

## Stuart Jackson LLC

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Every company has some sort of story about how it was named. While I was tempted to name my company after myself, Thomann and Associates, I thought the initials of "TA" just might take on a life of its own. Compounding that issue, while I am extremely proud of the Thomann name, I realize it took me six years to learn how to spell and pronounce it. So, I turned to another source that happened to be sitting in my lap.

There are only two kinds of people in this world. Those that love animals and those that do not. For those that love our pets, we know they are known for their loyalty, playful nature, artful appearances, intuition, and in some cases, their gift for song.



Stuart and Jackson are Chihuahua brothers from the same litter and were born on Christmas Day of 2007.

Stuart is the traditional shorthair Chihuahua and Jackson is the longhair. When Jackson fluffs his tail, it is magnificent as it blows through the air.

Stuart and Jackson are two very curious children. Stuart has learned that Bees are not good to eat! While Jackson has never met a person he did not like or a dog that he did!

Their inquisitiveness is a trait I want within my business. I always want to challenge the obvious and push myself and clients to find the best solution for their challenges.



Stuart and Jackson are always looking out for one another. They are inseparable friends. As a company, we are always watching our client's backs and looking for ways to protect their investment in flooring materials. Our client's don't need to be experts in flooring because they have us to run interference and help to find a workable solution.



Like Jackson, we have never seen a flooring challenge we did not like to solve. Moreover, like Stuart, most of those solutions have been learned by experiences – both good and bad.

The truth about naming my company is simple. I named it after my two Chihuahuas – Stuart and Jackson.

Like most people that love their pets, we have had several bless our lives.



Beauregard (Beau) is a male Cocker Spaniel that we rescued as a puppy in 1998.

Beau is one of the gentlest dogs you could ever know. While Beau does not like to go “bye bye” he will always be by your side.

We love his companionship.



Honey (Bunches) is a female Cocker Spaniel we rescued in 1996. Honey was born in 1995.

Like most female Cocker's, Honey definitely breathes different air from the rest of the group. Honey does what Honey wants to do when Honey wants to do it!

We admire her independence.

... and then there is Tucker!

Tucker lives with Mark and Alison and is our second Grand dog. Tucker, (aka “the big goof”) is one of the friendliest dogs you would ever want to know. Tucker has never met someone he did not like. However, he just does not understand why the occasional wild rabbit in the back yard does not want to play!

Tucker is a Golden Doodle” and he has a lot of both Golden and Doodle in his personality. Tucker is one of those puppies (2009) that at 90+ pounds, still has not quite grasped the concept that going on a walk means someone else is in control! At the same time, start up a vacuum cleaner and you will find out very quickly how hard it is to vacuum the floor with the head of the cleaner flying from one side of the room to the other in a wet and furry “jaws of life!”



Tucker is just one of those dogs that can turn any bad day into a wonderful adventure!

## In Memoriam

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Blane

Blane was Heather's dog and graduated with her at Georgia Southern University. Blane was a "mutt" that had several mixes of breeds throughout his personality and bloodline.

Blane was a big dog, that was often more afraid of his own shadow. Blane had a loud bark, but to my knowledge, never aggressively attacked anyone.

Blane had several names. "Blanee" and "Dancing Machine" were my two favorites. When Blane got his tail going, it often took control of his entire body. Whatever you do, do

not get his tail wagging near anything his tail could send flying across the room!

Blane was a blessing in our family. With our daughter Heather either living away at college or in another state in pursuit of a career, it was comforting to know she would always be going home to a house guarded by Blane.

Unfortunately, the curse of many breeds is mixing of the genetic code. While we think Blane was a mix of Sheppard and Lab, there was some thought that he had traces of being a boxer. After recently turning 5 years old, Blane was diagnosed with cancer. After a courageous fight, Blane died six days before his 6<sup>th</sup> birthday. Both Heather and her brother Mark were with him when he passed. Blane was cremated and continues to stand guard at Heather's home.



Sherman

Sherman blessed our lives from 1992 to 2009. If ever there was a dog that should be cloned, Sherman was the one. Sherman was a Cockapoo.

Sherman was born in Georgia and had a wonderful southern personality. He was the only dog I knew that actually could skip his feet while walking.

Sherman was very loving. Sherman loved to go “bye bye” and would position himself from the others to be the first in the car. At the same time, at the end of the ride, Sherman

was the first to jump in your lap and bolt out of the door. Every time we returned home and would be greeted by the “children”, Sherman was first to greet you when you opened the door. Sherman will always be in our hearts.



Topsy

Topsy III was our first puppy as a family. I was raised with Topsy II, a Cocker Spaniel, and my father was raised with Topsy I, also a Cocker Spaniel.

Our Topsy was born in Pennsylvania on Christmas Eve in 1990. Like Sherman, Topsy was a Cockapoo.

Topsy could be very loving when he wanted to and would bite you if you made the mistake of either playing with his little feet or getting between him and a cookie!

Topsy became a diabetic in the late 1990's and took insulin shots twice a day until he passed in 2006 at the age of 16. I am totally convinced that his diabetes was the result of teeth cleaning.

I always called him “Daddy's little man” and despite his temperament, he will always have a special place in my heart forever.

**Both Sherman and Topsy were cremated and rest on my dresser.**