

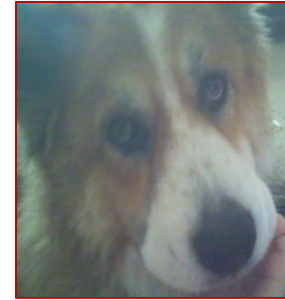
Chapter 7: Bubbles: A Memoir

Life Application Verses:

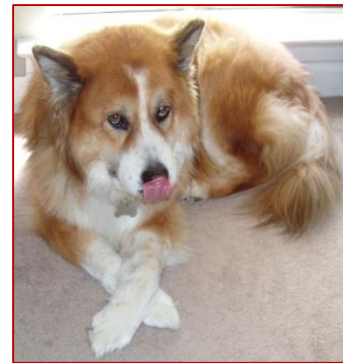
Jeremiah 27: 5 (NIV). With my great power and outstretched arm, I made the earth and its people and the animals that are on it.

And Then You Came Home One Last Time (In Remembrance of Our Beloved Bubbles, “Bobo”) Summer 1998 – January 12, 2013

She came home the very first time,
Shaggy, frightened, yet simply sublime.
She arrived nineteen hundred and nine eight,
Inside a box, or was it that crate?
Without a whimper, a growl, or a bark,
Her eyes spoke love, like the singing of *Larks*.
From the Shelter my daughter she found
This beautiful St. Bernard-Collie Hound.



From God’s own hand, made from Above,
For fifteen years, she gave puppy love.
Bubbles, her name, it fit her so well,
Hearing, she ‘wagged that big bushy tail.’
A year into life, Bobo found trouble,
Hips with dysplasia, yes it was double.
Van Hooser, her vet, he came to her aid,
Extending her life, by years, he had made.



For weeks, our Bobo, confined to crate,
Some whining, some crying, but *this* she did “hate.”
Recovering from surgery, finally it came,
And out of the crate Bobo did strain.
Into the yard, she took with great fun,
To say, “I Am Dog, Watch Me Run!”
A whoosh and swoosh Bobo did fly,
Twas’ not hard to understand why.

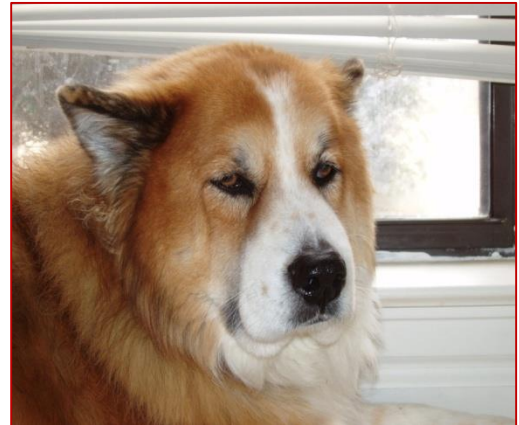
In Summer, the tree, its shade did cool,
In Winter, outside, Bubbles did rule!
She chased that tail, round-and-round,
And after a while, she sat on the ground.
One Summer day, she chased a big bee,
Then caught it, stung, fat cheek on she.
These and so many other things we see,
In memories, in love, of our Bobo, so free.



No respecter of person or creature on Earth,
When age calls our name, the call is Dearth.
“Slow down,” it says, by choice you have not,
Life is not long, lest you forgot.
Bobo in years, her eyes and ears in decline,
In difficult hardship to even recline.
Our hearts in breaking, our spirits bruised,
Knew her time was fading, up-used.



The day drawing nigh, I dreaded with sorrow,
Yet it came, was just one tomorrow.
I said my good byes, “God, let it be true,”
“All Dogs Go To Heaven”, will Bobo be there too?
Beloved Bobo, rest in Eternal sleep,
You will never be forgotten while we weep.
You gave us your love, your very best,
Into God’s Hands, we give you now rest.



You came home the very first time,
Shaggy, frightened, yet simply sublime.
You arrived nineteen hundred and nine eight,
Inside a box, or was it that crate?
You left us Bobo in two thousand one three,
We laid you to rest near your favorite tree.
You beautiful St. Bernard-Collie Hound,
We cried as you made your final sound.

And Then You Came Home One Last Time.

Bubbles “Bobo” Scott
Summer, 1998 – January 12, 2013

This chapter of the book is dedicated to a very special canine, Bubbles “Bobo” Scott, and to all pet owners everywhere. If you or your family have ever had a pet—a family member really—that was of a disposition that defied explanation, then you know from whence I speaketh. They are the pet that seems to never complain, growl, scratch, tear up furniture or doors, or do anything that is a problem around the house. These special animals were made by God, as all animals were: “With my great power and outstretched arm, I made the earth and its people and the animals that are on it” (Jeremiah 27: 5: NIV). And if you have

ever lost one of these special God-made creatures, then you know the pain of that loss. So does God.

Our Bubbles was with us for fifteen years, having survived a very close call at the Humane Shelter. When my daughter worked at the Shelter, she saw Bubbles as she was in the final stages of not being adopted. Just in the nick-of-time, we adopted Bubbles and from the moment she arrived, she was loved by all of us. Her temperament was so low-key, that rarely did she even bark. Only two things ever roused her (other than the doorbell, which I believe God instilled in all dogs): 1) fireworks during the 4th or other occasions in the city; and, 2) when there was a commercial on TV advertising cell phones, the 'beep signal' would make her growl and bark. Otherwise, she enjoyed her time in the yard, the cold winters due to her thick fur, and just being loved when we would spend time talking to her or scratching her ears. She loved for her name to be called, whether we used her full name of Bubbles or her special nickname, Bobo. She would struggle to wag that big bushy tail from side-to-side. And we miss her just like when we have lost family members through the years. Our hearts are broken and the hurt will be with us always.

In the Life Application Verse, God reminds us that He made the earth, its people, and its non-human creatures. Let me speak to something that seems to be a controversy and then I will return to our Bubbles: science uses carbon dating and other forms of measures to speak to the Earth being billions of years old, with the dinosaurs living some billions/millions of years ago. Then when you read Genesis, it took 6 days to create "all of this" according to God's own version (and that is the AUTHORITATIVE version, btw...), as He rested on the 7th. Well, I for one don't quite understand all of it, but I know this without juxtaposition: if God said it happened the way He said it, then that's good enough for me. Maybe one day for Him was a long time, as he has also reminded us: "But do not let this one *fact* escape your notice, beloved, that with the Lord one day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years like one day" (2 Peter 3: 8). If you calculate that ratio of 1,000 years to 1 day, and consider that Jesus was born 2,016 years ago, then that is: $1,000 \times 365 \times 2016$, or....(drum roll)... 735,840,000 years to God. Some archeologists believe that man has been on earth for 200,000 years: recalculate. $1,000 \times 365 \times 200,000 = 7.3 \times 10^{10}$ years, or I surrender Lord...it was a long time and I don't need to know the

second or hour or the day or the year of the start of time. I wasn't there physically or mentally! So, Scientist!!! ... give the age argument a rest already! If you want to argue, argue over lost souls in the years since God created Adam and Eve. That's worthy of an argument and lost souls are something God cares deeply about—as should we, that is, to work as diligently to save as many as we can in the time we have. Now that I have that off my chest, and giving notification that looking forward, it is our Eternal Life that is of paramount importance, let me get back to Bubbles...

We had her for those 15 wonderful years. In God's scheme of time, Bubbles was with us for the twinkling of an eye. As you can see in the poem I wrote after we lost our beloved Bobo, I believe that God made all these creatures for many reasons—and our special pets for love. How many of you reading this at this very moment can recall your lost and loved pet, or you have pets at home with you or waiting for you if you are away from home? I would guess, and correctly so, that there are many of you pet owners out there. If pets are not your 'thing' and you like to shop or travel or read instead, and you don't have a pet or desire to have one, God doesn't have a penalty box for you. We all have various things we like and dislike, as God intended to give some spice in our lives, yes—even our Christian lives. The spice I speak of is what is acceptable in His eyes, not ours! So, if you don't have a pet, please continue so that you might better understand those of us who have loved these God-given creatures as we have.

Can you imagine what this world would be like if we had no creatures to abide with us? Take for example, the birds that freely fly and nest near our homes. My wife and I have several bird feeders in the yard. It takes those little flying wonders less than a day to empty the feeders and sit on the fences like customers at a popular restaurant waiting for the excellent meals to be served. We also have two humming bird feeders in two locations; when the hummers arrive, they are like little battle-hardened fighters for those feeders. Yet, if you watch their feeding-in-action, God made them to fly in the four-quadrants of motion: up, down, back, and forward. The hummingbird beats it's wings about 70 times per second in direct flight which would be 4,200 times per minute, and over 200 times per second while diving which would be 12,000 times per minute. The argument of evolution versus God will not be discussed here; I believe that Jeremiah 27: 5 is the baseline from which all creatures originated. If God had other

designs or alterations, He alone knows that; for me, I only know that the beauty of flight of the hummingbird or the love we received and gave to Bubbles was originated by God. Does it make me Love God less if the design took 1 day, 1,000 days, or 100,000 years? NO!!! The result I see in today's hummingbird or in Bubbles is what we should appreciate and value as gifts from God.

At times, I wonder what God was thinking when He created snakes and spiders, but as I have said, His ways and thoughts are many times so far removed from my understanding that I am happy to contend with the creatures that I avoid, when possible. One day this will all be clear to me when Believers are Home. Until then, I can give ground—and I do—to the creatures that I need to give ground to...

To those of you who may be reading this who have pets, whether cats, dogs, gerbils, snakes (yes, even those), spiders (okay, yes, even those too!), and so many other variations of creatures God has given us, congratulations! I hope that your pet has given and will always give you a love that is shared by you and God's creature. Bubbles was such a good dog that I often marveled at God's design for our world. Every day when I would arrive home from work, she was there at the gate waiting for me, swishing that very bushy tail, as if to say, "Hello. Glad you are home. Please come pet me and talk to me and I will give you God's love as I have been given." I know, for some people, it will seem to be a bit off-kilter, but what I felt for Bubbles is as real as those snakes and spiders that some people have—well, let's reference dogs, cats, and gerbils! I loved her so very much, but it was a love that God created for people and His creatures. So, when we lose our beloved pets, it hurts. It hurts deeply and words cannot define how it hurts. When we lost Bubbles it was the same loss as that of a loved family member. The specific love was different, but it was a real love. I think it is the unspoken and natural love God included in Jeremiah 5: 27 between human beings and our pets.

What am I getting to here? God's love is not a mystery. It's demonstrated in the way we love our pets, and it is demonstrated in the way we love our wife or husband or child. His Love is felt when we think about how we love our pets or family members. He gave us His creatures as a special bond between His creation and our hearts. If you are a person who has loved a pet and lost that pet, then I can attest that the loss is as real as the warmth of the sun on our faces. Will we see our pets again? I can only surmise that if God made all things, then

He knows how we love our pets and I hope that one day we will see them again also. Do I love my family less than my Bubbles? Please... do we not know that our Love for God in Christ is numero uno!? Family love is numero dos! And our pets are next in our ability to love. Oh, and don't forget the friends and extended family (repeating myself here) that we love also...

I miss my grandmother so very much because she always talked to me and spent time with me. When my mother (January 16, 2015) and father leave this world for Heaven, I will (and did) grieve that loss with such depth that my Soul will cry out to God for comfort. If my daughter or granddaughter or wife should depart this life, ***I will be devastated beyond my ability to cope!*** I will hold on to my Faith in Jesus and in my fellowship with God, but losing family is the hardest of all things. When I lost Bubbles, I lost a friend and a God-creature. She was a family member of a special type and I grieved. Am I embarrassed to state the obvious? Not likely. If you have lost a beloved pet, I feel your pain and loss. Remember this...God gave us these creatures to love. That love is a special love, but it is love nonetheless. Care for them, love them, and grieve for them. And thank God for the time we had with them. "I am Heavenly Minded grateful God for the Earthly Good fifteen years that I had Bubbles; I miss her furry ears, bushy tail, and her lying by my chair when I was at home or seeing her at her favorite place as she looked out the study window..."

A Question of Curiosity:

If we can love God's creatures as He intended, I believe our lives will be enriched as He intended. There is beauty in this World, in spite of how our world has been broken, bruised, and harmed. God gave us the creatures of the air, land, and sea to demonstrate His love for us; please treat His creatures with the same consideration that He intended and care for them.

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"I think God will have prepared everything for our perfect happiness. If it takes my dog being there [in Heaven], I believe he'll be there."

~ Rev. Billy Graham ~

"When the dog was created, it licked the hand of God and God stroked its head, saying, 'What do you want, dog?' It replied, 'My Lord, I want to stay with you, in heaven, on a mat in front of the gate'."

~ Marie Noel ~

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My Prayer For You:

Lord of all creation: You alone know the hurt that we experience when we lose our beloved pets. Even more, You know how very deep the scars of hurt in our Heart when we lose our beloved family members. We also have been given assurance from you that while we see through a glass darkly now, when we reach our Eternal Home, we shall know as we shall also be known. I ask You Father God to accept this prayer on behalf of all pet owners who love the very creatures that You made with Your Holy Hands. I believe that You know each one of these pets by the Heavenly name that You gave them. According to Your Will, it is my personal prayer that we shall see them again, just as we shall see our family members again. I would love to see Bubbles running through the Fields of Heaven, her hips replaced with perfect balance, and know that in Your Design of Heaven, *All Dogs Do Go To Heaven*. For all pet owners, I pray that if they have experienced loss, that You would comfort them according to Your Will for the creatures that You have given us to care for while we reside in our temporary home. Your creatures have given us a glimpse into Your Majesty of Creation, and I pray that people will realize that the songs of birds, the flight of the hummingbird, and the dogs and cats that we love are a direct extension of your Hand at Work in our lives if we would but take the time to open our eyes to the beauty and love these creatures given to our care. In remembrance of Bubbles, I Praise You my Holy and Gracious God, Amen.

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Coincidence or Heavenly Minded?

It's been a few months ago as of this writing, but I had a dream about Bubbles. I was at a gathering of family and friends and while there, I was looking all over that place for Bubbles. Then, just as suddenly as a soft breeze blowing through, here came Bubbles walking through our gathering. I was so overjoyed, all I could do was say to her, "Hey Bubbles, I've been looking everywhere for you!" And it gave me such peace to see her again, bouncing through the crowd and looking so free and happy. I had forgotten all about the dream until later in the day, when my daughter asked me this: "Did you dream about Bubbles last night?" I held back the tears as I told her about my dream. She informed me that she had a similar dream in which Bubbles just showed up where she was in her own dream and in a moment, she was gone. Now, I am not going to attempt to interpret dreams; I just thank God for the memory and the dream my daughter and I shared about our Bubbles. My daughter said that Bubbles was now a 'free spirit.' I have no argument on that concept; I just hope and Pray that God will allow Bubbles and all loved pets to be with us in Heaven, however He works that out and however He works that out in Bubbles being a 'free spirit.' Am I insane for thinking like this? Maybe, if I placed the love for my pet above family, friends, or my God in Christ Jesus. But that's not at all what I am relating here. Pets are part of God's creation and I cannot think for a moment that He gave us dogs, cats, and other animals for pets so that we avoid His special creation that runs, barks, meows, and so forth. His Blessings come in many forms; it is our responsibility to care for Blessings that live, breathe, and eat. This caring applies to His Earth, our families, children, grandchildren, and parents! Bubbles is and always will be a Heavenly Minded gift from God.

Dog Stays by His Master's Grave For Six Years¹

The bond between dog and master goes beyond the grave, as evidenced by Capitán's unyielding loyalty to his master Miguel Guzmán, from Argentina. Capitán went missing for a few days, but he was eventually found lying in the cemetery next to Guzmán's resting place. The remarkable part about this story is that Miguel died in a hospital, and his body was taken to a funeral home far away from where he lived. Capitán had never been to the cemetery before. The first time the funeral director saw Capitán, he arrived at the cemetery alone. The dog did a few laps through the tombstones before finding his master's grave — all on his own. Capitán continues to visit his old master every single day, at 6:00 p.m., like clockwork. If this isn't a display of true dedication, we don't know what is.



Lost Dog Saves a Life

Yolanda Sevogia's neighbor, Stacey Savage, knocked on her door one morning asking if she could keep an eye on a lost terrier she found roaming around the local elementary school. Yolanda agreed to watch the dog, but told Stacey it would only be for the day. The two women took photos of the dog and printed off 4,000 FOUND fliers, stuffed them in mailboxes and also placed an ad on Craigslist.

In the meantime, Yolanda went to the dollar store and bought some pet supplies, warning her two sons not to fall in love with the dog. At the time Yolanda's son Azaiah was 10 years old, and Christian was 21 years old. Christian has Down syndrome and an assortment of other ailments, and had recently undergone heart and kidney surgeries.

Four days later Yolanda was still looking after the dog, who they had started to call RaeLee (pronounced Riley). When she arrived home from work, the dog flung himself against the screen door and barked madly at her. As soon as she opened the door, RaeLee sprinted into the boys' room where Yolanda found Christian in the middle of a violent seizure. RaeLee ran over to Christian, but as soon as Yolanda bent over to help him the dog went silent.

"If he hadn't come to get me, the neurologist said Christian would have choked on his own blood and died," Yolanda reported to the *Tampa Bay Times*. At this point, no one had called to claim the dog so Yolanda decided to keep him.

The next morning Stacey got a call; a man named Randy recognized his lost dog and called the number on the flier. Stacey started crying, and told him, "That dog saved my friend's son." Randy drove to Yolanda's house to pick up his dog, and saw Azaiah crying on the porch and Christian in the window. After a few moments Randy said, "Maybe Odie was supposed to find you, maybe you should keep him."

¹ Source: <http://mashable.com/2013/03/12/dog-mans-best-friend/#N0smra1AruqR>