

Sunday, January 14, 2007

## **Our Kafka**

We Loved Kafka..... I loved Kafka.

Man's Best Friend... How fortunate are we to truly understand what that means. Family and Best Friends are easily the greatest gift we get in our lives and with him we had both. We always said he was part of our family, and that was never meant as "the Miller's and their Dog Kafka", it was simply "The Millers".

Kafka was smart, but there definitely has been smarter. He was a good looking dog, but our muttly sure couldn't enter a show. He had a trick or two, but let's just say it's not like we could regale visitors to our home with hours of Kafka trick talents. A guard dog – hardly, we used to say I think the best we could hope for is he would lick a burglar to death. But what he did have, that I can't imagine many others coming close to, was a heart as big and giving as can be imagined.

There is no doubt that Kafka gave joy to so many, but what I think was most amazing about him was the joy he got from others. He just simply and unconditionally loved everyone. Being part of our lives and those friends and family members that were blessed to know him seemed to make him the happiest being on the planet. He so loved to be around everyone. So as much as we loved him, if it is possible, I think he loved us even more – that's just who he was.

Kafka finally rested this Friday night January 12<sup>th</sup>, 2007. We are not sad for him, he had a great life that he lived to the fullest and gave all he had to give. The sadness is that he is not here today, and won't be tomorrow or next week, or next year. Someday down the road we will come back and add some stories to his webpage about how when you woke up in the morning you had to be careful not to open your eyes if you still wanted to sleep more because he was right there waiting for you 10 inches from your nose hoping to be with you, but not wanting to wake you. Or how he would watch the boys from the window every time they left for school until they were out of distance around the corner, or how he would run back-n-forth between us and the door a hundred times when he knew someone was coming over.

But for now, this family has the Blues. Someday we know that when we think about him the thoughts will not be of sadness that he is gone, like they are now - they will be of the all the happy times and how blessed we were to have him in our lives. For now we wait for that time. We love you buddy....

More memories when the time is right....