I’d been asked to look in on a beloved dog, Kai Kane, who had died.

I tune into Kai Kane and see a strong dog standing as if he is on guard duty in a community in which he has a role as a trusted guide. His surroundings are beautiful: a green hill, warm weather, a slight breeze. There is a sour smell, however, and I sense that he is guarding something to keep members of the community from getting to where the source of the smell is. He looks at me and at first growls a warning, but then he senses your presence in me and smiles. He walks toward me.

“I know you are here with a present of sorts for me from my girl. I love her and hope she is fine. I am so grateful for all her loving ministrations to me. With her, I learned to be a keeper of trust, and now that I am on my own in this new place, I am grateful for the development I experienced with her.”

He is now standing right on front of me, looking up at me. He expects a present, and so I reach into my left front pants pocket (wondering what I have for him in this non-ordinary reality, where instant manifestations are normal) and to my surprise pull out a whistle. He is delighted and bends his head so I can easily put it around his neck on an invisible string. “I can use this in my present job.” He indicates he wants me to bend down and he licks me in appreciation and says to thank you. “It’s perfect,” he says, smiling broadly.

I tell him that I have come to see how he is and that I have a message from you, and I give him your words, reading them distinctly and watching him for his reaction: “I’m sorry it was so sudden, that I may have not made the right decision or the one he would have wanted. That it was from love though and was for his freedom from suffering physically. That we miss him and love him so so much. I know this life with me wasn’t always happy and easy, and you didn’t always have the knowing and feeling that you were loved, that you were the amazing being that you are. I’m crying for that loss in your life and my being the cause of it. I wasn’t always me and defiantly not fully me. I heard you say those last days that you were a burden. Definitely not, no way. I can though see how you would translate from circumstances and my thoughts into that. Again I am sorry. Are you with your mama now, with any of the kitties? Are you ok? Do you feel peace at last? I’m hugging you, Love you so much!!!”

He sits down, then lies down with his paws crossed, and looks at me intently with his beautiful, soulful eyes. “Alix,” he says softly, “no joining of two souls is ever by accident, and when I came into your life I didn’t know why I was there, but I treasured every moment with you. The scent of your being, even when you felt tortured and lost, was a sweet bread smell with lovely lemon and passionfruit accents. Salt water and flowers in the breeze was my feeling of you, always sweetly scented soul energy. What I experienced of your sense that I didn’t always feel loved was not a lack of love, but a recognition of something being out of balance that I could not bring into balance: it was apparent that my love for you was not the force that needed to be applied to create balance.”

He says to me, “Tell her to find a way to forgive herself not only for the lack of what she wished she had been able to give me, which needs no forgiveness from me, but more so for the damage she feels she has done to herself. Living in joy as she is, as she is experiencing herself and her life right now, will be a medicine she sorely needs. Joy is a plant with deep roots and will extend its branches and leaves far, around corners and up high walls to find the
light it needs to thrive. Joy feeds the soul and once planted, as it has always been planted in her authentic, true, beautiful being, always is ready to expand and blossom.”

I ask, “Why do you want me to tell her? You have just told her, as she will read your words here.”

He says, “Because she needs to know that this wisdom, this truth, though it is coming from me, is travelling from one human heart to another. It is the human love that must be part of how she feels that her life is right again.”

I ask, “Can you tell me something of what you are doing in this place, and where this place is, if there I a way you can describe it? And can you say more about your experience of the tunnel from which I saw you emerging the first time I connected with you briefly?”

“The impetus for my journey through the tunnel and why I went at it so energetically, rather than slogging through, which I could have done, was that I felt the pull of a purposeful life here. This is a community of beings who are learning about healing, what it needs and what the possibilities can be in which healing is fostered. That horrible scent which even you smelled is part of the basis for healing: decay. Sometimes decay precedes a full healing. I am guarding the place where the decay is in process so that beings don’t accidentally get mired in it and alter their program.

“This is metaphor, you know. I am healing, myself, from the energy-draining journey between worlds as I experienced it, and I must be careful to step only into those energy fields that resonate with my strengths. I give myself this scene to help me maintain my focus on that necessary goal. But Alix should not feel guilty or sorrowful for me. Tell her that animals don’t waste any energy on blame or searching for what was, as in, what happened. We focus on what is now and where we should put our feet to take us to where we need to go next.

“Regarding Alix’s question about whether I am with my mother or the kittens, no, I do not experience them in this vibratory construction. They are not relevant to my needs, to who and what I am as a vibrational being. I don’t miss them, I am not lonely, I experience my being now as a full meal, perfectly balanced, as I am in a healing place in which all around me is what I need for my complete return to balance.

“Please tell Alix that our love is eternal and that her beautiful scent is always in my sense of my being. I wish her aloha and hope she will allow her body to bring her to places where her joy will flourish.”