

# Prologue

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ANIMALS ARE JUST LIKE US IN SO MANY WAYS. They have a sense of humour. They hurt. They get confused, unhappy, depressed. They need love and attention, to feel part of their human family, to be included and respected. Once you start to understand the intricacies of the animal world, your life and theirs will never be the same. I know, because that is what happened to me.

You picked up this book because you care about animals. You have a hunch that they can communicate, but don't understand how. You are right, they can communicate. The more you 'get' them, the more you will be able to pick up on what they are trying to say to you.

My love affair with animals started when I was growing up. I lived with my parents and two sisters. My father was involved in livestock, travelling long distances to rural areas. During school holidays and weekends I'd go with him. If I wasn't doing that, I'd be spending the day with our animals. There were always dogs, cats and birds in abundance at

home. I'm from a long line of animal lovers, from my great-grandparents to my present clan. I honestly can't remember a time without at least one animal around.

Above all else, I had an absolute affinity to horses. They reminded me of the strength and freedom in us all that are waiting to be unleashed. When other kids were watching television or playing with their friends, I was usually in the backyard, neighing and galloping around like a horse. And I wasn't content just to be able to ride them; I wanted to experience the entire essence of what it was like to be a horse. In my mind, *I* was a horse, and mesmerised by anything that resembled one.

I had what I discovered was an amazing gift. I could 'see' through the eyes of animals and communicate with them as if I was one. Luckily for me I wasn't institutionalised, just a bit misunderstood!

Just to explain: I get this communication from animals in many ways. I *hear* the words, animal speak, in my mind, and I also get a lot of visuals, either in single pictures or like a 'video'. The message they're trying to get across comes to me telepathically. I can also feel their emotions in my body. Plus I have the added power of being intuitive, and this kicks in as well. I call this skill 'pure knowing'. With all these images and impressions I can build up an accurate picture of what is going on with the animal.

Hey, I know this sounds crazy, but it's real. And what makes it even more amazing is that I'm just a girl from the suburbs, and not the only one out there with such a great love of animals. But I am someone who felt so compelled by my feelings that I decided to do something about it. I learnt to

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listen to animals deeply and carefully with my heart, and what I've discovered has taken me on this amazing journey.

In a lifetime of loving animals, and through my many years working as an animal whisperer, I've learnt that there is nothing more wonderful than sharing your life with animals. But this only works when they are happy. Sometimes we have to make the effort to find out what they want, and what they need, in order for them to be contented. That's where I come in, and *you* can learn the secret too.

There were many animals who were very special to me when I was growing up, including a thoroughbred called Ali Baba. He lived with an old friend of my father's, who ran a riding school. This friend agreed to let me ride Ali Baba some weekends. Ali, as I called him, was an extremely regal horse, tall in stature, a rich brown colour, and very handsome. He was an ex-trotter, so trotting was the style he felt most comfortable doing with me on board. He was very confident and determined in his approach, always felt in complete control on our rides and was ever protective of those in his care.

I was ten at the time and while I rode him I'd tell him about my problems, day-to-day activities, and about what I wanted to do when I grew up. After speaking with him I'd feel relieved, as I knew he understood. He always made me feel important. He was so patient and such an intent listener. I'd watch his ears turn back toward me as I spoke, and his trotting would change rhythm, depending on the tone of my voice. In fact, I knew Ali understood me far better than anyone else. It was very consoling to me as a young girl.

In many instances my animal family became my best friends. During times of hardship in my human family, I'd

turn to my animal friends for comfort and support. Many of you will know exactly what I'm talking about when I refer to being a small child in a household where bad things are going on between the adults in the home. I've never really talked about this until now, but somehow it finally feels okay to open up on such a dark topic in order to describe how animals were my salvation. You're powerless and you're scared, and you look for ways to find reassurance. For me it was my darling animals who loved me unconditionally and wouldn't have known how to be cruel. It was something I could rely on, and this certainty continued into my adult years.

I guess what I'm saying is: never underestimate the healing power of snuggling up to a much-loved pet.

When I finished high school I went to university, graduating as a dental hygienist and working at that career for many years. Although I enjoyed the challenge, I always felt deep down that something was missing.

People often commented on how intuitive I was, but at that stage I wasn't taking it too seriously. That was until the day when I had this deep knowing that I was to leave my place of birth and travel to the other side of the country. It's hard to explain, but there was a strong sensation in my gut that there'd be change; a feeling that couldn't be ignored, because it wouldn't go away.

I knew the move was part of the bigger picture of my life, and that this shift in location was a necessity. I'm sure we all get these intuitive signs from time to time, but acting on them is the crucial difference. It definitely raised a few eyebrows when I told my family I was about to leave not only them, but also my highly paid, successful position in dentistry, as

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well as rent out my house and place all my belongings in storage to relocate to a city a thousand kilometres away.

As the day to leave neared, my family and friends grew to accept the idea and became excited for me. So I boarded the flight with two bags of clothes and was off to the unknown.

Within two weeks of arriving in the Big Smoke, I was sharing an apartment, had secured a job and made a couple of new friends. Everything seemed to be going according to a plan—although it wasn't a conscious plan, if you know what I mean.

After a few months, I was settled in and enjoying my new life. I felt I had taken on a new identity and was free to choose any path I wanted. One night I was invited to a party by some friends and it was there I met the man of my dreams, Peter.

After a relatively short courtship, he and I married, and we settled down happily together. However, content as I was with Peter, it wasn't long before I craved animal companions once more in my life. But, when I broached the subject of getting a kitten, Peter wasn't overly enthusiastic, although he certainly did not oppose the idea.

My husband is a kind, very social and laid-back person who somehow manages to create harmony wherever he goes. You can talk to him about anything, and he's open to new things. This meant he agreed we could go and look at kittens. I loved him for that. So we went off kitten hunting, and one of the first places we visited was the home of a lady named Deb, who had a litter of Birman kittens: three girls and two boys.

Straight away I noticed this tiny, angelic individual. Deb actually asked us to consider a boy kitten called Psycho Boy, who was full of life and very exciting, but I just couldn't take my eyes off this other little boy. I picked him up—and as our eyes met, my heart melted. He cuddled up into my neck and went to sleep.

We had other kittens to see that day so we told Deb we'd let her know. Even though we saw dozens of other gorgeous kittens, I just couldn't get my mind off that first little boy . . . so back we went and bought him, instantly naming him Beau. And Beau changed my life.

PART I



**Listen and Learn**



# Beau: The Kitten that Changed My Life

BEAU WAS ONE OF THE SMALLEST IN THE LITTER AND, AFTER A week of leaving him on his own during the day while we worked, I decided he needed company. Peter and I again went to Deb to see if one of Beau's sisters was available, only to find they were all spoken for. While she made us a coffee, I couldn't resist getting down on the floor with the kittens and having fun. After a few minutes one little girl was desperately trying to get my attention, so I picked her up and she immediately fell asleep in my arms.

I asked if there was any chance the person due to take this cutie might change her mind. Deb said, 'No,' as the little kitten was being flown to Holland. So that looked like the end of it. I asked Deb to let us know if the situation changed. She said she would, but that it was unlikely. The strange thing, though, was that I still felt the female kitten was somehow going to be part of our family, and I had grown to trust my strong intuitive feelings.

Two days later Deb phoned and guess what? Her friend in Holland had just found out she was pregnant and therefore didn't wish to take on a kitten. If we still wanted her, she was ours! I was over there the next day to pick her up, quite delirious with happiness. I named her Mattie, and within a few days Mattie and Beau were inseparable.

Peter had never had cats before so this was a new experience for him, and he was so cute with the attention he gave them. For the first few weeks when I'd pick them up, I'd find they had wet paws. What was going on? I finally found out that Peter had been washing their paws every time they had gone to the kitty litter! And when we discovered Beau had had a back problem from birth, gorgeous Peter began building him a disabled ramp so he could climb up it to look out the window. I'll never forget Peter's sweetness and the way he embraced cats as part of our little family.

Tiny Beau grew into an absolute vision. He was gorgeous, as was Mattie, but Beau was unique. Every time he had a fur ball, or his food didn't agree with him, no matter where he was in the house, he'd run to the bathroom to be sick. Can you believe it?

Beau slept in the bed with us, but in the middle of the night he'd go over to the window and howl at the moon. I'm not kidding you. After a while it was such a usual occurrence, we hardly noticed it happening.

These two felines soon became a very big part of our lives, especially Beau, as he and I developed a special bond. Acquaintances and friends who saw us together invariably remarked that there was something different about our connection that they just couldn't put their finger on. I had a link with him that I hadn't experienced with any other

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animal. Actually, I felt like I'd known Beau before. We shared a bond I couldn't explain.

Beau was a very gentle and loving soul. He had a quiet demeanour and was never obtrusive. He was content to be close to me whenever I was at home and he'd groom me as if I was one of his offspring. He spent half an hour one day grooming my arm. Although slightly uncomfortable for me with his raspy tongue, it was such a beautiful gesture that I lay there and enjoyed his attention.

This little cat was so patient with every situation and created a remarkable calmness around me. He was very much an old soul, mature far beyond his months of life, who breathed a ray of sunshine into each and every day. Best of all, he brought out an inner beauty in me I'd never been aware of before.

We all have positives and negatives, but with Beau I only ever experienced positives. As unrealistic as it sounds, it was true. He showed me how to simply *be*, which is perhaps the greatest gift of all.

When Beau was thirteen months old, my whole world was rocked apart. One night we came home and, for once, he wasn't at the door to greet us. I immediately felt panic as I just knew something bad had happened.

I ran frantically around the apartment looking for him, and I finally saw him lying on the floor. He'd collapsed, his legs were rigid and he was dribbling from his mouth. My legs went weak and my heart was all-but beating out of my chest. I picked him up, placed him in his bed and raced off to the veterinary hospital in the car with Peter driving and me with Beau on my lap.

On the way I started to stroke his head, telling him not to worry, and that I'd look after him. All of a sudden he was calm and relaxed and just looking up at me, like he had everything under control. Then as we arrived at the vet he relapsed, and I was distraught.

The vet rushed Beau in and put him on life support. They carried out some tests and found he had a genetic disorder. He was having a metabolic shutdown. This couldn't be happening! The mere thought of anything more than the tiny back problem afflicting Beau was too painful for me to even imagine. Finally the vet said there was little hope.

For two days I didn't sleep or eat while his life hung in the balance. I refused to accept that he might die and at the vet's just sat for hours holding Beau's little paw in my hand. I told him to hang on and not to give up. Then, as I leant down and kissed the side of his face, I heard him say to me, *I have to go, you have to set me free*. Beau's words seemed to come out of thin air, but they were as clear as the light of day. My initial thought was, how could he be saying this. But I knew deep down that he was talking to me. Even though I so wanted Beau to make it, I couldn't ignore his last wish.

I felt my heart breaking as I gave the instruction to have him put down. As his body went limp, I continued holding him in my arms for an hour—or was it two? Time seemed to stand still. Somehow I knew and could feel that he was still around me.

I understood I couldn't stay with his body forever, so I finally let go and handed him to the vet for cremation. Then, as I was about to leave, I just sensed I had to go to Deb's house. It was one of those pure knowings again. Peter,

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who was with me at the time, said that he was too upset, and asked if we could go tomorrow. But I knew it had to be today, and that Mattie had to come with us.

When I told Deb what had happened to Beau, we cried together. Then all of a sudden a kitten, the image of Beau, appeared. He crawled up my leg and meowed as if to make sure he had my attention. Deb said, 'This is Beau's half-brother.' He had nearly been sold that day, but for some reason she refused to let him go. I couldn't believe my eyes, because he was so like Beau. Deb said she wanted us to have this kitten to help take away the shadows of grief. He just happened to be nine weeks old and ready for a new home. Another so-called coincidence.

Normally I wouldn't think of such a thing, as I hadn't had time to grieve. From previous experience this could take several years. But I knew from my inner intuition we had to take this kitten home that night, so we did, naming him Shea. I felt a certain amount of guilt getting this tiny, innocent kitten, as I was still grief-stricken for Beau, who of course could never be replaced. How could I give this kitten the love and attention he needed when I felt so shattered? But Shea was such a strong character and an absolute charmer, that in no time he had worked his way into my heart.

Then one night after only a couple of days with us, the most amazing thing happened: Shea acted out Beau's behaviour down to the last detail. This nine-week-old kitten went to the two front windows and, yes, you guessed it, he howled at the moon. Peter and I were speechless. It was surely Beau's way of letting us know he was around and okay, and that there shouldn't be any mistaking it was him sending the message.

Being left with so many unanswered questions, I immediately went to the internet to see if I could find out where animal spirits go, and soon discovered that we can indeed communicate with animals, alive or passed over. These websites described exactly what I had experienced that day at the vet's with Beau, when he explained he needed to go. It was incredible to discover we can have this level of communication with animals—and that there were other people already doing this. I wanted to know more. I just *had* to know more.

As I continued my research, I found that most of the animal communicators were in the United States. Perhaps they could tell me more about Beau? I decided to arrange a consultation. The communicator validated my belief that Beau, Mattie and Shea had drawn me to Deb's house, that Shea was a gift of love, and that Beau did in fact communicate with me that sad day while he was on life support. She repeated his exact words. I was in shock.

So I *could* hear animals 'talking'! It was unbelievably wonderful—yet surreal at the same time. I knew then and there my life was about to change forever.

Homelife went on, however, as it does. Then one night Beau came to me just as I was about to fall asleep. He told me it was time to walk away from dentistry and follow my chosen path, and he assured me he'd be there to guide me. Furthermore, he let me know he understood that my love for him was as strong as ever.

Was this magical or what? I was so very grateful to Beau, as I felt for the first time in my life I'd found some of the

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missing pieces. I knew that with this guidance I'd finally feel complete. As I was about to learn, more help would come to me through my animal spirit guides.

This is something we don't know much about in the West, but just as we have angels or other guides, there are animal spirit guides. They have an unbelievable amount of wisdom to share, and they help us connect with the animal kingdom, and guide us along our life's journey.

Lifelong animal spirit guides are usually wild animals, not domesticated. If they're domesticated, then they usually have a link to a wild counterpart. In my case, Beau was my link to wolf wisdom or wolf medicine as it's often called by American Indians and shamens of many countries.

Mind you, not all animal spirits are lifelong. Some stay with you through a period of several years and some no more than a day. They may be there to assist you through a particularly tough time in your life, or to be your teacher throughout your entire spiritual development.

The wolf is known to spiritualists as a teacher of ancient wisdom, which gave me much insight into my future work. The symbol of the wolf became a very important part of everything I've learnt since then.

After this incredible dream, I began to hear Mattie and Shea communicating with me, as if they'd always spoken to me. I started to realise that if I could hear Beau, Mattie and Shea, I must be able to hear other animals speak too.

What exactly was this type of communication and how did it work, I wondered. I wasn't sure. So, I began talking to every animal I came into contact with, to test my newfound ability. If I could hear animals, then I had to find out if they could hear me.

It was then I discovered that animal communication happens all the time. Unlike us, they communicate silently from one mind to another without the use of speech or gestures. Part of this incredible gift is the ability to hear, feel or see near and far.

Remarkably, I learnt to hear and talk to all species of animals. It was just a case of sending and receiving messages with my mind, and using my intuitive sensing. The thought transmissions I receive can come in the form of feelings, emotions, mental images, impressions, sensations or pure knowing. They're received directly from an animal. And as I began to talk to animals in this silent language, I discovered that they express the same feelings and emotions, and have individual personalities, just like we do. They are pure of thought and their love is unconditional.

I assure you, we're all born with this ability, but sadly we lose it along the way, sidetracked by other parts of life. But the lovely thing is that it's just a matter of putting in the time to relearn this beautiful skill. When we begin to verbalise in human language as young children, we forget the silent language we once had. Just like muscles waste away when we no longer use them, we lose this skill—but it can be revived.

Now I'm blessed to live between worlds, reconnecting humans with the natural world. So one part of me lives in the human realm and the other in the animal realm. Not bad for a girl from the suburbs.