

Stevie Ray



My name is Lisa Schneider and I moved to San Antonio with my boyfriend in March 2008. I am in a nursing school through the army so I had no choice to come down here but Chris, my boyfriend, and his huge golden retriever, Kayto, were reluctant to come along for the year. Kayto is a very large two year old so to say I couldn't walk him on a leash would be an understatement.

After a few months I began to become very sad because I missed my family's dog, Sherman, who was all the way at home in Wisconsin still living with my family and the fact that I couldn't help very much to take care of Kayto made me feel even worse. In June we decided to start looking for a small pet for me, preferably a Shetland Sheepdog just like Sherman is. Well, we looked for some time and had no luck finding a puppy or anything we could afford. Finally, on a Sunday evening we happened to look at the San Antonio Humane Society website and saw Stevie Ray needed a home! He was only 15 pounds, 8 years old and compared to other Shelties I had seen, a little homely looking. We rushed to make it to the Humane Society before closing time, getting lost a few times on the way. When we got there we had only about a half hour to meet Stevie. I looked through almost every kennel before I found the one he was in and from that moment I should've known

he was a stinker because he was laying in the only bed in the kennel and the larger dogs with him were on the cold cement. We walked him for just a bit before we had to put him back and go home. That night already I filled out the adoption papers knowing well that this shy little guy needed me. Early the next morning we hurried in with our adoption papers and within a couple hours we were walking out the door with my new little baby.

Stevie wasn't quite what I expected when we brought him home- He wasn't well taken care of before and had only a few teeth left because his previous owners never took him to the dentist. He had fragile skin so I had to buy him special pills to help his hair/skin grow healthy, which I hid in his dinner. For months he was too shy to come near me and cowered his head when we tried to pet him. We also found out Stevie was deathly afraid of stairs! I had to pick him up and walk him down everytime we went potty! He spend most of his days laying on a comforter I layed in the corner for him.

After about three months was the first time I ever heard him bark, which was when I walked in the door after work. From this time on we had a hard time getting Stevie to stop barking! For Halloween we took him to a "costume party" hosted by one of the hospitals downtown. Because I'm from Wisconsin he, of course, was dressed like a cow! That day was the first time we every saw Stevie just let go and wag his tail like crazy! He met another Sheltie that looked almost just like him and he must have really liked her! Until Christmas time Stevie stayed about the same, still shy (especially when Chris was around).

When it was time for my two week break from school we decided that Chris would head home to Pennsylvania to set up for when we moved back in March. So Stevie would fly home with me for Christmas break and Kayto would go home with Chris for the next few months. My family was delighted to take Stevie in and actually decided to keep him in Wisconsin until I graduated in March so he could have more interaction during the day. On December 18th I dropped Stevie off at the airport in his little kennel and the next morning I flew out. After arriving in Milwaukee, my mom drove me to Madison, WI to pick up Stevie. I felt so bad for my "little man." When I got there he was cowering in the corner scared and when I came in I pulled him out and held him. He was so relieved to hear my voice he relieved himself all over me. We drove home and gave Stevie a bath immediately. Stevie's stay in Wisconsin

was the best thing for him, although he was scared of the snow at first! He met Sherman and was wagging his tail and walking right up to everyone in the family to get petted and take treats! On Christmas day my little sister gave him a little blanket with paw prints all over it for his new bed there. By the end of the first week, Stevie was walking up and down the set of four steps to our entry way like a champ! I can't explain how proud of him I was. He even did amazing on a leash so I started letting him out without a leash but with Sherman. He would follow Sherman everywhere in the yard- he was finally learning what it was really like to be a dog!

Well, on December 27th I flew to Pennsylvania to see Chris and his family. Multiple times while I was on the trip my family texted me about all the amazing things Stevie was doing! Dad said he was really romping around and playing in the snow, which he had never seen before! On the evening of the 28th my Dad called me with some really surprising news. I'll never forget when I answered my phone and he said, "Well kid I've got some news for you... I couldn't find Stevie, he ran off.. but we found him and he got hit by a car. He's dead." I was so hurt to hear this news but glad to be with Chris when I got it. As I found out later, Stevie and Sherman went outside for a while and Dad fed them dinner when they came back in. Stevie got all excited halfway through his dinner so Dad let him out again. After watching for a few moments, he went inside to wait for them to finish up and shortly after when Dad went outside to call them in only Sherman came. He and my little sister searched the yard and around the small block for a bit with no luck. Tina, my sister drove up the street a ways and found him in the middle of the road. She was devastated. Someone definitely hit him and didn't stop to tell anyone or even look at his collar and call me. I can't believe someone could be cruel enough to leave someone else's pet and drive off and to this day an apology would be the best thing to hear. It's been almost a month and things are getting better. Chris and I made a small stepping stone and placed it in the flower bed where my Dad buried Stevie for me. My family also packed all his stuff for me so I didn't have to do that when I came back to Wisconsin. Coming back to San Antonio alone was the worst feeling for me but every day gets a little easier. I only had the pleasure to spend six months with my "little man" but I'd like to think that even that small amount of time made a difference in both our lives.

