

# *I Will Always Remember .....*

*By Rebecca Wingler*

I will always remember the day that Dillon arrived here at our house in 2003. He was the third puppy born in our very first litter, weighed over a pound, and had beautiful white markings. As Dillon dried, it became apparent that, unlike most of his littermates, he was not black and white. He obviously was not a tri-color either. In fact, the more his coat dried, the browner he looked. My husband Brian stated that we could keep that puppy, since he was “chocolate” colored. I quickly informed him that there was no such thing as a chocolate English Shepherd. Later in that first



*8 weeks old*



*Dillon at 2 years*

year of life, it was determined that Dillon’s coat color was seal and white, a trait handed down through the Jarratt lineage of his sire, whose line I was seeking to preserve through this breeding. It was not my intention to keep a puppy from this litter, but there was clearly something special about this boy.

I will always remember how Dillon was a rules-oriented boy. According to Dillon, playing ball and general roughhousing were outside activities. All dogs should practice proper decorum while inside the house. Snakes, rats, mice, turtles,

raccoons, possums and such did not belong on the property. Dillon was known for dispatching such offenders. He warned off hawks and larger predatory birds as well. I always felt safe with him around.

I will always remember Dillon’s uncanny sense of time. He knew without being told which days were agility class days. He knew when Saturday night was rolling around and was always on hand for his taste of cookie dough. There were times when I had taken one of the girls off to be bred and he still knew when she came into standing heat, hundreds of miles away.



*Earning his UACH in 2007*



*Working on his UACH points in 2006*

I will always remember Dillon moving like a dream. He was poetry in motion. Dillon and I participated in agility. We were probably not the most serious team out there since we only participated in trials held at our local training

facility. For me, it was more about the bond, than about coming in first. He was never the fastest dog out there, but he was always a stickler for making sure he did every obstacle correctly, which resulted in many perfect runs. Dillon earned AG1, AG2, UACH and UACHX titles over his four years of competition. I have been told that once our runs began, Dillon’s tail went up like a flag, as he relaxed and enjoyed the run. There was a special bond



*Retired, but still going strong in 2011*

between us that made that partnership work, and work well. He was definitely the better half of the team.



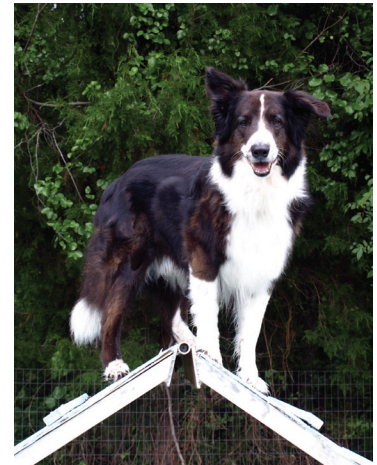
*Smiling through the fence!*

heart dog, the dog of my dreams and to have to say goodbye was more than I thought I could bear. When it was time, my vet came out to the house. Dillon went out loved and well fed. I had saved some choice tidbits for him, plus the vet brought him two cheeseburgers and fries!

Dillon lived a life that was full of joy and love. He stole my heart shortly after his arrival here on June 4, 2003. I have never questioned our decision to keep him. He was my peacemaker, my little piece of the Jarratt line, the love of my heart and more. It was one heck of a ride sharing my life with such a dog. I feel honored to have been a part of his life. I take great comfort in seeing Dillon live on through his offspring. His daughter Holly is a great example of this. As his granddaughter Roper matures, she is looking more and more like her grandfather. I can see his eyes and expressions whenever I look at her.

I will always remember Dillon's smile. It wasn't just a typical "happy dog" look, but a truly intentional grin, with his lips pulled back over his teeth, greeting the people that he loved the most. He would smile at us whenever we came home. Family and some close friends were graced by this greeting over the years. You knew you were pretty special when Dillon bestowed that loving smile on you. While I tried to catch the smile on more than one occasion, the photos never quite did it justice.

I will always remember those last few months of his life, when he suddenly began to have serious mobility issues. I had prayed I wouldn't have to decide when his quality of life had declined too far. This was my



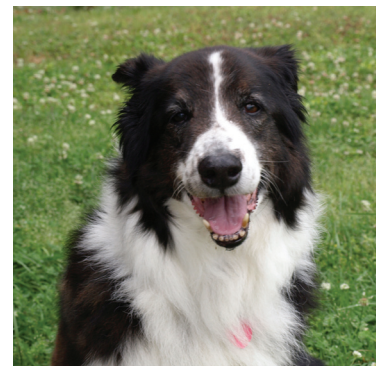
*Dillon at 12 years*

There is a quote from the movie *Hook*, that seems to sum up how I feel about Dillon's passing. Tinkerbell was saying goodbye to Peter at the time and told him, "You know that place between sleep and awake, the place where you can still remember dreaming? That's where I'll always love you. That's where I'll be waiting."

Love you, Dillon, with all of my heart!  
Rebecca



*Left at 7 years  
Above at 13 years  
Right at 15 years*



*Dillon  
June 4, 2003  
July 13, 2018*