

# THE RAINBOW DOGS

Written during Year of the Dog 2018

by

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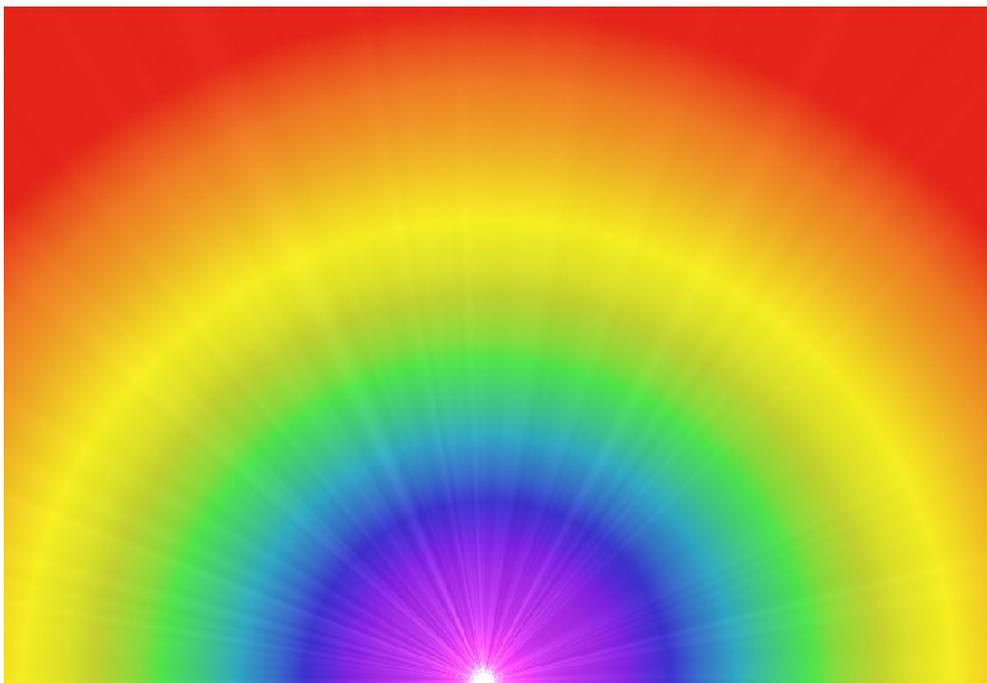
ably aided and abetted

by

Koru, Milou, Binki, Olaf and Turi

and

Tiaki from a shining star high in the sky



# THE RAINBOW DOGS

In eternal, love-filled memory of Tiaki,  
beautiful Bichon, beautiful being,  
a White Star in his own right, warrior, teacher  
and immense spirit.

Dedicated to all animals everywhere  
who are imprisoned, abandoned, abused  
or used to fulfil humankind's  
arrogance, greed or entertainment

and to

C.A.R.I.A.D. - Care and Respect Includes All dogs -  
for their unstinting devotion and endless hard work  
in the task to end the horrific practice  
of the factory farming of dogs and puppies.

*Do not lose sight of the **Rainbow** Bridge,  
it leads to your dreams.*

Jimi Hendrix  
1942-1970

As fast as White Star was fading, the vibrant thoughts and feelings flew into his cell. Even in his weakness, he recognised that the energy attached to these messages was from his dear friend and helper **The Faerie Queene of Colour**.

Despite failing vision and very sore, tired eyes, White Star could sense that his dark and dingy dwelling space was filled with luminescence. It was as if a million multi-coloured shining stars filled the tiny area – stars of effervescent light. His senses lit up. He knew something magical had happened and that this was just the beginning.

White Star was a small, yet formidable dog. His white fur seemed to tingle with silver sparkles. This is why the 'human' wanted to keep and use him so as to pass on this most desirable coat to future generations. It did not happen, of course, as White Star was a very special being. Rather than staying in his wonderful world of ennobled spirit beings, he had given himself to a cause within which he had hoped to influence the humans: the abusive cycle of exploitation of dogkind by humankind. This was not to be, though there were glimmers of change like seeds waiting for the right conditions in which to burst forth into being with intent and desire. These were seeds of **light** and **life** and **love**.



Despite the sheer neglect and cruelty, White Star continued in his attempts to make the 'human' see the terrible error of his ways. Years of this work, and in desperate conditions, our hero, who never ever thought of himself as such, was drained. His life-force was slowly extinguishing. From a powerful and bright beauty, in body, mind and spirit, White Star had become frail. Nevertheless each and every day he continued to guide and mentor his friends with a wisdom that knew no bounds. His gifts were infinite or so it seemed to the community of incarcerated dogs.

White Star and his friends lived in the squalor of a so-called 'puppy farm'. A desolate place, devoid of anything resembling even adequate living conditions. They were locked away in what the 'human' called The Big Barn. This sounds rather grand. Not so, it was a place of horrors. This building, if you could call it that, was on its last legs just like its inhabitants. It was lofty and draughty. The roof was not fit for purpose. In Winter the dogs shuddered with cold. In the Summer they panted with heat. Cages were made up from ancient pallets, crudely put together with extremely rough edges and nails sticking out in all directions. Large plastic containers that originally held young trees from the local nursery were everywhere. They had drainage holes around the base, many of which had blocked up long ago.

This meant that the excrement could not even drain out of the container which housed tiny puppies of all descriptions. Many were lifeless, their short lives obliterated in the name of breeding. The Big Barn was divided into four sections, then subdivided depending on need. One was for the breeding female dogs, one for the breeding male dogs, so-called 'stud dogs' and one for the puppies. Then there was an almost derelict area for small amounts of newspaper, old straw and what was described as food, though it bore no resemblance to it at all, which looked like rabbit droppings – indeed these would have been more appetising for the residents.

Let it be known that these fragile dogs suffer from many of the following: malnutrition, low immunity and auto-immune conditions, festering sores, eye, ear, mouth and other infections, blindness, broken and decaying teeth, ammonia burns from lying in urine and other skin afflictions, grossly matted fur from having to lie in faecal matter, heart conditions, overgrown claws, lice, deformities and disabilities, mammary tumours, total isolation, crippling fear.... the list goes on. Puppy farm breeding mothers can be bred to death, whilst many 'stud' dogs are very often kept in solitary confinement, some for years on end. When deemed to no longer be of use, spoken of as having 'passed their sell-by date', they meet horrific deaths, though some 'lucky ones' are dumped, a few next to rescue centres.

Little Beauties was the trading name for this place of awfulness. This was thought to be clever as the dogs were housed in the Big Barn, previously a very fine and handsome building. It was owned by Nameless, the 'human', and jointly run with Tom the Twine. These were the names given to them by the dogs. The nameless one was so horrible they could not think of a fitting enough name and indeed would not even honour him with a proper name. He became Nameless. Tom the Twine, or T for short, was so-called because his trousers were always held up with twine, in fact there was always twine about his person. Also this is what he put round a dog's neck, as a makeshift collar and lead, when he needed to move any of them. His presence was dreaded by the dogs. As soon as they smelled him they scurried around in terror attempting to find places to hide. Some backed into corners and made themselves as small and invisible as they could. Others hid their heads into whatever spaces they could find so that they could not witness his terrible behaviour.

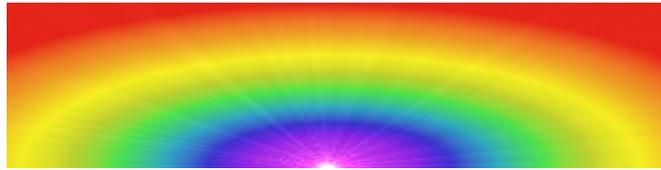
Nameless and T specialised in small, white dogs because they eventually realised that this was the way forward for high revenue dogs. They also bred some that were mostly white with a little 'champagne' or 'apricot' colours in their fur. These callously bred puppies are labelled cavachons, poochons and weechons, and other such derivatives like chichon, papichon, pomachon, pekachon... the list is endless. It is known that from Bichons alone, well over 30 mixed breed dogs have been created. There is no such dog as a cavachon or any other such trumped-up names. They are simply mixed breeds made to satisfy some curious need and obsession for so-called 'designer dogs'.

These dogs are often referred to as 'hybrid dogs', a more scary name you could not wish for. This breeding can be dangerous, even cruel, with unsuitable crosses. Too much human interference has taken place. Humankind has always bred dogs to enhance certain qualities like effective herding or hunting dogs. Also in the last two to three hundred years dogs have been specifically bred to reduce size, shape, etc, often with disastrous results. Of course different breeds have always intermingled. However this was on their own terms, not to order, not to line unscrupulous breeders' pockets whilst the 'powers that be' turn a blind eye, a deaf ear and a heart of stone.

The Big Barn was a despicable breeding facility that defied explanation, devoid of any humanity, compassion or basic care. The humans grew fatter, in girth and income, and more ruthless. The dogs grew thinner, more frightened and more withdrawn. Most were in poor health physically, emotionally and mentally. The one thing that held them all together was their immense spirit and their guiding light White Star. And now White Star needed to return home, to the LIGHT, where he himself could be given succour, healing and love. A love so profound, so immense, so tender, that it permeated to the core of his soul bringing forth tears of joy, then bliss. He needed to cross The Rainbow Bridge, that arc of unparalleled splendour whose glorious colours bathed the traveller in ways that words cannot describe. He yearned for the living colours to fill his soul. At this moment though he knew he had one last healing commitment and he would never let his beloved friend down, the Faerie Queene of Colour.

The Faerie Queene of Colour's domaine was the ancient and sacred land of Cymru, also known as Wales. This gifted Faerie Queene had reigned magically over this realm for as long as she could remember and loved every inch of it. She was held in very high esteem by the Fair Folk, the faerie realm. Her main area of allegiance was to the animals, all the animals who lived here, with a special affinity for the white ones. This was because from white light colour is born and colour was her passion and her heritage. Her bond with the 'white ones' and all the other animals was limitless and for as long as stars shine in the sky the Faerie Queene's quest was unstoppable. Her crusade was to ensure the wellbeing of the animals and at this time her area of great concern was the factory and battery farming of puppies and all the dogs involved in this horrific practice.

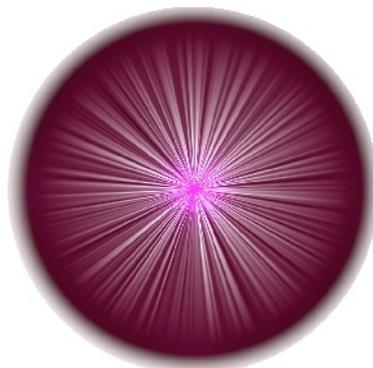
Faerie Queene of Colour was not one to sit idly upon her throne. This Queene was active and dynamic, though did sit upon her beautiful seat when replenishment was needed. This most special pew was made from boughs gifted from the Silgo Tree, a tree with almost supernatural qualities embedded within. The boughs were silver and gold in coloration and then intertwined loosely so as to invite the shining rays from the Rainbow Beings. This throne was a magical portal for colour. Colour was beamed through from The Rainbow Beings with whom this Queene of Colour enjoyed deep bonds and felt honoured to be of service to them.



The Faerie Queene of Colour was in fact an emissary for The **Rainbow** Beings. They knew, that through her great presence, their colourful influence, deep healing and radiant wisdom could be conveyed.

It was now time for QC, as The Faerie Queene of Colour was sometimes affectionately called and which always made her giggle, and White Star to blend their gifts and set forth once more in a bid to alleviate, even in a small way, the suffering of the imprisoned ones. White Star and QC's thoughts and feelings mingled and it became apparent that he needed strengthening himself before embarking on such an endeavour. His energies needed re-awakening, his psychic gifts re-empowering and his focus re-sharpening. Because The **Rainbow** Beings' colours heal, revive and inspire, White Star needed to be imbued with their rays in order to be clear about this journey and feel animated by it. Firstly though he needed repose more than anything. The Queene of Colour was most adamant about when it was time for her earthly friends to either be active, play, relax, recharge, sleep, dream or simply 'be'. And now White Star needed full rest during which Faerie Queene of Colour would surround him with the colours that his being called for.

So, under the influence of **Indigo** and **Violet**, White Star was able to drift off into slumber. With this came gentle dreams and visions. He was immersed in what seemed like nebulous swirls of the **softest blue**, **silken pink**, **pale and subtle amethyst**, who all sang to him in dulcet tones. He felt soothed and sweetened, and luxuriated in it. Then he was filled with **magenta starlight**, the colour that was beyond description though he knew it well and had often yearned for it. It had been beamed down by his friend, **Magenta Star**.



White Star was one of the Star Beings. He decided long ago to forgo his celestial life for an earthly one in order to make a difference to the lives of canine friends held captive and in great distress in a particularly horrendous puppy farm. White Star felt empowered by **magenta's** majesty and luminosity. Then he was awakened by a light show and he knew it was a call from The Faerie Queene of Colour. Her calls were not to be ignored even though he was happy enjoying his colourful repose.

Before White Star could empower his fellow puppy farm prisoners, he himself needed to be strengthened and enlivened for his forthcoming quest. So, QC went about a little, light coaching for White Star using the colours of the rainbow. Faerie Queene of Colour was concerned about White Star's weakened state, his ability to maintain stamina in order to further help his friends. White Star's enthusiasm and devotion to his friends were immense and indeed these qualities framed the best starting place. And so it was that the Faerie Queene of Colour and White Star travelled through the rainbow in oneness and joy.

The RED ray beckoned and as he was suffused with this colour White Star felt energised and this confirmed that what he was doing was congruent with this, his last way in which to empower his friends.

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The ORANGE ray then filled him with the ability to maintain the motivation and momentum; it stimulated ideas, enhancing his already creative approach to the task ahead. He enjoyed the warm and friendly vibrations.

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The YELLOW ray entranced him and his whole being was charged with light. His clarity of vision increased and he understood he had to be flexible in order to mobilise his troops! He felt that Yellow was crucial in helping the dogs assimilate his guidance towards relieving them of some of their suffering.

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The GREEN ray entered his being horizontally and he felt it in his chest and heart. He understood that this was the colour conveying compassion and that this amazing hue was needed as part of his friends' support system.

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Then the BLUE ray encompassed him with the importance of clear communication, honesty and that he must convey to his canine friends that they too needed to express themselves and share their burdens and suffering with fellow prisoners.

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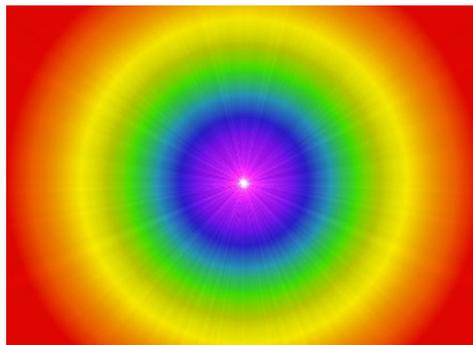
The INDIGO ray showed him that nothing is set in stone; that he may need to encourage his friends to overcome negative tendencies. These were not surprising considering their cruel living conditions and what could only be called abuse and exploitation. Indigo also reaffirmed White Star's focus and need for relaxation too.

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He then was bathed in the VIOLET ray. This celebrated his achievements thus far. It honoured his very special being and confirmed that this was yet another milestone in his life upon Mother Earth. With Violet came meaningful and true success, and time for reflection. It reunited him with his deeply spiritual self and he felt whole.

White Star's rainbow shone brightly as if all the colours had re-ignited his magnificence - not that he would call it that as he was so self-effacing and modest. At the time he felt that he was a humble being simply here to enable others. Equally he also knew that he was one of the Shining Ones and this stayed in the core of his being. He now felt that body, mind, emotions and spirit were aligned and in harmony. This filled him with a glow of determination, integration and comradeship. He felt so strongly that he had to share the hope and promise that came with the enrichment from the rainbow. After all with rain often comes the sun, and depending on the size of the raindrops and where the sun is, this light creates extraordinary and magical beauty, the multi-coloured arc that brings wonderment, uplift and healing on many levels. To the beholder pain is alleviated, even if only for a while, and pleasure fills one's being.

His journey through the spectrum was twofold: one being to motivate and embolden him, whilst the other was to share the colour qualities that would enable the Big Barn dogs feel a little more comfortable within themselves. It would give them tools to rise above their situation. So, after his emersion in the first arc of glowing colours, the Rainbow Beings created a rainbow circle and the spirit of each colour gifted him the extraordinary healing qualities of each ray for him to teach his beloved friends.



Gosh, what a task, felt White Star. Unperturbed he set about his quest with a heart bursting with love, a love so intense he felt he had turned into a globe of rose pink and golden light.

With QC by his side to help project the colours and colourful scenes, White Star embarked on his most precious mission. For the next seven days he shared his rainbow wisdom. He gathered all fellow inmates at a time when they would be undisturbed by Nameless or T, or any other ghastly invader into their space. Due to their various confining cages and structures, sadly the dogs could not gather together beside White Star. They joined together in heart, mind and spirit, even the Little Ones who sensed the importance of White Star's teachings and willingly concentrated their focus upon him.

Dogs perceive colour differently to humans in as much as they pick up their wavelengths and frequencies as pulsations through their exceptional canine sensitivity. They feel the spirit of each colour as it emits its own life-force.

All the Friends noticed that White Star's presence had grown in stature, his aura spreading colourfully and vibrantly for a very long way. His projected thoughts and feelings, together with QC's images, echoed within the vastness of the lofty barn and all the dogs received his guidance.

White Star centered himself and began: *Before us are magnificent colours, the rays of the **rainbow**, the colours corresponding to energy centres within our body. Each colour's essence and vital force speak to us with their mighty healing powers. Colour is light and life. Here are some ways they can help us so that we can help ourselves:-*

*When you feel physically weak or cold, need strength and courage or think you cannot go on any longer, call upon the colour **red**. Feel it coming up from Mother Earth into your paws, legs and tail. Your **red** friend will help top up your batteries.*

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*When you need encouragement, have lost any bit of stamina that you might have had, feel surrounded by despair or negativity, call upon the colour **orange**. Invite it into your lower back and deep inside your abdomen. **Orange** will bring a little more zest for life.*

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*When you feel confused, low or feel the need for more light, call upon the colour **yellow**. The power of **yellow** will light you up from belly button to diaphragm and beyond when you invite it to do so. Your **yellow** friend will help you visualise a better life and keep your spirits up.*

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*When you feel completely off balance, ill at ease or irritated with those around you or with yourself, breathe in **green**. Let it fill your chest and upper back. Your **green** friend will help stabilise you and restore you. It will be like a bit of a much needed tonic, gentle yet effective.*

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*When you feel deeply distressed, not able to share your feelings, are uncomfortable or in pain, call upon the colour **blue**. Feel it come down to you from the sky, filling your being with comfort and care. Your **blue** friend will pacify, bring reassurance and ease your discomfort.*

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*When you feel restless, sore in your eyes, heavy in your head, unable to rest or sleep, call upon the colour **indigo**, the colour of the midnight sky. This powerful ray will come down to you from the heavens and bringing calm and composure, a deeper understanding of why you feel and think as you do. **Indigo** will bring forth a peacefulness when your sleep is troubled.*

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*When you feel your brain to be dull, your nerves to be agitated, you feel completely lost or without hope, your soul is weary and your intuition appears dimmer than ever, call upon the colour **violet**. **Violet's** high frequency, uniqueness and divinity will bathe and soothe you from the top of your head to the tip of your tail. **Violet** will bring spiritual succour. It's powerful vibrational energy reminds you that you are all warriors, patient and peaceful warriors.*

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For the next seven days White Star gave the band of captive dogs the space and time to experience the wonder and magic from weaving these fine colours into their daily lives as and when they needed to. Then, he called everyone together again and continued his teachings: *Dear Ones, there are three more important colours that QC and I would like to share with you. These are **magenta**, **pink** and **turquoise**.*

These were not familiar concepts to the dogs and they were intrigued especially as the last seven days had brought much invigoration, morale boosting and a stronger sense of togetherness as they experimented with the rays of the **rainbow**.

***Magenta**, the magical union between violet and red, the bridge between the ultraviolet and infrared rays, the link between heaven and earth. Like candlelight shining through a red ruby gemstone, imparting such graceful strength, magenta oozes vivacity, inspiration and wellbeing. When your motivation to keep going is weakening, when any faith seems no longer within reach, when you feel drained, call upon magenta magic to bathe your being, from the tip of your nose to the tip of your tail and everywhere in between. Magenta will fortify and embolden.*

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***Pink**, a colour with so many tints and shades that we'll call upon the Spirit of Rose Pink, the colour with so much to give. This special pink radiates compassion, understanding and tender love. These qualities you need for yourselves and for all who dwell within this house of hardship. Rose Pink shares a luminescent beauty that can reach into all parts of you. This pink supports, calms and comforts. Call upon Rose Pink when you feel frightened and when you feel your heart might burst with sorrow. Rose Pink brings deep love and solace.*

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***Turquoise** gleams with light, radiating refreshment and a sense of freedom. It is as if this colour offers you space in which to breathe deeply, so needed in this cramped and ugly confinement. When you feel unwell or that you are enduring yet another infection, call upon turquoise for it will boost your ability to throw off infection. It will make you feel a little more confident too when facing anything to do with Nameless or T. It is as if turquoise has energies from sun, sky and sea that, together, bring joyful light into our dark world.*

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Never had the Big Barn inhabitants experienced such an input of energy and stimulus. The dogs now felt they had been immersed in living, vibrant colour. This was thanks to the Faerie Queene of Colour who projected such animated and sparkling images of the colours that reverberated into their very core. Their only previous experience of meaningful colour was when QC transformed a filthy Big Barn window into what appeared like stained glass. The dogs knew nothing of stained glass, though were always amazed when they were offered this translucent treat. They looked up in awe and wonderment and knew it to be a gift from her. Creating a stained glass window effect took a great deal of special power, however QC made the magic happen whenever she could. The dogs lapped up its beauty, bringing some much needed light relief into their days of torment.

Word and whisper soon got round the flower world, via the Faerie Queene of Colour who enjoyed a special affinity with flowers, that colour was being used to empower dogs in the local puppy factory farm. To QC flowers were quite astonishing, with their roots seeking nourishment from the earth, enabling them to grow then produce glorious blooms of every imaginable colour. She felt that flowers offered a sweetness beyond compare, also a lesson about persistence in that, no matter what, their goal is to survive and flourish.

Devas, who some might call Nature's angels, found the mistreatment of the dogs deeply distressing. These special beings are associated with each flower family and hold the spiritual and energetic essence from their flower. They had felt the presence of this so-called 'farm' and sensed the despair and anguish as a result of the cruel practices within. Many animals, especially dogs, are very aware of the flower spirit realms and take them to be part of nature and of life, which indeed they are. The Devas' intimate and mystical affinity with Mother Earth means that their knowledge and wisdom are totally inherent and instinctive, not learnt. They are scintillating beings of light visible to those who have eyes to 'see', hearts to feel and minds to welcome and respect.

It was felt by the Devas that certain flowers could add **oomph to the colours of the rainbow** via their form and shape, purpose and evolution, and that this would further aid the trapped dogs. This was a service the Devas took on willingly and wholly.

The Big Barn dogs knew little about flowers, however they were always grateful to the little escapee who shared her experience and delight in discovering wild flowers. Very early one Spring morning, the winds were howling through the slatted opening into the little Bichon's cell. There were two particular slats that had been gnawed by countless female dogs through frustrated boredom or anguish. Suddenly these slats became unhinged creating a very small opening large enough for this tiny one to climb through. She was tiny in size, not in years nor wisdom, due to being bred specifically to be small. Though this little lady was in pup again and not feeling at all well this time, the pull to be outside was immense.

A new world opened up before her and the feel of the wind against her fur was exhilarating. The escapee was drawn to a field over yonder bordered by trees and hedges. By the time she reached the safety of a hedge, this little one was exhausted and uncomfortable. Beneath the hedge she curled up for a much needed rest.

This brave little lady was awoken by birdsong and sunlight, and a gentle scent filled the air. She experienced pure joy. Her curiosity then led her along the hedge bank where she discovered patches of little flowers of different shapes and colours. These were springtime wild flowers: lilac Vetch, rich yellow Bird's Foot Trefoil, pretty white Cow Parsley, early soft blue Forget Me Nots, delicate Field Pansies, sprawling blue-violet Germander Speedwell, starry Greater Chickweed, shiny pink and white Herb Robert, glossy yellow Buttercups, cup shaped violet-veined Wood Sorrel and more. These flowers were mesmerising to the little escapee.

Their lovely, soft, and sometimes bold colours, filled her being. Her attention was then drawn upwards to be enthralled by a luminous cloud of white blossom. She could barely believe that such simple beauty existed and fell in love with Hawthorn blossom. It seemed to cradle her in a blanket of love and light. Her heart felt great warmth and fullness.



Soon the little escapee was hunted, tracked down and caught. She did not have the strength to run away, nor wished to, and was thrown back into her cell. Although weak, this gallant girl shared with the community of dogs her adventures and particularly the flowers that spoke to her on many levels. Wild flowers are symbolic of finding one's way, one's calling, and this lion-hearted little lady knew it was of upmost importance to share her findings with the rest of the canine clan. She sent her friends mental images so that they had something to cling onto, something beautiful amidst their bleakness.

Shortly after, their little white friend passed away with the last effort of giving birth. Her tiny pup did not survive for long, so weak she was with no resources or Mum's love and nurture. Her natural passing was better than the one she might have endured at the hands of Nameless or T: being bludgeoned to death or being drowned.

Grief filled the barn. They honoured their friend by giving her a name: Flower. This precious little one had a name at last. Her pup they called Blossom in memory of the Hawthorn blossom that Flower had spoken of with such wonderment. Homage was paid to their lives.



Within the devic realm it was decided that Elder Deva, as she was fondly called because of her enormous experience, grace and verve, would share with the dogs the empowering floral friends.

*Esteemed Dogs: When you urgently need to call upon the **Spirit of Red**, you can also picture a vivid red Tulip whose scarlet cup holds warmth and energy for you. You are invited to magically drink freely from it.*

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*When you feel the need to call upon the **Spirit of Orange**, you can also picture a bright orange Marigold, who is eager to share upliftment to your whole being, giving much needed sustenance and stamina.*

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*When you know you have to call upon the **Spirit of Yellow**, you can also picture a Welsh Poppy of yellow heritage. This is your light shining in the darkness, a sunny friend to lighten your load.*

No sooner had the Welsh Poppy image faded that a huge wild Daffodil appeared! *I am the funnel through which **Golden Yellow light** is transmitted to you. I will rekindle, then keep your inner flame glowing.* This was a spectacular happening. The dogs felt they could reach into the very centre of the daffodil and would be greeted with delicious and unctuous loving light.

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*When you need the **Spirit of Green** to be at your side, picture yourself in a glorious meadow surrounded by grasses, wild flowers and healing herbs. Imbibe their healthful and harmonising vibrations.*



*When your being needs the **Spirit of Blue**, Morning Glory will be your caring and peaceful ally especially during times of frustration and torment. Morning Glory, with its magical central star, will walk by your side almost like a shield of devotion and guardianship.*

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*When you need the protective qualities from the **Spirit of Indigo**, call upon Delphinium whose majestic dark blue, almost deep purple, flowering stem like a jewelled spire pointing heavenward, whilst the flowers look outward. Delphinium offers a safe, spiritual ray and will look after you while you rest in stillness.*

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*When your soul cries out for the **Spirit of Violet**, Sweet Violet is there for you, offering you an inner sanctuary. Sweet Violet will help you rise above the squalor and desolation, and go to a sacred place within, and beyond, that transcends the ugly reality of the Big Barn.*

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*When your whole being is feeling desperate, there is a very special flower always there for you: **the wild rose, the Dog Rose**. Her soft pink and her sweet fragrance carry a vital force that speaks to the heart and the spirit. This wild rose brings a sense of ease and encouragement. Her healing rays of love radiate from her powerful centre so that you too may radiate from within.*

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At this point the dogs were overcome by the fact that a flower had their name within its name! This was on top of what they were already feeling. They had never known such unconditional love and exquisite beauty.



By now the reverberations from the Devas' project had reached the Mighty Ones, all the trees within the vicinity of the farm. Normally calm and sedate, these trees now had much to say, though in simple terms. Their resident Tree Spirits knew they had to convey the trees' strengths via the Faerie Queene of Colour, who was very busy these days! QC took on these duties with relish.

The Spirits of the Trees are an integral part of tree life and could never be separated from their host, being entwined in the tree's existence. They were very keen that the tree wisdom was delivered succinctly and without adornment. This was because much power was placed within these gifts to the very needy canine beings, whose spirits had been squashed, though not in entirety, and whose poor bodies suffered greatly. This deeply dismayed the trees as they knew that no animal ought to endure this despicable confinement and treatment.



QC relayed the collective tree message: *Know, dear Ones, that we stand in solidarity and fellowship with you. For so long our calls to humankind of injustice have gone unheeded, though there is an awakening. We send you the vibrations from many of our strengths, so that you can find and foster them within you and within each other. They are those of resilience, fortitude, flexibility, determination, courage, unity, hope, beauty, grace and love.*

These words gave the dogs some comfort and enabled many to find their own inner power. Some had no wish to survive and this choice was respected and honoured by all held captive in the Big Barn.



As Faerie Queene of Colour sat beneath her Silgo tree arbour, in a moment of repose and meditative hush, streams of raw energy were pulsing her way. QC recognised the spiritedness of the Elemental Beings, who arrived full of sparkle and buoyancy. These beings were the essence of their element, earth, air, water and fire. Any disharmony or discord within their sphere was always unsettling. These were their offerings to the troubled dogs that QC ardently relayed.

From the Spirit of Earth who holds knowledge past, present and future, and who acts as a guardian hoping to influence humankind as to their misguided ways:

*When you feel you have lost any sense of stability and safety, we will enable you to connect with the very earth under your paws and the quartz bed beneath. From here you are offered strength, a sense of balance, steadiness and huge healing, supportive love from Mother Earth. Weaving throughout this crystal bed is a noble dragonness, as old as the land itself, **from whose body flashes every conceivable colour.***

*Now that you have been made aware of her, her graceful power will grow and you can reach out to her with simple intent. Her name and her energy are hard to translate, suffice to say Lady Dragonness holds truths and wisdom so profound, they make your very fibres **tingle.***

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From the Spirit of Fire who arrives as shimmering tones of gold, orange, blue, purple, violet, pink and red:

*When you are shivering with the cold, feel hollow inside because you are so hungry, call upon the energy of fire who will flicker its mystical dance around you. This will surround you with a warmth that will go deep inside your belly, releasing a glow that dispels feelings of hunger. The Spirit of Fire will also create a network of light around you and this dwelling place. Within this light are rays of love and compassion; a compassion that gifts to you a strength of will and fervour that help see you through this wretchedness.*

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From the Spirit of Water who resembles an effervescent jewel, glistening liquid crystal:

*When you feel filthy, sore, itching or inflamed, call upon the energy of water who will make you feel as though a gentle flow of cleansing, shimmering water caresses you inside and out. When you experience a thirst that nothing can quench, call upon the spirit of water to assuage this painful feeling. Know that this water repairs, regenerates and eases, and can wash away your tears of desperation.*

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From the Spirit of Air, ephemeral energy, swift of movement and intention, that surfs through trees and plants, over rocks, indeed around all who are upon the Earth:

*When you feel you are suffocating in your stinking imprisonment, let the energy of life flow through you enabling you to breathe more fully, releasing debris caught up in your lungs to be magically dissolved. Feel yourself to be encircled by a soothing breeze acting as a healing balm to your whole being.*

\*\*\*\*\*

And so, a whole new world of magic, revelation, beauty and promise opened up before the Big Barn residents. At times they were mesmerised, moved beyond measure that there could be such wonder and light-filled hope. They now all had ways in which to reduce at least some of the suffering and some of the darkness. That is, until humankind wakes up, organises and brings about the complete cessation and banning of puppy making factories, poetically known as 'puppy farming'.

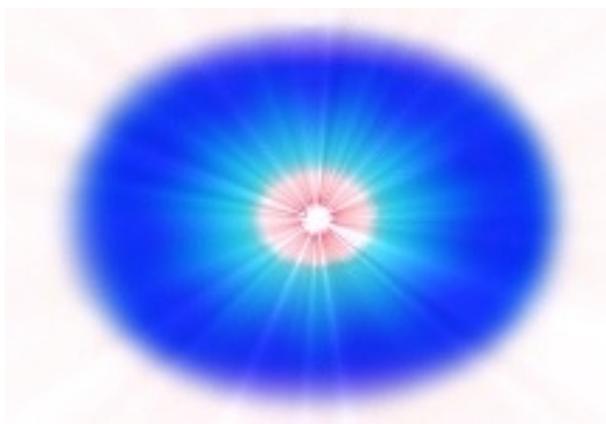


On the eve of the Celtic New Year, a soft, though powerful, hush descended upon the Big Barn. A **soft, pastel light** seem to fill the entire area, every nook and cranny. Then, White Star projected his last guidance and this too filled all the space within the barn:

*Cherished Friends, look within and to each other for your own inner light, your strength, power and wisdom; keep that spiral of light burning brightly, reigniting it when it fades; inspire each other and keep the love and support for all the friends; hold in your heart that people who care deeply are fighting for you every day, for your wellbeing, your freedom, and the end to this wicked way of living; maintain the connection with your radiant colours and your glorious flowers, keeping them alive within the centre of your being; when you are knocked off balance, feel your paws firmly upon the ground taking sustenance from the soil and the crystal bed beneath.*

At this point, sparkles of light, almost like effervescent snowflakes, seem to emanate from the floor, then dance around the barn. A true spectacle that held the dogs in awe and wonderment.

*Beloved Friends, you shall be free. I love you now and always.*



The dogs knew the time had come. White Star was being beckoned home. His friends were ready for they knew they had to let him go now. He had graced them with his presence, his generosity of spirit, his courage, his noble demeanour, above all his deep, loving light. His light was now fading. Though deep sadness filled the air, everything was calm, serene even. The Faerie Queene of Colour shone magnificently over them, embracing them with a love sublime. One by one, each beloved canine friend bathed White Star in the colour of their choice to enable his passing be as glorious as his spirit. Indeed it was. He sent blessings to all, then White Star felt lighter and lighter as though travelling upon gossamer wings. He left Planet Earth. His soul spiralled. It was a wondrous journey.



**A natural spectacle, a celestial bridge,**

**the rainbow is a symbol of hope, faith, promise, luck, inspiration and transformation.**

Just as when the raindrops are large enough and the sun is in the harmonious position to ignite each droplet thus giving birth to a rainbow, so too when enough voices become loud enough and others see the light: the factory farming, dealing and trafficking of puppies and adult dogs, and other precious animals, will be brought to an end forever.



If **The Rainbow Dogs** has touched you,  
please consider giving a donation to C.A.R.I.A.D.

Care And Respect Includes All Dogs

The Campaign to end puppy farming and puppy dealing

[www.cariadcampaign.co.uk](http://www.cariadcampaign.co.uk)

[www.fosterfirst.co.uk](http://www.fosterfirst.co.uk)



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