

Thisa and Thata

By Norma Hansburg

This week marks a Special time for me. Exactly nine years ago, I flew to Montara, California, and brought home a 7-month-old puppy from Lorraine Schowalters. Today THE HOLY TERROR and I are much older and mellowing out. Tiara will be 10 in September, but she still rules the house. I, on the other hand, am feeling my age. Something I never did before.

Four years ago this week, I left my home in California, driving a 20-foot big rig across the country. I had three dogs then, average age four. I still have the same three dogs, now average age eight. During those four years, I spent exactly 88 days at Dog Shows. The Dogs won 33 classes, 14 points, 14 reserves, two majors; one BOB, two BOS, a CH and a CHIC award. We are in training for the RN.

I have traveled 116,000 miles in that time. I have been in 26 different states. I have written 21 columns for three different publications. This is the twenty-second. I have designed and built my own home; won a major lawsuit against a contractor; organized a family reunion; buried my brother and several cousins. I am pretty tired. BUT I am planning to go to Dog Shows this weekend because Sunday marks the date of my arrival back on the East Coast.

I have no wish to ever move again. We are changing and so is the world. In one month, I am going to my 50th College Reunion. How the years have flown. Reality is so interesting these days that Fiction seems dull, the movies are boring. TV puts you to sleep and how those commentators love to talk. They are all enamored by the sound of their own voices. I must go back to watching THE REVENGE OF THE NERDS.

See you 'round the ring: And hopefully nobody will be showing or judging Dobermans in the shepherd ring.

With love from,
The Holy Terror, The Melody Monster, Jackness, and Little Old Me