



Smokey Stover

November 1, 2015 - May 14, 2026

Everyone who met Smokey would say the same thing — he was the biggest German Shepherd they had ever seen. But despite his size, he was one of the gentlest souls you could ever know. He never wanted to hurt anyone. All he ever wanted to do was love the people around him.

Smokey had a special way of reassuring you that you were loved. He would gently place his paw on your arm as if he was saying, “I’m here and I love you too,” and somehow, you always understood exactly what he meant.

He loved the simple things in life most — daily walks around the neighborhood, chest rubs and face-to-face cuddles with his daddy, and going “bye bye!” in the back of his daddy’s SUV to visit friends and family, pup cups, and secret table food from his pappy, and bonfires in the backyard with his Nannie. One of Smokey’s favorite places was under the tree at Nannie and Pappy’s house, where he could sit peacefully and feel the wind blowing through his fur. He loved being pampered by his Nannie with showers, blow dries, and brushing sessions that made him feel extra handsome.

Smokey was more than a loyal companion or a best friend. He was family. He had a way of showing up in the moments when people needed comfort the most. His presence brought peace, joy, and love into every room he walked into.

He loved his blue racquetball, his octopus toy, and his football. He would get excited when Luke would take him outside to play. He especially loved Aunt Tel's cooking and the special Christmas box she made just for him every year, filled with toys, chicken-wrapped bones, and treats picked out with love.

Smokey was truly a delight to everyone who knew him. He made people smile, laugh, and feel safe just by being near them. His love was steady, pure, and unconditional.

If love alone could have kept him alive, he would have lived forever.

Though our hearts are broken, Smokey will never be forgotten. His paw prints will remain on our hearts for the rest of our lives.