



Chewie Hawley

March 14, 2013 - March 20, 2025

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

“ ****What’s in a name?***”

Chewie. Chewbacca. Chewfus. Chew Magoo. Chewie Bewie. Little Man. Chunky Chew. Bubs.

A name that has been woven into my heart for 12 incredible years.

For 12 years, I was lucky enough to be loved by you. To snuggle you, to have you steal my pillow, to endure your stanky dog breath, stinkers, and sneezes. For 12 years, I had the best dog there ever was.

I remember bringing you home—tiny, malnourished, barely the size of a dollar bill, weighing exactly 2.0 pounds. You were so small that I had to sneak you into the produce section at Walmart just to find a scale that could register your weight. You didn’t have all your teeth yet, you were afraid of humans, and you bore the scars of cigarette burns from the people who owned your mother. The moment we met you, we knew you were ours. Our lives and hearts were forever changed.

*Twelve years of beach trips, car rides, movie snuggles, couch naps, and fiercely protecting the neighborhood. And then, you tolerated what you surely considered the greatest insult of all—we brought you home a fur sister, Luna... or as you more commonly thought of her, *Luna-tic.* You, who moved with the affectionate grace and cadence of a tuba, were suddenly stuck with a sister who had the disposition of a piccolo. Yet, you handled it with your usual patience, rolling your eyes in that way only you could, letting her bounce around you while you remained steadfast and unbothered.*

You were there for the birth of our two beautiful children, watching over them with patience and love. You sat so sweetly by their high chairs, always managing to find the perfect spot to snatch up every crumb that tumbled to the floor. And in the moments of heartbreak, after each miscarriage, you were there too—pressing close, offering

silent comfort in the way only you could. You had a way of knowing exactly when I needed you most.

Chewie took his last breath at 1:08 a.m. on March 20th. Joey and I held him as he crossed the rainbow bridge, felt his heart flutter its last beat as we leaned on each other and cried. On one hand, we are relieved that he is no longer suffering, but on the other, we are devastated—our souls feeling shredded in two as we say goodbye to the pup who has been with us since before my grad school graduation.

*Chewie, there will never be a replacement. There will never be another who could ever take your place. I hope you're eating ALL of Heaven's cheeseburgers. I hope you're running free, your eyesight restored, never having to endure another insulin shot again. I hope you're barking at every cartoon doorbell sound on TV once more. I hope you find Pap Joe so he can give you scraps from the table while smiling and calling you *"Beggar Boy, Beggar Boy."**

Until we meet again, Chew, I love you more than words.



Sara Hawley - March 20, 2025 at 01:58 PM