



## Max O'Bryan

February 12, 2026

Max was a 10.5 year old Mixed Breed.

For almost 11 years it was me and Max against the world. He was a big guy with an even bigger heart for his mama. Max didn't start out as mine, but as fate saw it, we ended up loving each other unconditionally. When I first brought Max home, I was young and just starting out on my own in life and we grew up together. Max saw me finally finish nursing school, find happiness, and even become a mama to a human and let me tell you, he didn't love anyone more than he loved my baby. From the day I brought my baby girl home, Max was protective, he would bark if "strangers" wanted to hold her, he would kiss her, lay his head by her and protect her even more fiercely than he had protected me.

Until the last year of his life, Max was always big and looked intimidating, but I always said he would never hurt a soul unless he thought they were going to hurt me. Before the baby was born, if we were outside and someone stopped to talk to me, he would take a protective stance across my legs and assert that he was the boss. I was never afraid to be home alone as long as he was by my side.

Max was also so, so very goofy. There are many occasions that stand out to me, one being the day he licked my mom from ear to ear and back again, standing straight up with his paws on her shoulders. My mamaw would stay with me a lot when I first brought Max home, one day we were sitting on the porch, he ran and jumped up in the porch chair beside of her, not knowing his size or strength, and broke the leg right off the chair. When the COVID shut downs first started, we took more walks than ever before, multiple times a day, I know he was tired but he would go every single time I grabbed the leash. More recently, as he became thinner and somewhat frail, he would "sneak" and lay at my feet on the recliner. Obviously, I allowed it.

Max was my companion through so many phases in my life. He was a constant from the beginning. I struggle now with walking into my house and noticing that his presence is missing. His blankets are washed and gone from the living room, his food bowl has been

stored, I still haven't been able to get his leash out of my car. My home is full of life and more love than I have ever experienced, but there is an unmistakable absence. Bringing Max's ashes home today filled that hole a bit, he is back home.

I will forever be thankful for the life Max gave me. I am finding comfort in knowing that I loved him and he loved me until the very end. I know without a doubt he is waiting for me and I look forward to getting his giant kisses from ear to ear.

Rest In Peace Max