



Shadow was born October the 21st 1997. We never knew more about her family than the names of her parents, which were long and grandiose. She came to us at Christmas of that year as a present from Heather's brother Scott. I didn't want a dog but I can't remember another gift given or received that year. The clearest memory of the evening was Scott following the puppy around with a paper to protect the carpet. I say "puppy" because a few names were tossed around but we hadn't settled on one yet. I don't remember if it was Judy or one of us who noticed first that the puppy picked a person and followed them from behind without diversion. But the comment was made that she was like a shadow and that name stuck.



Heather wanted Shadow to sleep with us the first night but I wouldn't let her for 2 reasons. The first, she wasn't house trained. The second, it would be harder on the puppy to sleep alone the next night. We fashioned a bed from an old comforter in the mudroom and papered the floor. When Shadow woke us whimpering that night I almost lost my argument, but I'd heard that a ticking clock would soothe a nervous puppy and it seemed to work, that, and Heather lying on the floor half the night.



Shadow was house trained promptly. We took her out often and kept her over papers in the mudroom when we couldn't watch her closely. We reduced the area of papered floor over a short time. When we removed them altogether she waited for us to come home and take her out. I understand that it doesn't always work that well so I am still proud of Shadow for that.



As a young puppy Shadow didn't look so much like a Shetland sheep dog, Her ears stood straight up as if she were always listening. Maybe there is some greater benefit to puppies over older dogs in fine tuned and directional hearing? Button, Judy's Rat Terrier, was about 2 years old when Shadow came on the scene and although she would always look like one she was not too patient with puppies. Shadow quickly learned to keep her distance but mimicked us in picking up Buttons leash and taking her for a walk. I was never able to catch her in the act with a camera because Shadow was also a ham and quickly posed for a picture. Maybe she just thought I had something to eat because I lifted the camera to my face like it was food.



For the longest time we thought that right ear would never drop. By the time she was one year old it had.

The Kitchen was always Shadow's favorite room. From the beginning it was the plan to never feed shadow from the table. Aside from health concerns, it was always hard to have an uninterrupted dinner conversation at the home of anyone who feed their dog during mealtime. I guess we forgot to discuss this policy with Scott who was living with us briefly after moving back from Ohio. One afternoon Shadow started whining and barking while we were all eating dinner together. Heather and I were wondering out loud why she should do that without having been trained to expect dinner treats and Scott says, "Oh, we're not supposed to feed her table scraps?" That was that. He worked late hours and had been eating long after Heather and I were asleep.



Shadow was always a good dog to bathe. She was very patient and seemed to enjoy the attention. In the summer I'm sure it provided much relief from the heat with that heavy coat. She did try to drink the bath water so we had to let her get her fill before introducing soap to the process. After a bath she would run around the house or back yard rubbing against anything that looked dry. She loved tug the towel games.



Heather and I had been married 6 years and had no children. Both my Brother and Sister had kids so maybe we were filling a perceived void with our pooch but it seemed natural at the time to give Shadow a birthday party. The cake was a ham covered with cream cheese for frosting. Naturally small pieces were served, so while no one was looking Shadow served seconds. She received lots of toys, but none she ever played with.





Shadow would never have puppies. We would have liked them but it was apparent to us that Shadow had a low threshold of pain. She had this game she played with Heather. She would jump over Heather's legs as Heather sat on the floor playing catch and tug with a terrycloth bathrobe sash. Once she put her foot wrong jumping 4 inches and yelped in pain then whimpered for hours. The vet couldn't find an injury. In addition to the pain issue,

Shadow's vet pointed out, female dogs fixed before they could have a litter; experienced lower incidence of breast cancer and ovarian cancer wasn't even possible. Concordantly, Shadow had her surgery shortly after her first birthday. We felt bad enough conscripting her into this surgery so imagine how guilty we might have felt with her yelping through a delivery had we let her succumb to puppies.

Getting back to Shadow's issue with dog toys. Maybe she thought anything colorful and pretty should be delicious and was mortified because it wasn't even edible. Anyway, through a Frisbee past her and she'd just watch it fly by. Then she would look at you longingly, notice the disappointment in your face, then change hers to a look of bewilderment as if to exclaim, "If you wanted it why did you throw it away?"

This isn't to say Shadow didn't play. She had the tug game with towels and Heather's home made tug toy. She liked catching popcorn or she caught it because she liked eating it. She chased squirrels. She was nuts about squirrels. I never thought she would catch one but she was a red blur when she shot out of our back door after one. Then one day there were two in the act of making little squirrels and she caught the one just as they broke and ran. I think it was the male. She shook it just a little and tossed it a few feet. It



scrambled to its feet and ran up the fence top with Shadow's breath at its back. It sat there a moment panting and obviously disoriented. I'd always wondered what Shadow would do if she caught one. Heather and I joked that it would take hours with a squirrel psychiatrist to recover from this humiliating trauma.



This would be Shadow's last Christmas in Memphis. Poppa had gone ahead to Maui back in November for what was planned as a temporary job teaching Scuba. Heather followed for Christmas night and a week plus while Shadow visited with Judy, Ron and Button.



Heather told me that Shadow had been waiting by the front door every night since I had left. A few visits to Maui later and a job interview with Kihei Professional Pharmacy removed Heathers illusions that I might just be going through a phase. We started making preparations to sell the House on Kings Arms. I flew back that spring to open the pool, pack my study and move a lot of stuff out of the house to storage. When I arrived at the front door Shadow pretty much jumped into my standing lap. I had been gone 7 months and it could have been a week. She hadn't forgot me at all.



That summer our niece Jessica was born. Shadow always tried to get our attention more when we held children. I think Shadow was a little jealous of every new baby in the family but no amount of practice or planning could prepare her for what was to come a little more than five years down the road.



The big adventure of Shadow's life had to be the cross-country trip taking Heather's car to Oakland for shipping to Maui. We decided to drive for a few reasons. It was a little less expensive including the gas and lodging, we could do a little touring, and Shadow would have a shorter flight to Oahu. We packed Heather's car with the maximum amount of check on luggage allowed (in the days before the airlines charged). We made a bed in the back seat for Shadow in her disassembled pet carrier. She would lay her head on the front seat between us when she wanted our attention. We drove out of Memphis on Hwy 40 west through Little Rock and Oklahoma City to Amarillo Texas. I don't remember where we spent our first night but we were driving through Texas when darkness fell and (unknown to us) so did the speed limit. Heather was driving when we got the ticket for a ridiculous amount of money and to this day she hates Texas.

Shadow was a great travel companion. She held her water for long stretches of road. We did a lot of snacking in the car between stops to make good time. On many occasions we tried sneaking a snack while Shadow was sleeping in the back seat but she would hear the wrapper rustle and there would be her head sticking out between us. She started having problems doing her business in the roadside parks of the desert southwest. She had always gone on grass. There was no grass in many of those parks and where there was grass, NO PETS signs were posted. We violated those rules a few times when no one was looking. It was here we started noticing that Shadow would hug the walls of a hotel as if sneaking into our room. We had picked hotels online advertised as pet friendly but didn't announce having Shadow just in case. I think she sensed our nervousness and acted accordingly.



The Grand Canyon, Wow! Shadow was very nervous near the edge. She wouldn't even get close to it on her own. She seemed fine when I carried her for a photo op. Just shows how much blind trust she has in us. How could you ever let down someone who trusts you so completely? Shadow dined out with us on the waterfront in San Francisco. There are actually restaurants that allow dogs. Of course you eat out doors but still, "way to go San Francisco". I can't help but wonder if Shadow was capable of hoping this was going to be our new home. The next day we tried to take Shadow to Muir Woods but were turned away, NO DOGS! Boo national park service! A lady just in front of us was allowed in with her pocket poodle. The ranger just said her dog was too small to count. We even had an obvious poop bag dispenser on my belt. Strange times these, when dogs are allowed in restaurants but not the woods. So, we took her to Muir beach, which turned out to be the better choice. Shadow chased sea birds and waves until Heather and I were too cold to stay any longer. She chased the waves toward the ocean and when they rolled back her eyes would get big as she ran from them with a frightened look. Then she would do it again and again. She loved it, and we were taking her to a place where we could do this every day.



This gave some comfort. We were both apprehensive about putting her on the plane. But we had this really good day first. We hoped she might dream about it on the flight.



We had a little picnic at the Matson Line loading docks after dropping off the car, then off to the airport.



Our flight was delayed and Heather's frequent inquiries regarding pet status prompted airline employees to bring Shadow up to the gate. When it was time to go back Shadow was yelping and whimpering as she was lead away which really made it worse for Heather. Needless to say the flight to Honolulu was a stressful one and this was only the beginning of the ordeal. Two days hold in Honolulu to process and she wouldn't poop the entire time. They expected her to go in the kennel run which had a concrete floor and Shadow was too well trained to do it. Heather and I bought a patch of sod grass from a local hardware store but it wouldn't do. Our vet on Maui got the worst of it, he was required to pick her up at the airport and she evacuated on the inter island flight. I guess the flight literally scared the crap out of her. We vowed then and there that Shadow would live out her life on Maui. We wouldn't put her through that again.

We had done the necessary work for shortening the quarantine period from 3 months and had gained permission to board her on Maui but there were still 27 days of it to be done at Kahului Animal Hospital. We saw her every weekend and more. The payoff



finally came when we brought her home to the condo in Kihei and took her for the first walk to the beach from her new home. We lived just 2 blocks from the beach that first year and made the walk almost every night after work. We felt we owed it to Shadow and it was good for us as well. This stretch of beach was home to sand pipers and Shadow loved to chase them. She would run as close to the waves as possible and sometimes run through a little water. One such

occasion, when the ocean was very still, the sand pipers took a sharp turn to sea so Shadow ran into the ocean after them and her forward speed carried her out so that her feet didn't touch bottom. That day she learned to swim and she hated it. Her face was just above water and her eyes were bulging so it looked as if they could buoy her up. We were never too tired to walk that beach. I've missed those days since moving to Wailuku.



Our lawn was maybe 1200 square feet. It took all of 20 min's to mow with a manually powered reel mower. Still, Shadow was comfortable doing her business on it and she ran the 20 feet of fence defending home territory from all passers by with her mighty bark.

Our condo was just under 900sf. It had two bedrooms, a bath and half with stacked washer/dryer in the half bath. The fall was so hot in Kihei. Our apartment had AC but only one window unit. Mom had come to stay with us for a few weeks. She came to help with the move and support Heather. I came home from work one day and Mom met me at the door. She announced bad news. I braced to hear something horrible. Shadow had a scrape on her nose. "Is that it?" "Not all" she said "the back door screen was ripped through" Mom had left the Entry and lanai doors open to let the trade winds blow through and cool the condo. A strong gust slammed the entry door and the resulting boom woke Shadow with such a start she bolted through the lanai screen. Mom said it didn't even slow her down but it did take a little skin off the end of her nose. She would have a little shiny place on the end of her nose for the rest of her life.



For our first Christmas on Maui with Shadow we took her to Haleakala on Christmas for some cool air. On the way up we heard Shadow growling at the rear passenger window. We were passing cows to our right. I think it was the first time she had seen cows. Yep, she is from Tennessee, but Memphis, so city slicker nonetheless. We opened a gift each and a bottle of spumante. Shadow got water and a treat. We watched the sunset on the clouds and then rushed to the car to get our ears warm. I think at least Heather and I were in agreement that cold was best when warm awaits. I wish I could know exactly how Shadow felt about it. I think she was most happy when we were happy.



Fall of the following year we moved Shadow into a new house. We tried to hang onto the condo until a lawn could be started so Shadow could make her toilet without having to walk up the street every time. The condo landlord wanted to sell or renew a contract so we had to make the move a little early. We got a small start on a lawn but still had to make multiple walks daily. Shortly we were to board her during our first trip back to the mainland since Shadow's move. We went to pack a container with our furniture and Heather's things. Some family pieces went back four generations. Buying new just wouldn't be the same. We flew back on September 10th 2001. Imagine our surprise given the disorientation from jet lag when we woke to the news on the morning of 9_11_01.



Shadow has had her share of visitors from her earlier life in Memphis. Mom was the first to come, then Ron and Judy. We had taken Mom on the road to Hana but Shadow stayed home but Judy didn't want to go without Shadow and was offering to stay and watch her, so we took Shadow. I knew she was a good car dog from the cross-country trip and she hadn't gotten sick on the Haleakala switchbacks so it seemed like a good idea. I'm not sure she appreciated the scenery but she liked the company and she loved the black sand beach at Wai'anapanapa. She loved all beach time. Turns out it wasn't good for her skin.



The only problem was cleaning her feet and drying her off before putting her back in the car. There were four people in a five-passenger car so she had to sit in the laps of Judy and Heather in the back seat. I know Judy didn't mind Shadow but the mud wouldn't be fun. We planned to put socks on her the next time.



Shadow's next trip to Hana came with Jody's visit. Joanna and Jay Jay were kids then and that just made it so fun. They came the summer of 2002? Jody had undergone some marathon surgeries to remove bone cancer growths and I just didn't think it could happen but it did, thank God. We made the trip to Hana again, this time in an eight-passenger wind surfing van. But, rather than utilizing the ample floor space, Shadow had already

developed a taste for riding in laps and this time chose sleeping most of the bumpy back road with her head on Joanna's lap.



By this time we had stopped taking Shadow to the beach. She had been having skin problems in Kihei. We thought ticks, which prefer the dry side of the island, caused it. But she kept having these rashes. Chlorhexiderm shampoo helped but keeping her out of the ocean seemed to help even more.

We were taking Shadow to Keopuolani park in Kahului. It has a long walking path through a small wooded area. We met other dogs that came regularly like Hoku, Splits and others. We spotted peacocks, Hawaiian owls and mule deer. There was a temporary shallow pond after big rains and lots of egrets to chase after.



Finally the visitor Shadow had been waiting to see, Uncle Scott, the man who brought Shadow into our lives. Scott and his girl friend Patrice got an unbelievable airfare of little more than \$400 and Shadow got all the attention she needed for a couple of weeks.





Shadow was always our best lawn ornament. She made Christmas decorations stay in the background. Nothing or no one could steal the scene from Shadow. I don't think she knew it but I wish she had. She didn't act proud but she had every right to.



In 2004 Shadow won one of twelve places in a photo competition to be in the Maui Humane Society Calendar. This was her 15 minutes of fame and it lasted a month. She was even recognized a couple of times around the Island.





Of course her best service was in providing comfort to Heather and me. No matter how tired or unappreciated we would feel after a day at work Shadow could make us feel like the most loved people on the planet.



Through the last of Heather's pregnancy she was laid up by the obstetrician after a few false labors among other things. Shadow was Heather's only but satisfactory daytime company until Judy arrived. Shadow's world would change so much after our little one arrived. At first just a curiosity for sniffing, it soon became apparent that this little critter was too time consuming.



Shadow was 8 years old now and at this stage of Shadow's life she had begun to spend a lot of time lounging and sleeping. So, at least we didn't pull this on her during her time demanding puppy days. I was starting to think about Shadow's mortality. "The old rule-of-thumb that one dog year equals seven years of a human life is not accurate."¹ The ratio is higher with youth and decreases a bit as the dog ages. Depending on breed, a dog experiences adolescence anywhere from eight months to two years or more. Generally, a dog of six has aged about as much as a 45-year-old human. At 12, she's like a human of 75; and at 15, a human of 90. By this measure Shadow was 52 when Kathryn was born and she died at 75, a little early but we weren't good about controlling her weight in the middle years. This was doubtless a contributor to her congestive heart failure.



Heather made special efforts to help Shadow stay included. We did start making shorter walks in our neighborhood rather than taking her to the park. This wasn't just to save time that we needed for Kathryn. Shadow had started limping badly on our walks at the park. We started using an arthritis treatment, Rimadyl. She seemed to get better but we kept the walks in the neighborhood. Kathryn went by stroller, so to Shadow it must have seemed like the walk was just about her. Honestly, it was.



Kathryn was so enamored of Shadow. We were just happy Shadow tolerated Kathryn for the most part. Shadow had a strong phobia of small children. When Shadow was only two years old Heather took her for a walk with out me. Heather used a different route from our usual because I wasn't with her to help cross streets. This took her passed an elementary school and a herd of small children rushed them from the playground screaming "puppy!" Heather told me that Shadow leapt into her arms from four legs and shivered as they were surrounded. Heather had to carry Shadow all the way home. Shadow wouldn't walk and her heart raced against Heather's chest as she carried her. Heather couldn't get Shadow to go on a walk passed the school again and always since she covered around small children.



Kathryn would grow and Shadow would keep her distance, steal moments of our attention then abide. That didn't keep Kathryn from claiming Shadow as her dog. She still does and refers to her in the present tense.

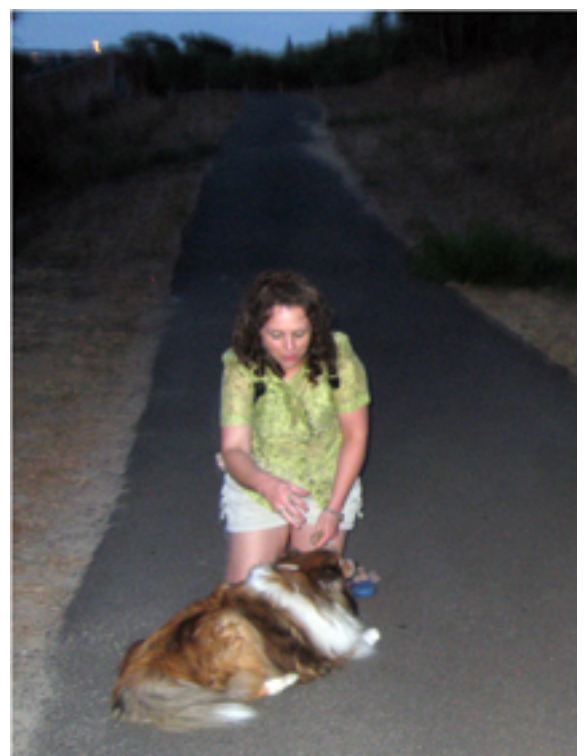


Shadow had become accustomed to drinking from my hands back in Memphis. Heather and I would take her on walks across the golf course on Knight Arnold from Kings Arms. I think it was called Fox Meadow golf course. There were water fountains on the course and we never remembered to bring a water dish. It tickled when her tongue flicked across my palm. She continued the practice on Maui at Iao Valley. There are stream fed taro patches that were certainly in reach if she chose to stretch her neck down a little. Instead she would wait for me to scoop water into my hand and hold it to her mouth.



Summer 2008 was the last time Shadow climbed the stairs at Iao. I carried her down because we didn't want the impact to hurt her arthritic knees. Shadow continued to get visits but the attention was divided now with some more than others. Poor Shadow wouldn't be the only star again, but she was included. She took every opportunity to show she loved us and needed our love in return. During a visit from Ron and Judy in 2008 we took Shadow on her last walk at Keopuolani. She just kept setting down and panting. This might have been a sign of impending congestive heart failure but we didn't make the connection.

Heather carried her for half the walk. I was carrying Kathryn who was just too lazy or tired from a long day to finish the walk.





In the last year of Shadow's life she had finally started to accept Kathryn's attentions. Maybe it was because Kathryn always insisted on filling her food dish and giving her treats. Or, it could be that Kathryn was getting bigger and more like a little person than an unpredictable toddler. I hoped Shadow would live long enough to fill the role of Kathryn's dog.



By mid 2009 Shadow was very inactive other than search the yard for a place to do her business or following us around the house when there was something to eat. Early in the New Year she would occasionally sprint across the yard barking at anyone who passed by our house. We still took her to the park. She didn't do the walk but there was a new playground Kathryn enjoyed and Shadow seemed to like the change of scenery. By the end of summer she had stopped following us upstairs for popcorn. She took no notice of frogs crossing her path outside. We assumed it was the arthritis that had gotten the better of her.

About a week into 2010, I took Shadow out for her afternoon relief. She sniffed a lot of lawn as if looking for just the right spot. She walked off our property from the left side of the lawn separated by the drive. She didn't stop there. She started toward our neighbor's house and the street corner. Heather and Kathryn were out with us. Heather shouted, "Shadow stop! Jerry she's headed for the street." "No" I thought out loud, "She's staying on the side walk. Let's see what she wants to do." We followed her to the street corner then up the hill past four homes and to the top of the association where a stand of manila palms form a small park. This was once a frequent rest stop when she did the neighborhood walk. She didn't do her business there but on the way. We had to pick it up later, being unprepared. The thing was, that she did it at all. Heather and I talked about stepping up her arthritis medicine as we walked. We had stopped giving it because it seemed to bother her stomach. Kathryn picked plumeria flowers and Shadow plodded along back to the house stopping along the way to check some interesting p-mail. Shadow begged food vigorously that night and the next day Heather brought a fresh Rimadyl prescription. We felt optimistic that the ole girl could come around.



This was the last photo I could find with Shadow in it. She needed a comb and got one soon after but no photo follow-up.



This would be Shadow's last Christmas. Her present was a half dozen cans of Science Diet mature adult joint strength dog food and bag of chicken jerky strips. In the next few weeks Shadow's breathing became raspy. We thought she had a cold. We all had really mean colds in January, but Shadow didn't seem to be getting over hers. Heather took Shadow to the Vet, Terry Smith, on her Saturday off and what he found astonished us. Shadow had developed a mass under her left rear breast. We couldn't have missed it the last time we did her nails (about 3 months earlier) so it had materialized rapidly. Additionally, and of more pressing concern, her labored breathing seemed to be caused by congestive heart failure. This made biopsy a dangerous option so Terry prescribed antibiotics in case the mass was

bacterial in origin. A week later she was in worse shape so we tried medication that could stabilize her heart rhythm. Shadow was unable to get up by herself and once up was shaky on her feet. The heart medicine didn't improve her condition and seemed to cause more stomach trouble.

January the 30th 2010 Shadow was in rough shape. She hadn't been able to stand or eat in two days. We tried to hold her up so she could relieve herself but to little effect. She did eat a couple of bites of french toast the morning before and could drink a little water if placed below her head but she seemed in pain and there were outward signs of organ failure. I took Kathryn to the pharmacy to stay with Heather while I took Shadow to the Vet. I told Kathryn I was taking Shadow to a special place where she could feel better. At the animal hospital Terry looked at Shadow and said this is the time. I held her through the injection and I told her I loved her. Terry told her what a good dog she had been and in a moment Shadow was gone. It hurt so very badly. She was a good dog. She lived for 12 years and 4 months. It's true brightest lights burn shortest. She shined so very brightly.



These are comments made by friends and Family:

John David Gary Hey man, I am sorry to hear this. I hope she has a peaceful transition to dog heaven whenever her time should come.

Mary Phillips Bennett totally understand the pain involved with losing your pet...they really are family members.

Laura Coggin Sappington We got the note from Heather the other day and have been praying for peace for ya'll. We remember when Shadow came into your lives. She has brought you lots of wonderful memories.

Elizabeth Dobbins so sorry I understand :(

Becky Rakestraw we love while they're here, we smile at the memories when they're gone. that is the joy of animals.

Lechia Taylor Our pets r just kids with fur. We understand your pain. Had to put our pet down after we had her for 16 yrs and just wks before our son was born. Was a very emotional time. Our thoughts are with all of u.

Kathie Kelley Becky said it beautifully. Take care.....

Karen Lollar Phipps Sorry to hear this Jerry, been there.....take care.

Joannah Derrick sorry to hear this. I'll pray for sweet shadow too.

Jennifer Barrile We've been there Jerry. Hearts are with you!!

Ronald Hunter Mills Shadow is family. Judy, Scott and I love her very much. We share what you and Heather are going through. She is, and will always be, in our heart.

Teresa Autry Joslin I'm so sorry! She was a beautiful dog.
February 1 at 3:09am ·

Kristen Loomis Krepich So sorry to hear that Jerry, she will live on in your hearts though!
February 1 at 4:23am ·

Marsha Papaleo ahh im so sorry jerry and family. she sure was a beautiful dog.
February 1 at 7:16am ·

Lechia Taylor Sorry, she was beautiful, just like the memories u will have of her.
February 1 at 9:34am ·

Tim Robinson Sorry to hear that old friend. She was a beautiful soul. And I have to believe that somewhere she still is. But she left you in good hands. Please give my love. T
February 1 at 11:17am ·

Therese Kersh So sorry about Shadow. I know she will be missed.
February 1 at 6:03pm ·

Mike Bannon she was a beautiful dog
February 5 at 6:42pm ·

Barbara Knighton oh, I am so sorry, I love my blonde litte chichuahua,
February 1 at 4:31am ·

Ollie Brooks I am so sorry Jerry, I know shadow is so close to all of you,
February 1 at 5:16am ·

Holly Stone Longtin I'm very sorry. I know how much a loss that is to you all. That's how long we had Triscuit and we still miss her. Maybe she will hook up with Shadow and show her the ropes in doggie paradise.
February 1 at 6:38am

1. dogyears - dot - com, dog dot yrs - at - gmail dot com

Shadow can't be replaced. I hope we will always remember the little details that are so fresh in our minds now. It's hard for Heather to eat popcorn, the one thing Shadow would catch. It's hard to eat the last bite of a sandwich. Every time I go into the bathroom in the middle of the night I half expect Shadow to be startled awake. Every time I shake out a plastic bag or sneeze I expect to hear her bark. We can't get over her and half of me feels guilt even thinking that would be ok. I wonder if I will be missed nearly as much, maybe but by very few.