

Bis  
Biscuit  
Biscuit Heartsill  
15 Jan 2008 – 20 Nov 2024  
Biscuit, Jeanne, Gary Heartsill  
Biscuit Heartsill  
Biscuit  
Bis



*“Let me tell you how good Biscuit was as a friend, pet, dog, and the love of my life.”*

Gary Heartsill

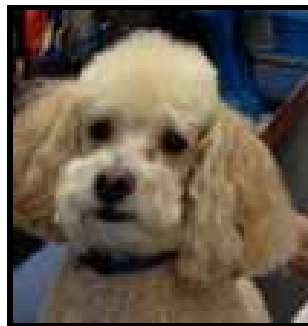
**My Tribute to Biscuit**

24 December 2024

## History

- 2008 – Biscuit was born on 15 January – Species: Canine, Breed: Poodle (miniature).  
May 3 – Jeanne and I picked him up – Promptly left in the camper for Lake Murray.
- 2009 For the next four years and 7 months Jeanne and I raised him.
- 2010 Biscuit was ‘just a new poodle in our family’ – we didn’t know how important he was.
- 2011 **WHAT A GOOD TIME**
- 2012 **WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME**
- 2013 Toward the end of ’13 Jeanne was in the hospital. Biscuit was helped by Jackie & Kim.
- 2014 Jeanne left us 25 Feb.
- 2015 Down to about 2018 Biscuit was taken care of by me, Lisa, Jackie, and Kelly.
- 2016 ...We worked it out without Jeanne...
- 2017 **WHAT A GREAT TIME** – THIS IS WHAT THIS WHOLE STORY IS ABOUT: BISCUIT!!!
- 2018 My bonding with Biscuit was beginning.
- 2019 Kelly (and Lulu) moved in with us.
- 2020 Kelly left and Jackie helped till about Oct ’21
- 2021 This is about when my bonding really started.
- 2022 The last 3+ years it was just me and ole Biscuit – 2 July: “Higher state of well-being<sup>1</sup>.”
- 2023 His age began to show and I found the Dove Creek Vets late in the year.
- 2024 I thought he was just getting old like me but it got worse the last six months.

Then the last six hours on 20 Nov...



He would have been 17 years old in two months.

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<sup>1</sup> See page 9 for the title of Dr. Marty Goldstein’s book.

### First Trip with Biscuit



Tipps Point, Lake Murray, Oklahoma

Have you ever seen a more precious looking three-month-old little poodle in your whole life? The only thing better than the beginning of a life with a dog, is the treat of having him around for almost 16 and half years. The joy he gave, the love he gave, the stamina he showed, and the 'little boy poodle' he demonstrated, was – for better words – the love of our lives...and in the end, dang sure, the love of my life...I will show later where this came from:

***This little dog  
is going to  
take your life away.***

From the day we picked him up...let me address this story. One day in May of 2008, the third, I came home from a gun show and was unloading stuff at the hangar and Jeanne came out with the phone talking to Lisa who said she found another poodle for us (about the 13<sup>th</sup> or so poodle over the years). She was answering the questions with "No" to color, boy, and then she said it was 'Free.' We said we would come and look...actually, I got to hold him first – maybe for about five seconds and then Jeanne took him away from me saying it was her dog.

*This was the best grab of her life. We loved our new poodle. His name was "Biscuit!"*

## Let me Ramble

I wonder...

If during that 1<sup>st</sup> week trying to figure out a name for him at Tipps Point,<sup>2</sup> if we could pause for a few minutes while looking at this brand-new little boy and then jumped ahead “to some cry-full day” (like today) and say, or hear, or see:

***This little dog is going to  
take your heart away.***

Because he did. This is the reason I am writing this now. What would it have been without him for the 16+ years? What would it have been without him for the last six years?

Is there any way to see, feel, imagine, understand, and comprehend the depth, joy, wealth, wonder, and awesomeness of having a dog that:

***put his pawprint on my heart?***

To have the feelings, awareness, and responsibility for him and then see the how and why can a dog be so loved, so honored, so committed, so involved with life that it almost causes me to say there is something (magic, God like, heavenly, wonderful) about Biscuit.

What is it?

I would pay the price for him.

It is holy.

It is something

And it has been this way for **SIX** years...

It was my job to keep him alive.

Why?

Well, if I died before him, who could take care of him like I was doing? These last three years, specifically, it has been almost 24/7. Yes, I know the girls could have taken over but Biscuit had his routine, treats, and there were things he had to have to keep him happy – and alive.

This paper is about those “things.”

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<sup>2</sup> Don't forget the paper he wrote **“My Name is Biscuit”** as he discusses a lot of what is going on here in this one.

Now, that he is gone, I did my job...I kept him alive. He didn't have to take care of me. I did my job - PRAISE THE LORD! Yes, THANK YOU, JESUS! for my time with Bis!!!!

He appreciated me helping him get old.  
Finally, the last year wore him out.

He did his job keeping me up  
to do our last days together.

This joyful (wonderful-loving) 'time of our lives'  
was just GLORY.

We were meant to be

He knew and I knew  
what all this meant.

So,  
Here is the story  
from the first few minutes  
from him being just another poodle  
till the last few years  
till the last few months  
till the last six hours...

&

Afterwards, like now, crying my heart out,  
still loving, hurting, knowing  
missing, never forgetting, waiting...



*"I miss my Bis."*

I want to HONOR Biscuit for what he was.

I want to HONOR Biscuit because he was a GOOD dog.

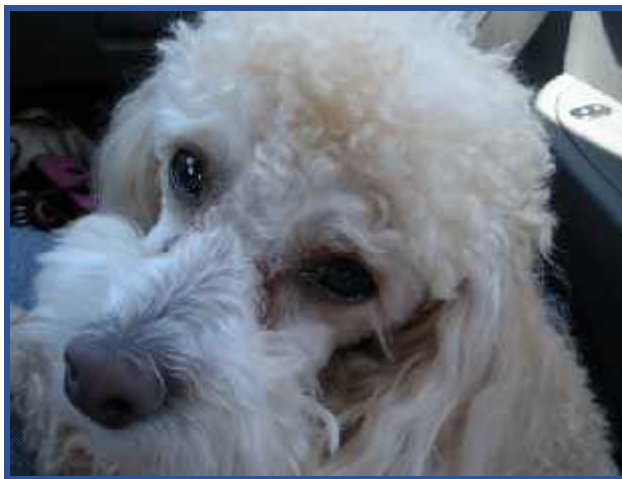
I want to HONOR Biscuit because he meant so much to me!

You can talk all day  
about Godly events  
but "once upon a time"  
G-O-D  
let me have a little dog  
and this little dog  
changed my life...

His end came at the end  
of my life because any  
earlier, it would not have worked.

Biscuit was a gift from GOD.

The intensification of our times together  
was not random.  
There was a reason  
Biscuit was set up  
to reveal the love  
of a little pooch and  
the word for this is "THANK YOU."



**CARE AND FEEDING OF "BISCUIT" (Just in case...) 23 February 2022**

Heartsill

**05:43** – About this time every morning he gets me up to go outside and go pee-pee.

**05:45** - This is also the time he gets fed. When he gets up, he wants to have his breakfast, just spoiled!

\* In his blue bowl I heat a couple ounces of water (just warm) and place small handful of Dr. Marty's Nature's Blend in the bowl to let it soak 3 mins (or so) while I prepare his one Vetprofen pill – this is for his arthritis and general health "makes him a puppy."

\* This pill must be wrapped in a small "one bite" ball of wet dog food. You can't make him take pill out right. I keep a small Cesar package or a can of Pet Pride in the icebox just to make the small ball of food for him to scarf down. He will lick your fingers if you push at him so he can't find or taste the pill. He will spit it out if you are not persistent with him.

\* He will charge through the food putting some pieces over the bowl but he will clean them all up and then lick on the bowl. This boy likes to eat.

Maybe twice a week I will give him the wet food of Cesar or Pet in lieu of Dr. Marty's food. The other option to mix up one day a week is to use wet food in his bowl and give him dry food too. He likes to eat his dry food off of or from the floor right next to his little mat for his eating bowl and his water bowl.

\* Note he licks all around the island. He keeps the floor clean. This means when the bug man comes, HE DOES NOT SPRAY ANYTHING IN THE KITCHEN – TO INCLUDE THE ROUND TABLE BY THE TV.

**09:00** – Or so, he will stand at the front door to go outside and pee-pee.

**10:30** – He will tell you it is time for his 'Greenie' or his 'Snack' – I cut up the green bones into four pieces. This is good for his teeth - to say nothing about how much he likes his Greenies!

Noon – He will expect to be given a bite or two of whatever is served for lunch or supper. He can match me one for one with food. He really likes to be fed one piece at a time of Wheaties for a total of five or six big 'flakes.'

**P.M.** – maybe 4ish, I walk him to the mailbox and around to the south to the road going past the big house at # 57.

He must have on his blue harness. Note he will choke if you pull too much on the cable rope. He will gag, act like he is throwing up, and then go on. Has a very tender throat.

You must look every ten seconds because THE PEOPLE OUT HERE AND EVERYONE ELSE DO NOT CARE IF YOU ARE ON A TAXIWAY WITH A DOG OR BABY...THEY WILL RUN OVER YOU – AND/OR THE DOG!

\*WHEN I SEE A CAR COMING, I WILL PICK BISCUIT UP AND MOVE 20 FEET AWAY FROM THE TAXIWAY.

NOTE: You might consider to just let him do his walk-about in the back yard twice a day. I ALWAYS stand outside with him. He will not be attacked by another coyote on my watch.

**16:30** – Grits for the boy! This is a dry food supper and I will mix up the two or three different bags on the wooden cutting block. Dry food goes again on the floor.

He has a water bowl in the upstairs bathroom and one by his feeding bowl – of course, they need to be filled up each day and washed out twice a week. He has got to have water.

**His buckets** – He has some floor buckets he sleeps in located in my office and kitchen or he will take his naps on Jeanne’s rocking chair in the yellow room, sleep on the couch in the TV room or on the bed upstairs. He goes where he wants to go and owns the house. I try to keep him covered up as much as I can during cold weather.

Course, at nite I build him a little nest next to me and he normally sleeps through the nite. Have to check to make sure he has some cover over him.

**Snacks** – there are some ‘biscuits’ on the block I give him when he goes bye-bye in the truck. Course, I back it out, bring him back in the house and he picks up a big biscuit on the grey stool by Jeanne’s chair and I drive on to where ever I am going. Don’t leave him much and at a max of 4 hours by himself.

NOTE: He must be watched around cars like most dogs. He doesn’t know he can be run over. If anybody is around with a car he must be on a leach, carried, or left in the house. He will wonder off. This drives me crazy keeping up with him and he is just like a four-year-old kid – he must be watched...If he heads for the south side of the house he might – because we go to the mail box when we walk – go down there on his own to go smell, pee-pee, and do his business. He will walk out on the taxiway...he must be watched!

**MEDS:** Located in a box near the floor in the cabinet.

1. Fleas and ticks – have taken a six-month pill. See box for next pill.
2. Heart pill – taken on the 7<sup>th</sup> of each month.

Dr. Dean Layh 1705 W University, Denton TX 940.382.2134 Biscuit goes for shots/visit around Sept.

**Groomer**      **Danyll**      1(214)385-5971

She comes out in her Jeep unloads into the studio and takes about one and a half hours with the boy getting him all groomed. She is wonderful. I give her a Franklin every time.

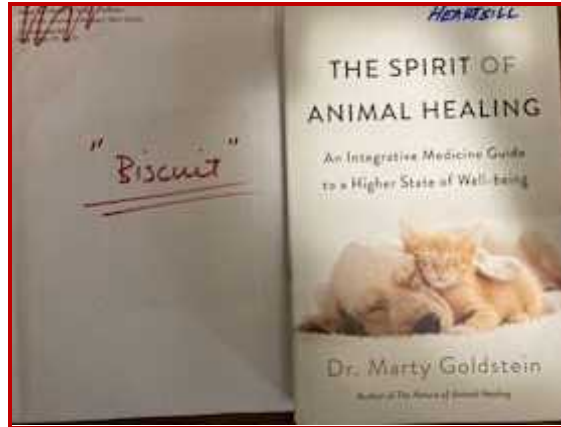
Lastly, giving him a brushing is a task. I just do his top, ears, and back. He won’t let you touch his right stash (whisker) and is very sensitive to the point of yelping and or taking a little nip at you. Just be nice to him. His sores have been getting better with the new food but they fester up and black stuff comes off which I brush out – easily, as he is very sensitive with the spots.

I hope no one has to, or even gets to, take care of him - as this is my job...I know you understand.

His ashes go with Jeanne and me at the tombstone in Ardmore: Jeanne is on the left; I go on the right and Biscuit goes in the middle just below us. \*\*end\*\*

NOTE: Adding these two pages is a short cut on how the day to day was with Bis and how much attention, love, and living there was between us – and our help!





This book and the "Spirit" of keeping healthy animals came along around June of 2022. Finished the book in a week and took notes on Dog Age (Bis, as a small dog and just about 17 years old would-be human age of about 84 – the book chart only goes to age 16...), health, cancer, dental health, sooner or later, and "Crossing over – The final frontier" (I could not read it) ...big argument here. Will be glad to talk about it – maybe... I wish the book had been earlier as it may helped – but I tried my best. In my mind I swung my bat as hard as I could...loved him till the very last ^!%\$~ second.



More on the **Twist Sticks** later...

Here is the list of foods, meds, vitamins I gave ole Bis mostly the last couple of years. He was healthy till the last. We both did the best we could do and Biscuit was a champ. He went out like the spunky dog he was. Am proud of him. He was a good dog...

Last Photos



This was at Lake Murray in about 2013 and may be one of the last photos of Jeanne and Biscuit. This is actually a screen shot from her church video the girls put together (an A+). I was taking the video and panned from the lake - where some of her ashes were later dispersed. She says "Hi Guys" and is pointing to me after coaxing Bis to look at the camera. She first said "Look!" and Bis turned to his right to the lake...he is steady on now, looking at me.



This is the last photo I have of Bis taken a month before he died. He was hurting but I didn't know. Knew he was slowing down...certainly was not getting brushed enuf. He looks a bit weary. Notice his right front paw is not in its Regal position he usually sits in. Looking back I can see him hurting...and it hurts.

### Tribute to Biscuit

This grieving section is to show, tout, and proudly remind me of the memories of my little puppy boy Biscuit...not to jog my memory - I see him in my mind pretty clear - but just to show how much each day had Biscuit in it - and how important the relationship was to me. The word is 'priceless.'

**04:30ish** – Bis would either wake me up by nudging me meaning it is time to get up. Later, he would get off the bed and come around to my side and kinda grunt or scratch on the bed. Course, there was no discussion...it was time to get up!

He always help me dress weaving in and out of my throwing parts of my cloths over him to let him help. He would weave and dash about as I put on my shoes or muck-lucks and I would reach out and pinch, twist, and chase, to let him know that it is time to get after it. He was full of it early in the morning!

Watching him judge the steps and start down the stairs should have been taped. His little ears flopped and waved as he two by two hopped each step and on the same down path every time...course toward the end he missed a couple of times and crashed into the wall at the bottom He wasn't too happy about that. I put up a pillow crashing pad for him but he chose not to use it.

He would wait, nose on the door, till I got my flashlight and 410 pistol in my hand and opened the door sweeping the walk for anything that might be in the way. He had one spot by the tree and walked the same path to get there every morning. And then right back to the front door – time to get his morning snack! About once a month he would have to eat some grass and puke it back up from his stomach problem – as all dogs do – it seems to me. It would then be about 10:00 before he would eat his food.

While he was out to do his business the three or four times a day I stood guard over him with the 410 pistol or a 410 shotgun just to make sure he was not disturbed by anything. I never let him get more than 20 feet from me.

The guard was mainly for coyotes as one day one did show up and chased Bis back from the edge of the yard and then turned broad side to me about 40 yards out. One and a fifth of second later he got shot at with my underpowered 410...and he has not showed up again.



*I miss being his body guard.*

04:30 – 0 dark thirty

Biscuit never got very far from me and I rarely got out of his eyesight. Where ever I went in the house he would follow jumping right up from which every little matt/bucket/bed/parking spot he was in. Well, he didn't really come running up the stairs if I went up to do something but would on occasion start barking if I didn't get back down stairs to be sociable. This meant if I was going to be working or detained up stairs I would have to usher him up the steps with a tweek here and there to urge him along or pick his little self up and tote him.

On climbing the stairs early on, he would go up in a flash – was a joy to watch the vigor in his climb – but during the last year or so it became a drudgery for his ascent. His very last climb was a vigorous climb! (More on that maybe later.)

I could be in my reading room and he would go by both directions every few minutes and give me the look or as he usually did he would come in and park, lay down, and rest with me. Bis was always with his daddy and his daddy noticed and loved every minute of him being close by. If he was not where I could see him, as rare as this was, I would stop and go find him. Course, most of the time he was sleeping near by and I just couldn't see where he was parked.

That didn't keep me from looking around all the time to see where he was and to see what he was doing. I'd watch him. He knew most of the time when I got up and he would follow me with an almost closed eye and depending on how far and where I went he would wait or get up and follow me. It was about every six minutes of doing whatever I was doing to have it come to me in my head "Where's Bis at?" and I would turn, look, find, or get up and go look and find...funny how that happens now; for sure, every six minutes regardless of what I am doing he pops into my mind and I ask "Where is Bis?"

*Want to make a strong statement about just what it means to have a puppy, my little buddy, around like Biscuit was for over three years and being the provider - as a door opener, feeder, brusher, friend, snack timer, washer, toater, counselor, companion, daddy, helper, doctor, provider, petter, snuggler, guard, lap holder, carrier, holder, constaint watcher, fetcher, walker, feeder, couch provider, quilt manager, and treat provider...to name a few.*

This was 24/7 - and I would not trade the joy, the time, the closeness, and love for **ANYTHING**.





Little Bis did like to eat. Little Bis really liked to get his snacks – normally around 10:30 and 14:30 each day but occasionally when ever he wanted one.

It was not unusual for him to stand behind or to the right of my chair in my office/monk/combat control center and cluck. This ‘cluck’ was a very low ‘ugh’ from him. I didn’t have to listen because I knew his language. When I heard this cluck I sometimes would glance at the clock before addressing his snack cluck. Of course, it was 10:30 or 14:30...most of the time he didn’t miss these times by more than a minute. It was uncanny – actually it wasn’t. I knew. He knew.

He was Biscuit! - and it was snack time.



He is watching to see which treat he is going to get.

Have a video of him making a decision from three treat choices for him to pick. He was good. Didn’t take him long to make the decision either!



This pix was in 2018.

This is his office ‘bucket’ (sleeping bag) and is one of three he had also in the kitchen and armory...always had a place for my boy to ‘stick’ with me. It was a joy to provide him a space where ever we were to enjoy our lives together eating, sleeping, or reloading!

Little Biscuit liked to sleep too. Have a few shots I want to show. Little puppies like to sleep and the older they get the more they sleep. God bless these little creatures.



2015



2016

These series of pictures serve to be a place to save as many photos of Biscuit that I can find, or reproduce, knowing full well it will remind me of who he was and where we enjoyed living and sharing our lives with one another. It also points out where he was, and where he is - no longer...except in my broken heart.

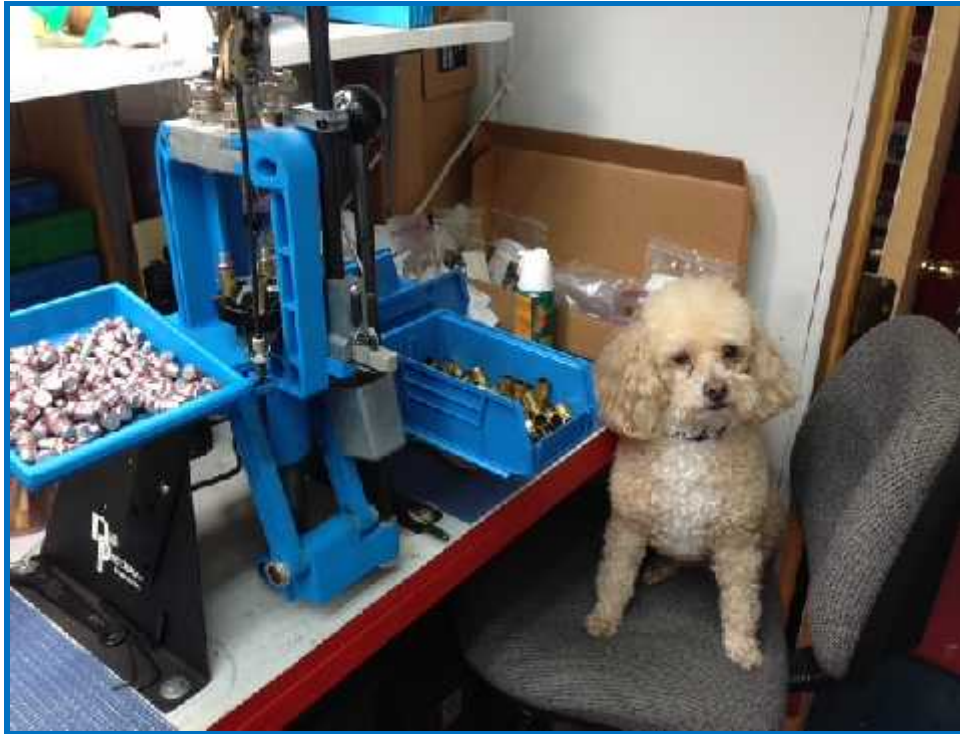


2022



2016





May 2016



Oct 2016

**A LITTLE AMORY TIME! GOT TO RELOAD THEM BULLETS!!!**

He was such a joy – a patient little boy letting me by the hour reload my 45 ACPs. He knew when I was about done each day and would come over and check out my work. What a precious kid!





June 2020

Course this one is a "Hanger" on my wall and have used it as the Outlook reply to my emails.



3 Aug 2024

This is close – but we can see a little wind is out of his sail...ratty little dog.

*Nobody loves him...*

## Two Special Tributes

Biscuit liked his Twist snacks and going bye-bye in the truck – which also involved a snack.

It was not difficult for Biscuit to watch me dig through his six choices of snacks but the most prize rewarding – and enjoyed – was his little chicken wrapped Twists. They were cut about two inches long and I would place them very quickly on the back of my TV chair as he would be pushing me to jump up and snap at the Twist – came close to getting teeth marks more than once. He excelled at jumping up on the chair for this and it kept him young – course, sometimes he had to make a couple of tries.

Some of you may have seen me demonstrate his acuity in this retrieval and maybe see his most favorite – mine too – going bye-bye in the truck. This was the only time in his splendid excitement where he would actually stand up on his two rear feet and bark.

The first clue I would give him while he was watching, would be to get my YUK key out of the drawer, or let him see me kinda wave the key at him. He knew what that meant. Up he would go on his hind feet and bark - and then head straight for the garage door. He would jump almost rug to rug going past the fireplace! I would plant his treat (sometimes a Twist) on Jeanne's ole chair by the door and we would go into the garage, with him continuing to bark – this was really a big deal for him and he excelled at it!!!

Garage door open, we would get in with him then in my lap and back the YUK out just past the door and stop. He would be clucking and bouncing his two front legs dancing on my lap in eager anticipation knowing he would be getting his snack. I would let him go back to the chair, get his treat, and then I would go to the store, town, and he would stay home.

***Geee-mma-nee! That was fun to watch! This was his most favorite trick!!!***

PRETTY BOY

March & Aug 2023



Dec 2022



“ \_\_\_\_\_ ”





Jan 2023



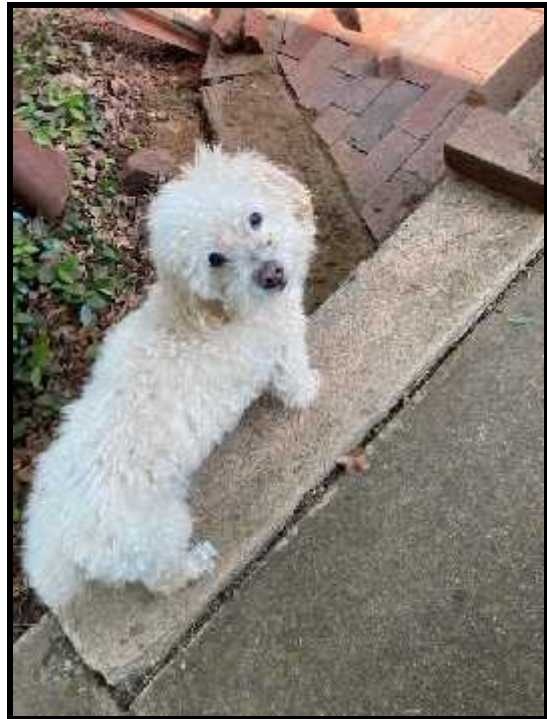
Aug 2023



June 2016



June 2016



June 23, 2024



## The Last Year (Still Rambling)

Toward the end of 2023 things started down hill – course, I did not know how fast it was going to go, but two items preceded the issues worth commenting on.

One was Danyll his hair dresser left Denton. Her loss was significant as I could not find anyone that could really work with or do the job. It was hit and miss with the haircut not being done completely to the folks really not wanting to fight Biscuit because he was getting testy about being fondled. This caused some issues for both of us and was a problem till the end.

### Vet stuff with Bis

The other one happened a few months earlier when Dr. Dean Layh got sick and I lost my vet. This was where I got into, or about the time I got into Goldstein's book. Biscuit on 9 Dec took a fall out of the YUK while parked in the garage and hurt himself. I found a vet place from Randy and checked Bis into Dove Creek Animal Hospital with Drs. Lori Hill and Gabrielle Pagano – see the comments in "Biscuit Goodbye."

On 11 Dec 2023 I took him in as he was rattled pretty much and wanted to see how bad. There was no external damage that they found but said he needed some meds for a urinary issue. So, we started going to Dove Creek and, really, it was a blessing.

\*They took care of Biscuit as well as anyone and I was pleased to have Biscuit under their care\*

## **2024**

January got his teeth clean – a super good move! He was not very happy but it was good for his health.



Right after on 3 Jan 2024.



Pitiful little boy...he is still not a happy camper...

April was his physical, shots, nail trim, and sanitary clip – still having trouble with hairdressers. Actually, had three trips to Dove for samples and checks.

June had an issue with his hearing.

July the 2<sup>nd</sup> – Great visit with Dr. Kevin Donnelly, who said his eyes were excellent except up close. CANNOT tell you how much good news this was for me and ole Bis!!! I did not, nor did Bis, like having to have drops in his eyes but we both tried. He was getting tired of being manhandled – and I was too...  
NOTE: All things are a go. Bis and I are just living as fast and hard as we can on writing, sleeping, enjoying life, and keeping busy. Had a handle on everything...especially his eyes. Have two vet lady doctors taking care of him and a bunch of good help from the nurses at Dove Creek.

Sept 24 Then he caught his left rear toe nail being ripped off on my new steps to the house...





Oct - Started giving him some drops for a slight cough.

Normal ops. Gave Bis a washing and we were all watching the New York Yankees.

Football season – Kelly, Claire, Jayh, Neo, and Keller came to visit.

Nov – on the 5<sup>th</sup> Gave Bis some Trazodone (50mg) to slow his anxiety down a bit. Figured out how to make smoothie/milkshake with protein and Blue Bell and egg nog. Bis was doing well and my calendar shows “Bis meds working” on the 16<sup>th</sup>.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> remarked Bis “Slow today” but later “Bis better.” Called and set up appointment to see his eye doctor in Jan.

\*\*\*Some more pix before 20 November\*\*\*



Dec 2022



At our camping site and Jeanne's ashes.



“Little Fluffy butt...”



Sept

2022

We drove by our gravesite in 2022 and out to the lake where he spent his first week with us...  
I knew what this picture meant when I took it.



Lisa and Kelly looking at their names. Biscuit is scouting his resting spot – and he is pretty close. His name will be inscribed on the front with Jeanne and me.



Bis and his eating bowls.



Oct 2016



20 November 2024

Normal ops for today...**then - the last six hours.**

**16:00** – Picked Biscuit up to carry him (for some reason) out the back door to go potty. When I set him down to unlock the screen I observed, rather drastically, that I had bright red blood on my right hand. Almost got me then...

Could not find out where it was bleeding. Let him go pee and we went to Dove Creek post haste! Heard him scream as they worked on him – that ‘bout killed me. They said there was a hole between his front legs but it was not bleeding anymore...and they had no clue as to why.

That bothered me all the way home.

That hurt me all the way home...

**18:00** – fretted. Tried to watch TV. Bis was a bit nervous and wouldn’t put his head down on his couch.

**20:00** – had enuf. Nothing seem to be working. I said to Bis “Let’s go to bed.” I walked him to the bottom of the step and encouraged him to make his way to the top of the 15 steps. Kinda tweaked him going up and he didn’t miss a beat going to the top. I walked around him at the door to the bed room and went to my bed to put my phone down and then looked back at him. He was in the middle of some sort of a fit or into a big stroke and before I could get to him he stopped, laid his chin down, with his eyes open, and then said to me “Help...”

I wrapped him in his most favorite ‘manky’ and we headed to the Animal ER a little over two miles away. I choked out in tears to the attendant that he had had a stroke and handed him over, manky and all.

**21:00** – After about 20 mins they came in and said they needed to run some tests and I quickly decided to go for it...yes, find out what the hell is going on.

\*\*\*And I sat there in the little room “B” by myself for an hour running the choices of all this through my head. One doctor came in and asked a bunch of questions.

Then the head doctor, a lady named Skylar Duck, came in and started in on what the problems were with the blood tests and xrays. The report was not good. She then said *“He will not make it through the night, you should put him to sleep.”*

“Will not make it through the night!...” can I tell you how ominous that statement was and what it meant? She got upset with me when I said I was taking him home. And when they brought him back to me we left...(I did say I might be back).

I drove him home with him in my lap. I will remember forever my petting and rubbing his little head while whailing with tears. When we got home I walked him to the front door and out front so he could pee – with flashlight and 410 of course. We walked back in and I let him walk around his home for the last time. Then I told him we had to go bye-bye in the truck again.

**22:30** – A nurse explained how this was all going to work and after they prepared the needles and tubes they brought him back in his manky with only his head showing out and put him in my lap. I hung on hugging him as tight as I could and then she started the IV to be followed by whatever the second line had in it...and I petted and rubbed his head the last few minutes - for the final time.

She then pulled out her stethoscope, listened, let me get one last squeeze, and then she took him away.

...I don’t know how I slept that nite – or how I have slept since then.

***My little Biscuit is gone.***





[May 21, 2024](#)

This was the blanket that I took Biscuit in to go to the ER...it was returned all clean and wrapped...



[May 9, 2024](#)



FROM: **Veterinary Eye Institute** "Our Deepest Condolences" – the VEI Team



Biscuit certainly is reminding everyone of him and his Regal stance on my honor wall.

*He deserves it too.*

## BISCUIT: No More

While now, looking out on Christmas Eve at the rain and I think “No more.”

No more leaves to pick up in the house.

No more burrs to dig out of the mats and rugs.

No more cleaning up around his kitchen eating/drinking bowls.

No more seeing his nose prints and spots on the back glass door, the front door, the up stairs bathroom door, or my window in the YUK.

No more of his toys all over the house.

No more of his buckets parked for him to sleep in.

No more cleaning his feet coming in out of the rain and mud.

No more holding an umbrella while he goes potty in the rain.

No more chasing him down the hill while he runs after some dog on the property.

No more looking down into his wanting eyes as I eat food at the table.

No more carrying him all the way from his couch and up the upstairs to take a nap – face to face loving on my little boy – and then laying him down gently on his little spot on the bed. He just would put his little head down, close his eyes, and let me cover him with his manky leaving just his little head out...

NO  
NOMORE  
M  
EROMON  
R  
MORE ON

I WOULD GIVE **ANYTHING** TO HAVE **NO MORE!**

*Actually, while out riding my bike a few minutes ago – lamenting over Biscuit, I have decided NO MORE will not work! I have everything I need to have in this paper – I have had a cathartic experience with Biscuit! Not, NO MORE:*

*I have his pawprint on my heart!*





**Rose Hill today 31 December 2024**

This just in at 16:40 today – see added Biscuit line<sup>3</sup>.

My task is complete.

Me and ole Biscuit!



So, in the coming year plan to make yourself a better person.

*Start now...*

Expand your reach – you will be able to fix bigger things.

*Start small...*

And the world will be a better place.

2016/12/31 - A New Years letter to the world. Jordan Peterson

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<sup>3</sup> Biscuit Heartsill Jan. 15, 2008 – Nov. 20, 2024 added on head stone by Bill Main, MAC, Ardmore, OK.

**DENTON COUNTY ANIMAL , ER** November 20, 2024 **RELEASE INSTRUCTIONS** "Biscuit" Heartsill  
4145 S. I-35E, Suite 1.01 Denton, Texas 7621.

Phone: 940-271-1200 Fax: 1-888-411-9026 Email : dcanimalerstaff@gmail.com

Biscuit presented to the emergency hospital for collapse episode. His exam revealed a heart murmur, lesion on his chest that started bleeding. X-rays showed signs of fluid in abdomen and bloodwork showed anemia

(Hct. 12.2%) and low platelets (24k).

The fluid in his abdomen appears to be blood.

We suspect he is bleeding internally from a cancerous cause. At this point, when bleeding starts, cancer has often metastasized (spread to other areas of the body). We recommend euthanasia to ease his discomfort and help him pass peacefully.

At this point, you have opted to take him home. He may pass at home tonight.

Monitor Biscuit for development or return of: collapse, trouble breathing, lethargy if noted, he should be re-evaluated on an emergent basis.

Follow up tomorrow with your primary veterinarian as soon as possible tomorrow.

Please call if you have any questions or if we can be of further assistance.

Thank you,

Skylar Duck, DVM

Denton County Animal ER

## Das letzte Wort

**"And now here is my secret, a very simple secret:**

***It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;  
what is essential is invisible to the eye."***

— Antoine de Saint-Exupéry,  
The Little Prince