

TRIBUTE TO T-BIRD
[SETHFIELDGAZON MICKTIME]

July 1, 2003 - July 13, 2012

Dear T, my beloved Kerry Blue, my Little Princess,

It is with a heavy heart that I begin to write this. Friday the 13th was an unlucky day for all of us. A month ago I never would have dreamed that I would soon be saying my final goodbye. On Saturday, June 23 for the first time ever you turned away from peanut butter and didn't eat any of your food. When your lack of appetite continued, I called Compassionate Care to see if I should bring you in. They said to watch you and if the lack of eating continued, I should bring you in. It did, so on Tuesday, June 26, I made an appointment for the next day. They performed a variety of tests and took X-rays. The X-ray of your lung showed something that needed to be checked out so they referred it to a radiologist for an opinion. The result came back that it could be cancer or a fungal type of growth. We were encouraged to take you to the University of Minnesota's Small Animal Clinic, which we did. They confirmed that the mass in your lung was cancerous but they could not determine what kind of cancerous cells were involved. They sent the tissue to a lab at the University of Colorado.

You were still not eating well, so we tried a variety of things. We boiled hamburger and put that with your food. For a couple of days that worked, although most of the time you refused to eat from your bowl, so I fed you by hand. Then we got a chicken breast and baked that. That worked for at least a day. Then I grilled steak, which you ate once.. On the Fourth of July I fixed you a grilled cheese sandwich, which you ate readily. The next day you wouldn't touch it. We were supposed to go to Iowa on July 6 for a wedding and stay through Sunday. With your eating habits we knew we could not board you at Armstrong Kennel. We talked to Marcia, your breeder and groomer, and she was willing to keep you Saturday night so we could leave that day for the wedding. On Friday, we took you to the U for an ultrasound of your liver and spleen. Also, your breathing was labored. They saw that you had a lot of fluid in your lungs so they drew that out. On the way home I bought a bunch of snacks and a variety of canned food. Doctor Armstrong told us that it didn't matter what you ate; the important thing was to eat something. Saturday morning you didn't want anything. We called and made an appointment for a feeding tube. Then about 9:00 you ate a few treats. We cancelled the appointment and spent the day plying you with treats. We didn't feel right in leaving you with Marcia when one didn't know from moment to moment what kind of snack would appeal to you. So, we cancelled our trip to Iowa.

Sunday you didn't eat at all. Monday we called to see about getting a feeding tube and also said that your breathing was again labored. They were concerned about your breathing and told us to bring you in to the U for emergency treatment. The doctor drew fluid again. She had you anesthetized. You really were zonked out and instead of taking you home at 5:00 we came back at 9:00 and took you home. You were so out of it that I slept on the sofa so as to be near you if you woke up. When I got up to go to the

bathroom, you seemed to be sound asleep. But when I came out of the bathroom I almost tripped over you. As a true "Velcro Dog" you must have seen that I was going somewhere, so you followed me. Tuesday you ate only a few snacks. We called and made an appointment for 2:00 on Wednesday with Dr. Armstrong. It was well after 3:00 before Dr. Armstrong came into the room to meet with us. The reason for the delay was that the test results had come in and she was consulting with the oncologists. The tests identified the cells as young, aggressive cancer cells, but not mature enough so that they could determine exactly what they were. However they were 90%+ positive that they were not the type of cell that would respond to chemotherapy. We could have them try an aggressive treatment program. At best you might have lived another three months, but your quality of life in the meantime would not be good. They said there were two tumors, the large one on the lower lung and a smaller one in the upper area where surgery was not an option. They said the cancer had spread and had been found in the fluid that was removed from your lungs. It was clear to us that there was no choice; we couldn't put you through that ordeal with virtually no hope of a successful outcome. All of the doctors and students at the U remarked what a good patient you were. You never made a sound or tried to move away when they examined you.

We took you home and decided to spend Thursday with you preparing for the final goodbye on Friday. Berta and Nicole came over Wednesday night and we all had a good time. You even ate some milk bones that Berta gave you. Thursday you didn't eat anything but really enjoyed the time we spent petting and hugging you. Berta and Nicole came over again in the late afternoon and Don came over around 7:30. Again, you enjoyed all the attention and ate a few treats.

Friday morning began as normal. When I took you for a walk you went towards Firwood and wet on the grass across Pearson near Greg's driveway. You were not interested in food that morning. All you wanted to do was to be petted. You did get up on my lap and stayed there for at least 5 minutes. Ever since you became sick and had trouble breathing you didn't stay long if I got you up on my lap. We got to Compassionate Care about 10:45. In typical fashion I walked you on their grass and you peed before I took you in. Dr. Judy gave you an injection of a drug that just slowly put you to sleep forever. Judy said that a dog as nice as you are should die with dignity, which you did. Tears flowed freely and Marveen and I spent time continuing to say goodbye. It was with a heavy heart that I kissed you and petted you for the last time and left the room. You have left us physically but your presence will live on in the precious memories we have of the joyous time you spent with us.

I first saw you as a puppy. Marcia Joslyn was the breeder that we got Paddy from. Your mother, "Maybe This Time" was Paddy's sister from a prior litter. After Maybe won the Best of Breed at Westminster in 2009 Marcia bred her to Mick, the Kerry who won Best of Show at Westminster in 2003. I always took Paddy to Marcia for grooming and she had told me about trying to arrange for Maybe to be bred to Mick. One time when Paddy and I were at Marcia's she had to show me her new Kerry pup. Off and on through the years when I was at Marcia's I saw you briefly and Marcia always

introduced you as Paddy's niece. Little did I know that some day you would come to live with us.

In late January or early February of 2010 I took Paddy to be groomed. When I picked up Paddy and we were walking to my car, Marcia asked me if I knew anyone that could provide a good home for a six year old female Kerry. I said that I couldn't think of anyone off hand, but would let her know if I could think of someone. Then, a couple of weeks later Paddy got sick and quit eating. After extensive tests, Dr. Judy said we should take him to the U, which we did. They did a CT Scan and found cancer of the spine that had caused his spine to collapse and that the cancer had spread throughout his body. At their recommendation, we decided to let Paddy go as there was no treatment that would have given him a good life. When I called Marcia to tell her what had happened, both of us started to cry. As we concluded the conversation, Marcia said, remember, I have a six year old female Kerry who needs a good home. I told her it was too early to think of anything like that. The next week I called her and said I was interested in finding out more about the Kerry who needed a home.

Marveen and I went over to Marcia's to meet you. You were running around her yard and then saw us with Marcia sitting on a picnic bench and you ran to see who was there. We got a very friendly greeting and were convinced that we wanted to give you a home. Marcia explained that when her husband developed Parkinson's and had to quit work they did not have the money to continue to enter you in shows. So, they made you their pet and kept you in their house. Then, as George's condition got worse, Marcia was concerned about George tripping over you. So she began to keep you in one of her kennels all day. She thought she had found a home for you with a woman from her church. The woman's husband had just died and Marcia thought that you would be a good companion for her. The woman took you over night. She let you sleep on her bed, but that reminded her too much of her husband and she felt that she could not deal with that. So she brought you back to Marcia. And that's how you came to live with us. Marcia was going to give you to us, but we did pay something as we felt that was only fair.

We picked you up and arranged for you and Sniffy to meet in the park as we thought it would be easier for Sniffy if the two of you met on neutral grounds. When we got both of you to our house, Sniffy forgot for a couple of hours that he was a ten year old neutered male. After that he was comfortable having you around. As soon as you were with us we took you to Compassionate Care to have them give you a thorough physical. They determined that your teeth were really bad. We had them do what was needed, which involved removing a dozen or more teeth. We also had you spayed at the same time. Also they said you needed eye drops twice a day, so that became a routine whenever I fed you. You never liked getting the eye drops, but you patiently endured the process. Every morning I brushed your teeth. You didn't like that either, but endured it so you would get a treat as a reward.

You had the run of the house for the most part. The full length mirror in our closet got you growling and barking at the dog you saw in the mirror. That lasted for only a few

weeks. You also would growl at reflections you saw in the windows. It was late March when you came to live with us so in the evenings there were often reflections in the windows. When you first came to live with us you had sort of a feeble bark. Marcia said that because her kennel was located in a residential area, she had your vocal cords cut. Over time you developed a much deeper bark.

The biggest problem was getting you to learn to “do your business” while being walked on a leash. As a show dog you were used to being on a leash as meaning you were in the show ring. The last thing you wanted to do was to relieve yourself when you were on a leash. Marcia could let you run in her fenced yard, but we had to walk you. I carried treats as well as a plastic bag in my pocket when I took you for a walk. Often we had to go to the Park, circle the tennis court and then go to our back yard before you would perform. Once you got the urge you often would start circling. Sometimes just a few times around; other times 20 or 30 times or more. Eventually you got the idea.

Once in a while you absolutely refused to do anything. That’s when I hit on the idea of “detention.” Initially I would put you in the bathroom away from the family for 15-20 minutes. Then when I took you out you performed almost immediately in our front yard. You started to scratch at the bathroom door so Marveen had me put you in the kitchen and shut the gate. Often it was our first walk of the day when you were reluctant to perform. I would put you in the kitchen and then go take my shower and get ready. Then I would walk past the kitchen and go downstairs to feed the fish. As I went by you there was a fair amount of commotion as you were trying to signal that you wanted out. Detention almost always worked to get you to perform. It got to the point that if we were in the Park and you hadn’t performed, I would mention detention and suddenly you knew what to do. You were a Kerry, all right. You knew what to do, but would do it on your own schedule.

When we got you Marveen had started to develop back trouble and she had arthritis in her knees and feet. It was difficult for her to walk you. I changed my schedule at the office so that I would leave for the office after I had walked you and Sniffy for the second time of the morning. I would be home by 1:30 at the latest. That meant that since the time you joined our family I took you for walks several times a day. In the morning I would walk Sniffy first, because that was the routine I had followed with Paddy. The rest of the day I would take you first. When I asked you if you wanted to go out and go potty, you would start your routine of going around and around by the front door. I would put the leash on you and away we went.

At first, when we went away we shut you in the kitchen and that worked, but I was concerned because you didn’t have a mat to lie on. So we tried shutting you in the bedroom. That worked fine, so that’s where you stayed when we left the house. Whether in the kitchen or the bedroom, from the first time we went away, upon returning and letting you out, you exploded into a joyous round of barking, leaping and running in circles. I’ve never had such a welcoming. That went on for a minute or more until I could grab you and give you a hug and calm you down. When we started to shut you in the bedroom I would sit on the bed while you did your dance. How it thrilled me to know

that you were so glad to see us. One indication that you were really sick was when I came home and you didn't show your typical enthusiasm.

You had your favorite spots to lie down in each room. Most of the time it was a spot that was right in the way if we got up from a chair to go somewhere. Usually you were where we had to step over you. You were a Velcro dog in the extreme. Even when you appeared to be sound asleep, if I got out of my chair in the living room and went into another room or downstairs, you followed me so that you kept me in your sight. Sometimes you were so close behind me that I didn't see you and wondered what happened to you. In the morning after I walked Sniffy and you and put you back in the bedroom and I took my morning shower, I knew that when I opened the bedroom door you would be right there to greet me. If I went downstairs and shut the gate so you and Sniffy couldn't come along, then when I came back upstairs, no matter how long I had been gone, I could expect to find you at the top of the stairs facing in the direction I had gone.

You learned that when I turned off the light by my chair in the living room that meant I was going to do something so you were on the alert to follow me. The dead bolt lock on the front door was also a signal for you. If you were in another room and heard the lock opened, you came running and often barking. You also knew the sound of the garage door opening. When we came home, as soon as you heard that sound you began to bark because you knew we were home.

You were very friendly with people when we were out walking. You especially liked our neighbor, Kevin, and would give him an enthusiastic greeting when he came over to pet you. If I met a neighbor and we stopped to talk you would stand near us and wait patiently until we were done. You did not like other dogs; Sniffy was the one exception. When we were outside, the dog that belongs to Eric, right across the street, would see you from their window and start barking. You would deliver a loud bark in return. I had some success in getting you to be quiet when that happened. Sullivan's dog, Bella, and Moen's dog, "Jack" would often see you when we were walking and they would bark at you. You would go through your leaping, jumping and barking routine until I could get you under control. At first I used a leash that clipped on to your collar. After you slipped out of your collar a couple of times when you and Bella were exchanging barks, I took to using the heavy duty leash I used to use on Paddy. With that I could control you when we saw another dog.

When I had each of my knee replacements I told the physical therapist that my first goal was to be able to walk our dogs as soon as possible. As soon as I felt that I was steady enough to walk you, we got you and Sniffy back from the kennel. You seemed to sense that I wasn't up to going to the park. For the first week or so you were content to do everything in our front yard. As my knee got stronger you began to insist on walking a little farther each day. I didn't mind as it was good therapy for me.

You loved your food and had a great appetite. You were so eager for me to set your food down on the floor that when you saw me take your dish off the counter and get

ready to put it on the floor, you would jump up and often jump on me. So, I began to make you sit when I was ready to put your food down and that was working. I fed Sniffy at the same time but he often didn't eat all of his food. You would stand near his dish and stare at it, but didn't make a move for it as long as we were in the kitchen. I would pick up Sniffy's dish and give you a few pieces. We gave Sniffy at least one pill in the morning and in the evening. Until we had to switch him to hypoallergenic food, we used peanut butter to disguise the fact that we were giving him a pill. To be fair we gave you peanut butter as well. When you turned away from your morning dose of peanut butter, it was a clear sign that you were not feeling well.

You also liked your water dish. I often referred to you as "Mini Mop Mouth" since you would drip water after you were drinking, but you were never as bad as Paddy was. You never slept on our bed. The exception was when we went to Lutsen. I would sleep in the loft bedroom and let you and Sniffy sleep on the bed with me. At home we had a nice dog bed in our bedroom beside my side of our bed. We had gotten it shortly before Paddy died. I tried to get you to sleep in that bed when I went to bed. You wanted no part of that. Eventually I got you to get in the bed and stay there for a few minutes after I got into bed so I could pet you. Then you would get up and go lie down somewhere on the floor or on a mat.

Although you were a little big to be a lap dog, on mornings when I was home I had you on my lap while I read the paper and had my morning coffee. Marveen thought that I forced you to get on my lap. Then once when we were both downstairs on the sofa watching television, you jumped up on the sofa and then got in my lap. When I was recovering from my knee replacements I often had to lie on our sofa in the living room with my knee elevated. Whenever I wanted you to come over to me so I could pet you, all I had to do was to call for Sniffy and you came running and then crawled up on the sofa to be sure that he couldn't get near me.

You teamed up with Sniffy for watchdog duty. Sniffy would be in his perch on the back of one of the chairs in the living room. When he saw something like a person walking by in the street he would start barking. Immediately you began to bark and to start circling the room, even though you had no idea what you were barking at.

I always took you to Marcia's to be groomed. I would drop you off in the morning and then in the late afternoon go to get you. I would open the door to the building where Marcia had her kennels and grooming area. She would have you in one of the kennels. As soon as you heard my voice you began to bark. You wanted out right now. As soon as Marcia opened the kennel door you leaped out and ran to me.

When we first took you to Lutsen we took a cage for you. When we went away we put you in that cage and Sniffy in his cage. As we became comfortable at home just shutting you in the bedroom when we were gone, eventually we began to shut you in the downstairs bedroom at Lutsen. We would put Sniffy in his cage and just shut the bedroom door so you had to stay in there. I was glad not to have to shut you in a cage.

When Marveen or I or both of us were at the kitchen table eating something, you were there right beside us. You would stand the whole time we were eating with a pleading look in your eyes. I kept a jar of snacks you and Sniffy liked on the table and would give you several. Once we were done eating and clearing the table and doing the dishes, you would finally lie down. For some reason you were really excited when we did something at the breadboard by the refrigerator. Maybe you learned that when we had your teeth removed and I cut up Velveeta there to give to you as treats. Whenever we pushed the breadboard back into place, you would leap around in excitement.

A frequent ritual at night involved me having a soft drink and a snack. you and Sniffy would follow me into the kitchen and wait patiently for me to get some doggie treats and put them in my back pocket. When I went back into the living room both of you eagerly watched for me to reach for my back pocket. Because of the problems with your teeth, I got Cet Chews for you. Marveen was always worried about them because you often tried to swallow a piece that was too large and would begin to choke. Eventually I tried a Greenie which you really enjoyed.

Like Paddy, you were afraid of thunder. But unlike him you would just pace around the room. Paddy would leap on the bed and stand on our heads. Marveen saw an ad for a Thunder Shirt. We got one and put it on you and it kept you calm. I put it on you whenever we heard thunder. Loud noises of any kind and sudden movements, such as if we dropped something startled you and you leaped to get out of the way.

You loved company, particularly Berta, Nicole, Jim and Don. Berta had a real knack for getting you to go potty. Most of the time you would perform in the front yard. She didn't have to take you to the park. You were a good traveler. While Sniffy would wander all over the car, you would lie down and go to sleep when we traveled. You loved being at the kennel at Armstrong's. When we dropped you and Sniffy off, neither of you looked back at us; you were just excited to be there. We always signed you up for a massage. Desi, who gave the massage, said you just laid there totally relaxed and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Marveen often said that you were the nicest and most well-behaved Kerry we ever had and I fully agree. You were always very gentle when you took a dab of peanut butter from my finger. It was a different story when it came to playing with toys. You loved to play tug with a toy. If I gave up and then grabbed a different toy, you made a leap to grab that new toy. At first I often didn't move my hand out of the way quick enough and your teeth would scratch me and draw blood. That would end that play session. Eventually I figured out about when you would make the leap for the new toy and would get my hand out of the way. You loved to chase the toy if I threw it. I loved the way you would pounce on it. But, you didn't learn to bring it back so I could throw it again. Instead, you played keep away or brought it to me for a game of tug. Two favorite toys were a long green snake and a monkey. We traded these back and forth many times. Often when I sat down in my chair in the living room you would grab the monkey and come over to me to tell me that you wanted to play tug. I gave your green snake to Dr.

Judy so it could go with you to Doggie Heaven. I have the monkey on top of the chest with your remains so it can remind me of the fun times we had playing tug.

Others who knew you also considered you a special dog. We have boarded all of our dogs countless times at Armstrong Ranch Kennels. When we told them what had happened we got a sympathy card signed and with a note from all of their staff who took care of you. That had never happened before. Compassionate Care Animal Hospital, which is the vet we have always used, gave us a blue spruce tree in your memory. Again, that is something that had never happened before. We have planted the tree at the farm, where we can watch it grow and be reminded of one very sweet dog.

T, you were the daughter of champions. With your breeding, you were a Kerry Blue through and through. Even though you never had the chance to pursue the show ring to the same extent as your parents, you were a thorough champion to us. No one could ask for a nicer dog. We gave you love and a good home and you repaid that with your love and loyalty. Though you are no longer with us and we can't pet you or trip over you as we walk through the house, your presence will be with us as long as we live. What I have written here are only a few of the treasured memories of the brief time you spent with us. We wish we could have had a longer time together but our lives have been enriched by having you with us for the past two years. We are sure to meet again when we can introduce you to all of the other dogs who have brought love and joy into our lives. Until we meet again, my Little Princess, I hope that you will hear no thunder or strange noises and have plenty of toys and snacks to enjoy.

Goodbye T. We love you,

Bob and Marveen