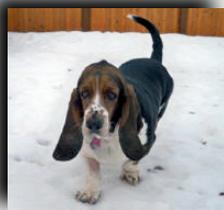


The Rocky Report

From Rocky the Rocket



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In Memory of Jeb ...



My travels were done for a while, and we were both safely back home.

However, I did not realize how upset Jeb was about having to spend time in the kennel and the lack of my

attention. One night, as I lay on the bed in our bedroom watching TV, Jeb came into the room and stood several feet away. He proceeded to look me straight in the eye and pee. He absolutely knew what he was doing and wanted me to know it too. The message was clear, very clear. He was pissed off! And, he was letting me know he was pissed off in no uncertain terms. I got the message.

Later that evening, after cleaning the carpet, I told him I understood and promised that we would spend more time together. I shared with him that my travels were over for the foreseeable future and that he would only have to stay at the kennel if absolutely necessary. I told him that the reason I took him to the kennel was because I needed to know he was safe, where people took good care of him. Jeb has been happy with my

explanation and arrangements every since.

Jeb loves to sing. I sing, and he howls, especially to the song Memories which is one of his favorite tunes. One day, on my mother's birthday, I thought it would be great if Jeb and I sang happy birthday to my mother over the phone. As I began to sing Jeb began to howl, so I moved closer to Jeb so my mom could hear our birthday wishes together. My mom laughed and laughed. In all her 85 years she had never had a dog sing happy birthday to her, something new and such a fond memory for us both and Jeb made this possible.

Jeb is truly a blessing in my life. One evening, arriving back home late from a work related trip, the kennel was closed and I could not pick him up until the following day. As I opened the back door, the silence flooded over me. Our home felt empty without him, emptier than I ever would have imagined. Being able to experience this emptiness served to punctuate our relationship with many exclamation points that continue to this day.

Jeb even likes to pray of all things. I do not know where he learned this, but from time to time I kneel down by the side of my bed to say prayers. I call out "It is time to pray." Jeb comes immediately into the room and sits at my side where he stays until I am done saying my prayers. Somehow, we always

manage to end saying our prayers together. Imagine that!

Like I said, Jeb is a blessing and even more. You see, Jeb was scheduled to arrive on the 3rd of July, the date of my father's birthday. My dad passed away a number of years before. So here it was, my dad's birthday and Jeb scheduled to arrive. For me, Jeb is a gift from my dad. This makes Jeb even more special. And we all – my dad, Jeb and I get to celebrate on the same date each year.

As corny as it might sound, from time to time I sit on the floor with Jeb at my side and tell him the story about the day he arrived and being a birthday present from my dad. Jeb sits attentively at my side and listens to every word. We are happy, content, at peace with the world and a gift to each other. We would not have it any other way.



*In Loving Memory
of My Best Friend Jeb.
Thank you Jeb
for sharing your life
with me
and allowing me
to share my life
with you.
Beloved friend,
now and always.*