



A Gift of Trust

We found him drinking from a puddle of water left by our leaking water hose. In his eyes, the emaciated orange and brindle dog reflected fear and abandonment. My heart leapt from sadness to anger when the dog communicated to me that a man in a reddish colored pick up dumped him at our property.

At first the frightened dog would not come near me. I centered myself and began to communicate that he was safe here. Then he communicated that he was “guided” here. He didn’t know why, just that this was where he needed to be. Suddenly the anger I felt, as well as my feeling sorrow for him, melted away. “You do have a special guardian angel my friend to be dropped off here.”

“Yes I do,” replied the dog.

Joseph and I decided that we would be in no hurry to take him to the shelter. He needed time to heal and get some nutrition in him. It only took a day for him to settle back into his paws and allow me to pet him. After about a week of living here I could feel anxiety creeping into my heart.

“What if I can’t find him a home? Is someone going to want a Pit Bull mix? Do I want five dogs? What if there is something seriously wrong with him physically?” Each time a question would pop up I heard, “Everything is fine, all is going to work out. He has a path and he is being guided.”

I am certainly a person of faith, but I will admit that my human inclination for needing to know the plan or being able to physically help the plan along can be challenging for me at times. In this case, the reassurance was so clear and palatable. It was so easy to just go with the flow, and allow everything to unfold as it needed in its own time.

It was rewarding to watch his eyes, face, and body change in the month he lived with us. He had been a handsome dog even when he was emaciated, but now he glowed. His beautiful soft, brown eyes revealed gentleness and appreciation. His body was filling out and becoming muscled and solid. Soon he let me know it was time for him to find his family. Together we put it out the Universe to bring in his perfect home.

Potential people popped up quickly, but as the first few people fell through for one reason or another, I felt my discouragement creep in again. Then it came again, the calm sense that everything would work out perfectly. I just needed to trust and watch for direction.

It was only a few days later, when a friend mentioned on social media that she was considering adopting a dog. I took this as direction and mentioned this lovely being to her. When she asked for his photo, I also had the strong sense she would say he wasn’t hers. Sure enough I received the reply I expected. I found myself totally accepting and calm, but replied back, “Okay, if you hear of anyone who is looking for a dog, this one is a very special soul.”

It was the next day that I received a message, “How is he special?” After explaining that I felt this was a “grandfather soul” or “old soul,” a wise being, she asked if she could meet him physically.

We made arrangements for me to bring him by her home. The trip over was a bit boggled with me running late, traffic, him whining and I thought, to myself, this is a mistake. It just isn’t happening smoothly.

As I approached her door though I was overwhelmed again by a sense of calm, and no matter what she said, I shouldn’t be in a rush to leave with him. As soon as I let him out of the car and took him to her fenced in yard, I could hear him say, “Yippee, I love my yard! This is mine!” I smiled to myself, however Jenny once again, said, “I still am getting he is not my dog.” I was puzzled but chose to just breathe. The next thing I knew I had the strong sense I needed to sit on the ground so I did. Jenny followed my lead and as soon as she got seated the gentle, happy being ran to her throwing himself up against her side and beaming his beautiful rich brown eyes into hers. That’s when the tears began. Her body demeanor changed and it appeared the dog had sort of morphed part of himself into her. “He says he is my dog,” she said through happy tears.

During my time in visiting with Jenny and getting to know her better, thanks to Derry, an extra bonus came about. I hired Jenny as my Office Manager and Derry as the Personal Assistant to the Office Manager.

Instead of having to deal with the painful part of letting the foster animal go that I loved and cared for, I am able to watch him flourish as he continues to be a part of the PS Animal family.

I will never forget those lost sad brown eyes looking up at me, but I could feel him willing to trust what his instincts told him to do: trust me. He had no reason to trust any human based on his early experiences with them, but he did. He is an inspiration for moving on. He has no need for forgiveness as he has moved forward without looking back, and is embracing his future by going with the flow of the Universe.

In Kinship,
Patty



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