



Harry (Sherlock #1719)

"If there are no dogs in Heaven, then when I die I want to go where they went." Will Rogers

Words cannot describe the sadness that we feel. 6 years, 1 month and 24 days wonderful days we had with you. And in two weeks, lymphoma took you from the fun loving, wonderful dog that you were, to being gone.

Oh, the adventures we went on together. Pontooning on the High Falls Flowage, that was fantastic. You were such a swimmer. You took off, did a loop around the pontoon boat, and came back around between the pontoons under the boat, and just popped up like you belonged there. That day is one of our best days ever.

And all the walks, and car rides. You could stop traffic. Everyone wanted to say hi to you, pet you, and just admire what a handsome dog you were. And so friendly and outgoing. It is amazing to me, that after all you went thru before you were rescued that you could be such a wonderful, outgoing best friend.

You were such a trooper, you never complained, when we lost your Mom (Charlotte/Gemma #1720) you were just lost. We found you Lily, and you had great fun harassing her. Now she is just as lost without you. She misses her big brother.

You were such a proud protector of the yard, and everything that was yours. We can't even discuss the pheasant incident of 2014, PETA would be all over us if they saw the video! What a adventurous dog you were.

Your love of chasing toads around our patio made us laugh every night. We never could quite figure out the fascination, but boy you sure had fun.





You were so proud, this year you finally caught a rabbit. They have tormented you for years! You were such a hunter, but we don't think you were ever used for a hunting dog. So proud, you came in from the yard that day, covered in fleas! After a quick spray down, and hoping you hadn't spread them everywhere, on with your day. 3 weeks later, you were getting treated for tapeworms. Darn bunny!

You were the king of napping, every position possible. You loved the week we tossed out our old mattresses and got new, boy did you put them to good use. You were the best cuddler ever, you made naps the best.

And just 2 months ago, a beautiful summer day, we had all the doors from the backyard to the house opened up, and I heard a thumping around in the garage, all of a sudden, you, and a chipmunk come tearing thru the house, you were having a great time. you finally treed it under the couch in the living room, as I watched you re-arrange all the side tables to get at the chipmunk, all I could do was laugh.

You were a ray of sunshine, you were our Goomba, our doofus head, our King Harold, and you will never be replaced. We are so sad that you were taken from us before your time.

R.I.P. King Harold, 2010-2016.

We love you, Shelley, Pete and Lily Geyer.

