

WHEN PATHS **INTERTWINED**

Stories about non-casual encounters
between animals and humans



Dear Reader,

I remember that when I was a kid I used to associate life with a travel. It was a blurry thought that became more clear and consistent throughout the years. It's been a while since I started and my experience has been quite a journey; our travels provide our understanding of the planet that acts as a lens through which we can acknowledge the value and the importance of our choices. What we think, wish, say, and ultimately do impacts not only our path in life, but also other beings' – both humans and non-humans!

As such, we acknowledge the fact that not only crossed paths with other people impact our life; anything that exists in nature can determine a turning point, a new direction, and an unhopd-for or even unimagined landing place. All we have to do is be open and ready to discover, to be amazed, to experience the magic that reconnects us with our deepest being, and be happy to be part of the endless picture of life that transforms constantly.

Animals have always contributed – as they still do – to the creation of my personal path. Their lives have always intertwined with my own, inspiring me and making my life more meaningful, just like my life has intertwined with theirs.

Although, our encounters have not always been a benefit for them!

The lack of knowledge about who we are and what life we live makes us ignore some revelatory experiences that occur in our life. Acknowledging this fact brings an awakening that delivers joy as well as a stronger sense of responsibility. Then, we realize how fool we've been placing ourselves at a higher level than other species in order to justify a hostile behavior towards them. If we pay attention, if we listen carefully, we realize that we have a chance to walk a different path, made of love and respect that helps us becoming a better person.

This brief anthology of true stories has the humble aim of lifting the veil over the unseen and beautiful relationship between humans and animals, regardless of the time we spend in their company. We find out that not only are they loyal companions, but also life mentors, spiritual guides, and even healers.

These are interlaced stories, intertwined lives and paths that unveil the mystery of our and others' existence to those who embrace them with humility, compassion, and love.

Enjoy!



It all started with Micho

It was a loud, desperate meow that I heard while I was walking in a street in the historical center of a beautiful city in the South of Spain. It might have been a time of siesta. But there was a white cat, covered in dirt, all skin and bones, with a sad look on his face. Nobody seemed to pay attention to this manifestation of solitude and despair. Clearly he wasn't born on the street; he was thrown into it like many like him. He joined the community of unlucky pets, and he was the last one to get access to the food that some people would slyly bring them. In fact, feeding cats in the street is oftentimes forbidden, and those who do it know there could be consequences. However, there isn't a ban for people who torture and kill the same cats: it doesn't seem the authorities are concerned with this ethical issue.

His melancholic and resigned look hurt me, and I couldn't just ignore his cry. From that moment, something happened between us: a bond, a whole new level of complicity. He needed medical help as well as a healthy diet. Day after day, we would meet in the same spot, secretly. He waited for me every single day. I would get anxious when I couldn't spot him, but then there he is, once that I call out for him and he comes out from beneath a car or other hidden places. Every day that went by, he got sadder and weaker.

"Micho, hang in there, I'm going to take you away from the street: I'm trying to fix this, please stay strong!" I used to whisper him. Thanks to the precious help of an old lady who dedicated her time to help homeless animals, after almost 500 days of clandestine meetings, Micho found a place in a shelter run by good-hearted people who would dedicate their energy and money to animals. The cat fence was just as crowded as the dog's one, but it was still a miracle that Micho found a safe place to live.

I decided to establish an association dedicated to Micho and to another helpless dog, which I found in a street on a torrid afternoon one summer in Spain. My goal was to raise critical awareness that we are not worthy to be considered "humans" if we abandon, mistreat, and torture an animal. At the base of animal suffering lays ignorance, and the only way to fight ignorance is educate. My attempt might be just like a drop in the ocean, but it's still something worthwhile.

Micho lived in the shelter for several months; he had contracted feline immunodeficiency in the street and despite his beautiful, long hair we can't find him a forever home – not even abroad. I couldn't take him in myself since I was the owner of two adult cats, and one of them was in bad health.

The association started growing bigger, but my time in Spain was almost over, and I was about to go back to Italy. It was imperative I did anything I could in order to keep the activities going and find a good family for Micho. After all, he was the heart of the association: thanks to him, many animals have been saved and people have been coming to attend to educational and awareness classes that involve the institutions, which are usually inactive.

I couldn't leave without saying goodbye, arranging the cures with the vet, and leave enough food to satisfy his needs. Everything seemed to be set, as Micho was going to leave the shelter after being adopted by a lovely woman who couldn't wait to welcome him in her house. But it was a temporary solution, because the best was yet to come.

The day of my departure, while Micho was still in the shelter, he meowed at me happily, warding off the small dog that approached me, and he made his way on my lap. What a joy, after months spent apart! Such a warm goodbye between a human and an animal is an extraordinary event that fills the heart with warmth and gratitude for such sincere and pure manifestation of love.

It was supposed to be a goodbye, not a farewell; I expected to see him again in his new home in the South of Spain, even happier and healthier. That was the last time I saw him. As soon as he could, Micho escaped from what was supposed to be his forever home. Because that wasn't "his" home! I didn't realize that, and I put him in the wrong hands despite my long, positive collaboration and relationship with the people that adopted him.

Weeks, then months went by in Italy, and an odd, uncomfortable feeling took over me. I asked about Micho, but I received no information. I insisted, and I found out that Micho disappeared along with the association. I couldn't believe it!

Micho was on the street again: alone, in danger, left by himself. Moreover, he was sick and the cold weather had arrived. I did everything in my power from Italy to try to find him, in vain. Months after his escape, it was like trying to find a needle in a haystack!



The last picture of Micho

Photo Courtesy of ©
Estefanía Arbelo

My attempts to find him were futile. Micho was gone, and with him the association dedicated to him. Was it a coincidence? Certainly it sounds like a metaphor.

I can still picture him giving me his last goodbye: I was so happy to have the chance to provide him with a happy life filled with love, and to see my work of raising awareness and knowledge about animal rights finally taking off, with Micho as a testimonial. My hopes were shattered, but the most painful feeling was having put in danger the life of an already mistreated creature, who had paid the price of our “human” actions.

I lost forever my beloved Micho. With time, the association turned from a pile of ashes into a faded memory. It was almost like nothing ever happened. But soon I realized that it wasn't the case: Micho had always surprised me, and he had a gift for me in that occasion as well.

The desperate search for Micho transformed into a special trip that led me to the realization of a dream: an intimate communication with animals! It was an unexpected landfall. Micho introduced me to this unknown reality; he led me through the discovery of Telepathic Communication with Animals.

I embraced this profession thanks to Micho, and thanks to him my life had a turn and it's now filled with joy and beauty. This was one, big emotion: thank you Micho!

What I learned

I've learned the pain that the death of an animal can cause, and I lived it thoroughly, without censorship or being afraid of social conventions. I opened to the hidden meaning of what happened, and I stayed open in order to welcome and discover the good both inside and outside me. Something that I would have never wanted to happen had triggered this in me.

When I finally gave up and accepted the event as a meaningful and evolutionary occurrence in my life, I was able to convert the suffering for the loss of Micho, which I considered “unfair,” into a life project that speaks to my soul.

A few months after my loss, I was able to see what that painful and aching experience brought me: the chance to start walking a path, and realize that I had to walk through it in order to help humans and animals to communicate and live together peacefully and in harmony.

After all, what makes a human different than a non-human? Isn't it our duty to develop capacities to interact with any form of life, respectfully and with love? Animals and Nature are part of who we are. We are part of Nature. Everything seems to converge towards the destruction of such amazing scheme of life, due to our ignorance and selfishness.

Thanks to Micho's sacrifice, I was able to open my eyes and my heart to a subtler dimension of existence, and to live more consciously my lucky “human” life. Telepathic communication with animals is essentially an act of humility and love, directed to those who need them the most.

Thank you Micho, for the love you showed me and welcomed me in your life with; thank you for bringing me here. You are and you always will be at my side!

The Power Of Bach Flowers **With Pet Transitions**

It was late in the evening when I got the call. I was expecting it. For several days, Lucy was restless. In and out the home only to find herself lost in the little family garden. More screaming than barking, moving around without a clear destination, neither eating nor drinking for a couple of days now.

It was clear, the old lady had reached the end of her journey along with the old couple to whom she had donated all her love and caring for more than 15 years. What could I do on that late Sunday evening? How could I provide support and loving help? They couldn't afford to call the vet emergency service but were in agony watching their friend suffer, not knowing how to help her.

I was myself in apprehension. I loved Lucy and I wanted to support her and her human family in the best possible, loving, gentle way. For a while I felt lost. But then I discovered that more help was at hand than I could have imagined when I first considered it. In fact I had only some Bach Flower remedies with me and so the best I could do was start from there with what I have. There was another relevant aspect too. It was the current situation Lucy was facing. Taking into account her nature and personality, as well as the family's environment which I knew well enough, I gathered my courage and took action.

Making use of the Bach Flower literature¹ I had access to, I discovered that perhaps I did have what was needed.

Agrimony to treat restlessness, anxiety, and those forms of stereotyped behaviors Lucy was showing and acting out so restlessly.

Impatiens to alleviate her separation anxiety and decrease her hyperactivity due to anxiety and stress.

Walnut to help her feel protected while facing the shift towards the realm of souls.

What else? Follow my intuition! I put two drops of every essence in a little bottle (20 ml) with an eye dropper. Fill it with natural mineral water without carbonation that I use for my cats who have a few health problems of their own. And I am ready to offer what I can.

When I entered Lucy's home, she was lying in her basket, almost screaming. Already she was not really able to move her rear legs and clearly she was in pain. Her little eyes were fixing an improbable place beyond everyone gathering around her. Her breathing was very difficult and every few seconds she made the soul agonizing sounds of deep suffering. I prayed to God to help her to leave her body as smoothly and soon as possible. And I prayed as I held the Bach flowers that I had put together for her in the little brown bottle.

Talking to her from the deepest place in my heart I thanked her for all the beauty and joy she had brought to her family and to us as her friends. I explained to her what I was going to do and how I hoped it would help her. She quietened, began to calm herself knowing she had been heard. She opened her mouth and I carefully let four drops of the remedy I had arranged fall inside to land on her tongue.

¹ Homedes Enric, The Handbook of Bach Flowers Remedies for Animals, Singing Dragons, 2011
Scott M.J. & Mariani G. Bach Flower Remedies for Dogs, Findhorn Press, 2007

It was a moving moment. I knew the relevance of her existence inside that family. I used to call her “the little angel” of that home. She was a remarkable teacher, and had made such a difference in her family. After instructing her “mum” when and how often to deliver the remedy, I left their home hoping in the deepest place in my heart that Lucy could be blessed with a mild, gentle, loving passing in her home.

As soon as I woke up the next morning, I looked at my mobile phone. Nothing, no signs of a missed call. I feared the worst but then the mobile rang. “Please come over, something has happened” her mum said. Deeply moved, I went there to find Lucy was lying peacefully inside her basket as if she was sleeping. I was told that the night before she received the remedy once more after I left. She relaxed and stopped screaming. Purring and content, she left her body peacefully. Such a gift!



Photo Courtesy of © Richard Cooksey | Dreamstime.com

What I learned

Lucy went through a difficult surgery and she was under the observation of a veterinarian. She wasn't doing well, and being a senior it didn't take long for her condition to worsen. She left this world in peace, surrounded by the people who loved her most, in her home, the most familiar place.

Bach flowers are no medicine; they're a natural remedy able to trigger energy in those who use them, whether animal or human. They do not interfere with medicines nor do they act at a biochemical level; they operate on an energy plane. The administration of Bach flowers when Lucy was about to pass away helped her through a very stressful and difficult time and made her passing calm and tranquil.

We have been taught to ignore or stifle our intuitions. We grew up thinking that anything intangible and immeasurable by our senses and technology is not relevant. In the best case, our attention is drawn to bizarre things that we oftentimes soon forget.

My experience with Lucy taught me to welcome and listen to my intuitions, thereby guiding me to act for the best. Additionally, I learned that being perfect is not necessary, and neither is having all things under control. As long as we have a good motivation, acting with the resources we have is for the best. Of course, common sense is important, just like knowledge. Improvisation can cause damage, and we don't want to take that risk, especially when lives are involved. However, keeping that in mind, we can't close our heart when it comes to action. The heart is the door to the knowledge of both others' and our inner being; it is the key to act for the sake of good, no matter what the final result is.

The Love Magnet

This is an incredible story. As incredible as it really happened on a late spring afternoon, precisely Wednesday, April 22, 2015. But let's start from the beginning.

Francesco, my husband, cannot properly be called an animal lover. By choice, he never would have agreed to share even a small part of his life with a four-legged. No matter what kind or what size. Too many constraints and low affinity have always been his arguments to justify his "strict" position.

However, at that time, the family had grown long. In fact, from over a decade, two cats had entered into our lives, Rodolfo and Valentino, who had been joined more recently by Leo and Luisa, dogs gathered in the street and promptly adopted. Great affection and respect for all, but more cannot be expected.

So it was a great astonishment when, on the Tuesday before, returning from school where he teaches, I saw him crossing the threshold of the house out of breath to refer seeing a cat in conditions so miserable as he stopped and leaved the car, with the intention to help.

I understand that the situation is serious. So I interrupt my business and I organize myself to go immediately to the rescue of the poor creature. It is located along the side of a road, I have to act quickly before that can happen the irreparable. Gloves, a cat carrier, water, delicious morsels. I'm ready.

I can't believe, Francesco wants to come with me! Almost I have no words, but really? This is indeed a surprise! I think, in my heart, that this does him honor, and without wasting time we leave the house together.

On the roadside we don't see even the shadow of a cat but when we begin to worry, we see a feline silhouette in the meadow that runs along. White, black, red. It can only be a female. The cat keeps its distance, she doesn't trust. I talk softly, trying to gain a few meters, I crouch on the ground, I show the food.

She turns to us, crouches down on the grass, watching us. At that moment I realize that an eye is missing, is skin and bones, a crust instead of the little nose. The nostrils are not visible. She is in really terrible conditions.

A situation of peace. Time seems to have stopped. No rush, we don't want to scare the poor creature. I try to move with caution. I'd love to convince her to enter the wide carrier that I chose on purpose to the situation. Who knows how long she was not eating.

Francesco, on the roadside, watching the scene while I do my best to give her some good reason to let approach. No way, she increases the distance between us, crouches down again, looks at us and then disappears.

It's clear, she will not survive very long in those conditions. We return home with sadness in our heart. We couldn't actually do anything to help. It was a meeting of a few minutes between two human beings and a poor cat probably still young but soon consumed by the hard life on the streets.

I remember thinking to her several times that day, wishing she could find a quiet place where can spend undisturbed the little time she had left to live.

The next day, as always, I organize myself for the daily walk with Leo and Luisa in the beautiful surrounding countryside. Besides the routine, this time, Francesco expressed the desire to be there. Another surprise! Happy we welcome him and we all go out together.

But neither I, nor he could imagine what would have awaited us upon our return. Everything seems like always. Dogs are happy to go out for a walk, as they are always happy to return home. It's their home after all. The place where they feel safer, immersed in the love and surrounded by so much attention.

They are thirsty, the bowl of cold water waiting for them. I open the door to the stairs leading into the garden for the last race before the evening meal. I don't understand, something is happening. A commotion, a strange barking, an excitement that worries me. I go out, I want to understand. I can't believe it! The cat! She's here!

She was trying to climb the steps of the house when, suddenly, found herself facing Leo and Luisa. I can stop them in time, while the cat, frightened, goes staggered toward the blackberry bush that, tangling around the medlar tree, has built a green vault. A natural refuge.

Our garden is fenced. There are fields, woods and other small gardens between our house and the meadow where we met the day before. How is it possible that she came to us?

Slowly, cautiously I reach her under the bramble. She's lying on the ground on her side, her breathing is terribly labored. Gently I caress her, she hasn't any injury, luckily the dogs don't have prevailed on that puny and consumed body. I realize the terrible conditions in which she is, she can't move herself. Breathing is more and more difficult.

While I can't hold back the tears, I continue to caress her. I tell to her she is a beautiful cat, that I love her, to be quiet, that everything will be fine. Tears fall copious in front of that little body emaciated and terribly scarred by injuries that life has caused. Her suffering is heartbreaking. I invoke St. Francis of Assisi and the Angels of Nature so that they take her with them as soon as possible! Breathing is more and more difficult, she's like she throws herself stones off air. "Please take it with you! Hurry!"

She exhales the last sighs and goes away. Less than two minutes later that little body is already cold and stiff.

How could a creature in those conditions enter our garden? How could overcome the barriers that met? Why she didn't go in one of the many natural hiding, easily accessible around the house? We've never seen this cat around here in over two years that we live in this house.

We are stunned and incredulous. The emotion is great. We understand that is happened something incredible, mysterious and sacred at the same time. The cat came to die by us!



Photo Courtesy of © Mikhail Markovskiy | Dreamstime.com

What I learned

How little we know of the mystery of life, of life in all its manifestations! And how lightly we tend to dismiss facts that do not correspond to the logical categories that we have developed as Homo sapiens. There is no way to rationally justify what happened. Yet it happened!

In those physical conditions, rationally, no cat would do the effort to climb a fence to get into a garden that has never frequented. In those physical conditions, rationally, any feline would avoid to travel a long distance, easily frequented by dogs, when they have other natural hiding places and houses where to find shelter.

She was at the end of her strength and now reached the end of her life, what is happened?

We have seen in action the force of attraction of love! An invisible, intangible, not perceptible through the five senses, and yet no less real than the pull of a magnet that is able to exercise. That cat, perhaps for the first time in her short life, felt loved and came to spend the last moments of her earthly life with two human beings that had shown love, respect and compassion to her.

A lesson of inestimable value. A little worn creature and a great messenger of love. In that moment, we felt small in front of her and under the sky above us all.

Animals look for us, they know how to enter into profound communion with us, they walk beside us. Everything speaks to us, we just have to be quiet, listen, let it voice. Humbly.



About Me

Certainly both my love for animals and my desire to understand them, which I have been nurturing since I was a child, played an important role in the choice to get a degree in Natural Sciences from the Università Statale of Milano. But my lifestyle soon interfered with my student career and my heartfelt aspirations.

After years of hard work doing information technology in the marketing sector for big U.S.A. and Italian corporations, I felt an urgent need to find myself. In spite of the apparent success and money I earned, I was unhappy. It was not what I wanted to do in my life, nothing to do with my passions and studies. So I decided to leave Milan, my hometown, and embrace a life that was more in alignment for my inner needs.

As a volunteer and in my professional relationship with the World Wide Fund (WWF), I had the privilege of seeing places where Mother Earth's beauty still shines bright, both within Italy and abroad for over a decade. I dedicated my work to protect natural areas of immense value.

After that, I moved abroad for family reasons. Along my journey, I encountered unexpected and inspiring people, and many animals that were no less special. I found myself back as a little kid who used to look at herself in the animals' eyes. There I found peace and a reason to be in nature. I experienced pain for the loss of an abandoned cat, a creature that gave himself to me in order to escape human ruthlessness. That's how I ended up exploring a land that's still for the most part unknown: the intimate connection between human and animal thanks to the communications of the heart, a telepathic connection.

My natural inclination towards the more spiritual side of life came back at once. Telepathic communication with animals is not only possible; the intimate dialogue with them helps us becoming a better person, respecting what's around us, being grateful for the abundance Mother Nature gifts to us every day. It's a step further toward a desirable transformation in creatures that can finally call themselves "humans"!

If you want to know more about my constantly evolving experiences, enter the link to My Journey Towards Telepathic Animal Communication on www.pathsintertwined.com

"The balanced rhythm of the universe is rooted in reciprocity."

Paramahansa Yogananda