



Brody McClanahan Brenner

March 3, 2015 - March 20, 2026

With heavy hearts and endless love, we announce the passing of our beloved Great Dane, Brody McClanahan Brenner, who left us at the age of 11. He was born on March 3, 2015, and crossed over the rainbow bridge on March 20, 2026, surrounded by his loving family and leaving this world for the next with his head in the lap of his best boy, Mason.

Brody was one of a kind from the very beginning, even carrying a name with a story—borrowed from the fictional alias his human dad once used in his younger days. True to that larger-than-life name, Brody lived an even bigger life, full of personality, mischief, and unconditional love.

A gentle giant in every sense, Brody had a playful spirit and a knack for keeping life interesting. He loved his Skunky toys, chewing on his giant bone, and going on car rides—so much so that we had to spell out “C-A-R R-I-D-E” just to avoid his excited rush to the door...until he figured that out too. If Brody could reach it, it was fair game—nothing left unattended was ever truly safe. From a baker’s dozen of Quack Daddy donuts to an entire dozen croissants, he had a talent for making food disappear without a trace.

Brody was full of quirks that made him unforgettable. He always ran to the door when Mason went outside, though he sometimes refused to go out on his own terms. He had a special ability to take up all available space wherever

he chose to be, often planting his giant head in your lap or claiming beds and couches as his own—occasionally kicking Jessica and Mason out entirely. And once he settled in, there was no moving him.

He was a creature of routine and determination, never missing a meal. At dinnertime, he would make his presence known by standing in the kitchen and staring until his bowl was served. After quickly devouring his food, he'd head outside, return to double-check his bowl was truly empty, knock it off the chair for good measure, and then settle in for a well-earned nap.

Brody's wagging tail was legendary—less a tail and more like a swinging bat, reminding everyone nearby to keep a safe distance. But above all, he was loyal, loving, and always there to greet us at the door, a constant and comforting presence in our lives.

He is survived by his devoted human dad who loved to tease Brody with treats to see how big he could get the slobber bubble to be, his human mom, Danielle, who lived up to her promise that she would not let the sweeper eat him, his beloved human sister Jessica, who spoiled him rotten with all the things that Brody loved most, and her companion, Kyle who was there for all of us in his kind and loving way on that last day, and last, but definitely not least, his human brother, best boy, most loyal friend, Mason, whose heart will never be the same without his faithful companion. He was preceded in death by his fur sister, Sophie B. Sassy, and the original Brody McClanahan—his dad's long-ago fictional alias.

Brody leaves behind a home that feels a little emptier, but hearts that are forever fuller because of him. His love, his antics, and his unforgettable spirit will stay with us always.

Run free, sweet Brody. You were deeply loved, and you will be missed beyond

words.