



Sadie Mae Baird ... Canine avatar

I am Sadie Mae Baird and this is my story.

I was born into a mix-breed canine body in the month of October, during the year of 2006. My mother was of German Shepherd breeding and my father a black Labrador stray who happened to jump the fence and fall momentarily in love with my mother. I was born two months later under the back porch steps of a humble human residence located in mid-town Tulsa, Oklahoma. I was one of a litter of ten puppies. My brothers and sisters were of various shapes, sizes and color configurations.

The humans who believed they “owned” my mother were a garden variety dysfunctional sort of folk. They were of the firm belief that all of life was to serve their purposes with little thought, on their part, for an equal exchange of love, compassion or respect, not the mention responsibility for any aspect of nature or the world beyond their domain of creature comforts. This family had young children who adored me and my siblings during the first few weeks of our lives. However, as we quickly grew and became increasingly active and ornery, this family became

disenchanted with us and began treating us with angry aggression and disregard.

As you can imagine, being puppies, the ten of us could deposit an incredible amount of pooh-pooh in the small back yard where we were born. As the humans stepped in our multiple deposits, they would curse these natural cause-and-effect consequences that accompany a puppy litter of our size. With each curse, the ferocious daddy human would kick the puppy closest to him, sending me or one of my siblings hurling through the air to land in a heap several feet away. Of course, we were so eager for affection, attention and compassion we would jump to our feet and run right back to the ferocious daddy human, tail wagging, anxious for an opportunity to share our incredible spirits of love, laughter and happiness. Often this met with yet a second kick to the rib cage and a second trip tumbling into a pile several feet away.

These humans simply did not understand that my brothers and sisters and I came into this realm simply to share the basic life lesson of simplicity and love. They did not understand that we had very spectacular messages of the inter-connectedness of life, genuine adoration and gratitude to share with them ... they could only see the poop. The conditions at this residence quickly became very grim. As food was withheld from my mother, her milk dried up and she could no longer feed me and my siblings. Our tummies growled and shrank as we each became increasingly infested with tape worms internally and fleas externally. We were so very hungry.

My mother dug a hole under the chain link fence just large enough for our heads and bodies to fit through. She then barked, nipped and badgered each of my siblings, one at a time, until they reluctantly left the back yard of our birth

and ventured into the very scary unknown of the world beyond the fence. I know she knew this was our only hope to escape a brutal death of starvation. I watched horrified and helplessly as each of my brothers and sisters reluctantly responded to my mother's enticements and took the passage under the fence into the mysterious and dangerous world beyond. Finally, I was the last and I could sense that my mother was growing very weak. She slowly turned, walked around the back of the house and lay her weary body down under the porch with a look of utter abandonment in her eyes. I touched my nose to hers and gently licked her face in an effort to express to her how much I appreciated her care for me since my birth. As she took her last breath, she looked at me with such a sad yet sincere expression that I knew she was giving me her final and fleeting fragments of energy, urging me to take the path under the fence and make every effort to pursue the *purpose* for which I came to this third dimension realm. I mentally vowed to my mother that I would make every effort that I could to capture the world's attention and speak the message that so few humans take note of ... the message of the awesome power of nature, community and balanced cooperative living. I then heard the ferocious daddy human's car pull into the drive in the front side of the house and I raced toward the hole under the fence.

Once I successfully negotiated the narrow channel under the fence and seeing no sign of any of my siblings, I ran with all the speed my anxious heart could muster into the realm of the vast unknown. There were blinking lights, speeding vehicles, all sorts of human beings and buildings of every shape and size as I ran and ran and ran. Nightfall approached and my body grew weak with exhaustion and hunger, the sounds of sirens shrieked through the cold brisk air as cars raced to and fro in frenzied chaos. With my vision swimming and not knowing what else to do, I took

refuge under a cavernous object. I was paralyzed with fear. As I looked around I realized I was huddled under a parked vehicle trying to gain warmth from its recently-run engine, protection from the damp weather and comfort from the looming darkness. I cried out within my thoughts in utter desperation to the spirit of my precious mother, to the Divine Maker, or to whomever-whatever might reside within the void of empty space, questioning why I had volunteered for such a brutal reality, asking for guidance to safety, pleading for strength to fulfill the *purpose* for which I came to this experience. I slipped into a delirious reverie wherein my mother's spirit appeared, giving me comfort beyond description and mentally urging me to hold on because I had much to give to this life experience and this had been the worst of it, someone would come and rescue me.

Just as the sun was rising and I was about to give up all hope after spending endless hours in darkness shivering beyond control, my heart racing as though it would burst from my chest, I heard the jangling sound of keys and saw a pair of human feet step up next to the vehicle that I was hiding under. Though I was shaking so violently with the most incredible terror you can imagine, with my mother's gentle assurance in spirit I slowly crawled toward the feet and looked up at the human jangling the keys. She must have sensed my anguish because she immediately knelt down, scooped me into her arms and spoke to me in the most soothing, loving tones I had ever heard from a human. She unlocked her car, reached inside and grabbed a sweatshirt she had wadded up in the passenger seat. She wrapped the sweatshirt around me and held me close to her chest, kissing my head and saying, "Poor thing." I could hear her heart beating and the sound of it reminded me of my mother. I felt I was in heaven, if only for one moment. Could this human be my guardian angel?

This wonderful young lady started her vehicle, held me upon her lap and drove her vehicle into the traffic. We soon arrived at a home full of many male humans, which scared me as they were so much like the ferocious daddy human of my recent experience. There were very bright twinkling lights, cheerful music, and a woman who spoke very loudly but lovingly to all the male humans. There were packages wrapped in colorful paper stacked all over the place. I quickly learned this was a holiday celebration that humans call "Christmas," and Natalie, the young lady whose car sheltered me the night before, insisted to these people that they must keep me as I was her gift to Adam, one of the male creatures she called her boyfriend. The loud woman who I later learned was Adam's mother kept saying, "No way, I have enough pets to take care of already, we cannot have another animal in this house. The puppy can stay for a few days until you find a good home for her but only a few days."

One male creature much smaller than the rest and very gentle in spirit came toward me from the crowd, wrapped me in his arms where I felt genuine love and took complete responsibility for me at that very moment. He said to me, "I don't know how I'll do this baby girl, but I'm going to take care of you, I promise." Somehow I knew he would keep that promise. The other male humans kept calling this male human Blaine. I knew instantly that Blaine could be trusted and I knew my life had a mission and a *purpose* that would be accomplished with the support and love of this soul called Blaine.

Blaine got me some water and some dog food. I ate and ate and ate until I felt that my tummy would explode. I feared that I may never see food again so I ate until I threw up and then I ate that too. It was so wonderful to silence the raging beast of hunger. However, the multitude of tape

worms that had taken up residence within my stomach created an expansion of intestinal gas as they too consumed the dog food I just gorged upon. I felt as though I had swallowed nails when the gas pains began to pierce my previously empty intestines. I whimpered as I fidgeted with my body, attempting to find a comfortable position in which to sit, stand or lay yet being unable to escape the incredible pain of what felt like nuclear warfare going on within the contents of my digestive tract. I felt the raging beast of hunger had transformed into the ferocious demon of intestinal parasites and I could not escape the full-scale attack. Sensing my discomfort, Blaine took me outside and began tossing objects, which I later learned were toys, in my general direction. We played and ran and frolicked in the chilly evening air until I was able to move my bowels and relieve myself of a bit of intestinal misery.

We then went back into the house and rejoined the festivities. Everyone called me Noel, indicating that since it was Christmas Noel would be an appropriate name for me. I really didn't care what they called me it just felt really good to be among cheerful humans and to feel protected by Blaine. As the hours grew late, Blaine called his mother and got permission to spend the night with Adam. He made a pallet on the floor and held me close as we both slipped into a wonderful dreaming slumber. I had not felt so safe since the early days with my mother. I thanked Blaine within my thoughts for the compassion he demonstrated to me.

I awoke early the next morning being licked in the face. I opened my eyes and was looking into the eyes of another canine creature. Blaine quickly stirred next to me and spoke to the creature calling her Lucy. Lucy was a brindle colored Pit Bull breed. Blaine took me and Lucy outside so that we could relieve ourselves of nature's call and yet a third canine named River, a black Labrador joined

us. Me and Lucy ran and ran while River sat with Blaine and watched us. I quickly learned that Lucy was just slightly older than me so we were equally matched in energy and vitality. River, on the other hand, was an older neutered male, considerably overweight and under-fueled in the energy department. River had a very calm and sober spirit. He didn't mind the youthful frenzy that Lucy and I exhibited as long as we didn't expect him to participate in our rambunctious activity. This group felt like family to me and I was so grateful to be relaxed and having fun.

After playing outside until we were completely exhausted Lucy and I returned to the house with Blaine and River, ate dog food, got plenty of fresh water to drink and collapsed in a heap on the floor for a nap. As we were resting, I heard Blaine talking with Adam's mother about what he would do with me. During this conversation, I learned that Blaine was on Christmas holiday from high school where he was a junior. Blaine also had a part-time job working at a convenience store. Blaine and Adam shared a close friendship and had many things in common. Both Blaine and Adam had been abandoned by their fathers as very young children and had thus been raised by their mothers. Blaine, I learned, had Type I Juvenile Diabetes and Celiac Disease which required that he wear an insulin pump on his body that would deliver insulin to him because his pancreas no longer worked correctly. The Celiac Disease meant that he was allergic to wheat, barley and rye gluten and therefore had to be very careful about what he ate. Adam struggled with chronic depression and anger issues and took medication daily to help him control his mood swings. Both of these young men were dealing not only with the usual developmental challenges of adolescence, they were also trying to come to terms with their similar life circumstances. They each felt the other could understand them in a way no one else could. This

forged a bond of brotherhood between them while it also made them sensitive to the plight of cast-off canines like me and Lucy.

Blaine continued his conversation with Adam's mother indicating that he would first introduce me to his mother who was an intense lover of animals. In turn, he would count on his mother to plead my case to his step-father, Bill. Once Bill approved, I would become a bona fide member of Blaine's family. It was clear to me that Blaine was very nervous about all of this but he gave me a big hug and said, "I'll do this for you baby girl ... we were meant to be together." Blaine then took a picture of me with his cell phone and attempted to text message the photo to his mother who was at work. A little later that morning, Blaine sent his mother a text message, telling her that he had something very important he needed to talk to her about. She called him on his cell phone and agreed to stop off at Adam's house on her way home from work later that day. Blaine urged her to keep an open mind because the talk was regarding something very important to him. Adam's mother told Blaine that I could stay there with her and Adam until I got the approval from Blaine's mother and step-father to go to their house. She insisted however that Blaine was to take full responsibility for my training and food. Blaine eagerly agreed to her conditions.

Again, Blaine took me and Lucy to the back yard for another session of racing and chasing. This yard was humongous! Adam told Blaine the yard was over one acre in size. It felt so good to run and run and jump and play with Lucy. Blaine put me on a large trampoline and jumped up and down with me. That was really scary at first but once I realized we were playing, I got excited about it and he laughed as we bounced and rolled from one side of the

trampoline to the other. Lucy jumped up there with us and we had so much fun!

Adam came outside and started a very loud machine he called a four-wheeler. He drove this noisy machine around and around the trees in a figure eight. Lucy started chasing Adam and I started chasing Lucy. Blaine started another one of the loud machines and he started chasing after me. We zoomed to and fro, round and round the yard, until I became so exhausted I found a spot and lay down on the back porch next to River to watch. Blaine pulled up along side me and told me to jump on and ride with him. The machine was so loud it hurt my ears so I was reluctant to get close to it. Blaine then got off the four-wheeler, came over and picked me up and held me in his lap as we returned to the noisy machine in hot pursuit of Adam and Lucy. More friends of Adam and Blaine joined us in the back yard and we spent most of the day having great fun.