

Brew

Brew crossed the Rainbow Bridge January 16, 2005

My name is Bob Stutcavage and I live in Scotch Plains, NJ. I would like to share something with you. Back in April in 1989 I got married and bought a house and my first dog. You guessed it he was a Beagle and I named him Brew!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Well on January 16th I had to do what is as far as I am concerned the hardest thing I had to do in my life and that was to put Brew to rest two weeks short of his 16th birthday. He was without a doubt my best friend. He was a great dog and we went through alot together. We grew up together he taught me and I taught him. He went through my divorce. He went through so much with me and never wanted anything more than to please. He went everyday for 2 years from Phillipsburg to Woodbridge (where my Mom lived) while I worked - he just loved the car. He probably had more miles logged in a car than alot of people he was so good. There are so many stories I could tell you. Brew was one of the reasons my current wife and I are together - he was just the life of any conversation. When Brew met Cori my wife we were a family again. He loved the yard, her kids, and us. He went through alot a few years back he had pancreatitis. We took him to all kinds of vets and he recovered. He had bouts of stomach problems but nothing Pepcid AC didn't cure. We fed him what our vet told us and he recovered so well. Then around Christmas you could see he was getting tired and his mornings were tough. But everyday at 4:30 am he was up with me for his one block walk at 5 am (that was his choice he would turn around). I would carry him up and down the stairs and my wife would do everything she could to help him. Cori has Lyme disease and her own bouts of pain but he was there for her too. I built a ramp off the back porch so he could use that and he would when no one was looking - you know how proud and stubborn Brew can be. Then came January, there were good days and bad days. He had problems holding his bowels so he only ate what he needed to. Then the bad days outnumbered his good. On January 15th my wife called and said he wasn't doing well. I came home from work and spent the day with him and spent the night in a struggle with myself about what to do. I spoke with our vet and he said "The little guy is old Bob. There isn't much except for pain killers that we can do." He had arthritis and with his history of stomach problems he could only take so much. That night I knew what we had to do. So Sunday I called the vet and talked to him. He called me later that day and said are you sure. Was I - no - he was my best friend. All day Sunday I held him talked to him till it was time. It was important to me that when the time came he knew he was loved like no other. I held him. I cried, my wife cried, the vet teared up. We all grew together. Brew will always be with me and part of me. I thank God for giving me this special guy who taught me more than I could ever teach him. I come home from work now and he isn't at the window. We eat dinner in quiet. God I miss him. My wife told me when a dog dies his spirit is born in another. Brew is a wonderful name and I stumbled across your web site and was shocked to see there was two stubborn and proud Brews in this world. I thought maybe you would like my story and my life with my Beagle. I would like to make a donation in his name and would like to know how to do it. I am a 39 year old guy who works on heavy equipment and I sit here eyes swollen and tears running because that's what you and Brew do for me. You both made big impacts in my life and I want to thank you. Here is a photo of my Brew. Thanks for letting me share my story. Bobby