



“Gunner”

A/C Ch Nordike Ace Gunner, A / CDX, C / CD, BH, HT, V, CGC, TT, TDI, ARC Versatility, CRC Silver Achievement, MRC Honor Roll

March 26, 1992 - February 8, 2006

(A/C Ch Goldeiche's Brick v Mikon, UD, C/CDX, MRC Hall of Fame, ARC Silver Producer x Ch Nordike Brinka v Gruppstark, A/C CDX, BH, HT, V, ARC Versatility, ARC Gold Producer, CRC Silver Achievement, MRC Hall of Fame)

Gunner was returned to me when he was 5 months old because his owner had to have back surgery and didn't feel he would be capable of handling such a live wire puppy. I gladly bought him back and have never regretted it.

Gunner was always ready to meet the world head on. Anything that was asked of him he gladly gave though perhaps with a bit more enthusiasm than was asked for. But it is always easier to slow down enthusiasm than to build it and a dog with Gunner's drive and energy level always learns so much quicker.

I will never forget the back flips he used to do when I offered him a treat for a job well done. Or the tables, counter tops, office desks and nursing home beds he jumped on thinking that was what I was asking. Pat anything to get his front feet on it and he responded with the whole dog.

No dog could learn as quickly nor perform as happily as Gunner. He loved to learn and seemed to do it as if he had already been taught.

My son was attending an agility class with his dog Dani. On the last class night they had all the obstacles set up for the dogs to go through to see what they had learned and what they were

weak in. For fun I took Gunner through when everyone was finished. Despite Gunner's lack of experience he maneuvered each article in his usual way. Happily, fast and as though he knew exactly what he was supposed to do. The only obstacle we had a problem with was the A-Frame. Once up there he seemed to think it was a pretty good spot to lift his leg. Boy was I embarrassed.

Gunner was a terrific therapy dog. He loved people and had not one suspicious bone in his body. Everyone was a friend unless proven otherwise. Some of the patients at Gowanda Psychiatric Center could get pushy or wanting to get really close and hold the dogs. Gunner not only tolerated what ever they did but also seemed to enjoy it even if they held his head or wrapped their arms around his body. Nothing ever threatened Gunner's self-confidence.

Everyone always loved Gunner because he always had a smile on his face. People never felt threatened by Gunner. We once went to a new obedience class to observe to see if the instructor trained the way I like to. Everyone seemed worried when we first walked in and they were keeping their distance. Seeing this, I put us in a corner out of the way of the busy area. Soon a young boy came over to pet Gunner. And then his sister came over. The parents looked worried for a short while but changed their minds when Gunner washed their faces and performed a few tricks for them. The instructor impressed me and we started attending classes there 30 minutes closer than the class we had been attending. As time went on the instructor moved to Canada. He called and asked me if he could show Gunner for his Canadian Championship and CD, as he wanted to establish himself as a handler in the working group in Canada. Gunner and Dave were very good friends for a long time.

Gunner always gave me his all in the ring also. Training and performing were what he lived for and it showed every time we went in the ring. Any points taken off of the performance was always something I did wrong and never Gunner.

When Gunner was thirteen I had a cart and harness given to me. At that point Gunner's Spondylosis was just appearing so he was still able to do most anything asked of him. I put the harness on him and hooked up the cart to see what he would do. Of course Gunner did what Gunner always did. He walked off with the cart like he knew what was expected.

Gunner was a popular dog everywhere I took him including the vet's office. We even often gave mini demos there for client's entertainment. Gunner was not perfect though. He had one fault. He did not like cats and it was a passion of his so we kept him away.

Today Gunner could no longer walk on his own but he did the best he could on his way to the van and ultimately to the vet. I carried a bag of dried hotdogs for him to eat and everyone shared in giving him a handful.