



Dale Dugger

March 27, 1949 - November 7, 2021

Dear Dale,

I wish I had written you letters over the past 50 years. Today, I am writing one letter full of love and some spirituality spanning over 50 years.

Dale Dugger and Diane Story formed a union in marriage 7:00pm on July 17, 1971, at The Bacone Chapel in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Our world was so different from Merle Haggard's version in "Okie from Muskogee". We hadn't known each other for very long but the characters of friends at the time assured us to give ourselves to our promises. A couple of years of living with each other, learning each other and yes, growing our love for each other happened. We had a vision of a future full of dreams. There were a few hiccups along the way but 2 1/2 years later in Oklahoma City, we found ourselves parents to our first daughter, Lisa Michelle. The thrill and joy were over the moon. I remember taking her to the DR, one reason was her crying. He told me to quit holding her so much (ha). I put her down and she became the light of our lives. Two years later living in Wagoner, Ok, your birthplace, we were truly blessed with a second daughter, Andrea Beth. We found her so interesting, yet so quiet. We took her to the DR and discovered her problem was vision with an uncharted path of treatment. There was no real testing available, so her Aunt Ginger suggested Dr. Reinsteen and so the story goes. Seven years later and another child, Gregory Dale, you were a Social Worker and I worked for Community Action, but we decided we needed to move. We tried our own business, a convenience store with a drive-up window. The

beer flew out the window for a while. I remember Greg talking to most of the vendors as if he was the entrepreneur. He was 4 years old; we were in a convenience store in Tulsa when Greg went down the aisle "Bud Light, Bud, Coors, Coors Light, Miller and Michelob." Before I could run out with him, a lady stopped to compliment him on how well he read. (ha) We left with her thinking our 4-year-old could read. When the beer stopped flowing and hit by the oil bust; exhausted with questionable feelings, we took a break.

My dream was a consignment craft store. I simply wanted to help gifted women sell their crafts. There was no shortage of beautiful crafts nor talented women, so I found myself deep in the country with interesting people. We discovered some dreams may be about circumstances and situations we only wish could happen. Tucking our tails, we eventually ended together in Tulsa. We sought jobs to continue raising our family. We discovered we had 3 incredibly talented children right under our noses. Lisa: we knew she was a dancer. She was known for her rhythm and gifted with seeing the talent in others. She was a choreographer and dancer. Andrea: talented in her own right had pitch testing in the top 10 percentile, very musically inclined. Greg; the child prodigy. I recall teachers running to grab me to have him in their class. Thus, the music began. There were cheerleaders, instruments, musicians, and bands. We went through radios, televisions, walk mans, boom boxes, cassette players, CD, VCR players and computers. There was little league, minor league and major league, football, pro sports, and fantasy football. Sure, there were vacations, trips, movies, concerts and shows. We can safely say music consumed half our married life. But as we saw the bright future dim, we found ourselves unwell, in disbelief, standing in the shambles of life riddled in setbacks. By the late 90s I had lost the use of my left side and by 2006 you were disabled. We felt beat up by life, but nothing prepared us for 2007. We had the sobering experience of seeing the effects of drugs and young people when we lost our beloved son, Greg. We eventually above our regrets and try to live in peace. My interpretation I turned to Luke 1:78-79 Because of the tender mercy of our God the rising sun will come

to us from heaven to shine on those living in darkness and in the shadow of death to guide our feet into the path of peace. We lived looking back facing the consequences of the "if only". Andrea brought us to our feet again with Tricia and Skyler; we felt truly blessed. She would bring to our steps a Certificate of Ultrasound, now that was music to our ears. In amazement we watched our child with limited sight watch the questionable. Once again, we watched in dismay as Andrea faced trouble and difficulties, sadness and pain with strokes and seizures. Through good medical advice, she's once again taking her pictures. We could not be more proud of our daughters. Lisa has been a person of radio for over 20 years. We had a guiding light to Louisiana, our grandson, Britton. Lisa and Robert were truly blessed with this child. A child of character, loves of God, his family, and friends. He is an outstanding athlete and so fun to watch. We are so proud of Tricia and all she has overcome to attend college, hold a full-time job, and continue her path to fulfill her dreams. Although Skyler is still figuring out his life, we love him so much; we love them all so much.

We found ourselves liking Louisiana; loving the culture: art, music and food. Your life was whirling out of control the last few years largely due to health issues.

Three major operations were the focus on the past 6 months. Many thanks and blessings to the DRs, nurses, CNAs and medical professionals at the hospitals: Ochsner, Baton Rouge General, Lakeview, Lane and Our Lady of the Lake. LTACS: Post-Acute Medical and AMG-Zachary. Nursing Home: Golden Age. Hospice: The Crossing. Never ever forget Acadian Ambulance. This was a true experience of Heaven and Hell; a nightmare we could have never dreamt.

Decisions: some simple, some complex, some obscure. Questions: resuscitation, amputations, trachs, incurable, inoperable, non-treatable.

Words: Palliative, Hospice. We sat in the hospital the last few days, confused and perplexed. The hope our heartfelt tears would be heard. You had

experienced a massive heart attack; survived a CABG, numerous cardiac arrests, code blues, code purple and several times found unresponsive. You experienced an allergic reaction to Heparin causing lose to half of your right foot and several fingertips and then a trach; a daily problem. I felt the last few days were the most confusing. Who has the final word? God or Man? I prayed every day after you passed for a final message of clarity as to what just happened. He answered me:

Shortly after you passed, a deer slid through the front door of Our Lady of the Lake. He stood up on his feet and ran up the wrong side of the escalator. The deer was captured and the diagnosis: broken ribs and delirium. Two things you experienced in the last few weeks in the same hospital before you passed.

I am finally at peace.

I can only imagine you are in the company of Greg, family, and friends. Joined by Mr. Robert in fixing the problems of the world. By now your nightly DJ James Gilmore is playing, while you are listening and enjoying, the unheard songs by the angels above.

With love and hope the world sees the same person you were to me; I love you,
Diane

Previous Events

Graveside Service

NOV **24**. 10:00 AM (CT)

Park Grove Cemetery
1000 W. Houston St.
Broken Arrow, OK 74012
(918) 259-8691

Tribute Wall



“ Dale Dugger

October 23, 2023 at 01:21 AM



“ It is our honor and privilege to serve the Dugger family and to provide this permanent tribute website in memory of Dale.



Hayhurst Funeral Home - November 22, 2021 at 01:38 PM



*Mrs Diane,
Such a beautiful written letter to Mr Dale. Jen and I are deeply saddened by Mr Dale passing. I for one will miss just sitting around and talking with Mr Dale. Even though these few years it had not been as often as when y'all first moved down. No matter how much time had passed between visits he and I would just carry on in conversation about just about anything. I was always happy to see him at any gathering or just seeing him if I stopped by Robert and Lisa's. He would always start off by asking me how I was doing and would want to know how everything was going with my treatments when I was recovering from the several surgeries I had to get when I was hurt. He would just sit there and listen like i was the only one that mattered and what I was telling him was the most important information in the world. Then most of the time we would just sit and cut up and talk sports or anything else that may come up in a conversation. Mrs Diane you and Mr Dale are part of our family, just as Lisa, Robert, and Brit are. We loved Mr Dale and will miss him so very much. We are also here for you if you need us. We love you all.*

CJ Goodspeed - November 24, 2021 at 12:28 AM