

Animal communication: Pets speak to us from the heart

Our pets are speaking with us all the time, but are we listening?



*Practical
Intuitive Tools*
Dana Shino

When I was a little girl, I occasionally mentally tested “talking” with the family dog, Barney, our beagle. I’d gaze into his beautiful, large, soft brown eyes

and mentally speak with him, hoping I’d hear his voice in my mind. I never did, but I was on to something.

Fast forward about 25 years, and smack in the middle of my psychic awakening I found a book by animal communicator Amelia Kincaid titled, *Straight From the Horse’s Mouth*. She confirmed, showing her own proof, what I’d tried so many years before: We can communicate with our pets and, for all intents and purposes, all animals.

As I read her text, I felt my psyche shift into new perceptions. I learned my desire to speak with Barney was natural. Barney had been fully heart and spirit present, naturally drawing me in to com-

municate. I learned there are many ways to communicate with animals beyond the mind (our minds interfere), including heart connections and interfacing between energy fields.

I learned animal communication is more rapidly and easily available to us when we experience animals on the planet with respect, as our partners, helpful guides and teachers.

It was from this space I began my conversation with animals again, working with the family felines, Copycat and Mau Mau. I took Kincaid’s information to heart and nearly immediately began speaking out loud with the cats. My ex-husband thought I was nuts. I consciously opened my being and energy field to feeling and sensing information, energy, pictures and emotions returning from the cats. Almost immediately, I sensed a shift, a new level of connection and awareness with Copy and Mau Mau. They knew I was trying something new with them.

Within several months, distinct proof arrived that I was in communication with the cats. It was a cold winter’s evening, and we were preparing to go out for dinner and a

movie. All the while, Mau Mau sat at the front door meowing, relentlessly asking to be let out. The wild night was calling her.

I stepped to the front door, crouched down where she was sitting and made eye contact with her.

Finally, I said, “Mau Mau honey, we’re going out for the evening, and it’s very cold and dark outside. I can let you out now, but we won’t be back for hours and you’ll be stuck outside with no way in. It’s your choice. Do you want to go out or stay in with Copy where it’s warm?”

I energetically held the intent of honoring her choice, whatever it was.

She blinked her eyes, looked at me and a few moments later very distinctly stood up, turned away from me, walked directly into the bedroom, jumped up on the bed, curled up and fell sound asleep. We didn’t hear another peep out of her.

That was all the proof I needed. I was communicating with animals.

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