

## Great Things about BJ

**Companion** - Even before BJ came to live with us, he had been a companion to his previous mom who had had a mastectomy. BJ stayed by her bedside during her convalescence.

**Town Crier** - BJ felt that it was his responsibility to pass on the message of every dog barking in the neighborhood. A dog could be barking several blocks away and he would join in.

**Alarm System** - At the same time, he also barked at any noises outside the house. No matter when Josh came in, I would always know by BJ's distinctive welcome home bark.

**The Boss** - BJ's herding instincts made him feel like he had to boss everything else around. I would have loved to have found him a herd of sheep to work, but he had to content himself with whatever wandered into the yard. He also tended to want to let other dogs know that I belonged to him and he was there to take care of me.

**Dad** - When Sam entered our household as a puppy, BJ took it upon himself to teach her all the rules and play with her. Once Sam reached adolescence (and was bigger than him) roles reversed, and Sam let it be known that she was top dog although I don't think BJ fully agreed.

**Snuggly fur** - BJ had a double coat, soft fluffy fur underneath with a coat of medium length hair on top. He was always great to hug with his soft, fluffiness. Although all that fur needed lots of brushing to keep the house looking like it had been invaded by fur bunnies. I always thought that if I could make fuel out of it somehow, I'd never have to buy gas.

**Water finder** - BJ loved to be in water which was a big plus when he was doing physical therapy in the underwater treadmill at Dr. Frick's. Especially in warm weather he would love to find the nearest source of water — stream, lake, river, pond — when we were hiking and go swimming. I knew that if we ever got lost hiking, BJ would always find us a source of water.

**Great catch** - BJ had great eye-mouth coordination. He loved to catch balls and seldom missed no matter how hard I tried to make trick throws. Since his one leg was weaker, I had to be careful that he didn't jump too much which he loved to do. But if he landed wrong on it, we might have had to go through surgery and therapy again.

**Smiler** - BJ actually was able to smile. The first time I saw it I thought he was baring his teeth at me, but the wag of the tail assured me that he was actually smiling at me. At first he only shared his smile with me, but the longer he was with us he began to share it with others who came to visit. Dr. Frick was one of his favorite people and got lots of smiles from BJ.

**Holy Roller** - Whenever BJ came across a tantalizing smell on our walks, he would just flop down and roll in it. We'd be walking along and all of a sudden I would realize that he was on the ground thoroughly enjoying himself squirming and rolling around. Most of the time I didn't notice any odor, but then there were the times he discovered the joys of Canadian goose doo-doo in Forest Park. It made for a very unpleasant trip home in the car.

**Long suffering** - when BJ came to live with us he had a limp in his left rear leg caused by an accident when he was a puppy. When we got him, I began looking for a vet that might be able to help him. That is when I discovered Dr. Ava Frick and Animal Fitness Center. He began to feel so good that he overused the leg and ended up tearing his ACL in that leg resulting in surgery and many months of physical therapy with Dr. Frick. Only when he was in extreme pain did he show any signs of discomfort and never was irritable or snapped at any one when he was in pain. This long suffering trait probably contributed to the swiftness of his death after showing symptoms. It wasn't until he couldn't mask his discomfort and weakness that we knew something was wrong.



*BJ — Christmas 2005*



*BJ playing with Sam at 3 months.*



*BJ enjoying the stream in Forest Park*