



Sailor

1991-2009

Sailorman, last-pick-of-the-litter, had a great life. He flew to Las Vegas with his flyball team (and brought pictures back for me). At age 13 he went to his only Agility Regionals and placed 6th in his Veteran class. He earned the name Rent-a-Dog because he was so easy to train and trial that he'd perform for anyone, anywhere.

Sailor was also my unpaid assistant at Central Tech (Toronto) where I taught Behavioural students. He was their reward-of-choice for good behaviour -- 'Shoot your dog Miss!'-- I'd oblige with a "Bang" and he'd roll over, all 4 feet in the air.

Since coming to Eastern Ontario he's kept pretty close to his Rockport home. But his one last exploit, Christmas 2006, when he was lost in the bush for 3 days, ended when he was caught trying to cross the Ivy Lea Bridge to the U.S.A.

I owe Sailor a debt of gratitude for being my companion and teacher for almost 18 years and for introducing me to the world of dog sports with its circle of friendship. Here's to the little Jack Russell Terror who tried to do it all.