

The Adventures of
“Buddy Boy”



Written By Rev.
John Marinelli

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Rev. John Marinelli

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johnmarinelli@embarqmail.com

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Preface

This is a Christian fiction adventure story that will bring pleasure, mystery and laughter to the hearts of those who read it.

“Buddy Boy” has been given the gift of speech by God and the ability to talk in 16 different languages including English.

He will be sharing some of his adventures by divine mind-to-mind communication.

You will hear his voice as you read. He will be talking to a dog owner and potential owner audience plus others related by curiosity and family ties.

Introduction

Hi, my name is Buddy. I am the black and white Collie in the cover photo. My little Maggie is the Sable collie.

I answer to many names such as; Yo Dog, Buddy Boy, Here Puppy, Good Boy, Little Boy Dog and a few more.

I never did figure out why humans had so many names for us dogs. In any event, I always came to the call of my human caregiver. I knew that I'd get love, food and companionship.

My sister, Maggie, was loved and blessed too. She got all the attention from almost everyone because she was the female. She loved to play and bark and chase squirrels as did I but she did it so much better.

Well, enough about us for now. I am here to tell you about God's love and how we shared His love with mankind.

We helped them in times of stress and worry. We loved them no matter how they treated each other or us. That was our mission from God.

The God of all creation put His love into us and spelled our animal-kind in reverse of His own name. Dog is God spelled backwards. It was planned that way so mankind could wonder and reason as to why we were so much like the Creator that fashioned them.

Dog Talk

Did you know that some dogs have learned the meanings of more than 240 words and even in different languages? However, most humans can't even recognize one of our sounds.

How about a quick review of dog talk offered by Anna Burk of AKA 2/18 Article?

THE BARK

Dogs bark. Some dog breeds bark more than others, and some dogs' barks are deep and intimidating, while others have high-pitched yaps. Your dog's bark can indicate joy or fear, anger or awareness, frustration or need. The trick to interpreting a bark is context — and experience.

THE WHINE

The whine is almost as versatile as the bark, but less assertive. Dogs typically whine

when they want something, like food, a toy, or attention. A dog that whines at the door may want to go outside, and a dog that whines while lying next to her leash could be hoping you will take her for a walk.

THE GROWL

At first glance, the growl seems straightforward. Growls can mean, “stay back,” “stop touching me,” or “I will bite you if you come closer.” Of course, in play, a growl can also mean, “look how very dead I have made this rope toy, pull harder!”

THE HOWL

Wolves howl to communicate with their packs, and possibly to express a wider range of emotions than we currently understand. Dogs howl for similar reasons. Dogs that howl when their owners leave them behind could be trying to communicate with their people, and howling among dogs seems to be contagious, just like it is for wolves.

THE SIGH AND THE GROAN

Dogs sigh and groan to show contentment and disappointment. Puppies moan and

groan when they are settling down for a nap, and adults may sigh as they relax in your lap or on their dog beds. If your dog pesters you to play or go for a walk, however, and then flops down on the ground and lets out a long sigh or groan, she could be disappointed that she has not gotten what she wants.

I want to tell you about some of the adventures I had when I lived on the Nelson farm with Maggie. I hope you enjoy them.

The Police & The Angel

My first notable adventure was the time that I was in the barnyard at night and I saw a bright light shining down from the sky?

I didn't know what it was then but now I do. It was a low flying police helicopter looking for two fugitives.

As the helicopter flew over I saw three police cars on the street and heard gunshots. I was afraid.

Then I saw the angel from heaven flash across the night sky like a falling star and watched as he landed beside me. He must have been 10 feet tall and carried a sword just as long.

He looked over at me and winked. Then he said. Stop barking. It will be all right now. The worst is over.

I see a lot of angels now. They come and go from heaven to earth all the time. They are ministering spirits to the Saints. Sometimes they stop and play with me on their way out or return from earth.

Well, all things returned to normal and I curled up by the fireplace and fell asleep until the dawn of the next day.

Life was good. Maggie and I played and chased each other around the farmhouse and ran through the cornfields after two foxes that kept popping up.

Then Maggie and I would jump in the lake to cool off and nap under the old oak tree until little Jimmy came down the path from his school.

I liked little Jimmy. He was my favorite of all the humans around me. He loved to pet me and hug me and he talked to me all the time about a lot of things.

I had no idea what he was saying but I could sense that he was troubled and sometimes even afraid. I would wag my tail and lick his face and jump up on him so he had to hold

me. This was my way of telling him that everything would be ok.

Licking the face is the same as kissing. Just so you know.

Birds And Critters

I have to tell you about my obsession. I didn't like the birds landing anywhere on our farm. I would always chase them away by barking at them as I ran after them. I almost caught a few over the years but they seemed to be just to fast.

Yeah, I was the watchdog and it was my job to keep things in order. We didn't want critters or flying creatures bothering us.

What's that? A question from our audience? OK, shoot, **you in the blue ball cap.**

"What ever happened to the angel?"

Oddest thing. He just vanished. It was as though he was never there at all.

Traveling Salesmen

I liked to chase the traveling salesmen that came to the farm. Ever since I heard that

farmer's daughter joke; I had to watch out for our owner's females.

The best I could understand was that there came upon a time when traveling salesmen stopped to talk to farmer's daughters about buying stuff.

Somehow the farmer's daughter decides to run off with the traveling salesman to become a singer in Las Vegas and the farmer has to chase him away with a shotgun.

It Ain't a pretty sight. But I was always there to nip and grown and bark and chase the salesman as he ran to his car. It's really a lot of fun.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

There was a time when I had to be the eyes and ears of my owners as they slept through the night. We had to watch for wild fires.

That's right. On a farm with so many trees and dead wood and big lightening storms, fires can start up real quick.

I used to lie on the porches and sniff the air and listen for the crackling of wood burning. Maggie and I did this every evening as the

sun set in the western sky and night fell over the farm.

One night, in the wee hours, it really happened and it was close up to the barn. A big bolt of lightening hit a tree a few yards from the barn and a fire broke out. I was really scared but knew just what to do.

I started barking real loud at the fire and ran into the farmhouse to wake the family. I ran from room to room barking as I went until everyone was awake and aware of the fire.

Then it started to rain and it quenched the flames before they could spread to the barn or other out buildings. We were really lucky that night.

The family all went back to bed and I curled up on the porch to finish out my night watch.

Snow Days

I loved the snow and played in it with the kids every snow day. The fields get white with snow and our paw prints show up real nice.

Yeah but I don't like those snowballs. I can't make them and when I try to catch

them, they break apart. I bark a lot and run around in the snow anyway.

One snow day it snowed so much that I sunk down in the snow and couldn't move. The snow was over my head. I barked and barked until my owner came and lifted me up and out of the snowy hole.

It was scary and I was getting really cold. I was glad to see the warm fireplace and cozy blankets.

Well, never-the-less, we had fun playing with the family in the snow and chasing each other. Our hearts were full of God's love and we were glad to share it with anyone around us.

The Lost Little Cat

There once was a little cat the wandered onto the farm. It was dirty, cold and afraid. It was crying out for help and three big birds were circling overhead.

Maggie and I looked at each other and up at the big birds and then went into action.

Maggie locked on to the little cat at the nap of its neck and began to carry it to the barn where the farmer was.

I started barking at the big birds and chased them away. However, they kept coming back until Maggie reached the barn and the farmer. Then it flew off.

The farmer kept the cat as a barn cat to chase mice and other rodents. We often played with the cat and chased it around the farm just for fun.

Family Time

We loved, “Family Time.” It was that special time when the family sat down for a meal. We were not allowed to beg for food but did get the leftovers most of the time. Then we would all sit by the fireplace and watch TV or read a book.

I never read a book. Dogs can’t read. When I say we, I mean them but I include Maggie and me because we are a part of the family and also enjoy the family time.

Q & A

Let’s take some questions from our audience. Ok, who’s first? *Lady in red*

“Why does my dog bark so much when I chain it in the yard?”

I was upset and lashed out at the lady. Why do you chain up your dog? That's cruel. How about if I chained you up in the hot sun or on a cold afternoon? You wouldn't like it, would you? You'd probably want to be with your family in a comfortable warm place.

Your dog is no different. It wants to be with you and close to the family. Leaving it all alone will cause sadness in your dog's heart. Plus, if another animal comes by and sees that your dog is chained, it can take advantage of it and even seriously hurt it.

Don't Ever Chain Up Your Dog.

OK, Next question....**White shirt & Tie Guy, go ahead.**

"My do is stressed. He seems always to be up tight. What can I do?"

Here are some things you can do. Remove your pet to a different area. Let your dog have 'down time' in a safe quiet place. Redirect your dog to a suitable chew toy or toys. Have your pet checked for any physical problem.

Make whatever changes you can to eliminate the cause of the stress. Socialize your pet to new experiences. You must make it pleasant for the pet.

Never Force Your Pet To Do Anything.

One more question for now...**from the guy in the black shirt.**

“I work all day. What do I do with my dog?”

Here are a few things you can do:

1. Put a light near his bed or other comfortable place to sleep.
2. Leave out favorite toys for playtime.
3. Leave on a radio with calming music.
4. Put down papers for him to use if needed.
5. Help prevent undesirable behavior - shut up the garbage, pick up your clothes and shoes, cover the couch with sheets, take up expensive carpets or other floor coverings.
6. Do whatever it takes to ensure that you will not be angry at the dog when you get home.
7. Adjustable dog gates, if needed, can be purchased from a kennel supply company or local pet store to shut off areas where you do not want the dog to go.

Always Leave Plenty of Water To Drink.

Lost And Found

I gotta tell you about the time I got lost and came face to face with a bear.

Maggie and I were outside playing in the cornfields when our owner called us in because a storm was brewing. Maggie ran as fast as she could but a bird caught my eye and I chased it into the woods. I ran so far and fast that I couldn't find my way back to the farm.

Then the rains came with thunder and lightening and I got wet and was cold. I tried to find shelter but there was none except a small cave in a near by hill.

Well I crawled into the cave and fell asleep. That morning, I was awakened by a great roar from a black bear that wanted the cave for his den.

I quickly jumped up, shook off the dirt from my coat and ran. The bear chased me for a while but I got away but not before his claws struck me and hurt my leg.

I limped away yelping for Maggie but she was nowhere to be found. She was safe and sound in the farmhouse while I was lost, hungry, cold and hurt in a place that I had never been before.

I wandered for several days and finally came upon a road. I hobbled along the road but didn't know where it would lead. Finally I

sat down by the side of the road being exhausted.

I sat there for several hours then looked up, only to see big black birds circling me. They were waiting for me to die. I guess that I was to be their next meal.

Oh how I missed the fireplace and warm blankets and mealtime with Maggie. I couldn't walk anymore. I had no more strength to fight off the birds or even another animal that might come by.

Suddenly there appeared a blue pick up truck. It was my owner and Maggie was in the back of the truck barking at the birds that circled overhead.

They had been looking for me for days and just happened to be on their way back to the farm. I had wandered 23 miles south of the farm where I lived.

The farmer picked me up and gently placed me in the back of the truck with Maggie. He then took me straight to the veterinarian for a look-see.

They fixed my wound and gave me lots of water and just a little bit of food. I also got a bath and good brushing to clear the mats that

were on my coat. Some had to be cut off because they were so bad.

Soon I was curled up by the fireplace on a new soft blanket. I even had a new chewable bone. I had survived to see another day and to play again with Maggie and the farmer's kids.

We have another question from our audience. Go ahead sir.

"I was just wondering why God allowed you to show up now in this place at this time to talk to us in our language." "Can you explain your presence here?"

I am here to remind all of you of the love and respect you once had for animals. God is watching and He has established a "Day of Reckoning" where every creature will stand before Him. Every deed and every motive will be revealed.

Time is short. The whole creation now gowns in travail. It is waiting for the sons and daughters of God to be revealed.

We are now subject to man's abuse or love depending on which way the wind blows. Then, when Jesus returns, we shall be delivered from this world of sin and freed from man's abusive nature.

For now, we wait and watch and suffer at the end of a rope or chain; Left outside in the cold all alone; abandoned and discarded as worthless.

Most of us take the abuse and still wag our tails because we see the potential in man and know that there are good folks as well as bad ones. People can change and that's why I are here...to enact change.

And The Point Is

The point of me sharing my adventures with you is to show all of you how valuable dogs are in the lives of human beings. Imagine if here were no dogs.

1. You'd be using cows as therapy helpers.
2. Kids would have no stuffed dog toys.
3. Your economy would suffer due to no need for dog food, toys, cages etc.
4. Man would have to resort to making a parrot his best friend.
5. There would be no war dogs to save lives in battle or service dogs to help returning soldiers to re-enter civilian life.
6. There would be no joy on the faces of lonely elderly in nursing homes.

7. The animal health industry would suffer due to a significant loss in revenue.

There's a lot more but no need to belabor the point. You understand, right? Now let's go on with my adventures.

The Canine Defense Strategy

Maggie and I had a special canine defense strategy that worked well against predators, including buglers.

When we saw a predator or would-be burglar we would rush out to meet them growling all the way and showing our teeth. Then we would circle the person or animal waiting to see their next move.

We were tough and usually the intruder fled the scene and the danger was over. However, there was one time that the burglar did not run. He opened his pouch and tossed a bone our way.

We started to fight over the bone and the burglar headed for the farmhouse, which was empty at the time. The workers were in the fields harvesting corn.

When we realized it, we ran after him and nipped at his heels. Then I jumped on his back and brought him down while Maggie stood over him and growled.

We kept him there for about an hour until the farmer came home. He called the police.

The odd thing about it all was that the man was not a burglar. He was the new minister of a near by church that was visiting families in the neighborhood.

We felt bad about what happened but happy that we protected our human family. The minister never came back to the farmhouse. His visits were all by phone from then on.

Friends For Life

There is nothing better than a little boy and his dog. They are inseparable. Even when they grow up, they still are friends for life.

This is also true with little girls and their loving dogs. In fact, we know of several young ladies that will not date a gentleman friend unless their dog likes him.

We are the test to see if the human male is a gentle loving guy. It is all about how they treat us.

The Girl Magnet

That's true and I can remember how little Jimmy, when he grew up, used me to draw girls to him. He groomed me just so and we practiced the walk in the park so as to catch the attention of pretty ladies. He would often drop the leash so I could run to the pretty lady and beg for a hug. I was a sure magnet for meeting girls. Everybody loves a dog that loves everybody.

The Cornfield Caper

Now you all know that we lived on a farm, right? Well farms have cornfields and cornfields have "Scarecrows." Well we had no idea of what a "Scarecrow" was. After all, we were just dogs at play.

One day when Maggie and I were chasing a rabbit through the cornfields we came across a "Scarecrow." The rabbit got away, as it always did but the "Scarecrow: did not. We saw that thing and watched in amazement as the wind blew its clothing around.

Suddenly a bird flew by and landed right on the scarecrow's arm. That was just the last straw. We tore into that thing like there was no tomorrow. The bird flew away and we destroyed the farmer's scarecrow.

There was a lot of growling, barking, tearing and pulling of clothes as Maggie and I fought for the same piece of cloth. It was a lot of fun.

Afterwards, we spotted that rabbit again and ran off after it. There were a lot of things on the farm to keep us busy. This was one of them that occupied our summer days.

Herd'Em Up

How many know that Collies are part of herding breed? Yeah, we like to herd things, mostly other animals, sometimes even chickens and geese. In fact, it was one of my favorite past times.

The farmer used Maggie and me a lot to herd cattle. We would go out into the field where the cattle were grazing and bark at them, nip a few and stare down the rest until they all started to move. Then we would circle them and chase them back into the barn area where the farmer had a holding pen.

One day when we were in the barnyard, I decided to herd the chickens. I actually tried to get them to gather up in one location like I did with the cows. It was quite a sight as the chickens scattered in every direction and

one even landed on me as it tried to fly away.

The farmer knew that we liked to herd and would often tell us to go get the kids when it was suppertime. We would run into all the rooms and even outside, if necessary.

We would bark as if to call the children to come inside. They knew when Maggie and me “Came-A-Barking” that it was time to eat. They would come running to the dinner table with Maggie and me following right behind.

Puppy Time On The Farm

I am not so happy talking about puppies. Want to know why? It’s because it brings back sad memories.

Humans have some crazy idea that dogs need to have pups so they can make a few extra bucks. They never take into consideration how we feel after raising our pups for six to nine weeks, only to have them taken away and given to strangers.

If we were in the wild, our pups would stay with us and we would be able to form a pack. That’s the same as human families.

Instead, our pups, which are afraid and barley weaned, are given away. We never see them again. We do not know if they will be treated good or abused or fed or anything. It's a sad time on the farm. Fortunately it only happened once a year.

I wonder how human females would feel if their children were taken from them after bonding with them for six or eight weeks?

We have heard of bad humans that breed dogs so often that it becomes a "Puppy Mill," all for the love of money.

This is one of those "Groaning In Travail" moments as we wait for the revelation of the children of God. They will fix everything so we won't have to suffer anymore.

If you are looking for a companion animal, rescue one from a shelter. Don't support such evil practices as puppy mills. They only add to an over population problem.

Conclusion

Well folks, it's time for me to go back to my home in the heavens, beyond the stars and past all the galaxies.

I came to earth in this miraculous way with a message from God so there would be no

doubt that God loves you and cares what happens to His animals. He wants you to know that their fate is in your hands.

I will leave you with these two poems as food for thought. See you all at the Day of Reckoning.

Animal's Savior

**I looked at all the caged animals
in the shelter, the cast-offs of
human society.**

**I saw in their eyes love and hope,
fear and dread, sadness and
betrayal, and I was angry.
"God" I said, "this is terrible!"**

**"Why don't you do something?"
God was silent for a moment,
and then He spoke softly,**

**"I have done something"
He replied, "I created you."**

**Written by
Jim Willis
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*"A righteous man regards the life
of his beast"* Proverbs 12:10

Dogs

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**Dogs are playful,
Like children in fur coats.
They bark & bark,
And growl from their throats.**

**Dogs come in color,
Yet are fine in black and white.
They sleep a lot
And sometimes even fight.**

**Dogs are beloved
By young and old alike.
But, most of all,
They are precious in God's sight.**

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