

# Ode to Fester

Goodbye, Sweet Dog 1997 - 2008



Buddies. Fester, me, my grandson.

Our sweet dog (Fester) touched a lot of lives. This is written in memory of him and his loyal and unconditional love for us and so many.

We didn't choose him...he chose us, literally. We went to a pet adoption center and he reached out and hugged us. We had no choice but to adopt him and take him home!

He was a kind and gentle soul. He loved people and social occasions. If we had a party at the house, he would lay down in the middle of the room and just take it all in.

He made friends with many of our neighborhood's dogs and cats. Yes, cats! An 85-pound dog that cats would rub up against and cuddle with. They would even come to the house and beg for him to come out and play!

He led a very rich life. He loved his walks. We would go on one almost every night. He would especially make me walk him after coming home from being out of town, even if I had just run a 100-miler and was hurting.

He was the only dog that I knew of that would make-up his own walks. He liked to "mix it up," somewhat, with a different combination of streets and turns of his own choosing, every time. On one very special walk, he had a hand (or paw) in designing the famous "Fester's Wander" section of trail in Wyandotte County Lake Park. Many trail runners and hikers have experienced this challenging section of trail, for the past few years.



Runners on "Fester's Wander" Trail

On his last day, he went with Vicki and me to Lawrence to spend some quiet time with her while I ran with friends on the North Shore trails. He got to meet a little girl and her dog and

he made a few more friends with people and animals on that day.

When we got home, our neighbors Ray and Angela were in their front yard with their dog (Oscar), and he went to say hello to the three of them. While we were in the front yard, "Fluffy" kitty came running across the street to come rub up against his buddy, one last time. He got to see our grandson (his buddy) again, and take one last Saturday afternoon post-run nap with me.

He will be missed, but his love for us will not be forgotten.

Happy Heavenly trails, our sweet & loving dog.

Ben



Fluffy saying hello to Fester, one last time.





With my grandson in November 2007, watching runners come up Hedgehog Hill.



Dog of many talents.



An Autumn walk in the woods.





On "Fester's Wander" Trail



Camping at Berryman.