



Scooter

October 12, 2025

Scooter McCreary Cantrell the Third was born sometime around the end of 2008 or beginning of 2009. He came to his mom from a shelter on the outskirts of Amarillo in the fall of 2009. He was handsome, dapper, kind, funny, and extremely smart. He knew he had a good deal and wouldn't run away, even if the gate was left open.

He liked the outdoors in short bursts, where he would run around in a frenzy and try to get other dogs to chase him, because he knew he could leave them in his dust since he was so fast. He was always headed to the car after his 15 minutes of exertion so that he could get back home to sit in his recliner or politely ask for snacks. Every now and then, he'd surprise his mom by digging up a freshly planted flower or creating mysterious new holes in the yard—just to remind everyone who really ran the place. He was a reluctant traveling and hiking companion, but ultimately wanted to be wherever his mom was.

Cuddling was of utmost importance to Scooter, and he affectionately earned the title of his mom's "cuddle bug." He watched other dogs barking themselves into a panic with slight judgment, wondering what all the fuss was about, and wished they'd be quiet so he could nap.

He loved treats, blankets, recliners, and all the luxuries of life. He loved dressing up and posing for photos. He preferred to be clothed rather than go

naked when the weather was cool enough. This was because he was a gentleman and a scholar.

He loved certain other dogs, like his best dog friend Charlie, who he grew up with and lost in 2021, and his dog “wife,” Roonie, who is devastated by this loss—as we all are. His mom, Krisa, will never be the same but will spend the rest of her life trying to live up to the person Scooter saw her as. Her partner, James, also served the role of Scooter’s comrade and napping partner for the past three years, when Scooter and his mom moved in with him and Roonie.

Scooter also tolerated a cat named Parker who lived with him. Though he rightly thought him to be somewhat of a buffoon and a mischievous rascal, he did somewhat appreciate his cuddles and concern at the end. Scooter got along with everyone and every creature. He was always a lover, never a fighter. His grandma’s house was a second home for him, and he took his last breath there, surrounded by loved ones.

We ask that if you loved Scooter or another furry friend like him, you make a donation to your local animal shelter and/or volunteer with them in his honor so that other animals can find their forever home and be loved as much as Scooter was.

There has never been, and will never be, a legend quite like that of Scooter, but we will all do our best to honor his memory each day. We love you, Scooter, and we look forward to seeing you on the other side. Run free and fast, my Scooter boy. And if there are chairs in heaven, we know you’ll make sure to claim the comfiest one the moment someone stands up.