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*They come
back*

Rebirth and soul
migration of our pets

“The doctrine of reincarnation is neither absurd nor useless. Being reborn twice is not more astonishing than once.

Resurrection is nature's key.”

according to Voltaire, philosopher

DEAR READER!

I am very pleased that this book is now also available in English. My wife has translated it with the help of several programs. Some friends read and also corrected it. Nevertheless, it is grammatically and orthographically not perfect, but that is not bad, because the most important thing is the content.

The subtitle of this book is "Rebirth and soul migration of our pets". I am convinced that every living being has a soul and so every living being can either go to heaven or be reborn. Every animal can come back to us.

The fact that this book so often talks about dogs and cats is only because I have found very few reports about other reborn animals. A dog owner lives closely together with his dog, usually in his flat. This means that he sees his dog immediately after getting up in the morning. The dog welcomes him joyfully. Generally, the dog owner talks to his dog, pets it, gives him a treat and often walks with him before breakfast. This close contact is maintained throughout the day.

Of course the dog's behaviours stand out. Maybe it doesn't want to go out when it rains. Maybe it always sleeps next to its basket. Maybe it will bark at the first sound of the alarm clock. If now after the death of this dog the new dog shows the same behaviour patterns, the idea can quickly arise that the old soul was reborn in the new dog.

But what about a rabbit, a guinea pig, a snake or a bird? Every animal has its characteristics, but in case of those just mentioned, they are simply less noticeable than in dogs or cats. In only a few cases are there extremely conspicuous

behaviour patterns in these animals which suggest that the new animal is the rebirth of the old one.

If you, dear reader, have loved your animal and this animal was happy with you, it will try to come back to you, no matter if it is a dog, a horse, a turtle or another animal.

To protect privacy, I have partially changed the names of people and places.

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INTRODUCTION

We think that humans are the crowning glory of creation, they have a soul. We think it is possible that the soul of humans will come to paradise or be born again. In the meantime, many also concede a soul to animals. Can the soul of an animal also come to paradise or be reborn?

Can a human soul be reborn as an animal? Or would this be a descent from the precious soul of humans to the low soul level of an animal? Is the level of the human soul really higher than the soul level of an animal? How do we know, or better believe we know, that humans are the higher soul being and, for example, the dog is the lower soul being?

The religions that know reincarnation agree that life is about learning love. It is about the development of human towards love and when it comes to love, the dog is far superior to us humans, because the dog loves us more than himself.

Maybe it is time for us humans to rethink our views.

Maybe this will create a completely different view of the world.

“If there are no dogs in Heaven, then when I die I want to go where they went.”

Will Rogers

MY DOGS

In spring 2014 my book "Krebs bei Hunden erfolgreich behandeln" (successful treatment of cancer in dogs) was published, in which I also report about my dogs and my relationship to them.

I write that I believe that our Labrador Asko was the rebirth of our previous dog Charly. Interestingly, no one has mocked me because of this thesis. On the contrary, I received emails and letters from people telling me their stories and thoughts about reincarnation, rebirth and transmigration. I will publish the most interesting of them in this book, but first of all the capital from my book that triggered these reactions.

Heinz Rühmann (a German actor) said: "You can live without a dog, but it's not worth it".

I agree. I love dogs and have had a dog at my side almost all the time since I was three years old. The first dog of our family was a black and white Cocker Spaniel, we called her Corny, a very beautiful animal. Her breeder sometimes picked her up here to present her at shows.

Corny was actually a nightmare. She jumped into every puddle and rolled around in things you don't like, fresh cow pats were very popular. She was stubborn, greedy and had a very memorable sense of obedience, but she was also cuddly and very teachable. No dog could do so many tricks. So every morning, when we let her into the garden, she brought the daily newspaper from the mailbox without being asked, afterwards there were treats. On Sundays we got no newspaper, so there was no treat. One Sunday morning Corny brought a dirty newspaper page with her, which she

had taken out of the compost and from then on she knew how to get a reward on Sunday regardless.

When I was fifteen, my parents were in hospital at the same time, mother due to an accident and father with a heart attack. I was staying with friends. When I returned home, Corny had disappeared. My parents never told me what had happened to her. The pain of losing my dog is still present when I think about it.

A year later I got a dog called Lumpi from my friend, who had to go to hospital. Lumpi was an incredible mixture of Afghan and Rottweiler, an extremely impressive animal, tall, blond, long-haired and with a catastrophic urge for freedom. My friend Charly lived in Mardorf at the Steinhuder Meer (German lake) and Lumpi was "allowed" to run around freely on the property and the adjoining forest. Of course this was not possible in our village. As much as we took care, Lumpi was always gone.

We had the dog for two years and three times he has run the twenty-five miles back to Mardorf. The third time, a neighbour of my friend, who had died in the meantime, suggested that he would take the dog. Due to the fact that they were dog lovers and the dog had more freedom, our family agreed with a heavy heart. When Lumpi was no longer with us, my father cried and said that there would never be another dog in his house again. After that my father was very sad. He missed the dog, the daily walk, the conversation with other dog owners and last but not least the affection and love that Lumpi had brought into his life.

A few months later I worked in Minden on a construction site right next to an animal shelter. At lunchtime I visited it to look at the dogs. The day before a puppy had been brought, someone had rescued it from the Weser (river), about three months old and playful to full. After work I called my father

and asked him to pick me up from the construction site, I told him nothing about the dog.

When he arrived, I was standing in front of the animal shelter with the manager of the shelter and the puppy. Father grasped the situation immediately, got out of the car and began to scold: „What are you doing!“ No way he wanted a new dog, he still had enough of the last one and so on. I expected this reaction and explained the situation to the manager of the shelter in advance. In the middle of my father's speech she suddenly said "Hold this" and put the puppy into his hands. Father said nothing more, he looked at the puppy and said: "Okay, let's go home“.

We named the dog Charly after my late friend.

It was an absolute super-dog, a Spitz cross, full-grown he had 16 inches shoulder height. He had only positive qualities and was extremely affectionate. We had a huge apple tree in the garden at that time. In autumn I put a ladder to the tree to pick the apples in the crown. I climbed into the tree and after a short time an anxious howl sounded right next to me. Charly had climbed up the ladder and now clung to two rungs about twelve feet above the ground. He trembled with fear. I couldn't go down the ladder because the dog was hanging there. I was also worried that he might fall down. I called for my wife, but she didn't hear me in the house. After a felt eternity, our neighbour Klaus appeared and carefully climbed up the ladder and brought the dog safely back to the ground. I was still in the tree, but as soon as I was back on the ladder Charly tried to climb the ladder again. On the third attempt Klaus picked him down again.

At the age of sixteen, Charly lost his hearing and we switched him to sign language, he still followed excellent. We were able to let him run free as usual. Every fifteen feet he turned around. If we wanted something from him, we only had to hold one arm up, then he stopped waiting for

further instructions. Should he come, I had to turn around, should he stay, I had to show a palm as a stop signal. We and the other dog owners in the village had a lot of fun because of this special situation. Charly became over eighteen years old. We had him put to sleep when he went blind.

What I'm writing now, some of you will find strange and others even quaint, but it's true. Since my childhood I have been interested in religion, especially Buddhism. I am enthusiastic about the idea of rebirth, yes, I believe in it, just like almost half of the world's population. Our Charly was a great dog, a picture book dog, I wanted him back, but how do you find a dog that was reborn? Chance or Providence is supposed to fix something like that.

After about six months I was looking for a puppy. Half a year I waited, so that Charly could be reborn in a different way. Stop grinning, I mean it seriously.

One day my mother came home from work and brought a daily newspaper from Bielefeld (50 miles from our place of residence) which she had just received by chance. In this newspaper there was only one ad under the heading "Sales Animals", "Labrador Puppies for Sale". We phoned, made an appointment and on the weekend we drove all together to Bielefeld.

Eight black Labrador puppies, three months old, were waiting for us, one of them immediately came running to me and chewed on my shoelaces. Then he went to my mother and bit her little toe. This cheeky puppie became our new dog.

My father couldn't take the idea that the spirit of our Charly should be in this dog serious and my mother always thought everything was impossible anyway.

The dog was called Asko. When we brought him to his new home, he was thrilled. There was so much to discover. He romped through the garden, crawling into every corner and examining his new basket in the winter garden. There was only one place in the whole garden that he avoided and always avoided and that was the kennel. This hut of massive beech had always been the refuge of all our dogs. Charly, our last dog, also liked to use it for years. But about two years earlier something had happened and since then Charly had not entered the kennel and had not gone near it.

We came back from holiday and Charly ran happily through his garden, went into his hut and immediately came running to me howling with a bleeding nose. A big cat had made himself comfortable in the hut during our absence and had given our dog three bleeding wounds with a paw stroke when he stuck his nose in it.

Now Asko also avoided this hut, you can see that as proof of a rebirth, I don't know. Judge for yourself.

Asko developed into an absolute super dog, he had no character weaknesses. He was in no way inferior to our Charly. If I had to give him a certificate, I would write: Asko fulfilled the expectations placed in him to our complete satisfaction.

At the age of seven, Asko fell ill with osteoarthritis. A short time later he developed a neurological disease from one day to the next. Now he was always very sad when he was alone. My wife and I decided to buy a second dog. My parents were no longer alive at this time.

At that time I was enthusiastic about sledge dog racing. I went to many events, did a musher course and spent a holiday on a sledge dog tour. The sledge dog virus had gripped me. It was supposed to be a sledge dog. So we came to our present dog, an Akita Inu with some Malamut