

Obituary – Neosho Weiss

by Rev. Joe Dirt - Thursday, January 05, 2023

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Neosho Weiss, more intimately known as Osho, passed away in his sleep on the 4th of January, 2023. For quite some time he had been in congestive heart failure, but with much love he had maintained a quality of life during this period.

He was the bosom buddy and constant companion of Adam Weiss. When I say constant companion that is literally true. Until the recent new business start up, with the way Adam worked, Osho and Adam were always together – 24/7. The exceptions being when Adam was traveling or extremely busy then Osho would spend time at his “grandparents”. Of course, sometimes Osho was here only because *Señora* was missing her grand-dog.

He is survived by his immediate family, Adam and Stephanie Weiss, by his “grandparents” – Robin Weinhaus, David Rush, Andrew Weiss – Princess Lily, and the many fine canine companions at The Farm. He is also survived by the extensive *mishpocha* of Adam and Stephanie who considered Osho part of the pack.

As the story goes Adam was driving back to the St. Louis area from someplace west of Neosho, Missouri around 2009. On the outskirts of this town, Adam encountered a scruffy looking puppy by the side of the road, eating a dead armadillo. Adam, whose heart is occasionally too big for his own good, took it upon himself to rescue this poor, abandoned canine, and coaxed him into his pickup. The soon to be named, Neosho, had not been in the vehicle for very long when he vomited up the dead armadillo. Thus a friendship of some 13 years was born.

My take on Osho is that he was the [Fonzie](#) of dogs, way too cool for most of the other canines, or for that matter, most of the humans, that he was hanging around with. Part of what gave Osho such a Fonzie vibe was his one blue eye and his one brown eye. It was generally the first thing that folks noticed about him. That and the way he combed his hair! Osho was so cool and such a part of Adam’s *mishpocha* that he stood (well lay) with the groomsmen during the wedding ceremony of Adam and Stephanie last August. Ayy!

At 60 or so pounds, Osho was all canine. He loved to roam the countryside around The Farm and Craighurst, but apparently was getting into many fights, as evidenced by the condition that he sometimes returned home in. Adam bit the bullet, and did the necessary to tone down the testosterone driven escapades of his companion. He still loved to roam the woods, but now arrived home less damaged. With Adam's work at Craighurst, Osho famously would devour prodigious amounts of deer meat that was remaining on the bones after the butchering of the many deer harvested there during deer season. In my mind, I picture Osho chasing around in the woods, a big doggie smile on his face, trailing after Adam, occasionally jumping into the seat next to Adam, as Adam drove an ATV around on the various dirt roads at Craighurst.



And then there was the other side of Osho. He and Princess Lily, all 16 pounds of her, were the best of friends. When Osho was here, they were always side by side. Osho had decided early in our relationship that when he was here, my conjunction function in life was to take him on walks. Since these generally happened around dark-thirty, he would start following me around a little before that. I walked him and The Wee Dog together which was a bit of a chore at times. Osho would sniff something to my right and Lily something to my left, leaving me feeling like a wishbone in the middle. However, they generally were very good walking together, but I did tend to think of them as [Mutt and Jeff](#) as I walked behind the pair, extremely mismatched in size.

I don't know why, but we never videoed the chorus of Osho, Princess Lily and *Señora*. *Señora* would do her best imitation of a dog howling, using a very high pitch. This would start Osho howling in a posture much like the depictions of coyotes. Princess Lily would become very agitated, then shortly join in. We have entertained many house guests with this threesome howling at an imaginary moon.

He was interred with much dignity on The Farm, allowing Osho and Sonny to roam the banks of the Huzzah River together in perpetual celestial canine companionship.

He will be missed.

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