



Lukka Varughese

April 26, 2026

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

“ Lukka

Lukka... Lukka manuka honey bunny rabbit, chunky chunk, piglet, baddie to the boney, wiggly butt, Luk Luk, hot mess express... the absolute love of our lives.

Lukka was our sweetest baby girl, our little roly poly puppy, and truly the love of our lives. Born on July 19, 2011, in California, she came home to New Jersey at 4 months old and lived exactly how she was meant to—surrounded by love, love, love, and making sure everyone knew she was the boss until she passed on April 25, 2026.

Born on a hot summer night and left on a rainy spring day.

She was our miracle. At only 6 months old, Lukka was diagnosed with IMHA and given a very poor prognosis. We were told to prepare for the worst. I brought her home thinking we were saying goodbye, but Lukka had other plans. We found a holistic team, made one last effort, and somehow, she fought her way back. That was Lukka—strong, stubborn, and determined to stay exactly where she belonged.

She had all of us wrapped around her paws, and she knew it.

She was the sweetest big sister to her brother Moose, our “Moosey Pie.” She made it very clear that he was her baby brother, and no one was allowed to discipline him but her. If Moose got into trouble, Lukka would step in immediately, yelling at us as if to ask who we thought we were. Together, they were chaos and joy—kicked out of daycares and boarding places for herding everyone and causing their own kind of lovable trouble.

She loved food, treats, and her special hugs after every meal. She loved being talked to, and she always talked back—loudly. She had opinions, attitude, and a personality that filled every room. She

loved sitting on the front stoop people-watching, talking to strangers, and making sure everyone noticed her beautiful little walk.

*She was the boss of this family and made sure we never forgot it. If I was late feeding her, she let me know. If I was on the computer, on the phone, or even using my cellphone in bed, she yelled at me about it. She was a little diva, and we sang it to her all the time—
Lukka is a Diva.*

But beneath all that bossiness was the gentlest, most intuitive soul. She was soft in a way that is hard to explain. Gentle with Neko, Lola, Moose, and Brenda. Patient. Loving. Beautiful. We kissed her little nose constantly because loving her came so naturally.

She was never just a dog.

She was our child. Our family. Our comfort, our laughter, our routine, and our heart wrapped in one wiggly little body. She was meant to be ours, and we were meant to be hers.

There will never be another Lukka.

She was our miracle, our fighter, our bossy girl, and forever the love of our lives.

We know she is in heaven now, running wild with Neko, Lola, Samson, Sophie, Gracelyn, and the Puli family she came from. In her last hour, that is what we told her—that she would have so much love and family waiting for her.

Her mamma, papa, and boo boo loved her beyond measure. And we know, without question, that she loved us just as much.

Almost 15 years of pure joy.

We would do it all again for her.

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