



Brew Luebke - Ch Stone Ridge Brewmeister CD - passed away peacefully at home on Sunday February 18th, 2007 with Craig and I at his side. Brew would have been 13 years old on February 20th. Brew had been recently diagnosed with renal failure, and his blood tests showed that it had become acute. The rapid progression of his kidney failure caught us all a bit by surprise - we hoped we would have more time with him - but this was not to be.

Because Brew was such a special, dignified gentleman, we felt we just could not see him deteriorate to the point of not being able to be Brew anymore – right up into his last day with us, he still

loved to ramble around the yard/woods, loved chasing/nipping his son Red, loved snowplowing head first in the drifts, loved to eat Mc Donald's plain cheeseburgers, loved to lay in the living room and just watch us, loved to greet us when we came in from outside (Brew didn't bark, he **'woo-wood'**), and loved his walks around to the next street and back. This is not a long walk because his heart couldn't take it, but he still loved his walk – it was a beautiful sunny day, and Brew still relished the smells and sounds of the winter woods. And, at about 9 PM each evening, he always waited for me to say *'let's go to bed, Brew'*, at which time he'd jump up from where he was laying to meander with me into our bedroom, where he would plop down on his bed next to me and let out a big sigh as to say 'what took you so long? I was ready for bed an hour ago!'. The funny thing about this was that, honestly, he would not budge when Craig uttered the same *'let's go to bed, Brew'* phrase, and the last time I was out of town on business, he actually slept in the living room for several nights. It was very hard for me to say this phrase to him on our last night together, but like the good boy that he always was, he dutifully went to his bed, where he soundly slept the night away - much better than I did. I listened to him breathing and snoring – I can't stand when Craig snores, but Brew's snoring was like relaxing music to me.

When Brew left this physical world, he was cozy lying on his bed and quilt, serene, full of cheeseburgers, content from his morning walk and walkabouts in his yard. I know he was OK with our decision, and he tried to tell me it was OK by licking my nose as we had our last talk. Our thanks to Dr. Welch for his compassion and kindness in this difficult time; yes, our veterinarians cared about Brew too, and often commented on what big heart he had. Brew is deeply missed by his family and friends who knew and loved him. Brew will be laid to rest on our property next to our rescue airedale Travis and German shorthaired pointer Remmy – it is a beautiful site overlooking our restored prairie and woods beyond, where the owls hoot and the deer and turkey wander by.

I know I don't have to say this, but I am still so amazed with how much they give us so unconditionally – it is truly a blessing and gift to know the love of a dog. I believe they live in our hearts and are never far when we need them.

Shelly Luebke