

# The Story of Bonnie

by Bruce Butcher

Bonnie, one of my first clients, was a Golden Retriever who had developed a very fast-growing cancer on her front ankle. Her person, Sheila, called me for a Reiki healing on the ankle tumor. The Veterinarian had recommended amputation of the leg at the shoulder. Sheila wanted to try everything before letting the vet take the leg, but time was running out. I settled in on the living room floor and opened myself to pass the healing energy through for Bonnie.

I sat quietly on the floor with the dog saying nothing. A few minutes had passed when Sheila began talking to her boyfriend seated next to her. She was wondering what she could do, or should do, to help Bonnie. Suddenly a voice in my head said, "**Just love me.**" I thought to myself, "How am I going to tell these people that the dog is answering their questions?" Until this experience with Bonnie, I hadn't ever done this with people I didn't know *really well*. Sheila continued talking with her boyfriend, saying, "I just wish I knew what this was all about." "**Acceptance,**" I heard Bonnie answer. Then Sheila told her boyfriend how confused she was -- should the leg be amputated, or was the cancer curable? This time I opened my eyes and began talking to Sheila directly. I realized that it was time for me to "go public."

I explained, in a way I cannot remember because I was so nervous, how I heard a voice and saw images that Bonnie was sending to answer Sheila's questions. I continued allowing energy to pass through to Bonnie and, to my great surprise, Sheila began a conversation with Bonnie through me. I sat passing questions and answers from person to dog and from dog to person. I do remember Sheila asking whether Bonnie was in pain. **Bonnie showed me a picture of herself walking and her voice alternated, "Yes, no, yes, no, yes, no, ..."** Each time she put weight on the leg with the tumor, "**yes,**" and as the weight shifted off the leg, "**no.**" This is typical of the way an animal relates to pain in its body. If it hurts *right now*, there's pain; otherwise, "no pain." They seem to view pain as a momentary sensation that comes and goes. Sheila asked, "How does she feel about the vet amputating her leg?" I saw an image of Bonnie running quickly around the yard as she chased a tennis ball, then slowing as she returned the ball to the human who had thrown it. She walked strangely as she slowed her speed, and stopped. I could see that she had only three legs. Bonnie's response seemed to help Sheila decide that the amputation was more of a problem to Sheila than it was to Bonnie. The conversation carried on for a little more than 30 minutes while I continued to pass healing energy. Afterward, as I washed my hands to leave, I thought how it all seemed so ordinary -- a little unusual, but in no way creepy or mystical.

I left feeling hopeful that Bonnie would snap right around and cure herself of the cancer, and then my mind drifted into replaying what had just transpired. I drove home in somewhat of a dream-like state as the reality of this effortless two-way communication sank in. I literally had to keep shaking my head from side to side as I saw the scene in my mind's eye. It all seemed so normal at the time and so weird afterward.

Bonnie did have her leg amputated a week later. The vet was shocked by how quickly Bonnie recovered from the anesthesia and how quickly she was up running around the office. In fact, the vet worried that Bonnie was so “unaffected” by the amputation and surgery that she sedated her for fear Bonnie would injure herself. That stands as a testimonial to energy healing. Bonnie was home the following day, acting as if she had three legs all along.

I heard from Sheila a couple of years later. Bonnie had since passed, but an extraordinary thing had happened immediately after Sheila buried Bonnie. As she sat on the deck to relax and say a final goodbye, Sheila looked up to see a pure white Shar Pei sitting on the dirt mounded over Bonnie’s grave. Sheila watched the dog remembering that since she had been a little girl, she had wanted a Shar Pei. They shared a few silent minutes connected in some deep mystical way, and then the dog slowly walked off. Sheila lowered her head for a second and when she glanced back to the grave, the Shar Pei had vanished. “It was odd,” she said. “I had never seen that dog around before and I’ve lived here my whole life. It just disappeared!” Sheila said, “Bruce, ... at that moment I *knew* Bonnie was at peace. And, I *knew* that the angels had sent the white Shar Pei to bring me that comforting message.” As Sheila spoke these words, a chill ran through my body and I *knew* she was right.