



## Parker

aka "Parker Poo", "Poo", "Miss Parker", "Pit Puppy"

April 20, 2010 to February 26, 2014



It is with a very sad and heavy heart that we announce the passing of our beloved Doberman Pinscher, **Parker**.

We are not sure exactly what happened but Tracy saw **Parker** slip on the ice while feeding the horses their lunch feeding on Tuesday. We don't know if the slip caused the injury or another problem caused the slip. The end result was that she had an obvious neurological problem, probably from a spinal injury, and **Parker** could no longer get up, stand, or walk. Even though she was originally able to get up and walk, albeit wobbly, she declined significantly overnight to the point of almost total paralysis and we made the very hard and heartbreaking decision to end her suffering. Perhaps surgery and long rehab would have helped, but the prognosis wasn't good for a full recovery so we decided to not put **Parker** through it.



Tears roll down our face as we remember our precious 10 week old puppy that we brought home less than 4 years ago. It was a beautiful late June day and she enjoyed checking out her new home. She followed us everywhere!



She was very interested in our cats but her first meeting with **Wankers**, the tom cat, didn't go as planned, at least in **Parker's** mind. **Parker** went to check out this new 'beast' and **Wankers** took one sniff and let out a good, quick swat with his paw. **Parker** yelped and jumped back. They did become best buds despite that auspicious beginning! Actually, **Parker** developed a good relationship with all of our cats, but if they ran the chase was on!



We'll never forget that **Parker** managed to crawl through a cat opening in the outside dog pen we had set up. You wouldn't think a dog of her size, even at 6 months old, could fit through that little hole. We watched as she stretched out her front paws through the hole, squeezed her head and shoulders through while her back legs pushed on the ground to propel her forward. We had to actually put in a L shape tunnel so the cats could still get out but not **Parker**!

We always took **Parker** on many walks when she was puppy and the last walk of the night was down the driveway. **Wankers** always followed us. When we turned around to come home, **Parker** would then see **Wankers** and run up to him, bouncing around to goad him to play. **Wankers** could only take so much of those antics and would eventually just 'lose it', going after **Parker** with a vengeance. Watching a 15 lb tom cat chase a 60 lb Doberman pup up the driveway never failed to make us laugh. We never did get a video on the driveway chase, but we did get a short video of **Wankers** chasing **Parker** off the porch of our house during construction. Here is the YouTube link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-CzAjJI8PbA>

**Parker** was such a great ambassador for the Doberman breed. She had such an amazing disposition - loyal but not mean. Tracy always said, "that if **Parker** could unzip her coat, a Bijon Shitzu would walk out" - she was just that sweet :-)

Because of her breed, we really socialized her with people when she was a pup, perhaps a bit too much since she never barked when someone drove up the driveway - she just wanted to go meet, greet and play! Everyone who ever met **Parker** liked her so much. She even became the unofficial mascot of the Irricana Farmer's Market a few years ago.



**Parker** loved to travel with us and we took her with us most of the time. She was our constant companion. She always looked so sad when we told her to 'stay home' but so ecstatic when we said, "Come on, we're going to town". She would leap into the jeep or truck and settle down to see where our travels would take us!

**Parker** did one heck of a job keeping the gopher population under control. The first month of her catching gophers was a tad frustrating though - she would catch them, but then pack them around like a mother cat packs a kitten. With her size, her teeth would break their skin but she didn't kill them. She would drop them and we had to then put the little gopher out of its misery. One day, though, a gopher bit and hung onto her lower lip. That did it! From then on, **Parker** made sure she did the death shake and solid crunching and we didn't have to shoot another one again.

**Parker** caught and killed about 500 gophers a year. She was quick enough to get them herself but also had some help. We discovered that gophers like plumbing pipes - probably because there is a front door, a back door, and they didn't have to dig out the middle. It didn't take long for **Parker** to figure that out and she would alert us. We would come and dump the gopher out of the plumbing pipe at her feet and she took care of them from there. We averaged 10 gophers a day like that, with some days over 25. We put 3 plumbing pipes in our barnyard and with **Parker's** diligence, we no longer have any gophers in our barnyard to put the horses in danger.



If we didn't get to the plumbing pipe quickly, she would start banging her front paws on the end of the plumbing pipe barking at the same time. She would also grab an end of the pipe with her teeth, barking into it, and then dragging it. She dragged one pipe over 50 feet one day! We managed to get a video of her with a gopher in a plumbing pipe one day - it still makes us laugh, especially with her bark echoing through the pipe while she has a hold on it. Here is the link to that YouTube video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tzHq4LonDyg>



**Parker's** intelligence never failed to impress us. It didn't take her long to learn the horses' names and where they were to be during feeding time. If a horse wasn't in the proper place, **Parker** would bark at their heels until they were in their spot, then she walked away very satisfied that she did her job.

We had a few new boarding horses that were fence chewers. Every time a horse would chew a fence, Tracy would yell at that horse. **Parker** must have been paying attention to that and figured out what Tracy was upset about. One day, Tracy was holding a horse for the farrier. Another horse started to chew on the fence but Tracy did not say a word in order to not upset the horse she was holding. **Parker**, however, went on her own and barked at the horse that was chewing the fence. Amazing! Even the farrier was impressed.

We'll never forget the first time **Parker** chased after a coyote. She was running full out after it while we yelled to call her back - we were so worried. The coyote ran under the perimeter wire fence but **Parker** stopped at the fence line. We were blown away! We had walked our perimeter fence line a few times a day when she was a puppy to give her the needed exercise plus show her our property. Obviously she knew where her property ended and we never worried again about her chasing coyotes.

Coyotes can work in pairs though, but if **Parker** saw 2, she just stood close to home and barked at them. They eventually got the message and left.

If the coyotes ever came close to our home during the night, we would let her out of her crate and she went out and barked until they got the message. Then she would come back in and go back to bed, quite satisfied she had done her job and protected all of us.

We still remember many a campfire where **Parker** would go stand or sit on one sand pile (from the house excavation) to watch over us and the property. Then she would move to another hill to watch again. She circled around us, going from one sand hill to another making sure no-one was going to interfere.



We'll never forget the day that we heard **Parker** barking in the north shelter belt while we were working on our house construction. We could see her bouncing around something while barking. We went to investigate and discovered that **Parker** had discovered a Porcupine on our property. Fortunately, she was smart enough to just bounce around it, alert us to its presence, but never get too close. We took care of the porcupine and were so relieved that **Parker** sustained no injuries.

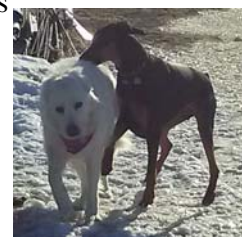
There was another day where **Parker** was bouncing around a hole in the front pasture. Tracy went to investigate and found that **Parker** had come across a badger. Again, she was smart enough to not attack it. Tracy just grabbed **Parker's** collar and took her inside for a few hours, enough time for that badger to move on. The moment **Parker** got back outside, she made a beeline for that badger hole but was fortunately disappointed.



**Parker's** best dog friend was Bowen, a Jack Russell / Blue Heeler cross. **Parker** met Bowen when she was puppy. When they get together, all they do is play and play and play, then collapse from exhaustion. If they were human beings those two would have been married!

**Parker** had many dog friends. She also enjoyed playing with Howie, a shitzu who she also knew since puppyhood. It always amazed us how **Parker** would lower her body and slow her running speed down when playing with the dogs that were so much smaller than she was. She also enjoyed "Keita", our farrier's dog, and "Shelia", a friend's dog. **Parker** also loved when our boarding clients would bring out their own dogs so she had someone to play with for a bit of time.

The past month **Parker** had a dog buddy living with us. "Frani", a 9 year old Great Pyrenees bitch, came to live with us. We are dog-sitting **Frani** until her owner can take her back again. **Parker** and **Frani** got along so well and it has been such a pleasure to watch the 2 of them play. They worked well as a team too, keeping the coyotes at bay. Tracy remembers one day where it seemed that **Parker** looked at **Frani** and said, "Hey, come with me, I got to show you something cool." **Parker** trotted off with **Frani** trotting right behind her. **Parker** took **Frani** to the garage full of hay to look for that stray cat hanging around.





We still laugh so hard at the memory of **Parker** and the garbage-can-lid episode. **Parker** could smell those delicious chicken smells from the garbage can after our supper. While we were watching TV, **Parker** decided to investigate those smells, pushing open the swinging lid to the garbage can and then reaching way down to get a taste. The next thing we knew was **Parker** coming into the living room with a forlorn look on her face, asking for help with the top of the garbage can around her neck! She couldn't blame this one of the cats!



**Parker** didn't like fruit like so many dogs do, but she had a sweet tooth, loving cookie dough. Tracy learned the hard way not to leave cookie dough within reach to help Alan for just a minute as well. **Parker** loved baked cookies and cake too.

Her favorite treat was a 'duck treat', one of which she would get every night she went to bed. She would actually trot to her crate at bedtime every single night just for those duck treats!



**Parker's** favorite toy of all time was a Jolly Ball, a large ball made for horses. **Parker** could barely lift it high enough off the ground when she first started playing with it, but as she grew, her desire to play with it never ceased.

A Doberman's life expectancy is 8 to 10 years and we were expecting to see our **Parker Poo** into old age. This sudden and tragic end of her life weighs heavily on our hearts. She was such a loyal and constant companion and we will miss her so very, very much.

In her short life with us, **Parker** gave us such pleasure, joy, love, companionship and laughs. She was such an active dog who was always by our sides, no matter what we were working on. She will be running through the fields in our dreams for the rest of our lives, and never forgotten.

Goodbye Parker Poo.....



**Parker** at 6 months old, standing on a sand pile at sunset

## More Parker Pictures

### Puppyhood



10 weeks old



### 4 months old



### One Year old





More Memories

