



## Recognizing the True Spirit of Nature

by Korie Goodman



Each part of the land has a story to tell and the horses are beginning to listen.

Photo by Nancy McCurdy

The autumn air was crisp and cool in rural Pennsylvania. I was grateful to be visiting my family. During my visit, I received a call from an old friend - Annie was a gifted horse trainer who owned a farm in Pennsylvania where she also boarded horses.

Annie's call was one of distress, as her personal and prized horse, Ash, had fallen ill and was given a short time to live. Annie was distraught; this was not the first time. Ash was the eighth horse in the past five years who had become unexpectedly sick. Sadly, the other horses died.

Annie had cared for horses all of her life. Her farm was meticulously clean; the other twenty boarding horses were happy and healthy. So she frantically searched for answers to the pressing question, 'Why are *my* horses dying?'

Annie had tried everything to diagnose and treat Ash's symptoms including a visit to the New Bolton Center at the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary School. However, she was sent home, as they could not help her. Annie asked me to visit with Ash to bring her some comfort, as she was not expected to live much longer.

I arrived at the barn the next morning feeling open, looking forward to bringing this horse some peace. I was led to the far corner of the barn where I saw Ash, a beautiful bay mare. However, I was surprised to see Ash's eyes were glowing hot with anger and nostrils flaring with exhaustion. Her fierce stomping was a threat, 'do not come any closer'. Seeing this rage, I respectfully kept my distance and observed momentarily.

My heart was pounding. I was compelled to help. I began communicating with the spirit of the horse. 'Why are you *so* angry? What do you want me to know?' Ash's rage began to pour out of her, kicking the barn wall and crying out in frustration as if to say, 'You would never understand'. I sensed a strong condescending

madness from her. 'Get out of here! You're just another barn girl who doesn't see.'

I did not give up or falter at the horse's aggression towards me. I continued to stand by her and affirm to her, 'I will not leave you. I will try my best to understand you. Trust me'. I whispered this into her heart, hoping she would accept my words and soften. 'I'm here for you, Ash'.

Suddenly, I was hit with a wave of knowing - instantly downloaded with Ash's thoughts and emotions, pains and frustrations. Tears flooded out of me as I stood in amazement. She had shared with me her love story.

She explained there was a toxic energy upon the land. The plot where the farm was built was an old war ground, where blood had been shed. All the horses were aware of this and even hesitated to drink from the stream because of the energetic imprint of the past violence.

She continued to speak of how this energy residue was dense enough to be absorbed and this is what made her ill. Ash felt it was her duty as Annie's horse to take this on so Annie herself would not become sick. The seven horses before Ash had offered this gift to Annie as well. Unfortunately their offerings went unrecognized. They had gathered the negativity of the land and transmuted it into their own bodies to protect her. This took a toll on their health. They gave their lives out of love. *This was their selfless gift*.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude and appreciation for all the horses' willingness to serve their owner. It was a true example of loyalty and love.

Annie walked to the corner stall to meet me after observing my powerful reaction of tears. I translated Ash's story to Annie, explaining why only her horses were getting sick all of these years.

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They loved her! They were protecting her. Annie cried tears of gratitude for her horses as I told the story.

We suddenly realized Ash's stall had fallen quiet. We peered in to check on her. Ash's eyes were relaxed as she licked her lips and flicked her tail. She began nibbling on some hay. This was the first food she had eaten in days. Her breathing became steady and normal. The transformation was astonishing. Several farm hands had gathered to observe. It was evident to them that Ash was no longer suffering. **The heart of the horse had been heard** and an instantaneous healing took place. Her heavy burden was now recognized and honored. I thanked Ash for her openness and trust in me.

Later that day we performed a clearing of the land, releasing stagnant and harmful energy. This created a healing sanctuary for the horses to feel safe.

Currently, Ash is thriving, still living in Pennsylvania. She is a successful show horse and trail-riding companion.

Since this first animal communication with Ash, I have dedicated my life to listening to the stories of the animals and sharing them with the world. Not only does this give animals a voice, it inspires humanity to live their lives with a renewed sense of connection to all of Creation.

Through Partnership-Healing with our animals, we can restore a natural balance throughout the world. Everyone has the gift of animal communication. It is the journey towards remembering this, which is our lesson.

Open yourself to the heart of nature and you will surely hear their call.

About the author:
Korie Goodman, Animal Intuitive and Flower Essence Practitioner, has been called a "deep see-er", recognizing the stories of the horse and assisting humanity towards Partnership-Healing with the creation. Korie also works with Flower Essences, facilitating emotional stability and inner peace through botanical healing. Learn more by visiting Korie's website: www.ClearlyDivine.com



