



Memorial Pet Services

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Rojo (Rojito) Snodie-Garcia

Date of Birth: July 4, 2003

Date of Death: September 17, 2018

We found you when you were only 2 months old. We were undecided on getting you, but Johny settled it by giving you your name, ROJO, named after us, RObert and JOhny. Once he named you, we had no choice but to get you! You were so intelligent from the beginning, following commands, and learning to play. You loved chasing balls, frisbees, electric cars, etc. Within a year, you learned to be bilingual. Responding to both english and spanish commands. You always responded with lots of licks to the face when one of us said: "Give me a kiss", or "Da me una Besito" Oh my goodness, you were the best face-licker, ever. You slept in your own bed, until Feb. 2004, when Robert took you on a road trip to his grandmothers funeral in Wisconsin. Crying in your bed, at the hotel, Robert caved in, and took you in his arms on the bed. You knew that he needed you, and he needed you in times of comfort. After returning home, Johny was none too pleased, that Robert had spoiled you, but from that day forth, you slept in the bed with them! You loved to cuddle behind Roberts knees, or Johnys tummy. You were very smart in your ways, scratching the front door, when you needed to go outside to go potty, dragging your dish across the kitchen floor, when you were hungry, (which was one of our favorite noises), and needy: whining when we were watching a movie, because you know, you needed more attention. Every walk, and dog park we went to, you were notorious for sniffing, stopping, and lifting your leg, literally, every inch of the way. Even if you had nothing coming out of your body, you lifted your leg. And, OH, the attitude, if we tried to make you move on. You LOVED the pet beach, sunbathing and swimming. You loved going to events: Wines the Blues, Dunedin Doggie Wash, Mardi Paws, just to name a few. You loved rides in the car, and ALWAYS had to stand on the middle console, between the seats, to see EVERYTHING! When we got B.B., you took him under your wing, nurturing, leading the way, showing him how to get treats from us, etc. You played big brother to a T, and B.B. loved to clean your eyes, and ears. You knew that he had been abused, and you really took care of him. You shared him in the bed, on the couch, in the yard, (where he taught you how to sunbathe). You 2 always looked out for each other. You were the Alpha dog for sure. You showed him the way, on every walk, every dog park visit, every beach visit, etc. Then 1 day, along came Chica, and you 2 fought everyday, for almost 5 days. You graciously relinquished your crown to her, and SHE became the alpha dog. Trust me, we sensed your disappointment, every time we let you outside, she led the way. Every time we went for a walk, she led the way. Every time we went for a car ride, she was 1st to get in, but you never let her take your place on the center console! The 3 of you got along so well, with everything you all did together. When we let all 3 of you outside to play, Chica would sprint to the fence on the Pinellas Trail, and barking all the way. The 3 of you all ran along the fence, back and forth, and barked at whomever was passing by. In 2014, we moved to Wisconsin, and naturally, you adapted well. However, when it came to the snow, not so well, but you moved on. In April, 2017, we suddenly lost B.B. to heart disease. A painful day, that we still re-live. After his memorial service, we took you to the vet, as you were experiencing the same symptoms, as B.B. was, and, you were diagnosed with heart disease. Dr. Hook originally gave you 5 months-1 year to live. We started you on medications, and medicated dog food. You started to slow down. Each month, you became more and more inactive. In August, you gave us the signs, that you lived a great life, that you loved every minute of it, and that the end was near. In September, you started showing signs of slowing down by not wanting your food, or taking medications. For 5 days, you ate no food, nor took any medications, so we knew it was time to let you go over the Rainbow Bridge. It was a very painful and hard day, when we took you to Dr. Hook. The look in your eyes will be so unforgettable. You knew, and we both knew, that the day had arrived. The day we had to let you go, to say goodbye, for one more pat on the head, one more lick



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on the face, one more sigh of "I love you" emitting from your body, You will never be forgotten, and will always be missed. Not a day goes by, when we don't think of you, or are reminded of you. Our "muy preciosa", Enjoy your time over the Rainbow Bridge. Give B.B. a huge hug for us. We will see you when our lives have ended.

Love, Robert, Johny, Valerie, and Arleth

