

# The Current

For members of ECKANKAR in Illinois and Iowa

June 2024

“Yes, animals can love.  
There are too many such  
examples of animal behavior  
to doubt it.  
Love goes beyond instinct.”

—Sri Harold Klemp,  
*Animals are Soul too!* p. 158



Georgia, the “nanny dog,” watches with love.

Debbie Bryk-Serva

## An ECK Kind of Love

by Carol Kaiser

My love of horses goes way back to when I was a small child. As I got older and started working, I made friends who also loved horses—and we each bought horses of our own. One day as I walked into my horse’s stall, I found a love connection taking place.

My horse was eating from her feed box—and there sat a little mouse! No fear from either of them. My horse was watching him as he sat just above the top of the feed box, and she showed no fear. When she was through eating, she backed away and the little mouse jumped in. Up he came with a mouth full of oats, then scooted around the top of the feed box and into a hole in the wall. How he had gotten in just made me smile.

I told my friends, but they laughed and made fun of me. I haven’t told this story for many, many years, but I remember the love and friendship between the horse and mouse. It was a Soul-to-Soul-to-Soul ECK kind of love. The ECK was tapping at my heart way before I discovered Eckankar. 🐾

## A Special Farewell

by Helen Drain

I admit I'm not a pet person. I've never had a dog, but I always liked my daughter's Schnauzer. His name was Caesar, and he was a great dog.

Years ago, I cleaned houses with my friend Rosanne. One house we cleaned had a Schnauzer named Doc. He looked a lot like Caesar. Doc took a liking to me, it seemed, because he would follow me a lot. I remember I'd look at him and send him love. Perhaps he felt that? Sometimes I would *HU* silently when he was around.

Doc was not a young dog, and the signs of aging began to show. However, he'd still climb the stairs to follow me when we cleaned. Eventually, because of problems Doc had, his owner confined him to the kitchen area—with wooden barriers at the doorways.

One day as Rosanne and I entered Doc's house, we clearly heard a bark from him as we came in the front door. Rosanne walked back to the kitchen and

noticed the wooden barriers had been removed. Then, on the counter, she found a single red rose in a vase with a note from Doc's veterinarian. He had sent the flower with his condolences after Doc had passed.

Rosanne and I both felt sad, though I was the one with a few tears. Rosanne said, "Did you hear the dog bark when I opened the front door?"

"Yes," I answered.

"How many times did the dog bark?" she asked.

I said, "Once."

She said, "That's what I heard, too."

We both felt it was a message of goodbye from Doc—a special farewell to us from a very special dog. 🐾



photos: John Russell

Rocky (cat),  
Luna (dog),  
and their loving  
human, John Russell.



## A World of Sound

A World of Sound is all around  
Deep in the country and in the bustle of town  
The patter of rain,  
The distant horn of a train...  
Reminds me of an inner plane.

The music of life can always be heard  
From the note of a flute, and the song of a bird,  
To the sounds of silence where one can hear  
The voice of God, that whispers near.

A World of Sound is all around  
On the inner and outer, It is found...  
The buzzing of bees  
The wind in the trees  
Are all part of this rhapsody

The sounds of love make their way  
In the stillness of night or the rush of the day  
The mourning dove's coo and the hum of the HU,  
Are gifts from Sugmad to me and you

—Peggy Erickson

## A Black Swallowtail and a Love so Pure

by Janet Erio

A few years back, my husband and I grew Florence fennel—a plant that black swallowtail butterflies like to lay their eggs on as a host plant. So, that summer we had a lot of swallowtails in our yard as caterpillars and butterflies.



Janet Erio

One day as we came home, my husband said, “What’s that on the driveway?” I discovered it was a swallowtail butterfly with an incomplete wing.

When I put out my hand, it got on. I brought it inside for a while, but knew it was an outdoor creature, so placed it back outside on a fennel plant.

The next morning, I sat down to do a spiritual exercise and immediately thought of the butterfly. I went out to check on it and found it where I’d placed it the evening before. I asked inwardly if it would like to join me in chanting HU, and again it stepped onto my hand.

I closed my eyes to chant, then got the nudge to open them. The butterfly and I gazed into each other’s eyes as I chanted HU. Divine love poured forth from this Soul in a huge way. We shared this exchange of love from Soul to Soul for half an hour.

It couldn’t fly. It was here for a very short lifetime and translated a couple of hours later. I felt fortunate to be in the presence of this striking vehicle for Divine Love, so pure, so selfless. And I was happy to share the HU with this generous Soul.

Another thing this butterfly showed me is that Soul really has no limits. Size of the physical body is inconsequential. Soul fits into any body! 🐾

## A Privilege to Serve

by Dulcie Kalk

I live in a rural area here in Illinois. Our senior building is in a field where there are many wild animals living. We have deer, coyotes, rabbits, and an occasional fox if we are lucky enough to see it before it runs away. There are birds—lots of them! Sparrows predominate, robins, finches, and lately a dove and her mate have frequented my balcony—I can only assume looking for a nesting place.

I have installed several hummingbird feeders and plan to research dove requirements. It would be thrilling to have them nest on my balcony and raise their little family.

It is a privilege and a gift to be able to be of service to one of God’s own creations. 🐾



Amanda Hartman

Frances Hartman and Boots share a loving connection.

## Gardening Soul-to-Soul

by Cindy Keeling

We have a resident rabbit that we call “Mr. Bun-Bun.” He’s been a sweet presence for a few years and seems to be fond of me. Perhaps it’s because he appreciates the organic grass, dandelions, and other native greens—and the occasional tasty hosta—that our yard offers. I like to think it’s because I speak lovingly to him whenever I see him.



He’s taken to hanging out with me as I garden, sunning himself from the safety of a border or flopped in the grass a few feet away. It’s a delightful Soul-to-Soul connection. My husband calls these my “Snow White” moments. I call it, simply, divine love. 🐾



Cindy Keeling

Prudy & Aunty Lou.



John Russell



### We need your stories!

September 2024 issue: *Vahana 2024/Stories of Divine Connection*

Please send your submission to Cindy Keeling at [angkeeling@me.com](mailto:angkeeling@me.com) by August 1, 2024. We routinely edit to condense and correct errors of fact, punctuation, and spelling.

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