



Wyatt

September 23, 2023

Wyatt “Mushie Bear” Zombie left this world and moved on to eternal autumn in the sky on September 23, 2023.

Though he was only with us for a short time (One year, two months and nineteen days) he changed our lives, especially mine, and he will never be forgotten.

Forever would not have been long enough with Wyatt. The connection I shared with him was instantaneous and unexplainable. The first moment we met we fell in love with each other, and that love only grew and strengthened over the time we had together. He was my protector, my shadow, my angel, my son and my best friend. The bond I shared with Wyatt was something I had never experienced before. Everywhere I went, Wyatt went. Every time I needed him he was there. On days where I thought I could not go on he reminded me that I absolutely could and should. Wyatt saved my life, and I wish I could have done the same for him.

He was a gentle soul who radiated comfort and security. One look into his sweet eyes could ease anyone’s pain and remind them that there was hope and peace possible no matter how bad things felt in that moment. One look at his silly tongue flopped out of one side of his mouth could make anyone smile even if they didn’t want to or felt like they couldn’t. One whiff of the top of his

head was like breathing in pure comfort and joy and I truly believe he had magical, healing properties, more so than any medicine in existence.

Everyone who had the opportunity to cross paths with Wyatt loved him. He made people who didn't like dogs into dog lovers. He solidified and increased it for those who already did.

He was the goodest boy. He was the best.

Wyatt loved walks, so we took many. Whether it was our daily neighborhood wanderings, going hiking at Palo Duro, going to the market or visiting the mountains he didn't care, as long as we were together and walking and smelling all the smells he was happy. He also loved car rides (and his cheeks flapping in the wind,) playing with cat toys, and snuggling and watching Golden Girls. His favorite game to play was "Don't get me!" which is exactly what it sounds like- I would run through the yard or house saying "Don't get me!" and he would of course get me, chasing me around and nipping ever so gently at my legs when he caught me. He loved fishies and ham, and as we discovered at the end of his life when food did not matter anymore, was a real cheeseburger connoisseur.

He is already so missed. And he will be, until we meet again.

Wyatt is survived by his mommy, his daddy, his doggo sister Dharma (Melon Head) and his kitty brothers and sisters Dizzy, Ziggy, Tilly, Moonie and Baby Swirl.

See you on the other side, sweet boy.

Tribute Wall



“ 9 files added to the album Wyatt



Furrever Pet Crematory - September 25, 2023 at 09:44 PM