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# Dreaming with Wolves

by Julia Griffin

Eight years ago, I was chosen by the wolf, and began my Odyssey into a world so beautiful and rich that I can only attempt to share it.

Somewhere in my voyage, I became a wolf myself. I know what it is to dream with a wolf, to run with a wolf, to be a wolf. I know the incredible psychic power and tremendous strength of the wolf.

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Tonight and for all of this week, Sheba the White Wolf has been with me. I hurry to write while I am in her presence, so that my words will be touched by her Truth. Tonight, we will run under the full moon, and I will run easily and lightly. Her strength will carry me effortlessly, and when we are done we will dream together in the great forest where wolves dream and meet to travel into different worlds (see [Dreaming Exercise](#)).

It was the wolves who taught me to hear not only themselves but all animals — to recall what I knew vaguely as a child and could not articulate: that all of Nature speaks a single language of the heart. It is we — the humans who regard ourselves as superior — who have forgotten this most meaningful language of all.

The great wolf, Juno, told me stories in this language that became the *Wolf Myths*.<sup>[1]</sup> Her words ripped my life apart — and when it came back together again, I was forever changed. Wolves do that. It's wolf magic, pure and simple. You must live with them to know.

The story that follows is of my wolf Maeko and our short time together.

## Maeko's Story

Maeko's name is a blend of Maicho, meaning "witch" or "wolf," and Meiko, the Japanese word that means "beloved." The choice of spelling is her own. Of the forty-odd pups that Juno bore, Maeko was her chosen one.

When I first learned of Maeko's existence, I thought that it would be impossible for me to have a wolf. For the first time in almost twenty years, I was living not in the woods but in a tiny town, with city streets and next-door neighbors. I worked during the day, and my lease prohibited a dog.

Nevertheless, all of my friends who had wolves encouraged me to adopt Maeko. Kevin called from New Orleans to remind me that he and Anasasi lived happily in a small apartment. Others called to tell me that having a wolf was a matter of importance in my life.

My children begged.

I talked to my landlords, and they laughed about the lease. Of course I could have another pet if I wanted.

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So, finally, Maeko came to me. She was a very handsome wolf, slim and elegant, intense; black and white with a long black tail, a curved nose with a beautiful mask, and deep, golden eyes.

Maeko was nervous in her new home. She escaped three times during the first week. The first two times, she played an elaborate game of chase with my children, but eventually came home.

The third time, she ran for miles. When I finally found her, she was drinking water in a deep ditch. I stopped the car and climbed down to where she was. And I could see right away that she didn't know if she wanted to be with me or not.

I started to cry. I talked to her: "Maeko, I love you. I asked for you, and you came. It will break my heart if you leave."

She stared at me for a moment with that deep, intense wolf-look. Then she ran into my arms and licked my face. She followed me to the car and jumped in.

That night it stormed violently, and I could hear her nervously running through the house. "Maeko," I said to her, "come to me." She ran into my room and jumped in bed with me. I put my arms around her, and I could feel her heartbeat slow down as I stroked her. She put her beautiful head on my chest, and I could feel our spirits begin to merge as we started the deep bonding process that can occur between a wolf and person.

From then on, Maeko slept in my room, and I dreamed with her in that incredible dream-forest where wolves go each night.

When we walked in the mornings, deer began to appear behind the house, and wildlife in the area flourished. The wildlife and landscape changed to fit Maeko's inner vision. I

loved walking with her before work, through the dew she'd created, watching the sun rise.

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**M**aeko began to learn to hear my thoughts and to send me complex pictures. For example, I could ask her where my son was in the neighborhood, and I would receive a detailed picture of him and what he was doing. These pictures were always accurate.

We hiked with Maeko through Tallulah Gorge and took her to waterfalls and on picnics. She was gentle enough that small children could stroke her, and she won the heart of the entire neighborhood. We became so attuned that I could mentally ask her to sit or go into another room, and she would do it, with never a sound on my part.

Maeko was wise. She even guided me through a financial disagreement with my ex-husband. I was on the phone talking to my attorney about this when Maeko looked straight at me and said, "Give up the money." I knew that the wolves had never misled me before; everything they'd ever told me had been true. So I did what Maeko said — signed away my child support and relinquished control. After that, I worried about having enough money, but Maeko told me not to, and it turned out that she was right. I had been working sporadically as an animal communicator, but now the readings poured in.

Then one day I began to notice that wherever I went, animals spoke to me. As I understood that my gift was to help the animals, I became more comfortable with myself as a psychic, and my confidence soared.

Christmas came, and Maeko was thrilled by the excitement. She wore a huge French silk bow and was very careful with it. She greeted visitors at the door. And she loved the Christmas tree. She would lie under it very, very carefully.

After Christmas it snowed, and we walked with her through

the fresh snow. My mother, who dislikes animals, fell in love with her and took pictures of her throughout the day.

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**M**aeko died nearly a month ago, thirteen months after she came to me. Her death was mysterious and quick, and was accompanied by the "light show" or violent thunderstorm that often follows the death of a wolf. I will never be the same.

We wrapped her in her favorite purple blanket, and my friend, Adam, took her far into the National Forest for me. My children and I cried for three days. Then on the third night we all dreamed of her running in the forest. She was close to us, and we could feel how happy and strong she was.

I am devastated without her, for I cannot be who I truly am without a wolf. But there will be other wolves, and already I feel the next one. He is calling.

I have only one regret. I waited three years to take Maeko because I was afraid of having my heart broken. So perhaps her greatest gift to me, besides her tremendous wolf love, was to teach me how foolish it is to wait for any kind of love.

## Dreaming with the Wolves

Sheba the White Wolf is here helping me to describe the place I go when I dream with the wolves. She believes that you, too, can travel there if it is your desire.

You might burn a little white sage and call upon the energy of the Four Directions before you read this — or just call the Spirit of the Wolf, and ask to go there. Sheba says that is all you have to do. She says if you can't dream it, just imagine it.



## Dreaming Exercise

- There is a forest where all wolves dream. It is a primeval forest that we all know in a part of our mind. You have been there before. Your soul knows this place.

Go to this place in your mind, and in a little while, if you let yourself really see it, the wolves will come.

You have known the wolves in other lives. Once, they lived with you, and you ran free and wild with them under the moon. Your body knows this. Let your body remember this.

- Look around. We are in a vast forest. The trees are huge. They have never been touched by man. These trees are from a different time and place. They are reminiscent of cedars or hemlocks, but they are neither. They are trees that live in this special place, the Place of the Wolves. You can come here only if you are invited. The wolves are calling you because I have asked.

Feel this place. Look around and see that the earth is clean and the sky is blue. The sky will darken as the wolves come. It will turn into twilight, and we will travel through the half-world. The half-world is a space in time. You will come to know it.

Feel the earth beneath your feet. The earth is warm and the debris on the forest floor is cool and clean. There is moss in the damp places and around the edge of the trees. Feel its softness. There also are rocks beneath the forest floor. Feel their strength.

In a little while, you will run. Let your feet and legs feel the rocks, the hard and soft places of the forest floor. Your feet will guide you through the night.

- The sky is darkening, turning a purple blue. As the first stars are rising, you hear the first wolf howl. A waxing, crescent moon is beginning to rise in the west (the moon will change after the first time, but see it as a quarter crescent the first time).

The wolves are beginning to howl. You can hear and feel

your wolves. This pack of wolves is your own, unlike anyone else's. Feel them. Feel the pull of their power. Soon they will be with you. The fine hair on your neck and body will begin to stand up.

- The first wolf comes to you. It is an Alpha wolf. If you do not know its name, then ask — or wait until you know within. If you do not get a name this time, you will another time.

Your body will change in the presence of the wolf. Remember how running and jumping felt when you were fourteen or fifteen? How it felt like flying? Remember what it is like to be incredibly strong.

- The forest that you are in sits on a long wide ledge. Walk out to the edge with the wolves. One or two wolves may join you, or the entire pack may come. Below, you can see a valley. Above are the mountains and the moon.

Hear the wolves howl. Watch as they lift their noses toward the moon. Let the vibrations of their howls travel through your body.

Now it is time for you to run.

- Run with the wolves. And as you do, you may find a space that is like a crack. If you do, travel through it. If not, just run through the forest.

The forests will change as you run. The rest is up to the wolves. You will go where they take you.

One day this dream may seem as real to you as anything you have ever known. When that happens, you will know the power and strength of the wolf.

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NOTE: As you run with the wolves, the living objects of your vision may appear intensely red or blue, or glowing. This is normal. Wolves see in red and blue — red to hunt, and blue as their normal vision.

## All About Wolves

Wolves and dogs are thought to have diverged from a common ancestor about four million years ago. There are two species of the wolf today: the gray *canis lupis*, and the red *canis rufus*.<sup>[2]</sup> Gray wolves average 50 to 100 pounds in weight and are approximately five feet long. The red wolf is smaller, weighing from 45 to 80 pounds.

The territory of a wolf ranges from 20 to 120 square miles. Wolves prefer to trot, and they have been known to cover as much as 60 miles in a night. They can reach speeds of 35 to 40 miles per hour during a chase.

Wolves have acute senses. They can detect a scent from nearly two miles away and can hear as far away as six miles in the forest or ten miles in the open. They also have keen eyesight, and can detect slight movements in front of them.<sup>[3]</sup>

Wolves live in packs or families, normally consisting of six to ten animals. The pack is dominated by the "alpha" male and female. The alphas regulate the boundaries of the pack's territory, punish infractions, select sleeping sites, and eat first. The dominant pair is normally the only breeding pair. Wolves have their first heat around two years old, but they do not always breed. There are usually six to eight cubs or pups in a litter.<sup>[4]</sup>



Wolves are highly intelligent and love to play. Play develops strength and hunting skills, and is a form of pack communication. Adult wolves love to play chase and to ambush unobservant pack members. Wolves also spend much of their time grooming themselves and each other. Grooming is a pack behavior that strengthens social bonds.

Valued among Native American peoples, wolves are the subject of many myths. And while they once roamed freely

throughout North America, they are now an endangered species.

**Julia Griffin**, besides being a valued staff writer for the *Spirit of Ma'at*, has written many articles about wolves and animal communication. For the stories told to her by Juno the Wolf, please see [Wolf Myths](#). Julia can be reached by email at [JGriffin@lib.brenau.edu](mailto:JGriffin@lib.brenau.edu).

**Footnotes:**

1. See [Wolf Myths](#).
2. See [TimberWolfInformation.org](#).
3. See [WolfCountry.net](#).
4. See footnote 1.

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