

# Striving for Excellence by the MOST Excellent Dog, SPIRIT

The Mom said I could write the letter for July like I did last year, 'cept last year I wrote the letter for August – about the 3 P's, play – protect – and PET. This year, I'm going to write about how we should always STRIVE FOR EXCELLENCE, 'cause that is what God wants us to do. God doesn't care what pack we belong to, as long as we try VERY, VERY hard to be the best person we can be. That's why I need to add another "P" – PRAY.

PRAY is when we talk to God. Even us dogs have to do that. That is how I found the Mom to be my pack-person, I prayed for a long, long, long time while I was in the shelter. For a whole month. And that is LONG in dog-time. But God gave me a good house-pack, and three different church packs. The New York church-packs pet the best. (Although a walk-by person used to throw Donald hamburgers with the wrapper on them into the fenced dog-land in North Dakota.)

Whatever pack you belong to you have to STRIVE FOR EXCELLENCE and be the best person you can be. The Mom taught that OLD DOG DEWEY about this, and he taught me. I tried to teach that



This is Me

Uppity Red Dog

UPPITY RED DOG, but he wouldn't listen. That is why the Mom found him his very own one-person



Hot dogs LOVE picnic hotdogs!

pack. He wasn't good with church-packs, although he was good at PROTECT.

THAT OLD DOG DEWEY loved church-pack picnics and that is where he taught me how to be petted by

church-packs. He was real good at this, and at the picnics dogs get to play, protect, pet and PRAY at the same time (the Mom gets to stand in the front of the packs and do her sermon thing, and then we all PRAY, even the dogs).

The New York Congregational pack let us come to the church picnic. They forgot to ask the Mom if they could feed us – but we talked them into feeding us LOTS and LOTS. The Mom found out when we both got a tummy ache at the same time. So, when we went to the church picnic with the North Dakota church-pack, the Mom said the pack-people had to ask before they fed us 'cause she didn't want to have to clean things up.

Because God wants us to STRIVE FOR EXCELLENCE, us dogs work hard to protect the house that the Mom and we-all stay in. It is called parsonage in UCC and manse in Presbyterian. I don't understand why we had to learn new words, 'cause the Mom says it all is God's church-pack, but we did. And I like looking smart, 'cause I am.



Pee-on-knees are great hiding places

I liked the Pee-on-knee plant at the parsonage in North Dakota, 'cause you can hide behind it when it gets big and the squirrels can't see the dog. Then you can really chase them good. The

manse doesn't have a Pee-on-knee, but it has lots of Hos-tvos. It is hard keeping the church-houses safe from the squirrels! For some reason, church-houses have lots of squirrels.



Can you see me now?

I like my Presbyterian church-pack best, 'cause I get to go into the office with the Mom. I check out the whole place when I can sneak around. When the nasty man made a mess of the Karen's office last year, I knew someone mean had been in the church as soon as I walked in. I stuck my nose in the air, and told the Mom something was wrong. She said I was a smart dog, but I knew that already.

## SPIRIT, Page 2



Is anybody looking???

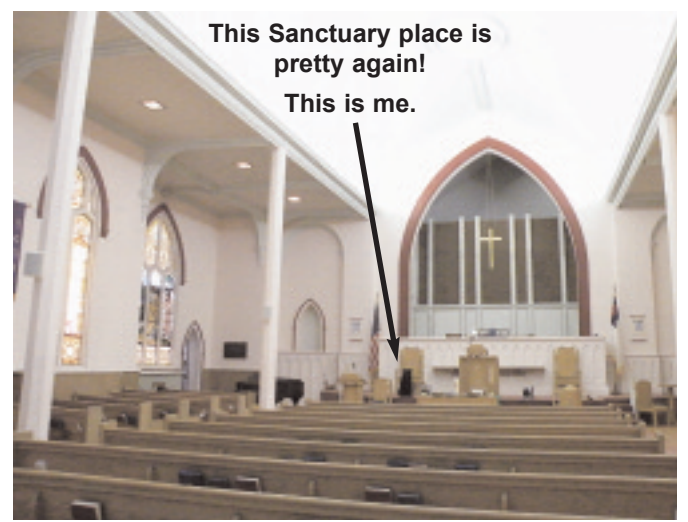
In God's house, I like going up-the-stairs to check things out. The AA people don't always like me to come and check them out, so the mom puts up a gate-thing.

But I sneak up-the-stairs and check things out whenever I can.

I also like making sure that the worship-God space is safe too. The big window works hard at keeping the church safe, but sometimes God needs a dog's help, just like sometimes God needs church-people to help God do the things God needs to get done. Like feed hungry people on feed-



I help the Good Shepherd care for His flock.



This Sanctuary place is pretty again!  
This is me.

hungry-people Sunday. When I come to church just after the feed-hungry-people Sunday, I can tell that all sorts of new people have come into the church. I smell down-the-stairs, and then tell the Mom and the Karen that everything is okay.

I know that God likes it when I STRIVE FOR EXCELLENCE. When dogs and church-people do this, the world becomes a better place . . . in spite of all the squirrels!



Love and Kisses,  
SPIRIT "P" CHESNUT  
"J"umping High in July!

P.S. Mom's church is planning an ice cream "P"arty and I plan to beg for the cool treat, maybe they will give me as much as I got at that other picnic. My favorite flavor is chocolate, the Mom doesn't let me eat chocolate 'cause it will make me sick. I ate a chocolate cell phone once and felt fine!