



King Jonaitis

January 23, 2012 - April 10, 2026

King ("Buddy", "Kingie") Jonaitis was born on January 23, 2012; adopted February 11, 2017; and passed on April 10, 2026. He is survived by his pet parents, Emily Jonaitis and Dave Jonaitis; pet siblings, Mattie and Woodrow. Other family and friends are Grandma and Grandpa (Emily's mom and dad).

King's favorite toy was his stuffed lamb chop. His favorite activities were walks!, car rides/sitting in the front seat, going to the barn, and camping/walking on trails. His least favorite things were needles, taking meds, and yelling. His favorite place to sleep was on Momma's pillow, curled up next to someone on the couch, or in a sunbeam.

Favorite memories of King: His smile, his energy, and how full of life he was, cuddling him at night or in the morning, our walks - how he would sprint off and it was all I could do to keep up, how his ears bounced with every step, how he would dart for shade and roll around on his back when he got hot.

From Momma:

King entered my life in the summer of 2016. Over the next 10 years, he was by my side, loyal and constant through the good times as well as the bad. He bypassed his food to sit by me as I cried after being blindsided by the man I loved and the world I thought I knew crumbled. He laid with me when I was super sick with Covid. He always cheered me up after a bad day. King was

there for Thanksgivings and Christmases. He was there on my wedding day.

King stole the hearts of everyone who met him. Every pet is special, but there are a few that are “elite”. King is definitely one of those; he was truly one of a kind. I am so grateful that I got to be his momma for 9, almost 10 years. I have no idea what I did to be so lucky. I did not deserve the unconditional love and loyalty he gave to me every single day.

King was such a gift because I was able to experience loving something more than myself. The magnitude of my love for him allowed me to understand, even just a glimmer, of the depth of God’s love for each of us. And having King in my life allowed me to experience an earthly representation of His unconditional love. Humans can’t love like that; we try, but dogs somehow get it right.

King blessed my life in every way imaginable. He was, and always will be, my heart.

King had such a strong spirit. His last two years were tough, but he was a fighter. Despite having a stroke and diminished mobility in his hind legs, severe left-side heart disease/failure, and chronic kidney disease, he was so full of life, right up until the day he just couldn’t do it anymore. Though it was the hardest decision I ever made, I was able to set him free from the constraints of his aging and dying body. Now, his back legs are working again, and I know he is chasing bunnies and waves on the beach, happy and free forever.