

*In Loving Memory of CH Hollow Creek's Rosey
1996-2009*



My Rosey was diagnosed with Congestive Heart Failure at the young age of thirteen. Her vet predicted a rapid decline, suffering and imminent death, and thus I was encouraged to go ahead and let her go. Even the senior veterinarian of the practice, my dear friend of over 17 years, said the same thing. My only reply was, "She is not telling me that she is ready".

And Rosey was not ready for another seven more months during which she continued to truly enjoy swimming, playing, and retrieving with her "pack family". And walking and sleeping with me! Early September brought changes for my Rosey; eating was becoming difficult for her as her esophagus had become enveloped with a tumor. Our daily walks around the property had become somewhat exhausting for her, ending with me occasionally carrying a very indignant Rosey back up the hill!

That last evening, September 5, 2009, her eyes told me the story. Rosey was indeed ready; not to leave me, but for peace from her body's discomfort. Her body had aged while her mind had not and she understood what was happening to her. She curled beside me on the couch for awhile that afternoon, and much later looked toward the front door. I asked if she wanted to go outside and she did. It was dusk and we walked together, just us two as we had done every day for the past 13 years, either in the field hunting or just at home. Usually in the evening, after all others were up for the night, it was "her" time and she and I would spend "our" time walking and then snuggling. She always waited patiently for me to finish feeding, cleaning and group walking, swimming, or playing with the others because she knew that after I finished it would just be the two of us.

Back on the couch with her head in my lap, I made the call to her Vet and she said she would come. When she arrived, Rosey strangely greeted her Veterinarian with a nuzzle of her cool nose. Normally, her "Vet greeting" would not have been so loving, only tolerant and truce like politeness. She liked her vet, but not anything to do with medical treatment of any kind.

It took only the smallest amount of medication to provide her relief, as she was indeed ready. She gave no resistance and never moved her head from my lap. I wept uncontrollably as she crossed over the Rainbow Bridge. Heaven is low now aglow as Rosey has arrived! But I am a mess!

There is so much I want to share with you about my beloved Rosey, but my heart just can't do that right now for it hurts far too much. Suffice it to say that of all the Boykins in my life, she has been the greatest blessing of all. She was, without a doubt, the finest hunting companion I have ever had the pleasure to hunt behind. She was also my training partner and without her guidance I would not have been able to train all of those who followed her. Her progeny will carry her legacy.

The length of a dog's life is testimony of how well they are taken care of and loved. And that is, after all, what it is all about. Hunting dogs should first and foremost be a pet and family member! That has always been MY personal platform as a breeder of this wonderful hunting breed. And my Rosey was indeed well cared for and loved! I will miss her zest for life; watching her running so fast with those beautiful ears just flying; her pleasure in swimming; her love of hunting with me anytime and anywhere; her caring spirit; her sympathetic kisses; and lastly, her warmth in my bed.

All of my "original" foundation dogs have now passed away. Gus, Cocoa, Bozz, Santee, Penny, Roxy, Ruby, Sugar, Belle, Peaches, Luke, Jessie, Gigi, Sophie and Woody are their living legacy along with many others across America. I have a sadness within me as losing any one of them takes a huge portion of my heart with them when they pass. The toll that it is taken on me personally, as a breeder who breeds solely for the love of this breed so as to assure and maintain the quality of the breed, has been huge and at times too much to endure. I feel as though my mission is complete, and hopefully, I have been a role model for others to become loving, quality breeders, IF they accept that role responsibly without a desire of money. I have placed exceptional dogs with people across America with that very intention in mind. So at this time, I ponder how I can continue to breed and maintain what portion of "heart" loving them so much has left me. I hear retirement calling me...

God bless these wonderful thieves of hearts,
Patricia Watts

A Fun Training Day

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Again we had over 50 people, 35 Boykins, 15 labs, a few German Short Hair Pointers and 1 English Setter. FYI - All the Boykins and Labs are AKC registered.

It was absolutely one of the most gorgeous days you will ever spend outdoors - great fun was had by all and a few of us actually learned something.



Greg

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