

They always say a dog is a man's best friend, and I never thought this quote carried literal meaning until I raised Ramsay. I spent three beautiful years with Ramsay, until his illness took him away from me. I still remember that awful day, It was Friday morning when his veterinarian called me. The sight of his name on my phone was frightening, and I picked up knowing that he would deliver me the news; reassuring that his kidney failure was too advanced, and that it was not in my power to help. It is a good thing that he fathered children; knowing a piece of him still lives in this world is calming, and seeing that his puppies inherited many of his features makes me certain that I will not forget him. He obeyed orders blindly, and I could almost never hear his voice because he hated barking. He took only one week to .train