



A Quantum Moment

Messages from the Other Realm

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We Leave our Imprint On Everything

I was walking in the Rockridge area of Oakland, California a few months ago, using up some time, looking into shop windows and wandered into a boutique selling gifts, handmade clothes and cards. I didn't get very far into the interior before I noticed a row of handmade stuffed animals on a shelf against the window. One in particular caught my eye. It was a fox, of brown "fur" dressed in chartreuse and grey striped arms and an orange and grey striped body and legs, one red ear and one chartreuse ear, the colors of the interior of my home in the mountains. I was of course attracted to the colors of his "suit" but more than that, his small, expressive dark eyes. I picked him up and looked at his eyes, yes, they were full of emotion. How? I picked up two identical foxes and looked into their eyes—nothing. I picked up the giraffe—nothing. I picked up each and every assortment of stuffed animal and examined them for a sign of life. Nothing. I walked away, thinking, maybe I'm just being weird. I left the shop, seeing that I was late getting to my sister's house. All night I thought about that fox. The next morning, I was in front of the shop at its opening. I only had a few minutes to go there, get it and get on the road back home. What was I doing buying a stuffed animal for myself at my age?! When I saw it, the charm was still there and I knew I had to take him home.

I read on the tag that it had been made in Germany. I tried to think of a name for this German fox. I couldn't think of any. I sat him up in the shopping bag and put him next to me on the passenger seat. I could tell he was happy.

When I got home I introduced him to my two cats, another weird thing to do, but it felt right. He was now going to live in my home. The cats sniffed him, rubbed on his nose and then ignored him for the rest of the day. I felt compelled to hug him, stroke him, and tell him he was now home. My heart filled with sadness hugging him, so I filled him with love as much as I could, as if that was what he needed. I named him Hector, then Gerald, then a few other names that never fit him, so I left the naming process undone. He leaned against my pillow every day and every night I carefully laid him down next to my pillow, as if he were alive.

A few days later I took him to my mentor of all things metaphysical and asked her, "do objects carry energy?" Actually, I should have known better, we had spent many an hour

“reading” the energy imprint of rings, car keys, pens and such in class, and correctly identifying the person who owned/used those objects and what they were like. I guess I just wanted to make sure I was “reading” this object right. She held it against her chest and began telling me the history of this fox.

A little boy, the son of the maker of this fox, adored this stuffed animal. He carried it around with him all the time. He slept with it, loved it night and day. His mother, apparently, wasn't very loving so he put all his stock into this stuffed animal. He didn't live very long, she said, and when he died, the mother put it in with the rest and sold it. I could picture a little blonde-haired boy in my mind, holding tight to this fox and loving it. I was sure that the sadness I felt came from him. I was devoted from then on to love him by loving the fox.

A few weeks passed and the sadness dissipated. One afternoon I heard out my front door a bird or some other animal screeching, over and over. I had never heard such a sound before so I got up and looked out the screen door. Not more than ten feet from me, perched on a boulder in the middle of my fountain in the front yard was a beautiful, healthy red-tailed fox. At first, I thought it was a Husky, it looked so much like a large dog, or a large coyote, but no, the bushy tail told me it was a fox. An animal would screech, the fox would turn around and glance in the direction of the sound but not move from his perch. He sat looking directly at me. I thought this was quite unusual since it was 1:30 in the afternoon and most foxes hunt in the mornings and at dusk. Also, it seemed so contented, just sitting there, looking at me. I videotaped him sitting there, I thought no one would believe me if I told them about it. He acted like a domesticated animal, like a pet. After a good 10 minutes, the fox climbed up the rocky fountain and walked away.

I asked my neighbors about this fox. None had seen it, even on their cameras pointed at their water troughs that captured so many other animals at night. A small skinny fox was seen a couple times, but none that looked like the one I had videotaped.

It was a few days after the visit from the fox, and in the middle of a meditation that I got that it was the little boy who'd come to visit me in the form of a fox, so I would know him, to let me know how much he appreciated the love I was giving him. It was the little boy I had been loving, not the stuffed animal. Through the imprint of his energy on the stuffed animal I was able to feel him, know him, and love him. I call him Günter. I haven't seen him since that day. I guess it's no longer necessary.