



**Gunner**  
2005 - 2018



**A Life  
Well Lived**





Gunner was an 88 pound English Black Lab. He had two nicknames: "Handsome", because of his large beautiful face, piercing brown eyes and shiny black coat and "Baby Boy", because every night no matter where we were he would end up sleeping between Mom and Dad, in their bed, snoring and dreaming all night.



Gunner was born in Parry Sound, Ontario on August 2, 2005 at Corhampton Kennels. We first laid eyes on him when he was only four weeks old. It was love at first sight! Two weeks later we picked Gunner up with our daughter Jessica and commenced the three-hour drive home to Oakville.



Surprise, surprise, he loved the car ride! Not once did he cry or put up a fuss. He was our dream dog, or so we thought.





Two weeks later we thought of renaming him "Cojo"! I don't think there was a table or chair in the house that didn't have teeth marks on it. Gunner had an infatuation with toilet paper. Many times when arriving home I would find the inside of the house strewn with shredded toilet paper. He loved pulling the rolls off the bathroom holders.



Walking Gunner (Cojo) was another constant chore. All he wanted to do was take the leash out of your hand and be in control. Nipping your hand to take the leash was included in his ritual. Needless to say, at 12 weeks Gunner was off to obedience school! He graduated at the top of his Grade Four class from McCann's Dog Training one year later.









Gunner was a fast learner; the tricks he could do were limitless. He loved to perform (for treats of course). From catching a cookie that was placed on his nose in midair, not eating a cookie if he was told it was from the dog catcher.



He retrieved the morning newspaper  
come rain or shine every morning.







The only command Gunner never really understood, or in our opinion never wanted to listen to, was the command, "come"! If there was something more to his liking like an interesting scent, a goose sunning at the lake, or the smell of a nearby barbeque he became deaf, showing John and I yet again that he was in control!





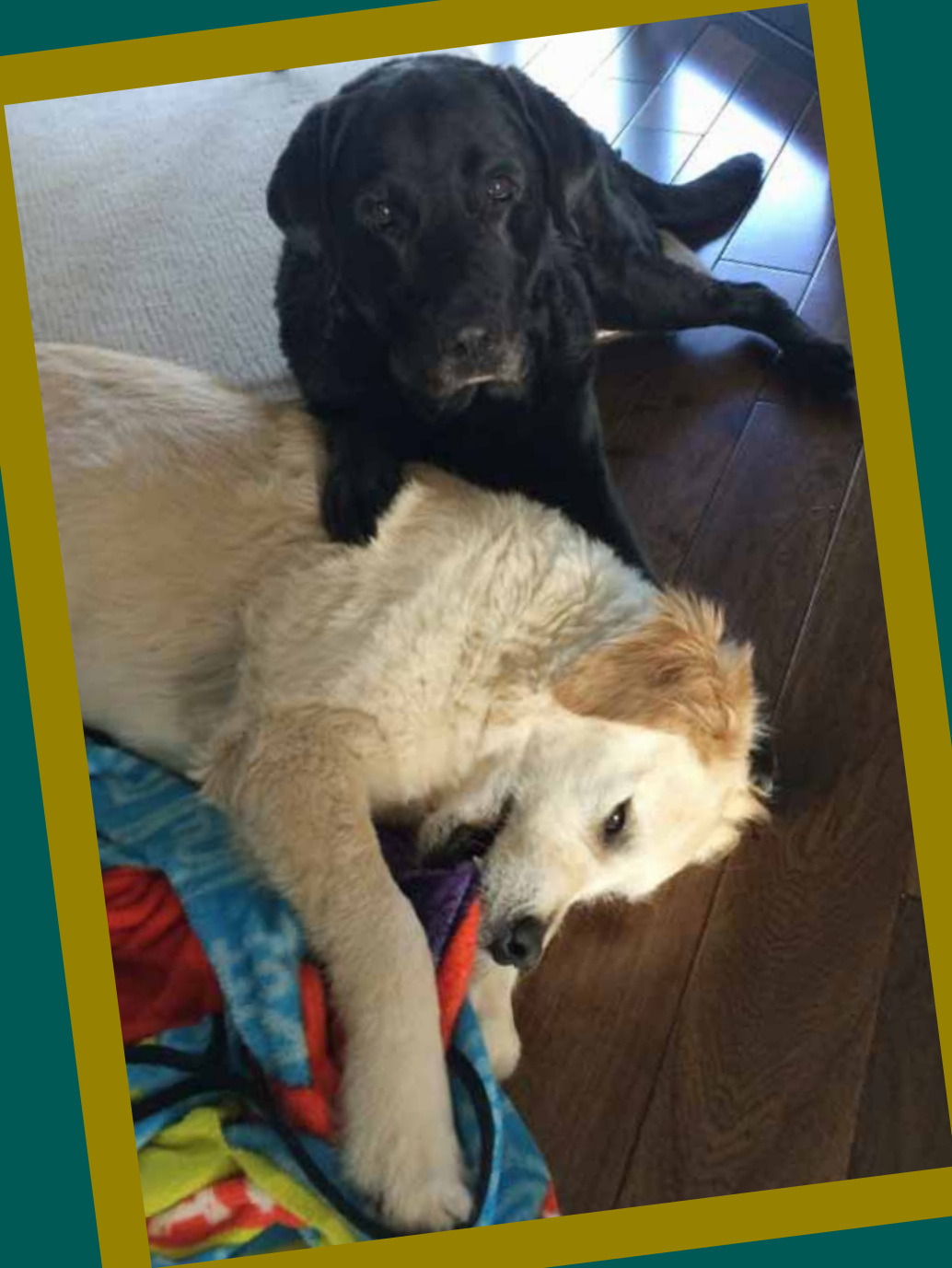


**“Water Baby” Yes! Gunner was a very strong swimmer. Whether it was swimming in our fountain in the front yard or swimming laps and enjoying the hot tub in Florida. At the cottage in Georgian Bay he would spend hours diving off the dock, chasing geese in the water or just joining us for a swim in the bay.**





Gunner was a 'gentle giant'. Seldom did he bark and not once did John and I ever hear him growl, even when his much younger brother (Milo, a Golden Retriever) would steal his food right from under his nose. Gunner would just move aside and give John or I that knowing look saying, 'okay I should have bitten my "dickhead" younger brother for eating my food, but I know you're going to feed me more plus a "bonus", right?!'.



When brother Milo arrived on the scene Gunner's nose was put out of joint. He had been king of the castle for almost five years after all. It was decided fairly quickly who would be 'Alpha Dog' Gunner! They were great 'buddies' for the next eight years. To this day, Milo still seems to mourn Gunner.





The only time Gunner showed any aggression toward Milo was when Milo would take his beloved "blanky". At eight weeks old the only thing that seemed to sooth Gunner was a fleece blanket. He would greet guests at the door with it in his mouth then go off and suck and knead it for hours on end! It reminded us of a cat kneading. In 12-1/2 years he went through 3 blankets!



Gunner slowed down the last four months of his life. Instead of swimming in the pool he would lay in the shallow end or sit on one of the steps for hours looking out over the pool and up at the sky, taking in the sun and hopefully enjoying his golden years! I would like to believe he was contemplating his life and thinking, "wow, what a ride".





I don't think he would have changed a thing. He was a strong, independent, loving dog. I truly believe Gunner chose us as his lifelong human companions. John and I were honoured and blessed to have such a treasure in our lives.

When it came time for Gunner's struggle to end I plucked up my courage to do the right thing by the most amazing friend I could have asked for, and let him fall asleep peacefully in my arms while my heart shattered as I let him go. Doing so before his last breath is the only thing that may allow my heart to heal!

Gunner may be gone but I am committed to ensuring the lessons he taught me live on through remembering to always be "generous of spirit", "loyal" and most important, "unconditional love".

*Special thanks to Dr. Brett Warren, Gunner's vet for almost 13 years, who showed up at our home on a Sunday at 7:30AM. I will never forget his words of wisdom, "Gunner lived with dignity, let him die with dignity."*

**Janet Winnifred Wordsworth**

*I have had many companions. From the beginning, there was something special about Gunner. He touched the heart and soul of so many people. We miss his snoring and dreaming at night.*

**John Leonard Wordsworth**