

# The Life and Times of Bernie Gone But Not Forgotten 11FEB03 - 25MAY11

Born: 11FEB03

Adopted from Antelope Farms: 09APR03 at 7 weeks old

Very peacefully departed, very greatly missed: 25MAY11 0957HRS

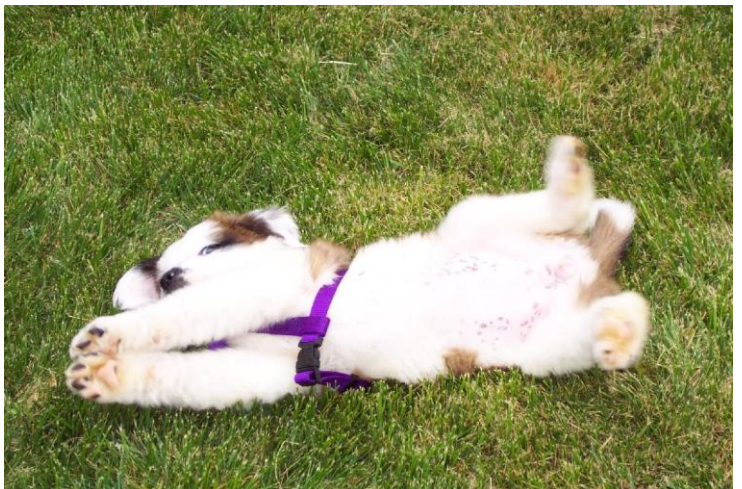
The cutest puppy you ever did see!

Note: this document does not contain *all* the pictures of Bernie, rather, some of the highlights; if you are viewing this document on the "Life and Times of Bernie" CD, then click on the following link to view alllll the pictures not included here: [Bernie-11FEB03-25MAY11.html](#), if on the internet, click here: [Bernie-11FEB03-25MAY11.html](#).

April 10<sup>th</sup> 2003, 7 weeks old, Bernie was picked from a litter because she was the puppy that came up to Sharon, and, her face had markings similar to Spot. Bernie's first "room" was the laundry room accompanied by a large stuffed Saint Bernard pseudo mom; a child barrier gate kept her in the laundry room... for a little while, but soon she was able to get over it; no problem, get another one and put it up on top of the first one, but, soon big and strong enough to dislodge these from the door frame. In the meantime a gate was made and installed between the family room and the living room... "the living room is not your room."



... and already a "slut puppy"



Pedigree: registered w/AKC as "Patches Bernice of Toby"

April 2003, around 8 weeks: dynamite picture by mama...



... Bernie and Haley...

... Bernie and Loraine



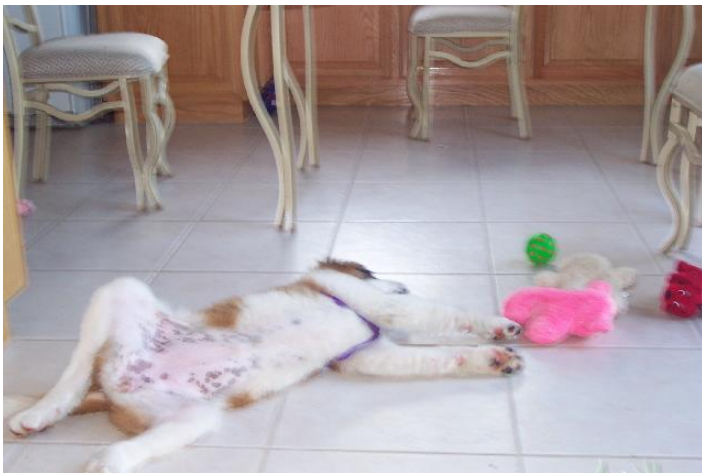
April 24<sup>th</sup> 2003, 9 weeks old:



May 16<sup>th</sup> 2003, 12 weeks old:



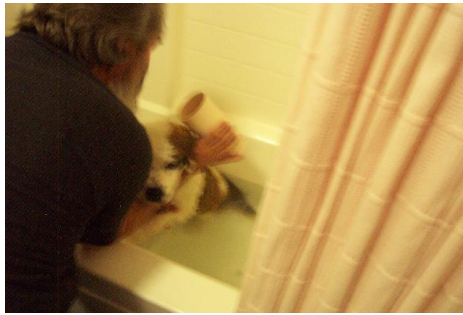
May 15<sup>th</sup> 2003, 12 weeks old, still a “slut puppy,” shredded all toys... except Clifford!



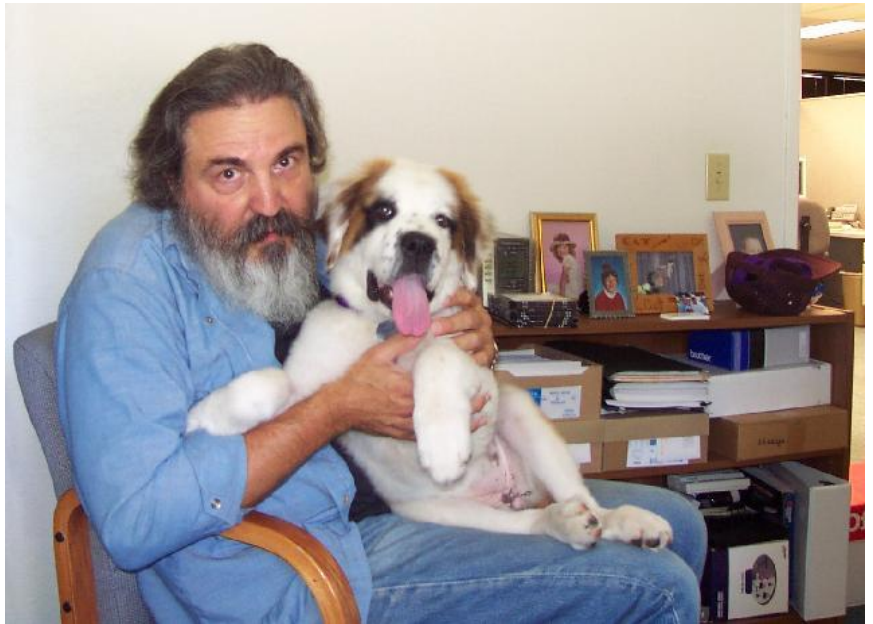
... Spot wonders what this fast growing critter in “her house” is...



May 16th 2003, 12 weeks: first bath



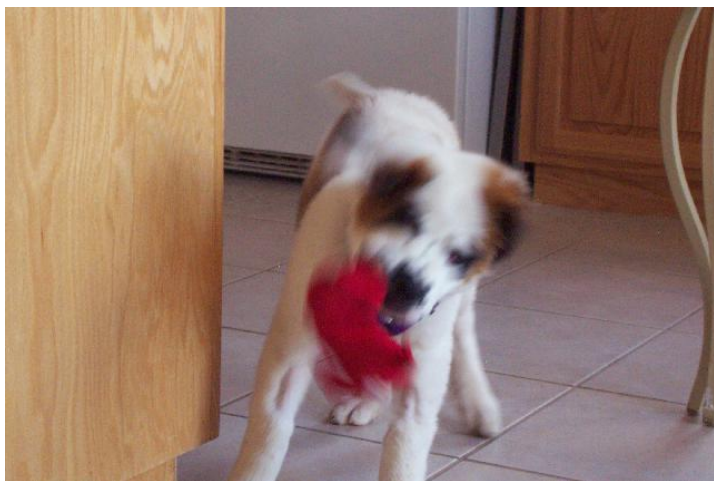
May 21<sup>st</sup> 2003, 12 weeks: happy puppy at Orange Coast Title – notice the pseudo wall be built out of file boxes to keep her in the office; but sometimes she would visit co-workers who would roll on the floor with her.



May 24<sup>th</sup> 2003, 13 weeks: lumpy puppy growing fast, and, yup, she makes a good “lap puppy”...



... and, Clifford is still her favorite

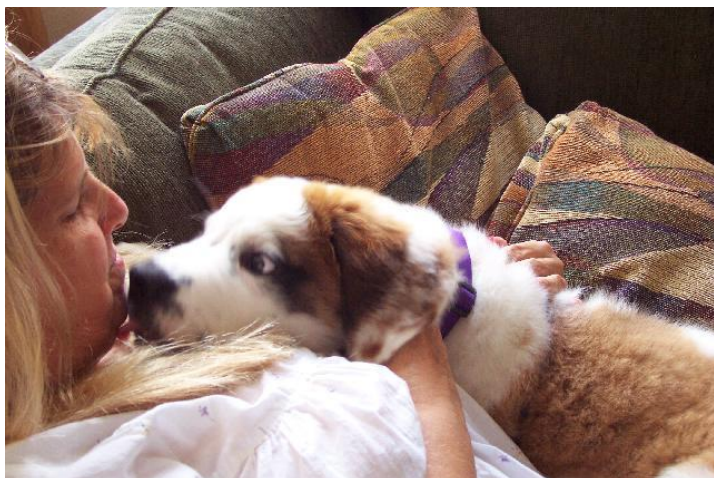


May 29<sup>th</sup> 2003, 15 weeks: "lumpy puppy" sleeps where she wants,... yes, coffee table magazines got relocated...



... kisses...

... mama's little "love bug"...



... get that sprinkler!!! (notice the green grass by the pool)



Swimming – while still a wee puppy, and while the cover was on the pool, when the sliding glass door was opened she ran across the patio and *half way across the pool* on top of the cover; as she approached the far side of the pool we went to that side to grab her and she ran back to the other side, so we went to the other side to grab her, etc., until she got so close to the edge of the cover that it no longer supported her and dumped her into the water – grabbed her harness and pulled her out, but, from then on (for a while) she stayed away from the edge of the pool... until summer time when she was introduced to the pool, and discovered she could swim and where the steps were... from then on there was almost no keeping her out of the pool... if anyone went into the pool then she did too, and, if anyone attempted swimming under water she felt the need to “save” them by virtue of swimming over to them and pushing them down with her paws. If you were in the pool and she swam over to you then you had to be prepared to catch her front paws and hold her up by her front legs, else she would attempt to climb up on you digging her toenails in as part of the process. Here she is growing fast and being re-introduced to the pool.

June 1st 2003, 15 weeks:



Well, summer of 2003, the hot tub sat on a pad, wide open to the world (in particular neighbors (in particular neighbors with two story houses)) and sometimes momma and I would get a little wet and wild in the hot tub, and, there were the occasional mosquitoes; solution: build a gazebo. That included digging out behind the hot tub concrete pad in order to pour concrete for the gazebo, and, running the sprinkler created a mud hole and maybe, just maybe there was some grass in the bottom of the hole...

June 13th 2003, 17 weeks: Bernie discovers a mud hole, looking for gold, found some grass...



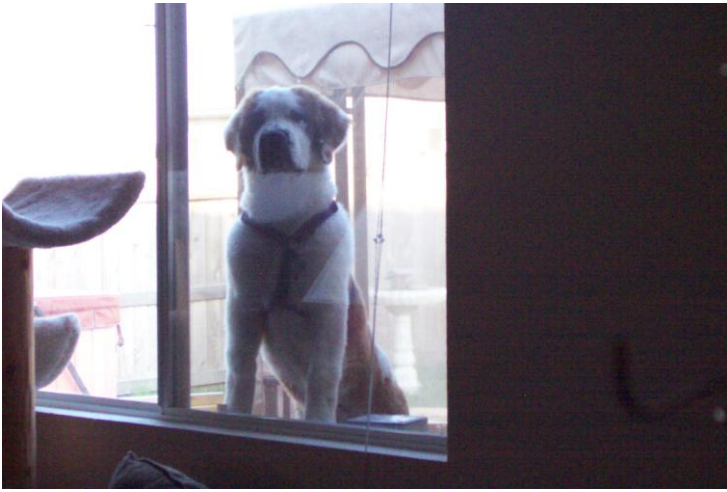
... shake that grass... reckon there is any more?...



... there must be more... OK... all done...



June 23th 2003, 19 weeks: all wet and left outside to drip dry for a little bit, we went inside... *without her...* UP on top of the pool toy box, looking in the window, barking: "I see you in there, let me in," and, still growing fast.



June 30th 2003, 20 weeks: old enough to be "in public" now without risk of catching parvo etc., so, **FINALLY!!!** Bernie at the lake in the park at H Street and Alhambra Blvd when I meet Sharon for lunch...

"ummmmm, this duck shit smells goooooood!!!" ... ummmm, those ducks look mighty tasty too!...



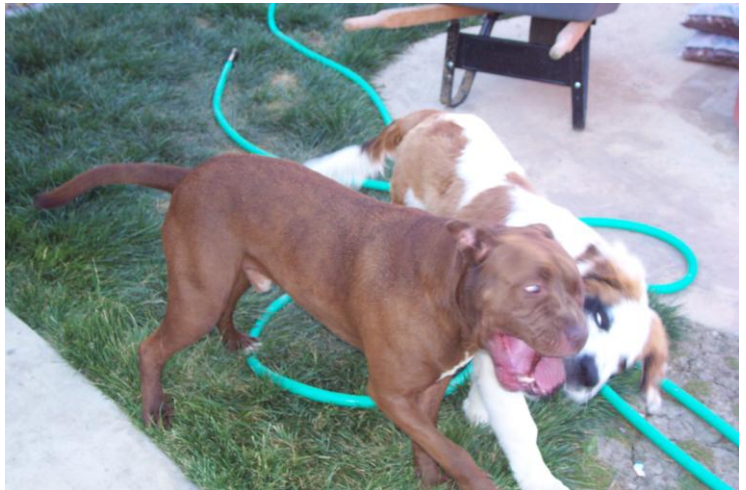
... cant fit under the coffee table any more, can fit under the sofa table... I'm not too long... yes, sofa table magazines got relocated...



... but this is only marginally wide enuf... I said marginally <sigh>... it was fine when my body was the size my head is now...



... Bernie and Thrasher running around the pool... gimme some tongue!



July 1<sup>st</sup> 2003: 21 weeks: Bernie begins Petsmart Puppy Training Program... she was the largest puppy in the class, the class always began with a brief play time for socialization and to wear the puppies out a little; after the 1<sup>st</sup> night the itty bitty puppies were provided a separate play area because Bernie, running with a white huskey ran over a little one and sent it rolling across the play area.



July 1<sup>st</sup> 2003: 21 weeks: mama and puppy...

... Rich and Jill and Jack...

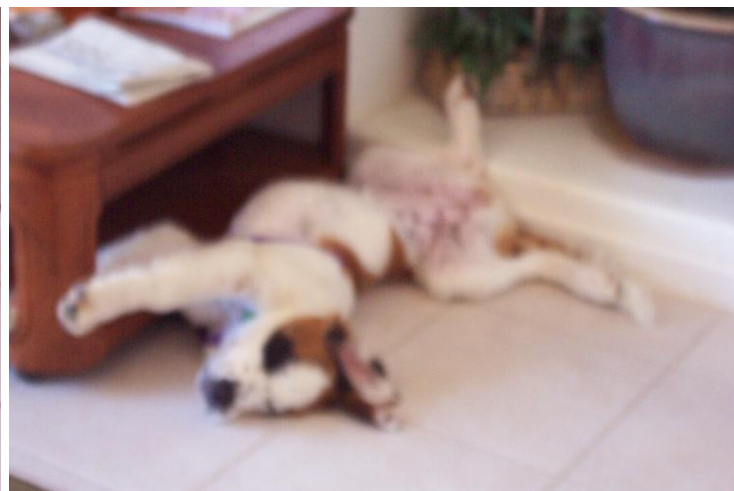
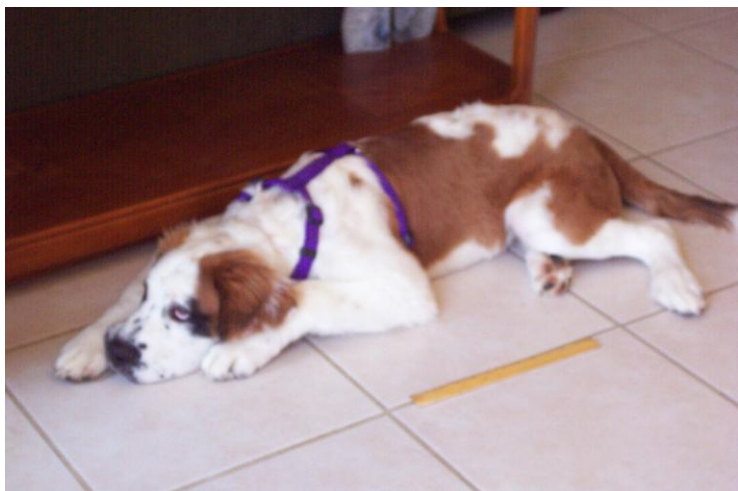


July 8th 2003: 22 weeks: Bernie, Faydra, Ari... (notice the green grass by the pool)... gimme kisses...



... still growing fast...

*TWISTED PUPPY...*



July 8th 2003: 22 weeks: meanwhile... at school...



July 15th 2003: 23 weeks: stilllll growing...

still in school...



... all worn out now...



July 22th 2003: 24 weeks: slut puppy still growing and showing her scar... and... back in school...



July 27<sup>th</sup> 2003, 25 weeks: still growing...

get wet, shake while running



Something that seemed like a good idea at the time but did not work out very well was to get a kiddie cart, modify it for Bernie and tow behind the bicycle so she could go with us; however, a couple of miles from the house on Linden Avenue, I don't know if something spooked her or what, but, she decided to get out of the cart! No harm, no fowl, but, that ended that.

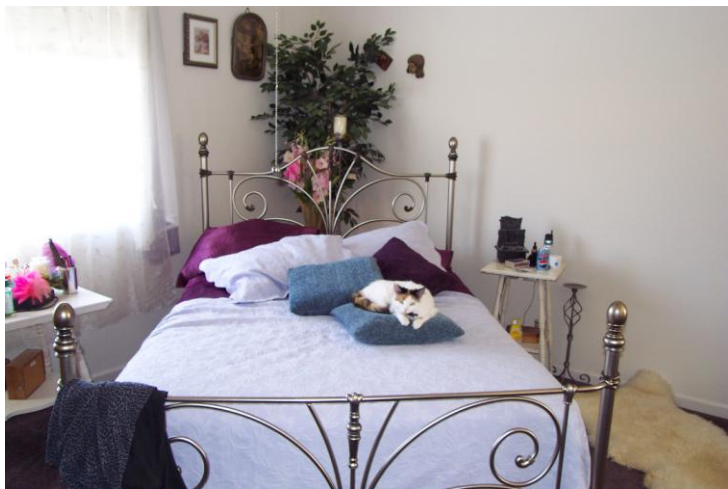
August 3rd 2003, 26 weeks: still growing, sea turtle pose... August 19<sup>th</sup> 2003, 28 weeks: slut puppy, sporting her Petsmart Puppy Training Program graduation neckerchief (graduated July 29<sup>th</sup>)...



August 6<sup>th</sup> 2003, 26 weeks: ready to go, sporting her Petsmart Puppy Training Program graduation neckerchief (graduated July 29<sup>th</sup>)...



August 13th 2003, 27 weeks: "You are not allowed on the bed and I am, neener neener neener", still growing and waiting for mama to drop something...

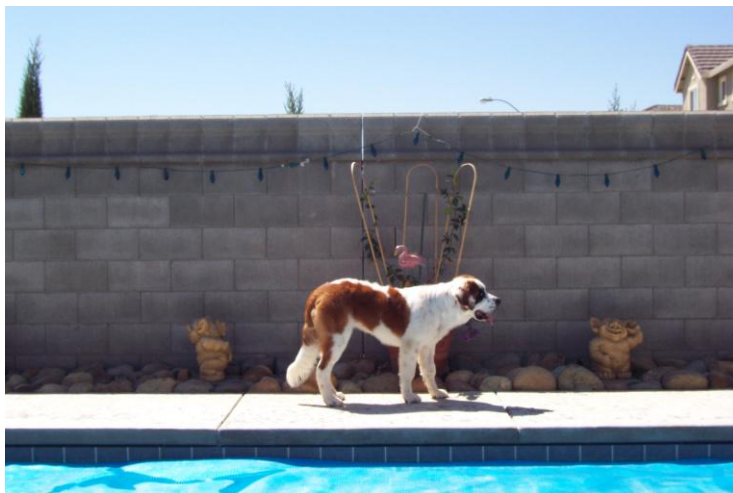


August 17th 2003, 28 weeks: "Auntie Sheryl, wakie wakie"... "she won't wake up!"...



... PRETTY PUPPY, classic pose...

"you want me to what? (see fingers on left)"



August 19th 2003, 28 weeks: the sleeping slut puppy, still growing... notice she has OUTGROWN her harness!... August 23<sup>rd</sup> 2003: Bernie and Jack and Rich and Jill's place in Boulder Creek



Duplicate picture!!!



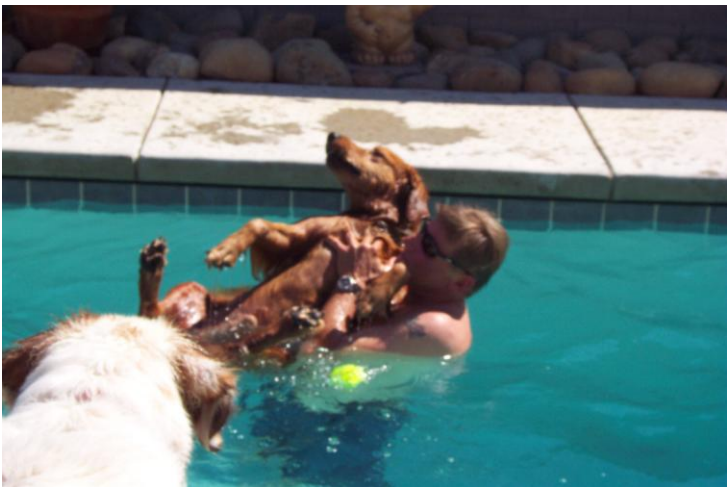
August 23rd 2003, 29 weeks: ROAD TRIP!!!... off to Boulder Creek to see Rich and Jill and Jack...



... potty stop at the Golden Gate Birdge overlook... skipping stones on Boulder Creek.

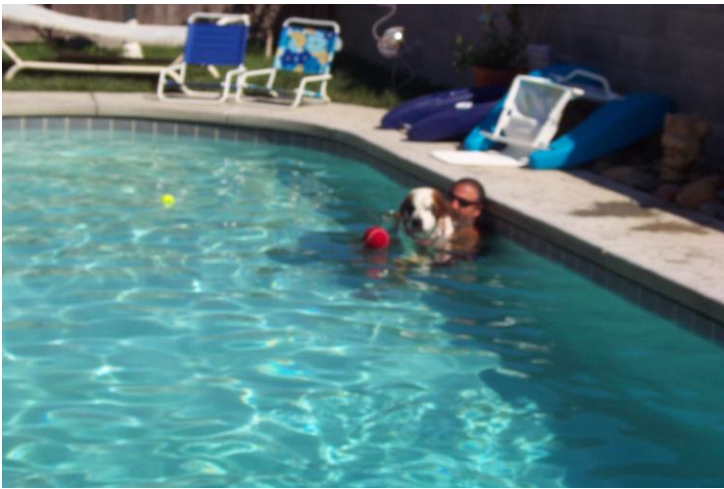
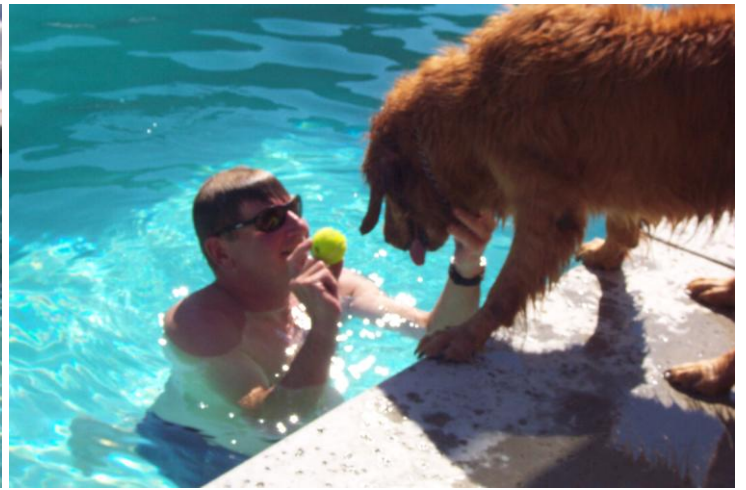


August 31st 2003, 30 weeks: Mike and Jake have come for a visit



Biiiiig tennis ball for the puppy...

plain tennis ball for the old dawg...

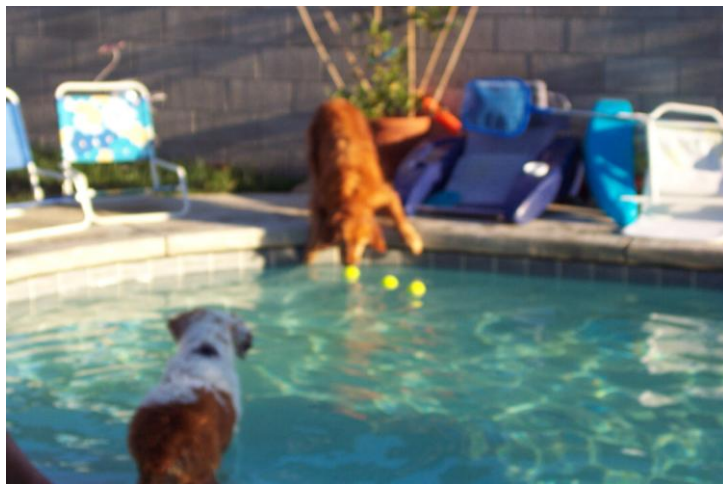
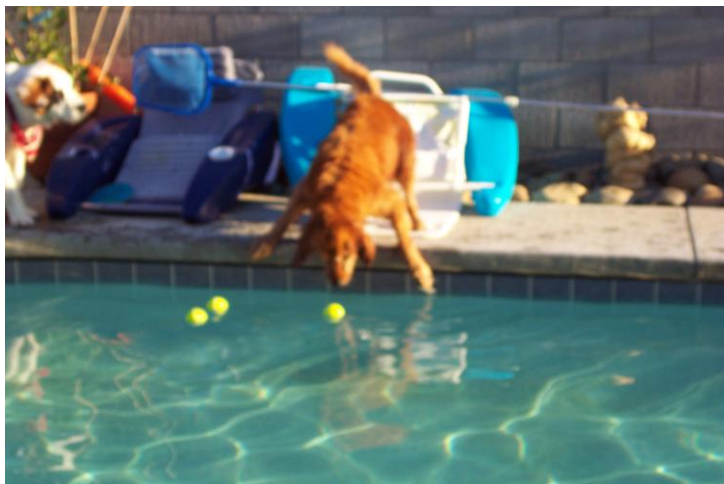


... eyyyyy... the gazebo is up, and Bernie helped... see where she is shaking? Well, this being a salt water pool, and, her always shaking in the same place, all the salt water eventually killed the grass there, which was eventually replaced with flagstone.



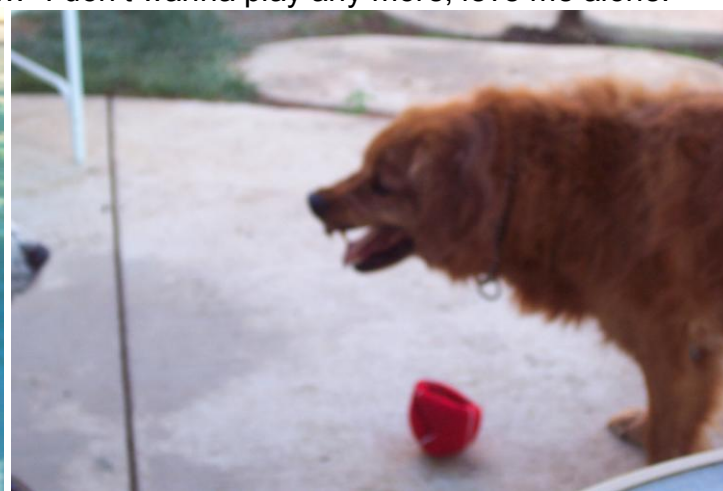
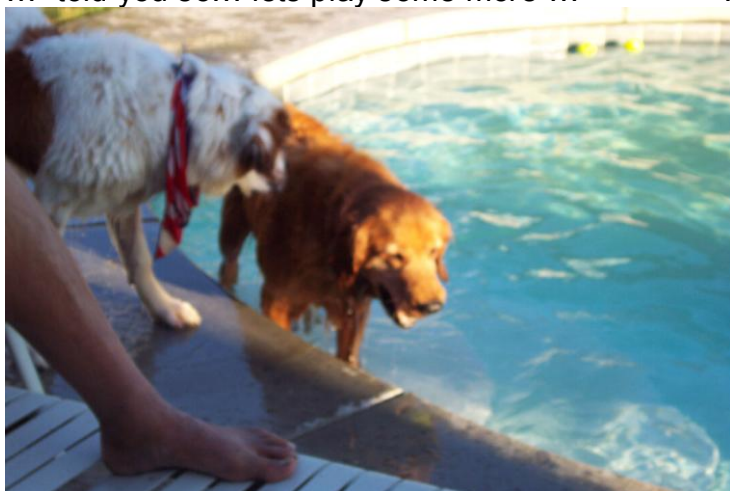
... "you're going to fall in Jake"...

... "you're going to fall in Jake"...



... "told you so... lets play some more"...

... "I don't wanna play any more, leave me alone."



September 1<sup>st</sup> 2003: still growing...

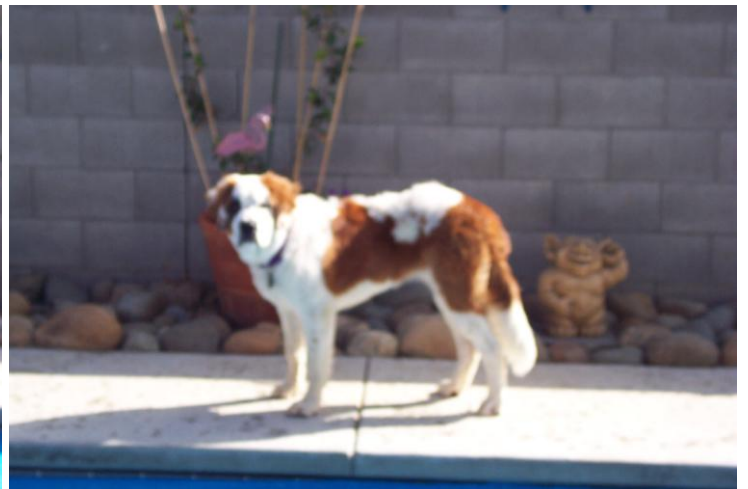
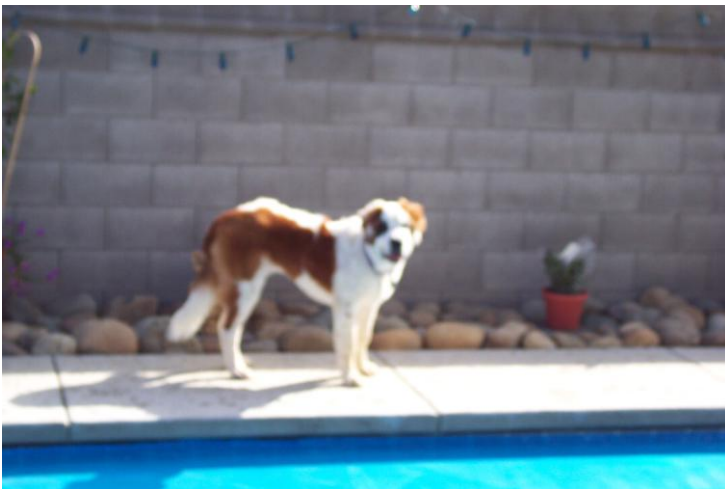
... and still a 'slut puppy'



September 7<sup>th</sup> 2003: still growing



September 9<sup>th</sup> 2003: PRETTY PUPPY... at some point in time we noticed that as she grew her hips would get tall, then her shoulders would catch up, then her hips would get tall, then her shoulders would catch up, then...



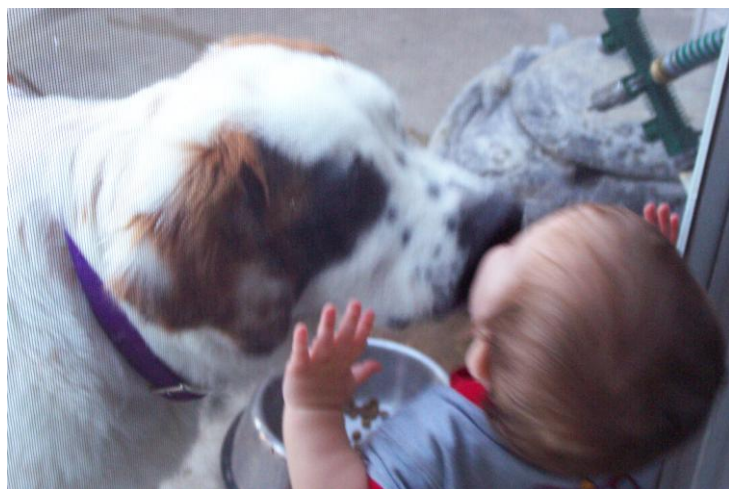
September 13<sup>th</sup> 2003: WHAT IS THIS MACHINE THAT MAKES STRANGE NOISES AND SPITS PAPER OUT???  
September 14<sup>th</sup> 2003: still growing...



... staying cool... "don't drink the water!"...

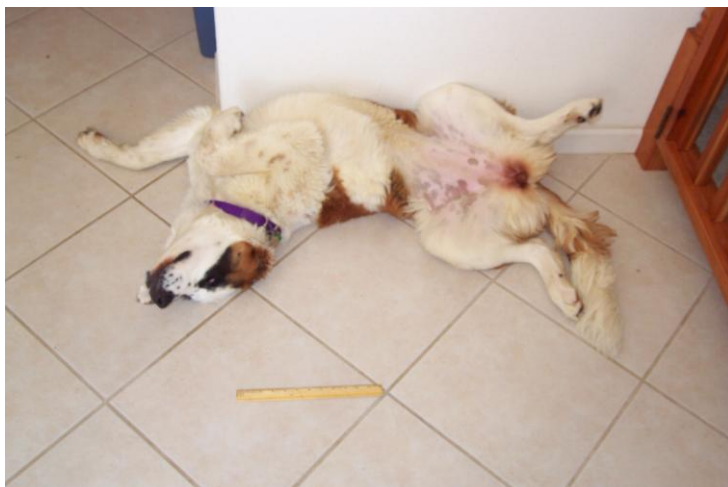


... there's a screen separating these two, but, kisses will be given anyway

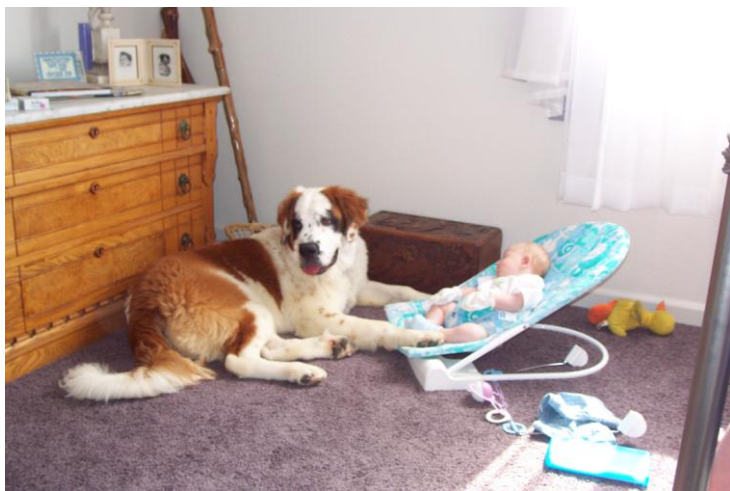


September 21st 2003: oops... forgot to take a growth picture this week

September 29<sup>th</sup> 2003: here's two (of the three) growth pictures, twisted puppy again, pretty brown eyes



October 3rd 2003: good mommy dog, gently guarding the baby



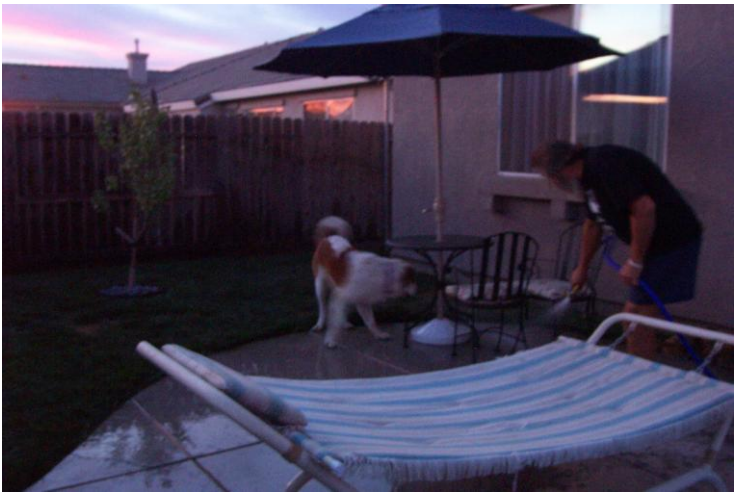
October 12th 2003: still growing, still twisted



October 14th 2003: Sammy loves Bernie



October 14th 2003: "you're playing with water, I want to play too"...



... this picture doesn't really show it, but she has a really large "smart bump"... and big soft ears...



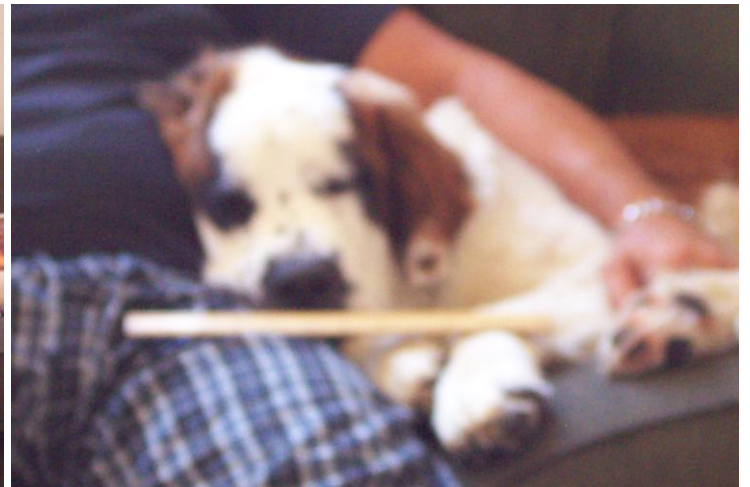
... and big floppy lips... hmmmmm, she doesn't drool much, maybe she'll be a dry-mouth-Saint, nooooo, no such thing... and really big teeth too!



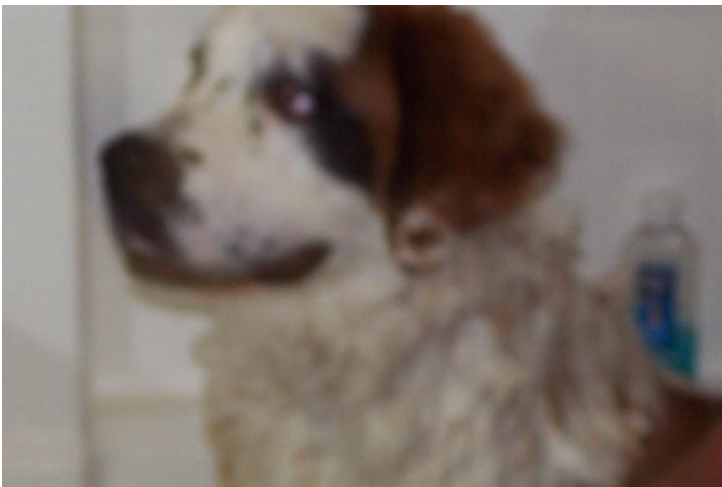
October 21st 2003: TWISTED PUPPY... how does she do that???... looks like it would be uncomfortable!



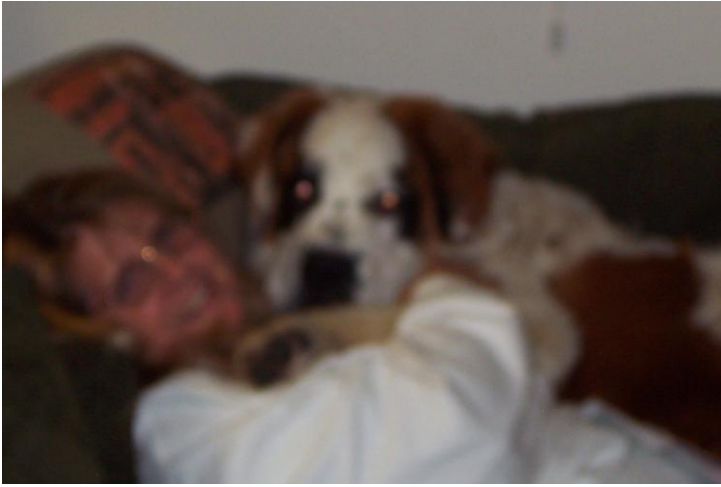
November 1st 2003: daddy and his puppy napping on a Saturday afternoon, mama does the measurement



November 8<sup>th</sup> 2003: it's bath time again... she was always good about taking a bath, step into the tub, stand there, thinking about getting out but mama was blocking the other end of the tub, and step out of the tub, a 3-towel dry, then blow dry and brush, and still somewhere between damp and wet!



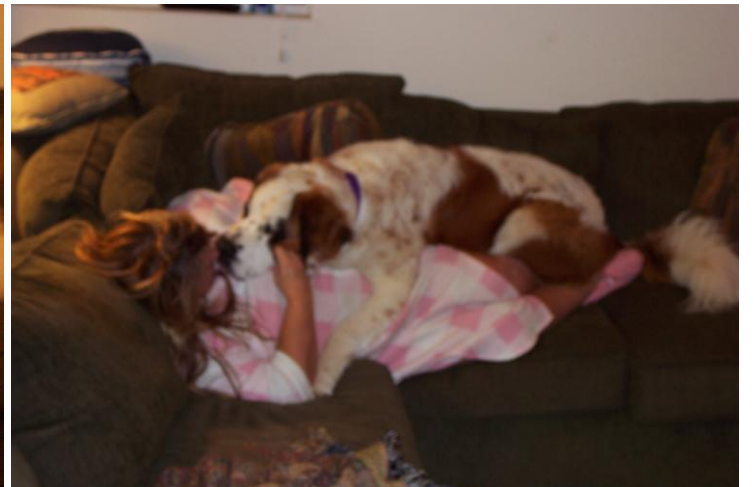
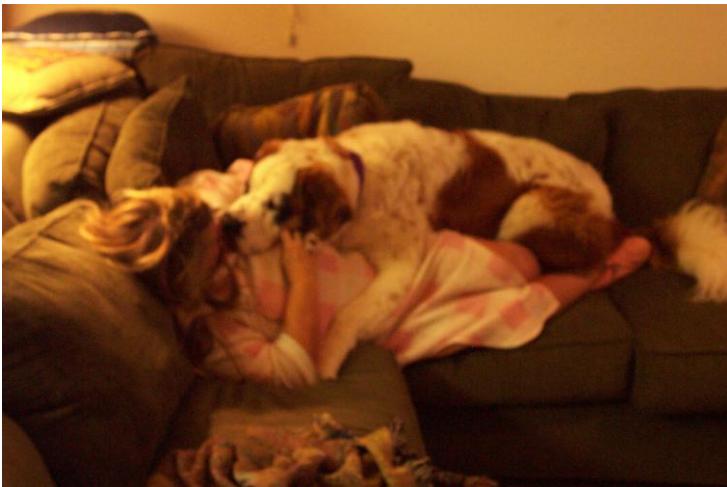
November 13<sup>th</sup> 2003: mama relaxing after work with her puppy, a full body warmer!



November 15<sup>th</sup> 2003: Spot - "I don't care if mom and dad did buy this for you, I'm taking it over, it's mine now"... Bernie - "it doesn't matter, I have couch privileges and this works just fine for me"



November 23<sup>rd</sup> 2003: Bernie - "kiss me you silly savage," Mama - "kiss me slobber lips"



December 24<sup>th</sup> 2003: daddy and his puppy napping... again...

December 31<sup>st</sup> 2003: "your ear smells dirty, let me clean it for you"



February 22<sup>nd</sup> 2004: bath time again, yes, shower head has an extra hose attached...



... and brush and fluff...

... myyyyyyyy what a fluffy puppy!



June 14<sup>th</sup> 2004: bath time again... we eventually decided that there was no point in filling the tub, just use the shower head to wet and rinse her...



... and, another fluffy puppy in the making



**BIG TENNIS BALLS...** Bernie had jaws so strong that she would pop a regular tennis ball when playing with it, so, one day when we saw some really big tennis balls at Petco we bought some, a red, a pink, a blue, a purple... well... as it turned out, the "skin" on these big tennis balls was not even as thick as the skin on a regular tennis ball, so, she popped them too, but, they would return to their original shape when given a moment.

**Hot tub:** when Sharon and I would have a Saturday or Sunday morning hot tub session, we would leave the door open so Bernie could come inside the gazebo if she wanted, she would walk up the steps and put her paws on the top of the hot tub, and, she wanted to get in, but that was not going to be allowed; besides the pollution (hair, etc) the hot tub would have, the water was 98° to 102° and that just would not be good for her. As she became more insistent about getting into the hot tub we reached the point where we began closing the door. Occasionally she would lay next to the door and we would not be able to get out of the gazebo until we talked her into getting up, but, one day she dropped a rope toy by the door in such a place that we could not open the door... we were trapped!!! From then on, when we remembered, and we usually did remember, we would unhook one of the end doors... just in case.

Veterinary visits while a puppy included getting remaining inoculations, administering worming medicine and there was the collecting stool samples for a worm check, the first batch of which was apparently an out of date batch which did not cure the puppy worms and had to be re-administered... “and we have noticed that Bernie does not poop in a pile, rather, she leaves a poop here and a poop there and a poop there”... doctor: “well, that is the well known trait of a ‘creeping crapper””

And here is an example of the work of the “creeping crapper” that greeted us when we returned home, not all that common of an occurrence, but, an often enough occurrence that we upon returning home we would begin sniffing when we came in the front door for smells of pee or poop, then going to check the hall to see if she had been a “good puppy” and her excitement when we discovered a clean hall because if the hall was clean she got a treat... *alright! you’ve been a good girl!... lets go get a treat!...* accompanied by tight circles run around me on the way to the kitchen... if not... ooooooh bummer, com’on girl, lets go outside... and she was put outside while the hall got cleaned... get a plastic bag, get the paper towels, get the Spic & Span, get on your knees and get busy... [sigh]...



Veterinary visit... “Bernie seems to be pawing at her ears a lot”... “she may have ear mites... here’s some medicine to put in her ears and rub in”... well... a squirt of that into her ears *really* bugged her... after we had put some in each ear and rubbed it in and let her loose there was a lot of head shaking... reckon it was like when you are swimming and get water in your ear and try to shake it out... and... when we’d get the ear medicine out of the laundry room... well... one whiff of that and she’d take off... she knew very well what was next, so, we’d try to sneak into the laundry room and get the bottle without her seeing or smelling it... sometimes that worked, but, eventually there was no need to do that procedure any more.

Swimming –If you were in the pool and she swam over to you then you had to be prepared to catch her front paws and hold her up by her front legs, else she would attempt to climb up on you digging her toenails in as part of the process. She was large enough that when she got to you and you were holding her front legs her back legs would sink down and she would stand on the bottom of the pool...



... on a float...



Veterinary doctor: is “Bernie an inside or outside dog?” “Bernie is an inside dog in an air-conditioned house, and when she is outside, if it is hot then there is an in-the-ground swimming pool that she can and does cool off in,” and go in she did... summer or *winter* (brrrrr). Sometimes she would want to go outside and lay in the sun by the back door, probably from her early days with Spot who liked to lay in the sun; eventually she’d got hot, and, to cool off – into the pool...



...so, if she had just had a bath, or, we just did not want her getting in the pool we’d tell her as we opened the door “stay out of the pool.” She would walk out to the pool steps, stop, look back at the door to see if anyone was watching at the door, if we were watching she’d walk a little further, turn around, walk back to the pool steps and check again, if we were watching she’d lay down and sometimes just let one of her paws dangle in the water...



Around 2009 we bought a concrete water fountain and a concrete bench for the back yard, and we bought clay pots and put rocks in them to set next to the bench the thought being that when winter came we would be able to place them by the pool steps to form a barrier so Bernie would not be “getting wet” in the cold cold water. The bench was placed by the shallow end of the pool and got warm (hot) there in the sun; Sharon and I would sit on it when we got out of the pool and it became known as “the warming bench.” When winter came we moved it to the steps and set up the barrier... did that keep her out of the pool??? Noooooo... she would step between or around an end pot and get in anyway and then be faced with a difficult exit when she wanted to get out, so, we gave up on the barrier because we would rather she was able to get out of that cold water when she was ready rather than be trapped there.

And, when she did laps around the pool, often she would prance! Nice!



Graduated “Petsmart Intermediate Training” on...

Stubborn – she was trained with hand signs (instead of verbal commands) for sit, down, up, wait, stay, etc, and some verbal commands for drop it, leave it, gimme five, shake (as in her whole body to shake off water), BERNIE! COME!, BERNIE! COUCH!, BERNIE! RUG! However, if, for example she was on a walk with you and you stopped at a corner and gave her the sign for sit and she did not want to sit then she would look the other direction, you reposition your hand in front of her face to get her to sit and she would turn her head back in the first direction, etc... “if I don’t see the sign then I don’t have to do it.”

Walks around the block – a 3/4 mile loop, that was always the same, and there were a few times when she got out because the side gate was not latched and when we discovered she was not around and ended up in the car driving around looking for her we would find her somewhere on that loop! Once when Sharon and I went to the January 2009 America Antique Motorcycle Auction in Las Vegas Sharon's phone rang and it was a dude who asked her if she had a Saint Bernard, yes, well, I'm here on Oakland Bay Drive and have her, you need to come get her, I'm Las Vegas, let me call my sister. Sheryl was actually at the house as she would come by a couple times a day to let them outside to play and take care of business, drink, pee, poop, play, and had not noticed that Bernie and Izzy had both gotten out! Well, Sheryl rescued them and returned them to the house.



Turrets – sometimes she would be laying... where ever... raise her head up, look at us, and bark, wait, bark, wait, bark bark, etc., and, this would go on for about a minute, then she'd lay her head back down, and we would wonder... what was that all about, it's not like she wanted to go out, or to have a treat, or... because if she had really wanted something then she would have gotten up, got in someone's face or gone to the door or to the kitchen or where ever, but, she never got up... just laid there and barked!?!?

Bernie had a seizure at ? weeks old, took her to an emergency veterinary clinic, thought maybe she had consumed something poisonous. The doctor there did not know what Bernie's problem was and she asked if I was familiar with computers and suggested that I get on the internet and search for information about her problem... made us wonder what the doctor went to veterinary school for??? Then we went to another emergency veterinary clinic, the doctor on duty there was a nervous system specialist and was almost immediately sure Bernie had had an epileptic seizure. He loved her and wanted us to leave her with him for the night for observation, which we did, and he told us of the pros and cons of Potassium Bromide and Phenobarbital, the later being harder on an animal's liver and kidneys and said if she were his dog that he would start her on a regiment of Potassium Bromide, a drug which would slow down synapse conductivity in her brain and make it so that the epileptic "paths" in her brain would not be so easily followed, and, although the Potassium Bromide would not bring about a cessation in her seizures, it would help to limit them to approximately one per month... we told him that he was the doctor, he had studied this, we would be errant if we were to stray from his recommendation, and thus began her being given Potassium Bromide daily... we were told that the Potassium Bromide may make her drowsy and may give her loose stools, and loose stools she did develop for a while until her body became accustomed to the medicine, but, as for drowsiness... we could tell NO CHANGE in her active behavior! We put it on two table spoons of canned dog food and she thought it was a treat! She became accustomed to getting it every evening and whether she was just in the routine, or whether she started getting twitches in her brain, or a combination of the two... every evening she would come to (usually) me and talk to me... "oh, it's time for your medicine?" "woo woo woooo" or "BARK!" and if I did not respond she would become insistent with continuous ear piercing barking until I complied. Over the years her liver and kidney functions were tested every six months to verify there was no ill effects of the drug(s) and her dosage went from 10ml to 15ml to 20ml then when her lab work indicated that the Potassium Bromide levels in her system were approaching limits her Potassium Bromide dosage was reduced to 10ml with a 97.2mg Phenobarbital twice a day, with the warning that the Phenobarbital would likely make her drowsy and weak in her hips, which it did until her system became accustomed. We had to get her Potassium Bromide from the Professional Village Pharmacy, a compounding pharmacy, and it began at \$30 for 600ml; as the years passed, the price crept up, her last Potassium Bromide refill was on April 16<sup>th</sup> 2011 for 600ml for \$60.05! And her Phenobarbital ran at \$30 for a three month supply. Wow! Expensive, plus \$40 for a bag of Iams Large Breed dog food every month... and... although we kicked ourselves in the ars for not getting the doggie medical insurance, we did not mind... Bernie was a real sweetheart and we wouldn't have traded her for anything! A log of her seizures was begun on 05NOV07 and can be viewed here: [BERNI-SEIZURE-LOG.html](http://BERNI-SEIZURE-LOG.html).

Another thing that Bernie picked up from Spot, besides sunning herself by the back door, was purring, quite often when she was laying with her head in your lap and you were rubbing her ear or neck, or when you were laying on the floor with her brushing her, she would purr... a deep throaty nasal purr, but, a purr none the less.

The moon... we do not know what it is about the moon, and in particular a full moon, and it's effect on animals, but, the moon had an effect on Bernie, and it wasn't the full moon, but the almost full moon... just before a full moon... and on those nights of an almost full moon she would be in and out every half hour!!! Yeah... just try and get some sleep... wasn't happening.

... graduation picture with square black "cap"

... pictures from album taken with film camera...

Christmas Pictures... the first year everyone thought Spot was a dog too, and, every year, folks ask how we were able to get such great pictures and we have to tell them that trying to get the pictures took half an hour for 1 good shot!



Christmas 2003 (10 months old)



Christmas 2006 (3 years 10 months old)



Christmas 2007



Christmas 2008



Christmas 2009 (pulling the bike w/leashes)



2009: Bernie (right) & Izzy (left) waiting for Santa

Christmas 2009



Christmas 2010 (Bernie 7 years 10 months, Izzy 3 years 4 months)

- and then the trouble when we got Izzy etc... ???the trouble???

We will not miss

- the slime she slung on the walls throughout the house, and me, and etc., yes I will
- her huge head bopping me in the back of my head when she changed her viewing position in the car
  - and my head getting wet from the slobber from the bops on the repeated changes, yes I will
- her having to be dried on her frequent dips in the pool (*a three towel dry job*), summer or winter, yes I will
  - her killing the grass by shaking the salt water all over when she got out of the pool (eventually replaced with flag stone)
  - her coming over to where everyone was sitting on the patio and shaking water all over everyone
  - even worse, swatting you with her wet tail!!!!... where it hit you was as if you just ran a water stream from a hose across where her tail hit you
- the helpless feeling I had when she had a seizure
- trying to figure what caused or why she had a seizure
- the \$30 per month for Phenobarbital for her epilepsy
- the \$65 per month for potassium bromide for her epilepsy
- the \$500 to \$700 every 6 months for lab work for her epilepsy
- blocking the living room gate by laying as close as she could get to where I was last, yes I will
- blocking the front door because she opened the gate and that's where I was last and she had snuck in there in our absence to wait for our return... "what are you doing in here girl?... get your butt in the family room"... and she'd trot off to the family room where we'd go and have a proper greeting, yes I will
- drinking out of the toilet, yuk, yes I will, I would let her out for a drink, just bark
- picking up her road apples in the back yard, yes I will "kreeeping crapper" that she was
- her attempts to avoid the rain during the daytime or in the middle of the night...
  - WOOF (at the back door: I want to go out)
  - open back door, she sees the rain coming down, she turns around and walks away from the door
  - WOOF (at the back door 5 minutes later: I want to go out)
  - open back door, she sees the rain coming down, she turns around and walks away from the door
  - WOOF (at the back door 2 minutes later: I want to go out)
  - open back door, she sees the rain coming down, she turns around and walks away from the door
  - WOOF (at the back door 1 minutes later: I want to go out)
  - open back door, she trots quickly to the corner of the back yard to take care of business
- drying her when she comes in from the rain, she expected this and would walk in and wait for it, yes I will
- drying her mouth *with a towel* when she comes in from getting a drink, she expected this and waited for it, yes I will
- being totally slobbered when she dried her mouth on me after getting a drink, yes I will
  - where was that bar towel?
- paying \$25 to get her toenails trimmed (she would NOT allow me to trim them!), yes I will
- "build-a-puppies" accumulating in every nook and corner of every room and under furniture, yes I will
  - and the fur that accumulated on the purple bedroom rug
- unexpected messes...
  - we replaced the rug in the hall with tile to match the family room because she peed on it so many times while we were gone that it began to smell
    - when she peed on the tile in the hall, she peed a *LAKE!*
    - when she pooped on the tile in the hall, she pooped *all the way down the hall!*
    - but, we were advised that the medicine she was taking for epilepsy would cause her to pee/poop at the edge of uncontrollably, so, if we were gone too long... although we worked nearby and would be home at lunch to let her out, she had all morning and all afternoon alone, and, she did, afterall, have a loose wire in her brain, and, although we could never really tie her peeing or pooping in the house to any of her seizures, we suspected that was due to a loose wire, sometimes she would pee on the purple carpet just inside the doorway of our bedroom... with me there!!!!... but... could not really get mad at her... just get clean it up... well... that happened enough times when we were gone that we got into the

habit (still in that habit) of closing our bedroom door when we left... would rather clean up a lake that have the carpet peed on... we don't think when she did pee on the carpet in front of us that she even realized what she was doing because when she did know what she was doing she would go to the back door and bark... hmmmmm... my bad if I did not go to the back door right away and she really needed to go because then she would pee on the green outdoor carpet there... oh well... clean it...

- When returning home and on my way to the bedroom, turning the light on in the hall to see if there is a yellow lake, or poop, which became a habit after about the third time I walked through a lake of yellow pee and said "oh shit!," a habit that still persists... just in case I suppose, although Izzy has never been guilty of messing in the house since her first few weeks here.

- her standing in front of my desk and barking at me when she had had her medicine, there was food in her bowl, the back door was open already, and when I did get up she did not lead me to what she wanted, sometimes she did this if we were in the family room watching TV, and we suspected, when she did this late at night that she was telling us she wanted us to go to bed so she could go to sleep next to the bed with us in it – WRONG – I really do miss this.

- her scratching paint on the mop boards when she pushed off of them to get up after napping, but, saw no point in touching them up since they would just get scratched again; I reckon a touch-up is in order now, but, for now, she has left her mark; other marks include her paw prints in the concrete pad I poured for the air-conditioner/pool equipment pad and the sidewalk across the mow strip in the front yard.

- her opening the screen door with her nose and coming inside, *but, leaving the screen open!*... especially if she had been in the pool and came in all drippy wet.

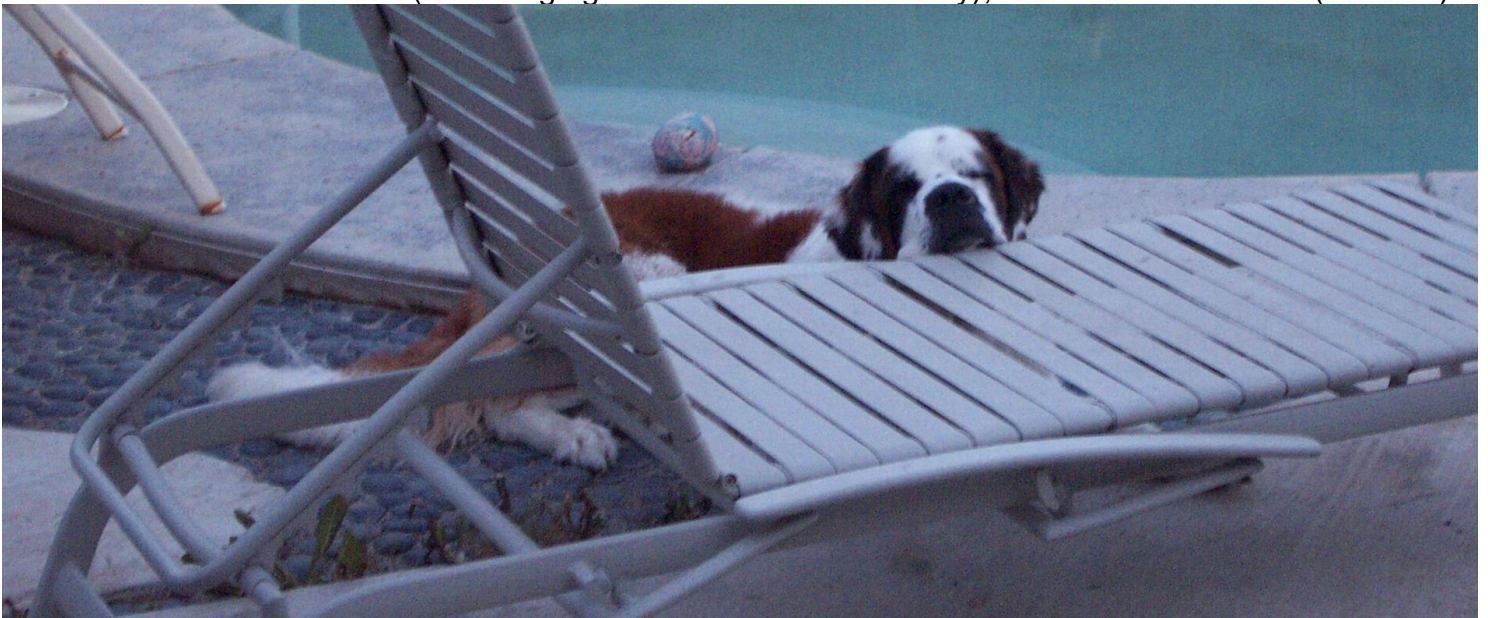
- **BUT**, all these things we will not miss... we would gladly put up with to have her here with us!

We will miss

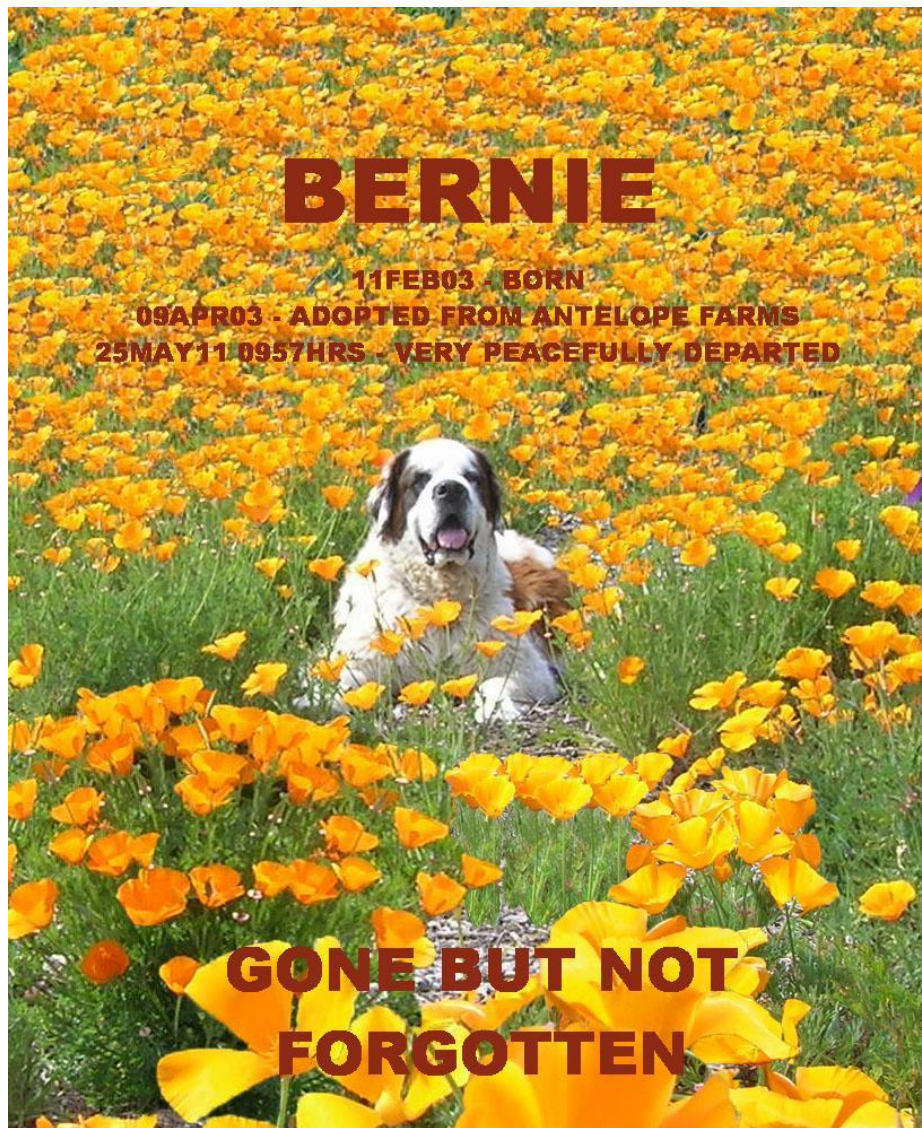
- her soft loving gaze when she looked at me
- taking her on road trips, around town, the wine country, Boulder Creek, where ever
- taking her to play in the snow
- taking her to play on the beach
- her bouncy romp, jump, bow
  - and, not so much in her later years, but, she would jump straight up in the air in front of you at eye level, and, 125 pounds of Saint Bernard looking you in the eye like that was impressive and a little intimidating
- leaning on me, standing on my foot, nuzzeling me, laying her head on my stomach while I'm standing, and rubbing her ears while her head was on my stomach
- sitting in a chair in the back yard with my arm around her patting her side or rubbing her ear (often while getting slimed from recent visit to water dribbler)
- her wanting in... "you want in girl?"... open door, she goes in, close door, she turns around and barks, "you want out girl?"... open door, she comes back out, close door.
- her prancing down the hall beside me on the way to the kitchen for a treat
- her *spinning around in excitement* when her leash jingled and came out to go for a walk or a ride
  - she knew it lived in a drawer in the laundry room and her radar ears knew the drawer opening sound
- her making tight circles around me when I asked her "is it was time for your medicine" or "do you want a treat" or when I got home and entered the family room
- her laying by my side of the bed
- laying in front of the sink while I brushed my teeth
- her laying on the bathroom rug waiting for me to get out of the shower
- her laying on the rug beside my side of the bed (watch your step)
- her laying by my desk while I worked on the computer
- her laying under the kitchen table during dinner time keeping my feet warm
- her laying in-between the kitchen table and the tall cabinet during dinner time
- stepping over her
  - when I got out of bed
  - when I'd walk down the hall
  - when I'd get up from the kitchen table
- her re-arranging the furniture... cushions, pillows, couch, chase... made us wonder what went on while we were gone!
- her waking me in the middle of the night with a soft woof in my face to go outside to drink or pee, she didn't bother mama, knew it was me that took care of her
- her waking me in the middle of the night with a big **WOOF** in my face to go outside to drink or pee (reckon after a soft woof failed to wake me)
- her talking to me, wooo wooooo woooooooo
- her talking loudly to me, **WOOF WOOF WOOF**,
- her barking every day at 5:30pm because it was time for her medicine... and spinning around in excitement as we walk into the kitchen to prepare it... 2 scoops of wet dog food, 10ml potassium bromide, 1 Phenobarbital... one chewable inflammation resistance, 3 pain pills
- FLUFFY PUPPY, how beautiful she looked when she was brushed and blow dried after her bath
- brushing her and her stretching and turning and twisting to be sure I brushed everywhere
- her laying with me on the couch, on my lap or beside me with her head in my lap
- finding her in "her room" (the laundry room) occasionally, guess it was a security thing for her, her comfort zone
- her thinking...
  - barking at the back door so she could run back and get my place on the couch when I got up and went to the back door to let her out, and she passed me going the other direction to get on the couch
  - barking constantly in the bedroom when mama and I were trying to have some "personal" time and I get up and tell her "come on" to get her to go down the hall then close the bedroom door (so that if she

continued barking at least it would be on the other side of the door and not in our face)... but... that only worked one time, subsequent times I am waiting at the door for her to go out and down the hall and she's standing in the bedroom looking at me like "I know what you're up to" and I have to actually leave the room and go down the hall to the family room... then she follows to see what I'm up to and I jet back to the bedroom and close the door

- the sound of her ears and lips flopping and her tags jingling when shook her head
- barking and waiting for me by garage/laundry room door when I was working in the garage
- giving her a Frosty Paws (doggy ice cream) on nights we had ice cream
- in the kitchen, standing as close as possible, waiting patiently, for a tidbit to "fall" on the floor, or, into her mouth, *especially* if preparing/cutting "bird" – turkey, chicken, eggs
  - once when we had chicken for dinner, and left the carcass on the table, and went outside to get some stuff out of the car, we came into the kitchen to the sound of chomp/crunch sounds in time to find her standing in the middle of the kitchen... and the carcass was GONE!... we sweated it for the next few days wondering if a splintered chicken bone was going to get hung up inside her somewhere
- returning home and sniffing when we came in the front door for smells of pee or poop, then going to check the hall to see if she had been a "good puppy" and her excitement when we discovered a clean hall because if the hall was clean she got a treat... *alright! you've been a good girl!... lets go get a treat!...* accompanied by tight circles run around me on the way to the kitchen... if not... ooooooh bummer, com'on girl, lets go outside... and she was put outside while the hall got cleaned... get a plastic bag, get the paper towels, get the Spic & Span, get on your knees and get busy... [sigh]...
- once we had homemade French fries, left the deep fat fryer on the counter, went grocery shopping, came home to find she had tipped over the deep fat fryer, and then tracked the liquid all over the kitchen and family room... outside girl... and a one hour clean up!
- the hose from the small vacuum was held near her when she was still a puppy and apparently it scared her, and so, when ever the vacuum was run she'd go to the back door and bark to go out while we vacuumed.
- picking up her road apples... really I will.
- her wanting to get in my face when I was sitting on the toilet... "back... back... baaaack... thank you, good girl"
- being in the bedroom and throwing a ball down the hall then watching her in the mirror as she takes off down the hall and goes into reverse in time to stop before running into the bathroom door at the end of the hall
- propping her *heavy* head up on things, the chase lounge, the living room gate, my leg, my shoulder, the center console in the car (and nudging our elbows out of her way), the KITCHEN TABLE (uh uhuh)



- on our way to the bedroom her running up the hall and spinning around on the purple carpet then bowing and waiting then running around us in a tight circle, each step accompanied by claws digging into the carpet sounds
- her sniffing doors by the fireplace where some doggie treats had been after one Christmas, she knew they were in there and wanted some, and, even after they were all gone she knew they were in there and wanted some, reckon the cabinets either still smelled like there were some in there or she just remembered there were some in there, anyway, she would go to doors, sniff and bark... and after all the treats that were in the cabinets were gone we'd get her a treat from the laundry room or the canister on the kitchen counter.
- her laying on "her purple rug" which lived (lives) in the hall corner by the guest bathroom door
- her running laps across our and the neighbors' front yards on each side of us, so fast in the turns that sometimes her rear end would slide out from under her.
- watching her run towards me with her ears and lips flopping
- we have grown accustomed to "Bernie hair" on the inside roof of the Solara convertible top as she was tall enough that when she stood in the back seat her back was against the roof
- her putting her nose under your elbow at the kitchen table and pushing your arm out of the way to get a better whiff of what was on my plate
- her laying on the pool deck by the pool steps, laying on the pool deck on the far side of the pool, laying by the chase with her head on the seat, her laying by the back door sunning (we think this was from her hanging around Spot when Spot was sunning herself), her laying behind me when Dave Young and I had our early morning meetings, *her laying near me where ever I was!*
- Sneaking into the living room (not her room) when we are gone and "burying" a rawhide in between the couch cushions then going back into the family room (with the gate closed and latched) and laying there like nothing happened... yet... we see the rawhide and know *she* put it there and had to have gone over the gate... and she periodically goes to the gate and looks at the couch to make sure it is still there.
- When we are in the living room with the gate open and she lays on the tile in the family room with a paw on the carpet, then 2 paws, then 2 paws and a nose, then... half her body is on the carpet.



Some words from her friends...

Rich Chatoff: I am sorry to hear about Bernie. She will be a happier now and had loving parents. Hope everything else is going good as usual all is crazy around here.

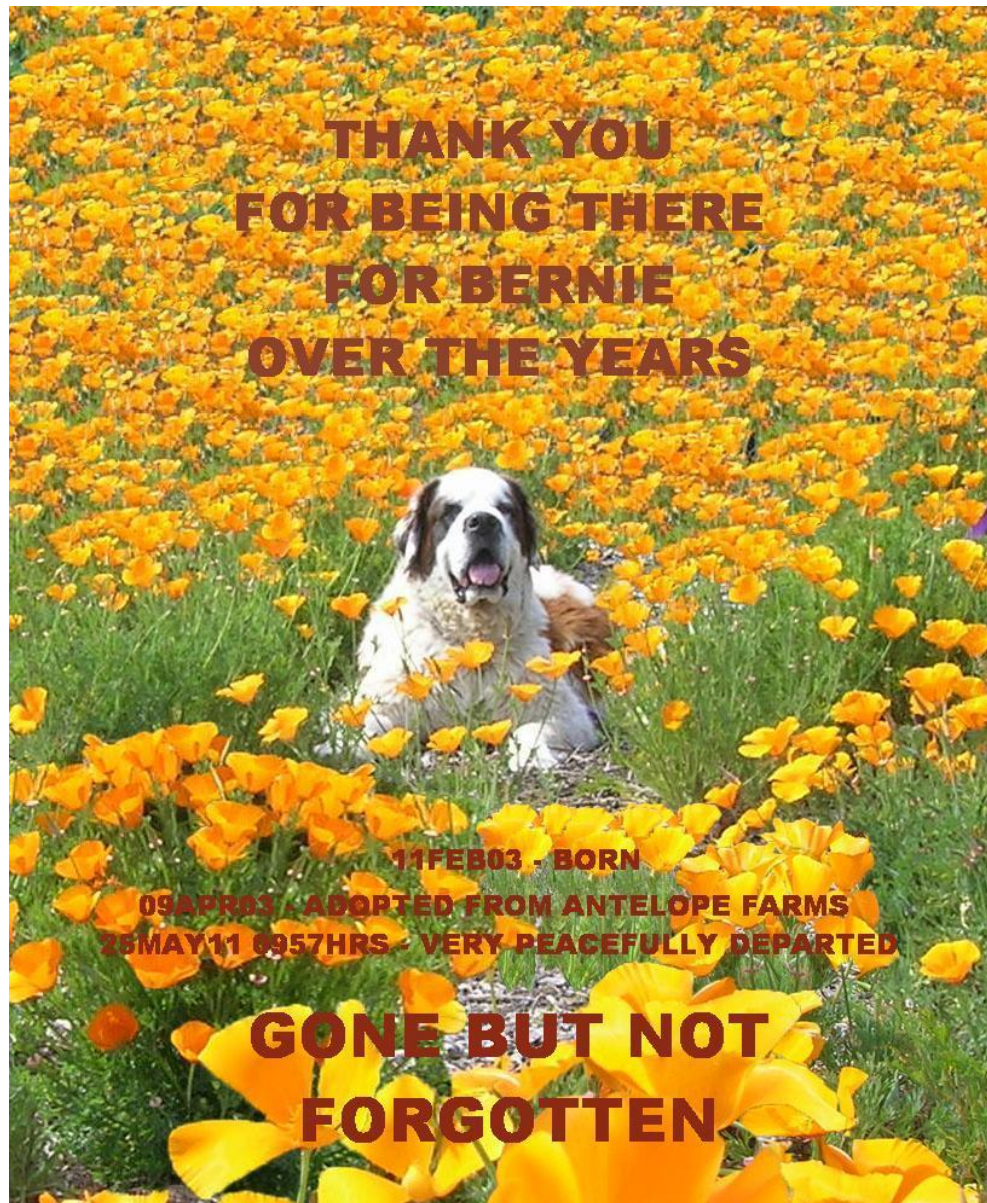
LorraineChatoff: Awww this makes me sad. I'm sorry grandma. On the bright side you did the right things for you and her. I'm sorry grandma :(

Sheryl Leedy: Am so sorry and sad. Loved her very much and will miss her sassiness. Love to both of u and to izzy

Maxine and Andy Peterson: we are so sorry....

Dave and MorganYoung: I am so very sorry for your two's loss. I know that like Morgan and I, those dogs are like kids to you and Sharon. I can't imagine how hard it must have been for you guys and I hope that you know that if there's ever anything either of you needs we are always just a phone call away.

Gloria Lucero: Sharon and Russ, I am so sorry to hear about Bernie, I remember you bringing her in the office when she was just a puppy. My love to both of you.



VCA Westside Animal Hospital: Our Heartfelt Sympathy, Friends enter and leave our lives, but the impressions they make on our hearts stay with us forever. Our sympathy is with you in your loss.

- Dear Holder Family, I am very sorry for your loss of Bernie. She was truly one of my favorite dogs with such a sweet personality. She couldn't have asked for a better family to care for her. I love the photo of her in the poppies, what a great reminder of her gently spirit. You are in my thoughts. Dr. Rasmussen

- I am so sorry for your loss of Bernie. She was a beautiful girl and will always be remembered. Take Care. Colleen

- I am so sorry for the loss of Bernie! She was such a sweetheart and was lucky to have you. Always remember all the great times you shared together. Take Care, Anelissa

- I am sorry for your loss of Bernie. She was a beautiful big dog and will be missed greatly. Aerial

- I'm so sorry for your loss of Bernie. Diane



Note: this document does not contain *all* the pictures of Bernie, rather, some of the highlights; if you are viewing this document on the "Life and Times of Bernie" CD, then click on the following link to view alllll the pictures not included here: [Bernie-11FEB03-25MAY11.html](#), if on the internet, click here: [Bernie-11FEB03-25MAY11.html](#).

KNUCKLEHEADS FOREVER!