

A Tribute to Ch Clitheroe's Cymba WCX TDX JH WC and VCX(Versatility
Excellence Certificate from the Golden Retriever Club of Canada)and RA(Caro)

Graced with his presence from June 1994 to November 2007

Cymba came in to the world on June 28 1994 and he changed my life. He introduced me to the beautiful world of dogs. With him, I learned about conformation, obedience, tracking and hunting. In the conformation ring, I saw poetry in motion. He moved with grace, charm and pride and he continued to carry these traits even at the age of 13 1/2. Every time I brought him to K-9 Studio or the CLE to practice obedience, the minute he crossed the doorway, he stuck out his chest, lifted his head high and carried his tail straight out as an extension of his body. He thought he was in show again. Even in his own yard, after hunting squirrels, defending his territory, digging for field mice, making dog snow angels, he would pause and stand as a champion. This was something many people admired and enjoyed about him. Bringing back ducks in hunt tests for him was also a matter of showmanship.

He was very proud of whatever he would do for me. In fact, three weeks before he died, he happily worked hard and got this Rally O Advanced title. Quite an accomplishment for an old timer. How sweet that was.

There were many other wonderful successes in his life. Achieving the TDX at the age of 12 (minus one month) was quite the experience. He was a very good tracker who had to put up with me who often told him I knew better where the track was. He was my learning dog, and because of this, I held him back in achieving his titles. I remember one time when he was so frustrated with me that he grabbed the tracking line right out of my hand and headed for the glove. What a lesson for me. I admired him for his infinite patience.

I sure miss him following me around; bossing me for cookies; watching him give Leisha the wolf tag signal and then both of them heading off to race around the yard. In the later years, he would pretend to hunt something else in the middle of the chasing game when he couldn't keep up with Leisha. Saving doggie face I would call it.

In his younger years, he would stand on his hind legs, place one paw on each of my shoulders, lean his head against me for a hug. He even learned how to sit up and beg from Muffin my Cocker Spaniel. He figured that if it worked for Muffin and she got a cookie then maybe it would work for him. It was funny to see him hold that begging pose, and then in slow motion timber over on to the ground. But it worked and he got two cookies because it was so funny.

One of the most special things Cymba did was to visit at St. Joseph Heritage. He was so gentle with the residents that they often asked for him. He spent hours with me there and he had his favourite people to visit. In fact a few times he took off or pulled me into the rooms of the old timers he liked the most. They hugged him like crazy, talked to him and enjoyed his company. Even those afraid of dogs, warmed up to him because he was so sweet to them.

All I can really say is thank you Cymba for being you. Thank you for teaching me, putting up with me, and being my big huggie bear.

Sandra