IN LOVING MEMORY

Remembering Rufus

15th March 2012 – 1st May 2024

A good dog, and the best of company

Rufus

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A good dog, and the best of company

Rufus came home in the spring of 2012, a scruffy border terrier who had already decided the house was his. He was twelve when he left us, and in all those years he never once thought a walk was a bad idea.

He lived for the outdoors. Rain, mud, wind off the tops, none of it put him off. He knew every gate and stile on the round, and he would wait at each one and look back, just to be sure you were still coming. On the hill he was pure joy, ears up, tail going, checking in and then bounding off again.

At home he was gentler. He followed us from room to room and settled wherever we settled. He was hopeless around the cheese drawer and shameless about the fire. He greeted everyone who came to the door as though they were the best thing that had ever happened, and somehow he made them believe it.

The house is quieter now. We keep finding his lead by the door and half expecting the scrabble of claws on the kitchen floor. He was the truest company on the quiet days and the best of it on the good ones. We were lucky to have him, and we will miss him for a very long time.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Saying goodbye to Rufus

Yasin Poptani · 19 July 2026

It is with heavy hearts that we share that Rufus, our border terrier and constant companion of twelve years, died peacefully at home on 1 May 2024 with his family around him. He had a good, long life full of walks, mud and mischief, and he was loved every single day of it. Thank you to everyone who knew him. If you have a memory or a photo of him, we would love for you to add it here.

EVENT

A walk to remember Rufus

Yasin Poptani · 19 July 2026

> **When:** 8 June 2024, 10:30am — 8 June 2024, 12:30pm
> **Where:** Bramley Meadow car park, Coventry CV5

Anyone who knew Rufus is warmly welcome to join us for a gentle walk around his favourite field, followed by tea and cake back at the house. Bring your own dogs, your wellies and your stories. There is no need to be sombre. Rufus never was.

MEMORY

The cheese drawer

Emma Whitfield · 19 July 2026

He could hear the cheese drawer open from three rooms away. Every single time, without fail, he would appear at your feet with the most hopeful eyes you have ever seen. He never once got a whole slice. He never once stopped trying.

MEMORY

Every gate on the walk

Tom Whitfield · 19 July 2026

Rufus knew the whole round better than we did. He waited at every gate and stile, looked back to check you were coming, and only carried on once he was sure. On the last stretch home he always found one more burst of energy from somewhere.

MEMORY

The muddiest dog in the village

Sarah Bramley · 19 July 2026

You always knew Rufus had been past because there was a trail of little muddy prints to prove it. He would call in on our doorstep most mornings, sit for exactly one biscuit, then carry on with his patrol. Our own dog is a bit lost without him.

MEMORY

He always waited up

Emma Whitfield · 19 July 2026

However late we were home, Rufus would be at the window. The moment the car turned in he would be at the door, spinning in circles, as though we had been gone for years rather than an afternoon. That welcome never once got old.

MEMORY

The kindest last thing

Yasin Poptani · 19 July 2026

When it was time, the vet came to the house so he could go from his own bed, in his own front room, with his people around him. He was not frightened. He simply went to sleep. Letting him go was the kindest last thing we could do for him, and we would do it again to spare him a single bad day.

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