

Tribute To A Brittany

DC/AFC Rue de Valle MH

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Wayne Carter & Shannon Carter

Rudy's steps are slow and stiff, walking through the house at all hours of the night. Anyway, I pick up his poofy ears to shout "Good Boy, Rudy". Words I'm sure he loves, maybe he'll still hear. Each day that he slips toward frailty tears at Wayne, his person, his partner, the one who guided his extraordinary field talents, and who was Rudy's one and only student. Each day that Rudy sits at my feet as I write or phone or cook, I feel honored to stroke his still beautifully shaped cobby body, his old soft coat, pale and faded mahogany rust. He sees less now, but when he trots or runs in the yard, his movement is still one of the best, reach and drive intact, flowing smoothly, covering ground.

The cold weather takes its toll and he must stay indoors. His heart condition has curtailed all hunting, except when Wayne lets him run in front of a horse to a bird — just one more time each time. After all, Rudy's nose is still that of "Mr. Perfect". If IT happens then, he'll go happy, so we say. And arrangements have been made in such event.

We mourn a little every day, and most importantly, show Rudy gratitude for the thrills and education given with all his big strong heart, his poofy ears, his eyes for us. The little-bitty homebred that was too cute to be a field dog, too rough edged and too on the edge to be a show dog, has more than enough of both. In small thank-yous, I'm glad we can still say to you, "Good Rudy".

With love, Terry Carter