

We Lost Our Hansi Boy

*Death leaves a heartache no one can heal,
love leaves a memory no one can steal.*

Hans Olo Cipriani passed away on January 24, 2025, in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He was born as “Jack Daniels” on June 25, 2016, to Lola and Jamison from Black Magic German Shepherds in Cool, California. He was only 8 years old.

Hans Olo was also known as Hansi, Hansi-Boy, Hansey, Boy, Boyah, Best Boy, Big Guy, Thump, Fluffy, and Man-Eater.



Without almost no warning signs, his belly swelled on Wednesday, January 22, 2025. He was rushed to the vet where an ultra-sound confirmed the presence of a tumor on his spleen. Hans underwent emergency surgery in hopes the growth was benign. He was still a very strong dog and made it well thru the surgery. Sadly, we received a midnight call (Thurs/Fri night) informing us he continued to have internal bleeding, confirming the presence of an aggressive cancer. With only a few hours before his red blood count went critical, we had to euthanize him early Friday morning. From the time a problem was detected to his passing was only 40 hours. We are deeply heartbroken and were not prepared to lose our beloved Hansi. He was a sensitive, happy and faithful dog.

Love is patient, love is kind. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

In Chinese medicine, the spleen is linked to the emotion of anxiety due to excessive worry.

Hansi's worries started at a very young age. In the impressionable period of 8-12 weeks old he was moved to 5 different homes, which gave him a lifelong anxiety and fear of being handed over again.

He was born at a wonderful breeder (Home #1) that focuses on raising nurturing and trustworthy family dogs. Hansi's first owner (Home #2) returned him after a few days because he had a harmless birth defect, a dermoid in his right eye. After a short stay again at the breeder (Home #3), Hansi joined a wonderful foster family (Home #4) to expose him to children until a permanent owner could be found.

Fortunately for everyone involved, Sandra was researching breeders at this time determined to get a second German Shepherd to join our pack with then 6-year-old Queen Padmé.

Thanks to the Carosas, she found the Black Magic breeder who upon contact said they had no puppy but had Jack Daniels needing a home—our H-Boy! With destiny met, Sandra embarked on a therapeutic 2-day road trip, leaving on Saturday, September 3, 2016, traveling West on interstate highway 80 with an overnight stay in Salt Lake City and arriving in Williams, California on September 5th. Here, Hansi united with his forever family (Home #5) which he was determined never to leave, just ask anybody who approached our house 😊.

Eager to get home, Sandra immediately began the drive back. Hansi was a great traveler, never complaining, listening and being quiet the whole time while in the car. In the hotel in Tooele, Utah, west of Salt Lake City, Hansi came out of his shell, turning into a pistol, zig zagging the hotel

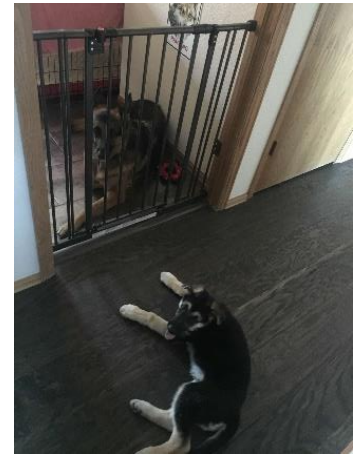


room, and finally releasing his puppy energy. To our pleasure he maintained that puppy playfulness throughout his life.



Queen Padmé's greeting in Colorado Springs was the opposite of welcoming. She acted like she was ready to eat this little intruder in her private palace. While having to be kept separate for the first few days they ultimately developed an unbreakable bond. Often

Dave would arrive first to Pagosa with Hans. Later Sandra would arrive with Padmé. When her truck pulled up Hans, who had waited for hours in anticipation, would run right to the back door, passing Sandra, waiting for Padmé to be let out at which time they covered each other with kisses. After a minute of that they began chasing each other. Only then would they come up to the parents and say hi. They loved Pagosa. Hansi thought the world of his sister and believed she could do it all. Padmé coached



him until the day she died on how to protect our home and family.



The house was full of life and many adventures followed in the next 8 years. The wonderful memories of our time as a “full-pack” made all our lives better.

What put Hansi apart so distinctly was his enormous loyalty and joy. His dinosaur tail knocked loudly

on the floor or swung left to right, whenever we woke up, walked up the stairs, came into the door or asked the question “Are you a good boy?”. When Sandra came home from work entering from the garage door, she would call “Haaannnnsiiii” and he would come running in leaps towards her with the enthusiasm of a puppy. He'd wag his tail, nestle his big head on her collarbone as she proclaimed, “I missed you sooooo much”. A





simple moment of pure joy that we will miss every single day in the future. Additionally, Hansi was kind and humble; we jokingly said “Padmé demands, Hansi asks.”

Circling back to his worries and anxiety, Hansi was lucky to have wonderful trainers such as Megan, Brianna and Eyrie and eventually Christina, owner of Fusion Dog Training in Monument, Colorado. Christina taught Hansi to be less afraid of life and significantly increased his confidence level. Before that, Hansi was

ready to growl, lunge and bark at everybody who looked like a potential intruder or thief, not trusting anybody who might take him away. Hansi loved the entire Fusion team, which included Scout, Margaret, and Nikki.

After Dave retired, Hansi forgot who rescued him and became a complete daddy’s boy. Dave never had a dog that was so loving and loyal. Hansi was always at his right side, following him around all day. They did everything together. He would watch Dave get ready in the morning, help him with chores



and projects, go on truck rides, take an afternoon walk, and his favorite pastime was to sing along as Daddy practiced piano. He would howl so loud Dave had trouble thinking while he played. And Hans was always ready for a trip to Pagosa. The only thing he didn’t like is when Dave put his fishing pants on because he knew Daddy would be gone all day. However, Momma did get all the attention in the morning. He would wait in anticipation for her to wake up, watching her as she slept for any signs of movement. When she awoke, they’d go on a walk in the wee hours of the morning(~4:30AM). Upon return, he would lay in the bathroom with her as she got ready, and he’d wait for Daddy to bring him his breakfast – smart boy. He was a soulful, sensitive dog. His favorite piano tunes were the blues, and he loved songs in a minor key. He would be so happy and relaxed while Dave played piano that he’d roll over on his back and continue to sing. We always said deep down he was an artist and really

did not want to be a German Shepherd. Not only did he love music, but we often caught him just peacefully watching the scenery going over mountain passes, watching the sunset or the view in Pagosa (whereas his sister would always be staring right down the driveway in case we were attacked.)

We miss him so much. We have some consolation that Padmé and Hans will be running the fields of Gold and the land of Pagosa right now. Hansi never expected or wanted much. He didn’t need to be the leader. It took very little to make him happy. All he wanted out of life was to be part of a pack. Hansi you will always be part of our pack—we will never leave you.

Sandra and Dave