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Lacey, The Conqueror

How a Dog Can Teach You to Live

Lacey is my 95 lb Labrador/Rottweiler/German Shepherd Mutt. She is 11 years old.

She is also the 8th dog I have loved and lived with since I was born. When our last dog, Sugar, died, a part of me did also and I spent several years grieving, even while we went to an animal cruelty center on Christmas Eve and picked a sickly puppy that had just been left in a box with her sisters and brothers in a bad area of the city in which I live.

The normal dog story now takes place. Lacey is black, brilliant, knows 200 or more words, and has been a great dog to our daughter as she grew up, and a protector to my wife and I.



When Lacey was two she was crazy. We called her "spacey Lacey." Of interest, during those first two years I was also at my craziest time period in

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life, out of kilter, wild and really not in control. I was experiencing the same growing pains as my dog.

When she was two, I decided to train Lacey. I had never trained a dog we had before, as training was natural and our dogs became well trained by our natural support. This was not true with Lacey. She needed to understand what was expected of her, and if she accepted the proposition or not.

Within a year she had me trained perfectly. Daily walks, teaching me to heel, to be careful of crossing the street, and to talk to her all the time while petting her while she walked. We began to speak truly to one another and I could and can feel the vibrations of her feelings. Much of this I think came from my learning meditation during this time period and finding my own center.

During trying times I lay in bed meditating, and talking to Lacey to ask her help in getting me close to the divine.

So make note that this is a dog story, and let's not waste time. Imagine all the good and bad experiences of living with a dog. If you are dog lover, you know, and if not you can only feel the experience through someone that has received the unconditional love a dog can give.

You can now be in the dog story and many years pass, with Lacey going on vacations with us, swimming in the ocean, and probing the lake in our back yard in Florida.

In Florida there is a duck called a Muscovie that came in from South America, is known for its good eating, but is endangered in Florida.

If it is true that the Muscovie is endangered and rare, then all of these truly ugly ducks must live near us!

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/MuscovyDuck>

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Male Muscovie to the left - female to the right

Note the smaller face mask of the female



And “THE BABIES”

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Lacey is a Labrador and a Rottweiler. She has rightfully spent her spirited life trying to catch these ducks, and cannot fathom how they can live near us, and even more so, how we can let it happen.

They have been her constant obsession. For years we have unnaturally held her back from her natural instincts, and she has learned to live with it. But she hates it.

A new thing happened. The ducks began to have babies that were cute. I mean really cute, and of course Mama Duck chose a nice palm shaded corner of our yard as her home, Lacey had to walk closely by this spot every day.

Here we have a Mother protecting her eggs and a dog looking at me in complete consternation that I have utterly lost my mind. The duck is not even moving.

And here the magic set in. I sat down next to Lacey straining at her leash right there and told her that Mama Duck had babies. Lacey knows the word babies well, and knows to "be gentle and good," and she paused, looked at me in disbelief and walked away with me.

From that day on, many years ago, Lacey conquered her own natural instincts. When the ducks do not have babies she chases them. When they have babies she protects them and lets them live right next to her.

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As she's aged she's become sharper. Her mere presence makes the ducks scatter, but just a bit, and when babies are around it merely takes "Lacey, they are babies" to turn her to a nurturer.

I see Lacey as a seer, a way through God, who is in all of us. Of all my pets I have learned most from what she has learned of human words, and how well she communicates through her eyes and transmission of energy.

To us as human beings, we can learn:

- 1. At first, Lacey was youthful and impetuous. She was not obedient.
This is simply not being trained with discipline, or in following rules.**
- 2. She became obedient and began following patterns, learning lessons, listening to her mentor.**
- 3. She learned to calm herself.**
- 4. Her nemesis, the duck, is the human beings' dilemma and constant struggle, fear and greed.**
- 5. Her learning when to chase the duck and when to "love the babies" is the greatest lesson to her trainer. Conquer your own instincts and do what is right.**