their strength and determination to survive and produce young.

Resources: www.birding.about.com, www.backyardnature.net, www.enature.com

Warning: Red dye in humming bird feeders is harmful, but red on the feeder attracts them.

Friends Not Forgotten

Muffin Stroup
Queenie Gregg
Maggie Eccles
Bodacious Escovitz
Zoe Zipper
Oliver Zipper

Gypsy Rose Lee Williams
Jake Hudson
Zoe Henry
Frankie Scola
Dagmar Scola
Jake Campione
Edwin Rice

Welcome Back

Shelby now Sam Ferrick

Letters from Our Readers

-

“A Starling is Born”

Wanda Beck raised Albert, a baby starling. When she turned him loose he continued to return to her for several weeks. Now he is with a large flock of starlings and she cannot tell which one is Albert.



Precious Pet Time

Over the weekend, this came from April--a pet placement woman--and we just absolutely must share this thoughtful saga from a dog in this case, but really, it could be a bird, a kitty, a rabbit or any other little pet.

I am your dog, and I have a little something I'd like to whisper in your ear. I know that you humans lead busy lives. Some have to work, some have children to raise. It always seems like you are running here and there, often much too fast, often never noticing the truly grand things in life.

Look down at me now, while you sit there at your computer. See the way my dark brown eyes look at yours? They are slightly cloudy now. That comes with age. The gray hairs are beginning to ring my soft muzzle.

You smile at me; I see love in your eyes. What do you see in mine? Do you see a spirit? A soul inside, who loves you as no other could in the world?

A spirit that would forgive all trespasses of prior wrong doing for just a simple moment of your time? That is all I ask.

To slow down, if even for a few minutes to be with me.

So many times, you have been saddened by the words you read on that screen, of other of my kind, passing.

Sometimes we die young and oh so quickly, sometimes so suddenly it wrenches your heart out of your throat. Sometimes, we age so slowly before your eyes that you may not even seem to know until the very end, when we look at you with grizzled muzzles and cataract clouded eyes. Still the love is always there, even when we must take that long sleep, to run free in a distant land.

I may not be here tomorrow; I may not be here next week. Someday you will shed the water from your eyes, that humans have when deep grief fills their souls, and you will be angry at yourself that you did not have just "One more day" with me. Because I love you so, your sorrow touches my spirit and grieves me. We have NOW, together.

So come, sit down here next to me on the floor, and look deep into my eyes. What do you see? If you look hard and deep enough we will talk, you and I, heart to heart. Come to me not as "alpha" or as "trainer" or even "Mom or Dad," come to me as a living soul and stroke my fur and let us look deep into one another's eyes, and talk.

I may tell you something about the fun of chasing a tennis ball, or I may tell you something profound about myself or even life in general. You decided to have me in your life because you wanted a soul to share such things with someone very different from you, and here I am.

I am a dog, but I am alive. I feel emotion, I feel physical senses, and I can revel in the differences of our spirits and souls. I do not think of you as a "Dog on two feet" -- I know what you are. You are human, in all your quirkiness, and I love you still.

Now, come sit with me, on the floor. Enter my world, and let time slow down if only for 15 minutes. Look deep into my eyes, and whisper to my ears. Speak with your heart, with your joy and I will know your true self. We may not have tomorrow, and life is oh so very short.

-- Love, (on behalf of canines everywhere)

Wolf Has Returned

By E. P. of Md.

I thought you would like this story about a horse that was donated here in the fall. His real name is Le Bon Choix and his barn name was Val. He is a tall, leggy 11-year old dark bay thoroughbred gelding that has been to the track many times, broke down although not severely and then tried to make in to a steeplechase horse and when that failed, a field hunter. Finally, out hunting, he decided that he indeed could run even if not asked; therefore, he was donated to become a hunter/jumper at which he excels. Although his demeanor was kind, he had very little personality and a sort of dullness about him when he came. I found it hard to call him Val since I have a student named

Valerie and the name just didn't suit, so we called him Le Bon. This name seemed odd too, but we all laughed and thought it might work.

One day when I was in his stall doing his water, he came up behind me and nudged me and I swear he said "don't you know who I am?" I looked around thinking I was hearing things and he pushed me again, saying the same thing. I looked him in the eye and said "oh my gosh, are you Wolf?"

As soon as I said the name, brightness came in his eyes and he shoved his head in my chest.

I started to cry and said "oh my, Wolf, oh my, Wolf". He pricked up his ears and was so happy and he became so animated it was like an entirely different horse.

(Wolf was my son's first jumper and he passed away in 1991.)

This horse is so happy now and so sweet and has become one of the best horses at our farm and although he does not have the "jumper fire" of the first Wolf, I am sure he is our Wolf from the past and I couldn't be happier

Just for Laughs



EXCERPTS FROM A DOG' S DAILY DIARY

8:00 am - Oh Boy! Dog food! My favorite!

9:30 am - Oh Boy! A car ride! My favorite

9:40 am - Oh Boy! A walk! My favorite!

10:30 am - Oh Boy! A car ride! My favorite!

11:30 am - Oh Boy! Dog food! My favorite!

12:00 noon - Oh Boy! Kids! My favorite!

1:00 pm - Oh Boy! The garden! My favorite!

4:00 pm - Oh Boy! Kids! My favorite!

5:00 pm - Oh Boy! Dog food! My favorite!

5:30 pm - Oh Boy! Mom! My favorite!

6:00 pm - Oh Boy! Playing ball! My favorite!

6:30 pm - Oh Boy! Sleeping in mom's bed! My favorite!



EXCERPTS FROM A CAT' S DAILY DIARY

Day 183 of My Captivity

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope of escape, and the mild satisfaction I get from ruining the occasional piece of furniture. Tomorrow I may eat another houseplant. Today my attempt to kill my captors by weaving around their feet while they were walking almost succeeded, must try this at the top of the stairs. In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair, must try this on their bed. Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body, in attempt to make them aware of what I am capable of, and to try to strike fear into their hearts. They only cooed and condescended about what a good little cat I was. Hmm, not working according to plan. There was some sort of gathering of their accomplices. I was placed in solitary throughout the event. However, I could hear the noise and smell the food. More importantly I overheard that my confinement was due to MY power of "allergies". Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage. I am convinced the other captives are flunkies and maybe snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. He is obviously a half-wit. The bird on the other hand has to be an informant, and speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. Due to his current placement in the metal room, his safety is assured. However, I can wait, it is only a matter of time...

Services Offered

I sometimes forget that not all the readers of my newsletter are clients and that we have added new services as this business evolves. Listed below is a brief description of the services we now offer.

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

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