

No Longer Taking Lost Animal Cases: The “Why”

I've debated for some time now as to whether to actually post this information on my website. I've finally decided to do it this way, to sort of “bury” it as a link to a pdf file, rather than on the main site where it will be out in the open. It's a very personal issue, and I'm honestly not comfortable sharing it, even this way.

I'm doing this, however, because so many people read that I no longer do missing pet consultations...and contact me anyway, asking me to make “just one exception”. The fact is, the problem as described below is now often happening simply from reading those emails, because the rush of emotions hits as soon as I open them and start to read. And then, the need to tell these poor people “no” compounds the issue.

Many animal communicators who initially do take on lost pet cases, or “location work”, eventually stop. The reason for this is most often due to emotional burn-out. The emotions involved when a pet is missing are unique and devastating. It is a form of grief, but in many ways worse, because there is also the added complication of “not knowing”. People don't know if their animal is alive or dead, if he is suffering, if he is scared and confused, if he is exposed to the elements or injured or sick.... It's just a horrible thing to go through, and I do understand this from a place of personal experience, as my heart-kitty Pree was missing for a full month many years ago, my dear Chouli was discovered deceased after a long period of not knowing what had happened to her, and I've also been involved with other animal family members who went missing and never returned.

I've been there, and my determination was to always try to help. I still do, but my health has forced me to do so in a different way.

If the situation were one of emotional burn-out, which of course is valid and horrible to experience, I would probably still be pushing through it and accepting lost pet work. However, unfortunately, I have a different set of challenges that I have tried over and over again to overcome without success. I was born with epilepsy, and since infancy have experienced a form of seizures. These seizures can be quite debilitating and

leave me unable to function, sometimes for days if they “cluster” and become more severe.

From November of 2006, beginning with the death of my (best friend and) mother, a series of losses began to enter my life. With each one, the ability to shield against very powerful negative emotions appears to have diminished (and yes, I do know that the good, loving pet owners who contact me have no “negative” intentions). Mom died in November '06. In March '07, my little dog-girl Dancer passed suddenly after a devastating illness. In January '08, on the 8th my dear Pascha dog died suddenly, and on the 9th my precious Pree was faced with a horrific health complication from which she could not be saved. Losing Pascha and Pree, a day apart...broke me. It was after that event, from which I still have not recovered, that I found myself unable to shield at all. Efforts to contact missing animals and receive accurate information, while being “bombarded” from both sides with uncontrollable, painful emotions, began to cause seizures. From the animal I would receive fear, confusion, desperation, disorientation, often hunger, pain, cold, and always helplessness. And from the owner...anyone who has ever been missing a pet needs no description of that pain to understand. I used to be able to attenuate these feelings so that I could function and receive accurate information. After January 9th, 2008, I no longer could.

My particular brain's epileptic center is the temporal lobe, which is also one of the seats of emotional control. The seizures began to come in clusters, which would sometimes sideline me for days, leaving me unable to perform normal tasks, and definitely unable to help any other animals until they finally subsided. Yet, I kept trying to push through them, to make it work, to tell myself I'd get over it. And then:

In September of '08 was the Day of the Sheep (you'll have to read my Pyoderma Gangrenosum blog for that story, it's too long to repeat here—there's a link on the main website).

In January of '09, three days short of the one year anniversary of the death of her daughter, my Sachet passed into spirit.

In March of that year, we lost our 10 year old bunny, Mavvy.

And in February of 2010, my Dad joined Mom in the spirit world. The following Mother's Day, our beloved Sasha cat lost a long battle with kidney and heart disease.

Each time I thought I was regaining the ability to shield, it was knocked out from under me. Thus, I finally decided that the inability to accept missing pet consultations had to become a permanent edict, to allow me to try to protect my health.

Today I received a sad note from a lovely person who is broken-hearted, missing her cat. I had to tell her "no". As I type this, the seizure aura is already beginning, simply from reading her email and absorbing her sadness and grief. It probably will be quite a few hours before the actual seizure hits, I usually know when it's coming well in advance. But it is on the way, and I will be facing a period of incapacitation, simply because one lovely lady with a broken heart reached out for my help.

That makes me so very sad.

Although I fought putting this explanation online for a very long time, I now realize that it needs to be where people can find it. It's not fair to good people in need, to have them write me, asking me to make "just one exception", only to have to let them down. They are already hurting enough. I need them to know that, when I do say "no", it's not because I want to say "no"—my health has forced my hand.

I would love for it to be otherwise.