Goodbye Patches

August 2, 2005 - March 17, 2007



March 18, 2007 - Goodbye my fury friend - this hurts so bad - I miss you so much you were a fantastic dog, a dog in a million - a very close part of this family all our hearts are wrenched.

Now it seems impossible to get over your loss, but God will get us through - I trust Him in all things - I know your life & death were not in vain - there is a reason which one day we'll understand & thank God for.

You were so frightened the day we brought you back from the animal shelter. I spotted you at the animal shelter & Marlene knew you were the one when

you came & snuggled your nose into her side - instantly she knew you were a special dog - our perfect dog.

We surprised the kids with you - Debbie thought we were bringing a kid home, only to find it was you.

We had to teach you to climb the stairs to my office - you were so frightened, but soon were bounding up & down.

We had two great Christmas' with you you loved your soft bed & chew bones chewed them for hours on end.

I'd get down & cuddle you & say, "It's a daddy patch" with a sharp "Ja!", trying to imitate the cute sound you made when you stretched & yawned - Debbie, referring to your audible yawn, would





say, "It's so cute". We'll miss the way you...

cocked your ears & turned your head sideways when we said, "Walkies Patch"
came & stuck your nose under my arm

to remind me to scratch your back

- snuggled between us on our bed with your head resting on Marlene's legs

- loved to be covered by a blanket with just your nose sticking out

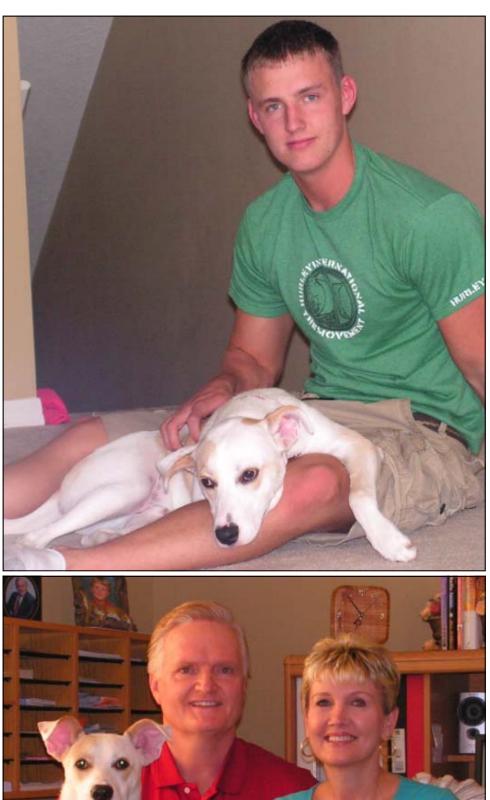
- lay under my legs on the sofa in my office because you loved to be close

- only barked when teased - at first we thought you had no voice

loved to chase the kids around the housewrestled like a champion with Mark

- stood on your hind legs as if to box with your paws - it melted our hearts to cuddle you

- played with Debbie - had her giggling





endlessly - you were her baby - she'd say, "Come to sissy"

- pounced around the home after Debbie bathed you

- so willingly lay down for Marlene to clean your itchy ears

- slept by my feet while I worked in my office & jumped up when the garage door opened or the doorbell rang.

We took turns to have you sleep in our rooms - you had so much love to give & we all loved you so much - we all wanted you close by - we saw you as a family member & not a dog - the loss feels that way.

You had such personality - were such an integral part of this family that it's not fair your life ended after only 1 year & 3 months.

You were such good company on our daily walks - it'll be so hard to walk alone. You ran like a runaway train in the garden after our walks - never letting me catch you.

You were life itself - you loved outside you always rang your bell for us to let you out - the freedom you so desperately wanted is what got you killed.

The last few weeks you were so good & stayed close to home - it was as though you had matured & knew not to stray anymore - we almost had you trained.

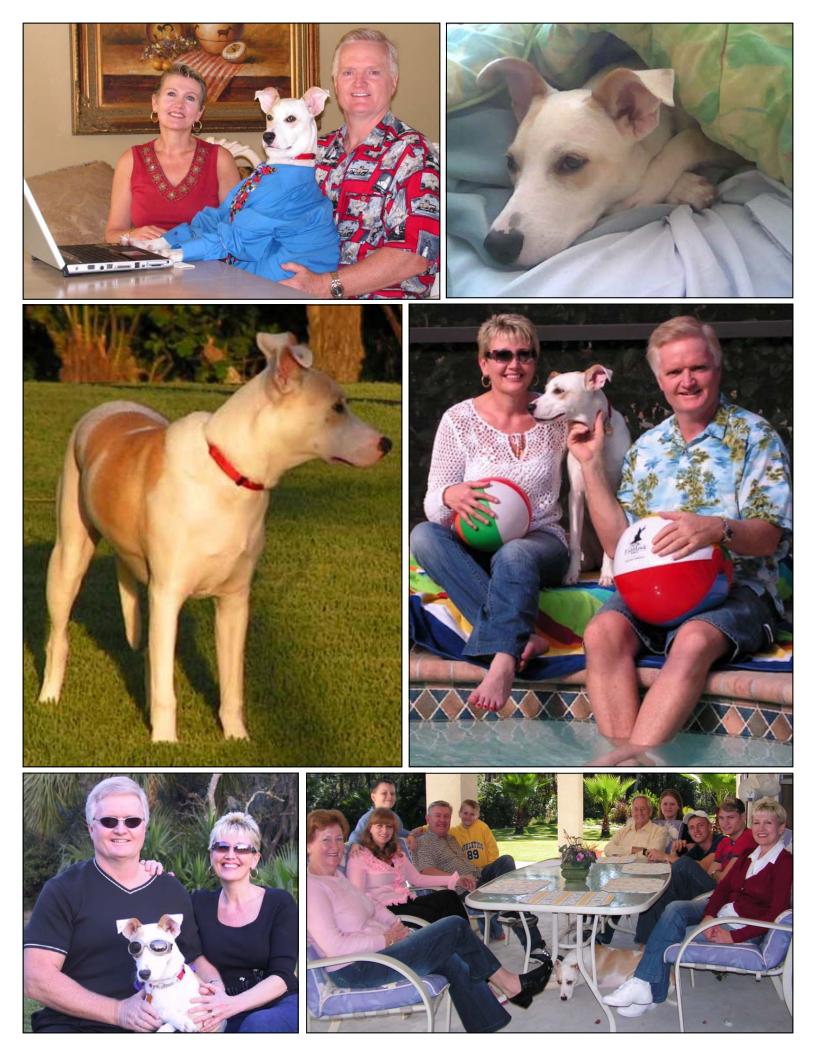
It wasn't supposed to happen at 9:00 am in FishHawk Ranch, where there is little traffic & the cars go under 30 mph, but you wandered off to the distant road and ran in front of a car.

The vet did her best to save you, but your internal bleeding was too bad. You died about 2 hours later. Mark, Debbie & I were there to say our last goodbye's - it was very hard - what wouldn't I give to have you back.

Rest in peace my very special friend, 4' under in our back yard at 15322 Vireoglen Ln, Lithia, FL 33547

I wish I could meet up with you in heaven - if there are lions in heaven, why not Patchy?

More pictures on page 3 & Debbie's goodbye on page 4...



From **Debbie** to my dearest puppy Patches...

August 2, 2005 - March 17, 2007 They say that a dog is a man's best friend, which is true, but patches is not just a dog he was my best friend and my baby brother. The moment that I met him, I had such a great big smile on my face. He was just the cutest adorable little thing. I will miss his pointy ears, his big brown eyes, his little black nose and his black lips. I loved the way he jumped up and threw his body forward when he was playing with my brother. I loved his little yawn, he made me so happy. I loved the way he would stop to make sure that you were right behind him, and how he just didn't want to leave your side. Oh how I miss his bark. He was so quiet that I thought he had no voice inside him. I miss the way he would stretch when





my lap. I miss giving him a kiss, or hugging him. Oh there were so many kisses to give him. I miss tickling him. I miss chasing him with water. I miss his growling at me when I pointed my finger at him. Most of all I miss him laying with me at night, hear his heart beat and hearing him breath at night. I miss just staring at him, when he was asleep, he just look so adorable. I just wish that I could have saved him. I wish that he could of had a miracle. I just don't understand why he had to die. He was my perfect puppy. I miss him so much, I just wish that he could of had one more chance of life. He was just to young to die. Oh my patchy baby why did you have to leave us so soon. I will never forget you. You are my brother, my best friend, and the one that I could always smooch and love on. I will forever miss you, my dearest Patch Papenfus. From your sister to a brother. You had so much life you should of kept on living. My dearest sweet heart I love you very much. So many more people will miss you because you were the perfect dog on earth. You brought so much joy to our lives, you truly brought us closer. I love you for that. You are one in a million. I love you!!!!!!!! XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

he woke up from a nap or in the morning. I will miss the way he curled up in a ball and just fell asleep. I miss the way he would get up and move in a circle until he found the right position to sleep. I miss the way he ran back and forth in my mom's room when you would play with him. I miss giving him a bath - he was getting so good with his bath. I miss the way he would run down and see who was at the front door, or when one of us would leave he would race up stairs to see us leave from the window. I miss when he would run in the kitchen and start sniffing to see what we were making. I miss the way he would follow me when I had something to eat. I miss holding him in

