Poppy and the St. Bernard Dogs

When I worked at a gas station while attending BYU, my boss and his wife had a beautiful and very large St. Bernard dog. One day they discovered she was going to have babies. I asked my boss if we could buy one. He said, “Yes.” When I told Poppy about it, he said he wanted one too. Here is what a St. Bernard looks like:



Well, we each got a dog. Mine was a female and Poppy’s was a male. We needed to come up with names for the dogs. We thought we could name them after our parents, Stanley and Bernadine. We loved the names, but later discovered that our parents did not like the idea of naming the dogs after them! So, we changed their names to Bernie and Bogart. Poppy’s dog was Bogart.

We had one huge problem. Where do you keep two St. Bernard puppies that will grow to be very big? We found a place behind Poppy’s house that he stayed in. We built a fence around the area and soon found out that these dogs eat a lot of food. They never seemed to get full. And, we also discovered that we had to clean up a lot of dog poop each day. And, we also discovered that the area for the dogs was not big enough as they grew, and grew, and grew!

Finally, Poppy decided his dog was so big and required so much time that he had to find a different home for him. Our parents were visiting one day and Poppy convinced them to drive Bogart up to Huntsville where Aunt Mavis’ family said he could stay. That was very nice of our parents, but all the way up from Provo to Huntsville, bogart barely fit in the back seat and would constantly poke his head up into the front seat area. That was bad because he would continually drool all over our dad and mom. They did not like that at all!

In Huntsville, Bogart could run all over the place in wide open fields and unfortunately into sheep ranches where the owners were unhappy as Bogart chased the sheep and would bite at their legs. One day he did not come back to the house. We don’t know what ever happened to him. But, he was a nice dog and very fun to have while it lasted.

Good Twin Power is to make wise decisions. Getting two big dogs while attending college may not have been the best decision. Twin Power is making good choices, wise choices. You do not have to be a twin to have Twin Power.