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## Pet Reader Newsletter #8

The months since our last newsletter went out have been big in highs and lows. Stu and I went to Paris for a belated honeymoon, lost our beloved kitties to feline leukemia, and adopted two more.

Our Scungi went into respiratory distress on Father's Day. We rushed him to the emergency vet and learned he had feline leukemia and a tumor in his chest so big it had crowded out his lungs. We had to say good-bye that night. The next day we took Molly to the vet for a blood test and learned she was also positive. The vet said they were probably born with it, which was a trial for Aunt Nina, who had rescued the litter, too, since she kept the rest. We started Molly on interferon and anti-biotics, but she died about three weeks ago in our arms at the vet. We were heartbroken to lose both our babies so suddenly.

Luckily for us, our trip to Paris took place a few days later. When we returned, we began searching for new babies. We checked with all the shelters in our area and private rescue organizations, and found our new little angels at an adoption by Singita ("which means 'the miracle' in an African dialect"). I highly recommend anyone who is looking for a new addition to his family. They are dedicated and tireless, as are all volunteer rescuers. Their phone number is 818-897-6106.

Our new Siamese are now 6-month-old-brothers: Topo Grigio ("gray mouse" in Italian) who is completely black with Siamese features and Keiko (Japanese for "beloved") a chocolate point. They were found with their Mama (who is black like Topo) in a dumpster. Topo is a ball of fire, racing around, into everything – mostly our laps. He's big on kisses and loving. Kiko is very shy, spending the first few days here under the bed. He is coming along, though, and is also very affectionate. We recommend adopting two at once because they really enjoy each other, playing and snoozing together. We're already deeply in love with these boys.

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"I give you dominion over the animals – except, of course, for the cat." – God

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Do you want to change the world but just don't know where to begin? Do you believe that one person can't make a difference? Let me tell you about some things one person can do that will cost you nothing or next to nothing and will make a difference *and* change the world.

If you buy the daily newspaper, collect them (paper supermarket bags work great for this because the papers can lie flat and therefore they hold more *and* are better for the environment than plastic) and when you have a trunkful take them to your local animal shelter. They are welcomed to line cages for insulation especially in the winter and they give the animals something to read.

Also on the subject of newspapers, take the dog and cat food coupons you get with the Sunday paper to the supermarket, buy the smallest size, use your coupon, and you get free or low cost food that the shelters will welcome with open arms.

Coupons work for people, too. It doesn't matter if you use the item or not; someone will enjoy it and you can often get items for free or pennies. Take the items to any food bank, church collection, or collect and save them for the Mail Carrier's yearly drive. A mail carrier will pick up your food items when he delivers your mail (usually on a Saturday).

Stores like Target and K-Mart and drug and office supply stores sell school supplies at ridiculously low prices at back-to-school time. Packages of 10 stick pens or 20 pencils or loose leaf notebook paper are fifty cents. Spiral notebooks are 15 to 17 cents each. Crayons are \$1 for a box of 64. Every time I go to the store, I pick up two or three dollars worth of supplies that I collect and take to elementary schools in Los Angeles when the new school year begins. I was shocked to find out a few years ago that teachers have to pay for their own classroom supplies because the budgets are so tight. There are a lot of kids in LA who can't afford to pay for their supplies. A few packages of pencils and paper can mean a lot to them. I'm sure there are kids in your neighborhood who are in the same boat. This year Stu and I filled up our trunk with school supplies this way and took them to the poorest school near us. The office staff couldn't believe their eyes (and frankly, I was a little surprised at how much stuff we got for so little money).

Don't get me started on this subject. I believe that education is the answer to most of the world's problems (that and full bellies) and I get sick when I see some idiot who can't even spell "basketball" paid millions of dollars for throwing a ball through a hoop. And then these buffoons can't even keep their pants on when they should. Some role models!

If you have a computer (and if you don't, how are you reading this?) you'd be surprised what one little click can do. Go to [www.theanimalrescuesite.com](http://www.theanimalrescuesite.com), click on their button, and the sponsors will donate a portion of a bowl of food to a shelter. So far in 2004, since January, the Animal Rescue site has provided 15,613,271 bowls of food to shelters, 1,705 needy women have received mammograms through the Breast Cancer site, the Rainforest Site has preserved 151,526,240 square feet of the Rainforest, 22,832,883 cups of food has been provided by the Hunger site, and the Child Health site has provided medical and dental services for 231,233 children. Click on [www.thechildhealthsite.com](http://www.thechildhealthsite.com) to get some medical and dental care for needy kids. Click on [www.thebreastcancersite.com](http://www.thebreastcancersite.com) to donate to this worthy cause. A click on [www.thehungersite.com](http://www.thehungersite.com) earns cups of staple foods for the hungry and a click on [www.therainforestsite.com](http://www.therainforestsite.com) preserves 11.4 square feet of rainforest. Click every day! Make it a habit! So easy and so effective. Buying from the

stores these sites have gets you some really cool stuff for very little money and the charity collects the profits. I cross items off my Christmas gift list every year this way.

My daughter, Christina, presented her first check to Food On Foot's Jay Goldinger last month. You can see the Snackee Chicks on Food On Foot's website or on Snackee's, [www.snackee.com](http://www.snackee.com). A full ten percent of the profits from the Snackee tees goes to Food On Foot, an organization that feeds and provides a work program for the homeless in Venice and Hollywood. Chrissy and I have volunteered at food distribution sites off and on for the past 7 years. My Snackee Sacks (purses and totes I design and make) will benefit the Union Rescue Mission on Skid Row. Snackee's new line of dog and cat T-shirts (the chest say "love me" and "I'm a Snackee Doggee or Kittee is written on the back) that benefits the Burbank Animal Shelter. I will be sending an e-mail with a link to the Snackee website as soon as it is completed.

I am have started an informal fund called "My Best Friend" which will provide funds to the emergency vet to be used when a Senior Citizen brings in a pet in need but cannot pay for the care required. The use of the funds are at the vet's disposal and even if we help someone partially pay for a needed service, I will be happy. The money will come from my readings. Ten percent of all readings will now go to "My Best Friend". It's an idea I got when we had to rush Scungeli to the emergency vet on Father's Day. We were lucky that we had the money to provide the care Scungi needed but what would we have done if we didn't?

In this country, Seniors on a fixed income find it increasingly difficult to pay for their medications much less pay for a pet's emergency care. I recently read an article that said that seniors who get "Meals on Wheels" share them with their pet because they can't afford to buy pet food. This is unconscionable. Often, these animals are their only companions, who have stuck with them through thick and thin. Can you imagine how it feels to have to choose between veterinary care or euthanasia for your best friend? Our elderly and their best friends deserve better. If anyone would like to contribute, you can do so by going to my web site and using your credit card or sending a check. I do not yet have non-profit status so I cannot provide you with a tax deduction. I'm told that will take some months. But I will tell you where your donation will go and you can know that you're helping someone in a big way.

Spiritually, there are a lot of things you can do to change the world, too. Prayer is directed energy, which is why it can be used positively or negatively. (the flip side of praying is cursing) Praying for or sending love to someone deceased gives them a warm feeling, which is probably why the Church used to encourage parishioners to pray for the poor souls in Purgatory. As I've taught you, your thoughts are things, your intentions have power. Fear draws to you the very thing you're afraid of. Faith draws the hoped-for result. "Today, I choose faith not fear" is even more important in these uncertain times. Have the courage to do what is right against all odds and you will change the world.

Anyone who has more of these world-changing ideas is invited to e-mail me for the next newsletter.

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I had to show you this photo I took at the Santa Barbara Zoo recently. Mama Lion, whose new baby is now the equivalent of a toddler, takes five on a high rock while baby scurrying around below yelling “Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama!” It was hysterical. I guess some things are the same species-to-species.



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A very wise priest (Father Mulcahy from M\*A\*S\*H’s 4077<sup>th</sup>) once said God created ministers and priests so that He could be among His Creations and exist in their lives. Those of us in Her service would do well to remember that from time to time.  
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For the “that’s why I continue to do this” department. A client named Mary called for a reading recently. She was upset because her deceased brother-in-law, Art, had appeared to her briefly with a warning about his wife’s upcoming trip to Mexico. Mary didn’t know if her “vision” was real and if so, did he want his wife, Violet, to not go? Would their be a terrorist incident on the plane? I’d talked with Art before for Violet so I checked in with him and learned that he didn’t want to stop Violet’s trip, but he wanted her to be careful when she was riding in anyone’s car. He showed me a head-on collision that was to take place with an impaired driver in a blue car hitting the car Violet was in. I passed along the warning to Violet through Mary, and Violet went to Mexico. A couple of weeks later, Mary called to let me know that on the way from the airport in Mexico, Violet cautioned her friend who was driving to be on the alert. The friend listened and averted a tragedy when she swerved to avoid colliding with a blue care that came out of nowhere.



A Pennsylvania client, Corrine, told me about her adoption of her dog “Lucky”. She called him Lucky because he was a victim of abuse and had just about everything wrong with him a dog could have and still survive. When the day came for her to pick him up and bring him home, she decided he deserved a couple of days of alone-with-her time at home to get used to things. So she told a co-worker she was going to take a couple of

days off. "I'm going to get Lucky tonight," she explained. Her co-worker said, "Good for you, Corrine, but how long has it been if you have to take two days off afterwards?"

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Have you checked out our "Client Family" Page lately? You'll find some of the cutest critters ever there. If you want to add your pet, send me his photo, name, and if you think I don't have it, your last name.

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I got an emergency call from Karen in Ventura not long ago. Her pup Brandy (look for her on the client page) had gotten into a disagreement with some bees and had a stung and swollen face. She tolerated Benedryl Karen gave her but the cold pack was just too much. Could I talk her into it? "Brandy," said I, "Why were you playing with bees after Mommy told you not to?" "I wasn't playing with the bees," Brandy insisted, rather indignantly. "The bees were playing with ME!" Dog logic.

I distracted her talking with her while Mommy slipped the cold "thing" onto her face. Brandy and I go back a long way. I knew her when she was Pumpkin and she kept in touch while in spirit, even to telling me and Mommy when and where she would be reborn so Mommy could come pick her up asap. Both Mommy and Baby are now doing fine.

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#### What I did On My Summer Vacation Department

Paris was fabulous. I got a little nervous on the plane when I saw Bill Shatner ripping off part of the wing, but nobody would believe me and the next time I looked he was gone somewhere over Greenland. The plane ride was 11 hours long but I saw three movies going to Paris and two coming back so it wasn't a total loss. I also cracked up our French flight attendant when I asked in my faulty French for a glass of "potato juice" instead of "apple juice". Ah, well. Luckily, Stu's French is a lot better than mine.

When we actually got into the city, it was hard for me to believe that my lifelong dream had come true. I was in Paris! ("Look, a pigeon! A French pigeon! Bonjour, petit oiseau!") And with the man I love no less. Who could ask for more?

Our hotel, the Hotel Regence, was a small, family run place near the Place de Clichy. I highly recommend it to anyone who wants to have the experience of being Parisian rather than booking an expensive American chain. You can check out the Regence on line. Stu and I love these types of hotels. Our room was charming and overlooked a school (a plaque said the school was erected in 1895 and was, at that time, an ecole garcons (a boy's school) across the street so we got to see the kids coming and going, kissing Maman good bye, and playing in the yard.

The hotel provided breakfast every morning with juice, coffee, tea, hot chocolate (the best I've ever had - I'm trying to get it here!) croissants, rolls, butter, eggs, cheese, ham, cereal and milk. The staff was very helpful with directions any aid we needed and the

manager even brought complimentary tea and crackers to our room when we came in pooped-out one afternoon.

The street corners all had either a creperie ( crepe maker ) or a vendor roasting ears of corn over charcoal. You haven't lived until you've stood on a street corner in Paris eating warm crepes (mine, banana with a drizzle of caramel, Stu's was drizzled with Grand Marnier). We walked everywhere or took the Metro (subway). Luckily, Stu's been to Paris many times and knew how to make the connections. You can get from one end of the city to the other in about 15 minutes. It's amazing. The Paris Metro is cleaner and safer than New York's but not as clean and safe as Toronto's. My only problem was the levels of staircases to climb to get from one train to the other. But I took my time and let everyone rush around me ("Hey, Stuie, wait for the cripple!").

One hears that the French are rude and don't like Americans. Baloney. I can think of at least four different times someone gave his seat to me on the Metro – men, women, teens. Shop keepers, wait staff, everyone was gracious to us. We had several wonderful conversations with Parisians about our respective governments, the Iraq war, and how REAL PEOPLE, American and French, feel about each other. Stu and I like to get to know people when we travel. We'd rather be Parisians for a week instead of tearing around from one monument to the other. Who needs Versailles or Napoleon's tomb when you can have a one-on-one discussion with the driver who took us to and from the airport?

Still, we saw everything we wanted to see without rushing around blindly. We got a wheelchair for me at the Louvre, which helped immensely. Mona sends her regards to all. It was fun seeing the locations from "The DaVinci Code" and picturing the action. I lit a candle of thanksgiving for our trip in Notre Dame, and also in Sacre Coeur. Unfortunately, I missed seeing the stained glass windows of San Suplice because the line to get in wound around the block and I can't stand that long, but generally, we went where we wanted to go.

We saw the Eiffel tower from a distance, strolled down the Champs-Elysees (past a McDonald's), and had a lot of fun on Monmartre watching the artists, visiting the shops, getting my hand kissed by a fella with an organ grinder, and eating still more crepes. In one of the shops, I did a pet reading for the girl who owned the store and brings her doggie with her to work. She had been away for a month and he pined and would eat while she was gone so I told her how to use color therapy to help him heal faster.



One of our destinations was the famous Paris flea markets (my kind of place!), and I bought some treasures – bits of old fine lace, vintage paper flowers, chandelier crystals that glitter so beautifully, and a very old, very lovely piece of silk border fabric to make pillows for our bed. I had to heed the call of nature so I asked where the rest rooms were. (“toilette?” – The French get right to the point.). The vendor pointed and told me how to get there.

Keep in mind, the acreage (literally, miles of market) is very old and hasn’t been modernized, so I shouldn’t have been surprised that the rest room was co-ed. I was shocked but Stu assured me that it’s not uncommon in Europe for women and men to share facilities. I went in, ignoring the men standing at the urinals, and opened a stall door. Inside was a hole in the ground. Ah, I thought, it must be out of order. So I tried another. They were all just holes in the ground. I didn’t know what to do but when you gotta go, you gotta go. Despite my weak knees and aching legs, I squatted and got to it. A few moments later, a man opened the stall door and exclaimed in French “Madame! You must lock the door!!!” Yes, folks, “another quaint detail from my trip” or “too much information”? You decide.

Blessings,  
Patricia