

Their Lives are Never Long Enough
U-CD/C/Ch/Nordike Jazz Singer v Ponca, CDX, BH, CGC
November 1993 September 2004



Jazz just wasn't old enough. I have been lucky enough to own dogs who live at least to 12 so I wasn't ready for her passing. She was her same bouncy self. She appeared so healthy and lively and full of herself, letting Gunner, Disney and Opie know she was in charge. We were even starting herding as a new experience so she wouldn't be bored. She had a urinary tract infection but she had had these every 6 months or so since 2000 so we were doctoring as usual.

Though I was concerned, I was not worried about her imminent passing. I knew it was a problem because of the constant recurrence but never thought we wouldn't get it fixed. After months of testing, surgery, the whole spectrum of antibiotics and no recovery I knew I had to face her future as being limited but not this soon. She appeared to be responding to the recent meds when all of a sudden she crashed and it was over.

My husband's brother died, Jazz died and then my husband died...all within 2 weeks. My grieving is all mixed together but this will be a celebration of Jazz's life.

Jazz was the wildest puppy in the "J" litter. Donna Anderson came to temperament test the puppies in preparation for choosing her puppy and commented on the puppy who never quit running. I told her that she could have her if she wanted but if she didn't, Jazz was the one I had planned on keeping. Donna chose Jada (A/C Ch Nordike Jewel v Hemlock) and I got to keep my whirling dervish.

Jazz was so excited about learning new things I had to be very careful to take it slow and be very specific at what I was teaching or she would come away from the lesson with a whole bunch of things I didn't think I had taught.

I will always remember one of the first times I took Jazz to class. We were early so were playing outside while waiting for the instructor to show up. A young boy was playing with Jazz and threw a ball for her. It went beyond the reach of the flexi lead she had on so I started running so she wouldn't hit the end of the leash before she got the ball. You all know how much running I can do! I didn't make it. Jazz got the ball and I ended up doing a header literally hitting the top of my head on the black top. I saw stars for a few minutes but caught my breath and we went to class... I was fine... or so I thought, for 3 months. In July I started having massive headaches that kept getting worse. I finally went to a doctor. Turns out I had a sub-dural hematoma. I had been taking Ibuprofen which was making the bleeding worse. The neurologist was hesitant to do any kind of surgery and it did eventually go away.

Jazz went with me on the paper route alternately with the rest of my dogs. I would train the dogs while waiting for the

papers to come out and they learned a lot just riding in the car while I delivered papers. Jazz was very aware of everything moving. The first and only dog I ever had who barked at the paper tubes on her side of the car each time I stopped to put a paper in the tube and moved off to the next tube. She also barked at school buses and big trucks.

The neat thing about Jazz was her ability to lie quietly for long periods of time...like at ring side waiting our turn...and could turn it on and perform beautifully with very little warm up. I never had to do anything but stand up, put her in heel position, do a couple of left ¼ turns and then off to the ring.

Jazz won her class for all three of her CDX legs in big classes. I loved going in the ring with her because she was so dependable.

Dogs with as much prey drive as Jazz tend to chase things like cats but Jazz was always good with cats and other small animals. She was also really good with kids. But put her in a kennel and you would think she was going to rip your head off if you got near. After training she did manage to stop those particular habits if it was in my van in her crate or in my car. When I sent her to Florida to breed to Mobster, the only person who could go to her crate was Ron BenZeev's young son. The housekeeper would ask him to go stand by her crate so she could walk past without being barked at.

Jazz was as near perfect in temperament as I could ask for and I miss her very much.