

Star light, star bright, I wish I may, I wish I might, make this wish I wish upon this Shining Star come true, tonight. My boy, Shining Star Robert Mead's Pride, out of Ed's Jedi and Vicki, whom I call "Pride" takes every wish I've ever imagined of in a fine bird dog and multiplies it with each passing day we spend together at home and in the field. Pride impresses more with each passing day thanks to Ed Kerr of Shining Star German Shorthair Pointers.

A bit about myself, I've had dogs since I've been a tike and have experienced every kind of dog imaginable; from the super hyper to extremely shy and everything in between, so when it comes to my best buddy and partner in the field, you know I'm going to be a tough customer. When I first met Ed, it was a couple days just before Christmas 2013 (December 23<sup>rd</sup> to be exact, on an unusually warm, late December day. Ed, answered the door with a warm welcome and a firm handshake. He invited me into his home like I'd known him for years although, at the time we had just met.

Now, keep in mind that I've had some bad experiences with bird dog breeders and as such was quite up front about it and instead of resisting my reluctance, he embraced it with honesty, understanding. In short Ed was and is a very real person, and never tries to project to anyone something he is not I'll be honest, although I did come armed with a deposit, I was not expecting to come away with a pup (in the process), but, indeed a shorthair was "in the cards" for me that day.

In the coming months, I anxiously awaited for Vicki to "take" and for my little boy to finally be brought into this world. The day came, April 22<sup>nd</sup> 2014 to be exact, and Pride, along with his 10 other brothers and sisters came barking into the world. A few more weeks passed, and the time came to choose my boy Pride. It was quite the experience as even though I somewhat bonded with them all, Pride, I think, picked me before I picked him. When I was playing with the litter, trying to choose, this little guy kept "digging" in my coat and sure enough I later found out it was my boy, Pride. Furthermore, before I made my final decision of who my boy would ultimately be, Ed, being the great guy he is, gave me his truly honest opinion of who was really the best of my choices and to this day, I'm still thrilled and stand by the great integrity this man possesses as his passion for his dogs as well as who they go to, go well beyond what is seen or even heard but rather felt within. It's somewhat hard to explain but once you get a pup from Ed; you'll know what I'm talking about.

The day came to pick up pride and he was the sweetest, cutest puppy in the world. Mind you, I wasn't the only one to believe this as he was brought around town as I showed him off. Everyone said how handsome and cute he was. One of the things that will always stand out in my mind is how managed to learn how to climb stairs, by himself, at less than 7 weeks old. I knew this dog was one smart cookie.

As the months passed, Pride grew with each passing minute and soon the time came for Ed's puppy school. Pride was very smart but a little head strong as he had some issues with the basics. The two weeks at Ed's puppy school fixed all that really quick and the issues I was having vanished.

At six months, I took him on his first wild pheasant hunt and he certainly did not disappoint me. In fact, there were a number of seasoned bird dog trainers amongst my party who were skeptical when I brought such a young, inexperienced dog to the field; in short felt he was "not ready" for a real world situation. Well, their skepticism was short lived when he found his first bird amongst the corn and left them in awe.

