

'THE WISDOM OF FRANK THE GOAT MAN'

Bonus material:

'About Duke.'

In 2019 I had the most wonderful 'being' enter my life, a twenty-three-year-old, sixteen hands tall, chestnut coloured horse called 'Duke'. A friend had drawn my attention to him on a property near where I live and as I peered over the fence to see him for the first time, I saw a solitary figure hunched in the far corner of the field with his head hung low. My first impression of Duke was that of a sad, cold, under-nourished and lonely horse who appeared to be lame from what I could see.

I had just retired from a busy career as a commercial helicopter pilot and at 51 years old I was ready to embrace a nice simple life with certainly no aspirations of taking on an old and injured rescue horse. However, as I focused on this pitiful frame of skin and bones, I knew I needed to step forward and do something or he would perish within a fortnight. That precise moment is forever framed in my mind because during that micro-hesitation, whilst I was silently weighing up the pros and cons, he looked up at me with helpless eyes and fading hope. It was as if he could read my mind. Suddenly the cons became inconsequential and that was when I fully committed to him with all my heart, a decision that was to be a life changing and soul enriching experience for us both. I realise now in retrospect that he could absolutely read what I was thinking. How naïve I was at the beginning.

Our relationship began right there and then. I rushed home to grab a bucket of horse pellets and chaff and started him on three small feeds a day. He remained in his existing field for a month under this routine to get his stomach used to food again, with slow incremental increases to his portion sizes. He relied on this because there was very little grass to sustain him and the minerals and vitamins in the horse feed helped to perk him up. I could see he was slowly gaining enough physical strength for me to soon walk with him side by side to the property where I live just a kilometre away, that was to be his 'forever home'. During this period Vicky, the barefoot farrier, carefully trimmed and shaped his

overgrown hooves which adjusted his gate and increased his comfort by taking the edge off his lameness. It was also a time where Duke and I looked forward to seeing each other every day and formed a wonderful, inseparable bond.

Luckily for Duke I live in a rented cottage on a farm which had the space to take him on at the time. But not only that, Jill, our wonderful landlady is passionate about ponies and is caring and knowledgeable in rehabilitating equine waifs and strays. Her advice helped me in ways beyond measure. At the time she had fourteen rescue ponies herself, and this beautiful herd of hers turned out to be a crucial component for his emotional healing.

The day soon arrived to move him to his new farm and new life. I was not sure if after so many years on his own in one field that he would be able to adjust to such big changes and I found myself filled with mixed emotions: joy, of course, but also empathic apprehension on his behalf. However, it turned out to be the most beautiful experience, because as we turned the last corner towards his new home every single one of Jill's ponies were already alert in their fields and looking towards the front gate eager to welcome Duke onto the property. His eyes immediately lit up and sparkled. He lifted-up his head and became tall in his still thin and weak body and neighed at his new friends. Until then I am sure he had long given up hope of ever seeing others of his species again. I noticed a very remarkable and instant shift occur in his demeanour the moment he saw them. Tears of joy rolled down my face as I witnessed this enormous animal reacting with such sensitivity and noticeable enthusiasm towards his new circumstances. He took in the vista and seemed to physically expand, then he stepped out from hiding behind me as we walked, to a loose lead slightly in front of me. A subtle act that spoke volumes about his amazing character; he already felt in safe hands and was ready to embrace his new life ahead, but also showed regard towards me by not pulling ahead. The mutual trust between us had just gone up another level.

Over the next few months Duke slowly bulked up with feed and blossomed in every way. It was rewarding to witness such a confident, sharp, charismatic, and humorous horse come to the fore. But wow! Here was a horse that did not suffer fools and as he gained strength so did his commanding presence. Duke was always gentle with me, but his stature and disposition simply demanded respect, which kept me on my toes. I got the strong impression that I was being held accountable for my decisions and actions around him, but not without his support and guidance keeping me on track. He seemed to sense my sincerity and showed me exceptional patience, kindness, and loyalty as I fumbled around

in my efforts to help him learning somewhat on the run. A couple of times he showed great control when I missed some cues from him around feed time which was a highly anticipated time of day for him, and he lost his composure for a split second. He simply lifted-up his nose when I was in front of him; a swift move that effectively knocked me off my feet and threw me backwards. The first time that he did this I realised the actual extent of his physical strength and power, and I thanked him out loud for communicating so clearly without resorting to the obviously greater abundant force that was available to him.

Duke was exceptional. I loved him for everything that he was: his spirit, his ability to just get on with it, his warmth towards me and, as odd as it sounds to say this, I valued that he 'spoke his truth' with me. It was more than love and respect for a horse though. I was also intuitively drawn to him as a 'being' with something to say, something to share and something to offer me as a teacher.

I did not know it at the time, but he and I were only going to have 12 months together. At the point where I was at last pleased with his robust emotional and physical condition and where we had fine-tuned his pain management regime so that his previous leg discomfort was now down to almost zero, it all went pear shaped in a matter of hours. His chronic knee issues, which turned out to be cancer based, flared up overnight and when I saw him very slowly moving on three legs in his field the next morning: my shoulders dropped, my gut tightened, and my optimism sank. Whilst I was standing there in mental turmoil working out what I could immediately do to help him, he turned his head and looked at me with soft eyes and I felt myself physically flooded by his love. A colossal emotion that was coming from him directed like a missile towards me. An incredible, unforgettable lingering moment where his heart connected to my heart clearer than any spoken words. He was telling me it was time and that he was ready to go. It came to me, his thought, as a knowing inside me. The pinnacle of a year of learning the fine nuances of how to communicate with each other, horse and human, happened right there and then. A thought from him triggered an idea within me leading to what action needed to be taken on his behalf. His consciousness talked to my consciousness and this transmission was so pure that I received it as a crystal-clear understanding in the form of absolute knowing. There was no doubt in my mind.

Annabel, the vet, arrived quickly after my call. When she gave him the light sedative, one of two injections, Duke very peacefully and calmly lay down. All 800kg of him gently lowered onto the ground as lightly as a feather and with graceful purpose. I curled up next to him for our last couple of minutes together

and stroked his head and talked gently to him. We were as united then as we have ever been and before he had the final injection that was to stop his heart forever, he did something remarkable; he comforted me with a look, a feeling, a cheeky Duke loving nudge. He then gazed past me, and I sensed he was being warmly received by something benevolent and unseen to me, but which I became very much aware of due to a curious change of vibration in the air. He then blissfully drifted away on the very same almost imperceptible breeze that touched my face and parted the grass as his eyes softly closed.

After Annabel left, I sat quietly with Duke and soaked in a quite mysterious, calm esoteric energy filling the air. It emanated from his motionless body as a silent translucent essence which extended to the outer perimeters of the farm itself affecting not just me, but all the other ponies too. The herd became stationary where they each stood with heads low and eyes soft in a collective state of apparent bliss united by their equanimous acceptance of his passing. This parting gift from Duke was an oddly euphoric moment shared by us all.

It felt very natural to be with him in that peaceful space and I found myself reflecting on the last year. He had taught me so much. "Can an animal actually be a guru?" I thought. The answer bounced back as a resounding yes! He had shown me his intelligence and ability to understand me right on day one. What was amazing is that he had kept it simple for me (me, the supposedly superior being!), by initially responding in our daily tasks together by willingly accepting, or adamantly resisting my requests for him to do something. He made it so perfectly clear to me that it wasn't long before I realised that he could actually hear and understand me; every single thing I said and felt. What a revelation it was for me to comprehend that Duke was consistently, continuously, and gracefully communicating with me. This was the pivotal point where my growth and learning became exponential.

He taught me to observe and to listen; whereby I discovered much to my great surprise that being quiet and peaceful put me in the perfect neutral state of clear and receptive awareness to receive his communications. With no effort on my part, other than being mentally quiet, I became instantly and naturally more acutely aware of his subtle gestures and the intended meaning of each physical action; and on occasions I even saw in my mind's eye his mental pictures, the ones that he had projected my way. It was all so incredibly fascinating to me, but the most mind blowing of all was the extent to which I became conditioned to feeling his emotions as clearly as if they were my own. It was our common language where we were able to share and exchange sentiments like a

vibrational flowing conversation. A mutual two-way exchange that was as natural as breathing and where our mind, body and souls cohesively came together.

This unique perspective allowed me to gain an understanding of how horses think and how they view the world. Because of this I realised how important it was for me to work at the learning pace of the individual horse and not at the expected rapid rate that humans so strongly desire of them. The significant skill that I gained through all of this was how to enter the 'space of flow' where our two-way communications were being staged. To achieve this, I had to cultivate a quiet mind and with that I found an intensely magical personal inner peace. I discovered that peace exists as a place outside time and space and is something that I can enter by 'mentally walking into it'. The gateway is via my creative right brain using my heart energy and which, although 'imagined', is in fact very real. When I take myself there, I find a nearby horse, or two, will also often mentally join me in this space. A shared, wonderful moment where we exchange feelings and enjoy calm lowered thinking. I soon worked out that it is the very place where many animals choose to be most of the time and where they all communicate with each other, especially herd animals. They have the apparent natural ability to seamlessly move 'in and out' of it at will. I view it as another available dimension, in addition to the three dimensions considered to be the norm.

I visit there nowadays when in a calm frame of mind, via simple intent. I lose all physical solidity and become a weightless vibration seemingly floating in the Universe itself. I am forever grateful to Duke for showing me how to do this. It was something that I just didn't know was there until I looked for it and then it suddenly appeared as an experience, no longer a secret existence outside my range of perception. It is extraordinary and certainly once found can never be forgotten.

['The wisdom of Frank the goat man'](#) came to me as a result of the lessons Duke taught me, and the esoteric path that it put me on, which I embedded into a simple story. But this isn't a book about 'spirituality' per-say; it is a book about seeing beyond the scope of a limited belief pattern and making sense of the blurred edges of our reality. It is an invitation to view the world from different angles and to be open to other senses beyond the five accepted norms, whilst keeping abreast of what quantum science is unveiling. If one is open and curious enough to embrace an existence beyond simply three dimensions, then that becomes the attainable new reality and truth.

What Duke did was to reveal to me that our beloved pets can show us how to observe objectively and become sensitive to otherwise hidden perceptions, which is all that is required for a fuller picture to present itself to us.

I hope you enjoy [‘The wisdom of Frank the goat man’](#); what a privilege it is for me to share it with you.

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Debs and Duke 2019

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