WISE HER STILL

Jezebel... At the Dog Park

Tiffany Buckner • April 17, 2016

My Saturdays are usually the same. I get up pretty late in the afternoon (around three or four) and after getting dressed, I normally take my dog out for an hour long walk. When I return home, I start preparing for what I call my date with God. I'll choose the restaurant that I want to go to or wherever God sends me, and I'll go and dine in. While at my table, I will oftentimes listen to some of my favorite gospel/ Christian songs on YouTube and I'll try not to get too carried away. Nevertheless, this Saturday was different. I woke up earlier than normal and I didn't feel like following my normal routine.

I woke up around one in the afternoon, and after having slept more than nine hours, I felt well rested. It was a beautiful day outside and I was excited to have a few more hours in the day to enjoy. Once I'd followed my morning ritual of praying, listening to my Bible app and getting ready, I took my dog (Milo) out for his daily walk. As soon as we'd started the walk, I realized that I didn't want to follow the normal Saturday routine. I wanted to go on a nature's hike or go somewhere where my dog could enjoy himself. (Yeah, I'm a good pet-parent... at least, that's what I tell myself.) So, to my dog's dismay, I turned around and started heading back towards my apartment. Needless to say, he was not happy because he looks forward to those daily walks and he thought I was about to rob him of it. Nevertheless, I knew that what I had planned for him would be far more rewarding to him than his day-to-day routine.

I went back in my apartment, grabbed my wallet and my camera and headed out. I didn't know where I was going to go, but I knew that wherever I went, I wanted to get a few pictures. I loaded up my confused dog in the car and

turned on my GPS. I stopped by the mailbox and while I was there, I started looking at dog friendly parks on my cell phone. I didn't find anything that interested me too much, but I did like the look of Lenora Park in Snellville, Georgia, so I put it in my GPS. The park was twenty minutes away and I didn't want to drive that long to a place I wasn't sure I'd like, so I decided to put Davidson Arabia Mountain Nature Reserve (Lithonia, Georgia) in my GPS. Milo and I were about to go hiking again.. or so I thought.

After putting Davidson-Arabia in my GPS, I was surprised to see that the GPS didn't seem to pick it up. Instead, it kept searching for the signal and then, it started verbally giving me driving directions while the screen was still in searching mode. Of course, I didn't trust this, so I hit the "back" button, but it didn't move. I was driving by then, so I was trying to multi-task to ensure that I didn't make a wrong turn. I turned my GPS off, and then, I turned it back on. After it came on, it started showing me directions to what I thought was Lithonia, Georgia. I breathed a sigh of relief and started following the GPS's directions. I'd been to Davidson-Arabia Nature Reserve one other time and Milo and I had gotten lost on the hike, but I was ready to tackle the trails again and possibly see where I'd gone wrong last time. I noticed that the GPS seemed to be taking me in a different direction than it had taken me before, but I didn't think too much of it. I told myself that wherever Milo and I turned up, it was God's will for us to go there. It wasn't until I'd seen a sign for Lenora Park that I realized that we were in Snellville. I shrugged my shoulders and I couldn't wait to see what the day brought in.

After arriving at the park, I put my dog's leash on him and we started walking. The park was huge and there seemed to be something for everyone to do there. I walked the trails with Milo for about thirty minutes before I decided to ask for directions for the dog park section. A couple was there with their dog and they pointed me in the direction of the dark park, and after seeing that I was still lost, they decided to walk back to the park with me. After all, their dog

and my dog seemed to be getting along just fine. Even though their dog was medium-sized and almost as big as my dog, they didn't feel comfortable putting her on the big dog's side, so we entered the side for the little dogs at the horror of the pet-parents who were in there. I didn't feel comfortable, so I decided to follow the rules and take Milo to the big dog's side; after all, he isn't a small dog. He's a Labrador/ Rhodesian Ridgeback mix and even though he's a sweet dog, he can be intimidating to a small dog... understandably.

Once Milo and I entered the large dog's side, I walked towards the other pet parents to introduce myself which, of course, is common courtesy at a dog park. Milo took off towards the other dogs almost immediately and they all took to him. I saw some of the more intimidating looking dogs, but to my surprise, they were all gentle giants. For about one hour, Milo played with the other dogs, running and introducing himself to every new dog that entered the gate. I was surprised at how well-mannered the dogs were. After all, in Florida, I always had to be extra cautious because some egotistical psychopath would always bring their dominant and no-so-social dog to the dog park and they'd get a kick out of watching their dogs dominate and attack other people's dogs. After a few bad experiences in Florida, I'd silently vowed to never take my dog to another dog park. The dog park in Snellville was different though. The dogs were all so nice.. all but one little Cujo.

After playing for about 45 minutes, Milo was starting to tire out. He'd stopped running after every new dog and he started looking for shade to rest in. I knew it was almost time to take him home, but I stayed a little longer because every time I thought to leave, he'd get a sudden burst of energy and start playing with the other dogs again. A few new dogs had entered the fence, but there was one in particular that I hadn't noticed much. It was small, but not too small and it looked like it needed deliverance. I didn't notice the dog until it passed me by and I remember thinking that he was obviously an older dog... and definitely not a happy one. He looked a little disheveled, almost like he'd fought with the

devil and lost. Truthfully, I'm not even sure why his owner brought him to the dog park. He wasn't social and he spent his entire time there trying to dominate the larger dogs. He kept running up to dogs and growling at them. I am pretty well-versed on dog behavior so I knew that he was simply trying to submit the other dogs and assert himself as the alpha dog. Most of the dogs went for it. Truthfully, the dogs began to scatter more and I noticed that they were no longer playing as one large group anymore; instead, they'd broken up into smaller groups with each group trying to avoid the smaller and not-so-friendly dog. The dog would pick a dog out of a group, walk up to it and then wait for it to sniff him. When it did, he'd snip at the dog and then follow it around for about a minute trying to get it to submit. Each dog would then sit down or lie down, letting the dog know that it was submitting to him. When he saw them submit, he'd walk away and choose another dog. I knew to keep my eyes on that dog because just like any other pet-parent, I don't bring my dog to the park to fight; I bring him there so he can socialize with other dogs and burn some of his energy off. The owner tried to write the dog's behavior off, saying that he just wanted to play, but I knew better. The dog was being dominant and this is common in the dog world. This behavior has to be addressed immediately because when it is not, the dominant dog will almost always come across a dog who refuses to submit, and then, it will attack that dog. I knew it was just a matter of time before a fight broke out.

I'd moved towards the front of the park and I was sitting on one of the benches talking to a few other pet owners when the little Cujo approached Milo. Hoping for the best, I continued talking with the people, all the while, keeping my eye open for any signs of dominance. The dog had been unable to submit my dog the entire time because every time he'd tried, Milo would playfully knock him off his feet and walk or run away. Milo saw that he was bigger than the dog and he wasn't about to submit to him. The dog would sometimes give chase, but Milo is almost always the fastest dog at the dog park. The only way he gets caught is if he stops running. The dog was older and could not give too

much of a chase, so he would retreat and find another dog to nip at. Milo hasn't been around a lot of dogs in his life and he does not understand submission. He'd submitted a lot as a puppy, but as an adult dog, submission seems to be beneath him these days. His attitude is similar to mine: Let's just enjoy each other's company or stay away from me. I am not a fan of controlling people in the least bit and I will go out of my way to avoid them.

All of a sudden, the dog attacked my dog and after realizing he was being attacked, Milo started fighting back. The fight lasted for about ten seconds before it was broken up and neither dog had gotten the upper-hand; instead, they'd been biting at each other. When the fight was over, I immediately saw blood on my dog's nose and in his mouth. Needless to say, I was NOT a happy camper. Truthfully, I wanted to grab that man's dog and turn it into a pinata, but I had to shake it off and make sure that my dog was okay. One of the little girls at the park brought me some paper towels and I started cleaning my dog up while looking for the wound. I couldn't find it. The owner of the little four-legged Jezebel decided to get his dog and leave after noticing that my happy demeanor had gone away and I was now cleaning off my dog and shooing his dog away. His dog kept trying to approach Milo in what I assumed to be his attempt to get a rematch. Milo was not phased by the fight, but I was. I was worried about my dog and I was ready to take the other dog through deliverance.

Once Milo and I were home, I continued to look for his wound, but I couldn't find it. I opened his mouth and checked his nose, but there were no wounds. That's when it hit me that the other dog had likely been bleeding. Milo had obviously bitten the other dog and the blood I saw was not his. Here's the message. The dominant dog was very similar to the Jezebel spirit. He saw every dog at that park as an opportunity to grow his followers. The Jezebel spirit does the same. It attacks people for no other reason than it wants to submit them. It wants to remove our Alpha and Omega (YAHWEH) as our

head and it wants to assert itself in His place. Devils don't always attack us because there's something special about us (surprise, surprise); sometimes, they attack because we're in a place that they consider their territory or around people they consider to be their property. One thing we need to understand about the Jezebel spirit is that it is territorial. Anytime you come between Jezebel and her Ahab, she will attack you. Anytime you step on territory that Jezebel considers to be her own, she will attack you if you don't submit to her. That's why you have to take authority over that territory and everything in it before you step foot on it. Anytime you have something that Jezebel wants or one of her Ahabs is crying for, Jezebel will attempt to destroy your character so that she can destroy you and take what belongs to you.

As for me, that spirit has come after me a LOT in my life, especially since I've been on this faith walk. I have done almost everything I could think of to avoid people who are led by the Jezebel spirit, including staying away from churches altogether. (I've since returned, but I am prayerful about anywhere I go.) It wasn't until earlier this year that God revealed to me that I was behaving like Elijah; my apartment had become my cave and I was hiding from Jezebel. Now, unlike Elijah, I'm not afraid of Jezebel and I'm not saying that from a place of pride. I'm truthfully not afraid of it; I just don't want to go through the motions of having to battle all the demons under Jezebel's authority. I've done this countless times and even though I've been victorious through Christ Jesus every time, the fight itself is draining. Additionally, I don't like the process of having to be delivered from the people or person that spirit is in because Jezebels don't let go easily. I prefer to walk away, but with Jezebel, you have to fight to get free.
Anytime you refuse to submit to Jezebel, that spirit will try to:

- **defame your character-** Jezebels do this to save their own names. They worry that your disassociation from them may shed light on what they're

really doing. Because of this, they deflect their issues onto the very people they once tried to seduce with their witchcraft.

- **demonize you-** Again, this is typical behavior for the Jezebel spirit because the host does not want to be seen as demon possessed or demon-led. So they deflect their wrongdoings onto the people they were trying to dominate, rather than reflecting on what they did wrong.
- **convince you that you need help-** Jezebel hates repentance. If you ever see a Jezebel repenting, you are only seeing one of its many manipulations in action. It's a prideful spirit and it does use false humility in its attempt to appear repentant. Nevertheless, Jezebel isn't good with false humility because the pride level in it makes it difficult for someone with this spirit to truly repent. For this reason, when you see a Jezebel appearing to be repentant, you will notice that the person will NEVER accept the full blame for what they've done wrong. You will always be at fault on some level or another... always!
- **lie on you-** Remember, Jezebels have to destroy your name in order to save their own.
- **blackball you-** If you associate with Jezebel and then, attempt to disassociate, the person harboring that spirit won't have peace regarding you. That's because Jezebels see you as "their property". For this reason, they will contact anyone they think you are associated with or may associate with and attempt to defame your character.

The Jezebel spirit sees regions, cities and governments as its property. That's why Jezebels in certain cities and regions attempt to connect with anyone and everyone who they believe to be powerful and influential in those areas. Again, Jezebel is a territorial spirit, or better yet, a principality. When you offend someone with this spirit, they will use their perceived power in an attempt to flush you out and finally get you to submit to them. That's the entire goal of the Jezebel spirit; it's to remove God as the authority over the believer

and to submit the believer to its wicked authority. At the same time, notice how the dogs were suddenly divided once that other dog entered the scene. This is what Jezebel does to the church. She divides the church. The reason for this is that Jezebel cannot operate in unity, plus, she wants to flush out the Prophet. Jezebel hates Prophets because they won't submit easily. Instead, because they hear directly from God, Prophets will oftentimes come into Jezebel's castle and give her warnings from God. Jezebel understands that God will never destroy or judge a place without first sending a Prophet to warn the people, therefore, Jezebel thinks that if she can shut up the mouth of the Prophet, she can stop God from destroying her kingdom. The church today is very divided because of this wicked principality.

What can you do to overthrow this spirit? Act like Milo and fight back. Milo did not submit to the dog that was trying to submit him. Instead, he fought back and even after the fight, he was ready to start playing with the other dogs again. He was not phased by the fight (even though I was fuming), but the other dog couldn't seem to get Milo off his mind. When the owner realized that I was not going to allow a second attack *(he would have looked up and seen paws sticking out of the ground)*, he got his dog and left. The owner wasn't repentant, nor did he apologize. That's okay. My dog walked away without a scratch because he chose to stand up for himself. He realized that he was bigger than that dog and that he did not have to submit to it. The same goes for you. You are bigger than Jezebel. You have the authority to bind this spirit, but you need to first believe that you have authority over this vile and wicked spirit and then, you need to exercise that authority.
Luke 10:19 (ESV): Behold, I have given you authority to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall hurt you.

As for me, I can truly say that my dog may take his traits from me. I'm nice, loyal and I get along with everyone, but I REFUSE to go under Jezebel's authority. **That's just not going to happen.** Jesus Christ is the head of my life

and no other authority will take His place. I don't care what others say about me, think about me or do in their attempts to stop me from flowing in the way that God designed me. I won't be phased by Jezebel; instead, I've made it one of my life's missions to tear down that principality everywhere I go. After all, just like Milo, I was minding my own business every time it decided to come after me, and regardless of what others do, I refuse to submit to the devil.

Lastly, one thing God keeps reminding me of is Jezebel's fall. 2 Kings 9:10 reads: And the dogs shall eat Jezebel in the territory of Jezreel, and none shall bury her." Then he opened the door and fled. Now, Milo obviously tried to eat the furry Jezebel that came after him, but the owner took his dog and fled. The blood I saw on Milo wasn't his own; it belonged to the dog. Even though the bites likely hurt my dog, they didn't penetrate him. The same goes for Satan's darts. Even though they hurt you, they won't penetrate you if you stay in the will of God. Jezebel will always be thrown from her wall and her blood will always be licked up by the dogs, but one thing that will NEVER happen is that the righteous is forsaken.
Psalm 37:25 (ESV): I have been young, and now am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken or his children begging for bread.