



## **Rose In Contemplation-**

Rose is always in the present tense even though she is no longer physically with us.

Rose is our first British Briard. She arrived with Claire and Andy at 12 weeks of age. She arrived with Wheat-A-Bics and two polyethylene pouches of white powder (British version of Esbilac and supplements). Thankfully, Claire did not get arrested for taking them through Customs (they did look like drugs). Uncle Ted “did” her ears at 13 weeks. We never have a problem with Rose’s ears. She will not hold them up in my presence, as I am her pack-leader. This was frustratingly true when I showed her in brood bitch at Harrisburg in April, 1997 with her 6 month old boys.

Rose is the originator of “Opus”. As a pup, she had a red 4” rubber ball that she would run around squeaking until she removed the squeaker. Mother taught her to sit and she would throw the ball for Rose to catch in a sit. As Rose got older, the red rubber ball has become a furry white Chomper ball without a squeaker.

Rose always presents me with Opus at my bedside for 3 tosses (exactly 3) every morning. After that Opus is replaced by a Nylabone which she gives to me for inspection and then when it is returned she goes and works on it for a while before her after-breakfast nap. She also does kisses. Never slurpy ones, but just right wet ones with a cuddle after them. Never a soggy beard, only slightly damp. Trimming nails are not a problem. Putting up her “Carcer” rose-colored top-knot is tolerated, although she does take it down on occasion.

Wolfi frequently throws Opus in the morning. However hard he tries to get his Mum involved, Rose will not fetch it from him, only from me or Peter. Her expression says- he is a dog, not a human. This is a Briard-human, not a Briard, game.

Rose has a huge vocabulary. One of her famous moments was on a Saturday when I told her to go back to sleep for 15 minutes after a particular stressful week for me and she came back 15 minutes later with Opus.

Rose is the dam of one of our beautiful M litters with Jammer: Titch, Wolfi, Noir. Heads, fronts (“to die for”), topline, angulation, quicksilver movement have all been applied to them by North American judges in the ring. “The most beautifully proportioned Briard” (although too large) from the French. The size coming from Rose’s Dad, Yosser. Her pups all carry her abundant sweet kisses and constantly wagging tail.

Rose is out of Ch. Abbeywater Rose of Carcer and Ch. St. Pierre Jem’y. I saw Rosie, Senior at Crufts when she first took the “ticket”. I cried- she was so beautiful, so perfect, what a mover. I said to Heather, “When are you breeding her? I want a pick bitch from her litter”. Hence, Rose, Jr.

Rose’s littermate Ch. Babs and Rosie, Sr. took the Cruft’s CC and RCC at the Cruft’s Centennial- I cried for joy then too. They are the only mother/daughter Briard pair to attain this honor. Tony Armstrong had just finished saying to me “Heather should trim some of Rosie’s coat- it is too long, you can’t see the outline of the dog.” It was almost touching the ground.

I met Rose’s sire, personally, several Crufts latter. I asked Judy if I could “go over him” and she said sure and directed me to their bench number. In front of the bench, lying on the ground were 3 large black Briards. Not in any way perturbed by the bustle of Crufts. I said “Yosser” and the one in the middle lifted his head and looked at me. I asked him to stand which he did and I went over him- a perfect stranger to this magnificent dog. Then he laid down and went back to sleep. I found out later that the boys with him were Rose’s half-brothers, Tacus and Tosca.

Rose’s morning routine after presenting me with Opus and the Nylabone is to scoot out of the back of the house in front of Wolfi toward the run. She barks her way into the dog room and gives the other Briards a good bark (at each gate) as if to say

“Heads up, get your act together.” They respond either in kind or with play bows- Yes, Ma’am! Wolf waits at the door, which he opens for his Mum and then reverently goes out (with her permission-in front of her). Yes, she “puddles” or “poeps” on command.

She loves “Dinner, Dinner!” and takes biscuits gently. Ear scratches, at least, twice a day and sometimes at the computer are mandatory.

Her love is unconditional and warm cuddles are always available.