

Letter 679
Crisi
 2018-05-14



Dear **Jesus**,

I think it was in about 2004 or 2005 that (M) and I lost one of our dogs to death by old age. Her name was Crisi.

After our marriage, (M) and I had only one dog prior to my motorcycle wreck in 1995. She was a black Labrador named Lisel. According to Wikipedia.com, Lisel is a variant of Elizabeth. And in Hebrew, Lisel means "**God is my oath**". That part we did not know when we named her.

Within the two weeks before my wreck, just after I began to intercede for (CS1), something happened to Lisel. She became lame in her hind quarters, causing her to not be able to walk hardly at all, and to become incontinent.

(M) had her put down while I was at Harborview. I remember that when she told me she had to put Lisel down, I wanted to get angry at (M) for this, but the Lord Holy Spirit overcame my anger with His forgiveness. (M) just couldn't handle the burden of a severely lame dog and a severely injured husband all at once.

The reason why I wanted to get angry was because we had planned on my putting Lisel down myself, and the reason I was out on my bike that Saturday was to go up to a friend's house to make final arrangements. My friend was a Believing police officer, and he and his family lived up north in a rural area on many acres. He had agreed that I could bring Lisel up there and bury her on their property. They were a Christian Family, and very dear to us.

But on the Saturday that I rode up to see him, he was not at home, so I could not make the final arrangements. It was while riding back from their house that I took the hit from Satan by means of the Jeep Chrokee.

After I recovered enough to get out of the house, (M) and I decided to search for another dog. This was when we found Asta, our first in a series of purebred miniature Schnauzers.

Not long after we took Asta home, (M) was able to make contact with the owners of the sire of Asta. They lived across the state, some 250 miles away. (M) found out that they had picked up a stray dog that they wanted to find a home for. It was a black female Pug/Pomeranian mix. (M) agreed that we would drive over and take ownership of the stray.

The little dog already had a name, and we saw no reason to change it. Her name was Crisi.

Crisi and Asta got along really well together. In fact, Crisi was so mild mannered it was incredible. The only time I ever saw her get snappy was when I had her out on a walk one day. Some other people were coming our way, and in a moment of brief confusion she got a little snippy and protective of me, thinking that the other people might be a threat. Other than that, she was always a very happy and calm dog.

And smart. I mean very smart. She had the body of a small bulldog from the Pug part, and a short snout nose from the Pomeranian part. With this small but heavy-duty frame, she learned how to open the glass sliding door to the backyard. This was no small feat. The glass door took some doing even for me to slide open. Yet she could hook one of her little claws on the aluminum frame and, if it was unlocked, slide it open and let her and all the other dogs out. It was not long after that I installed a panel in the slide-track that had a pet door. After that all our dogs could come and go as they pleased into the fenced backyard.

Crisi also learned that if she got a running start, she could jump up onto the couch, where the other dogs would sit. This was because she had such short legs, while the other dogs were a little taller, and could jump up on the couch with ease. But she was not to be left out of the Dog Couch Social Club. When she got too old to jump up like this, I would help her up so she could sit in her favorite place.

A little while before Crisi died, she developed a cough and trouble breathing. One day as I was bending over to put both of my hands on her to comfort her, I felt spiritual power move from my hands into her body. In a day or two, the cough went away and her breathing cleared up. She stayed healed like this until her final day on earth.

(M) and I have been blessed with many dogs to take the place of Lisel. It was Satan who struck Lisel in response to my intercession for (CS1), and then later he struck me.

But I remember the healing power of the Lord Holy Spirit, who healed Crisi in her last days on earth, so she could die in peace. Thank you Jesus.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus