



Samuel Owen Dugger

March 16, 1943 - July 3, 2022

On Sunday, July 3, 2022, Samuel Owen (Sam) Dugger, loving husband and father of three, passed away at the age of 79. Sam was born on March 16, 1943, in Wagoner, Oklahoma, the middle of three children to Virginia Beth and George Owen Dugger. He was a lifelong member of the United Methodist Church in Wagoner. Sam was a diehard Oklahoma Sooner, having obtained his pharmacy degree from the University of Oklahoma in 1966 and, more importantly, meeting and marrying the love of his life and wife of 58 years, Virginia Ann (Ginger) Dugger. While at OU, he also became a proud member of Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Upon graduation, Sam returned to his hometown to work with his father at the Owl Drug Store. There, he and Ginger raised three boys, Scott, Keith and Marc. Sam took over as sole owner of the Owl Drug Store in 1986 and served as a trusted health care provider and friend to many until his retirement in 2006. His family's prodding inspired Sam's relocation with Ginger to Dallas, Texas, where he was surrounded by the love of all his grandkids. Sam lived every moment of his next 16 years with his trademark generosity and wit, making the lives of all those he knew – sons and strangers alike – playful, joyful, and whole.

Sam was not only a good person, but a wonderful spouse, father, sibling, uncle, friend, and, most importantly, "Pops," as he was fondly known by most. Simply put, Sam was special, and he made others feel special around him. He loved, and was loved by, all - including the host of animals that would obsequiously await his daily offering of "tweets." Sam touched his family's hearts in a myriad of ways; among the infinitely long list of things through which he is remembered include his frequent use of riddles and rhymes, his love of learning (exemplified by his passion for crosswords and his inability to let a word he came across go undefined), and his annual reading of *The Night Before Christmas* (during which his loved ones gathered adoringly.)

Sam had a fantastic sense of humor and was musically talented. He was self-trained in playing the ukulele, and capitalized on his years of piano lessons by always having a

boogie-woogie to play anytime a piano was nearby. But more than anything, he loved to dance, and he was good at it. Sam also had more best friends than any man deserves – Harv, Boog, PJ, Hugh to name a few– and those relationships made his family’s life all the richer.

It was well known that Sam gave to others more than he took. He poured his heart and soul into the Owl Drug Store – pharmaceutical practice was his vocation, and he had a tireless sense of duty to serve and care for the community. Sam’s success was measured not in the dollars he generated, but by the knowledge that he was helping and serving “his people.” When a customer could not afford their medication, he provided it on credit (even when he knew it would never be paid off). He worked tirelessly, working 60+ hours per week for most of his career, and responding to patient calls 24 hours a day (his family was accustomed to hearing the phone ring well after midnight!). And yet he still had time for his wife, kids, and community.

For example, he never wrestled, but he saw a need for an elementary wrestling program that could help a wide cross section of youth in town and was instrumental in helping to establish the Wagoner Takedown Club. There, he met and influenced many of the kids who would go on to become leaders in the Wagoner High School Wrestling program and beyond. Sam was a constant, positive force, and he created lifelong memories for his children (who probably would not have wrestled but for his exhortations).

While in Wagoner, he joined and actively participated in the Bedouin Shriners Temple of Muskogee, was a 33rd degree Mason, and a member of Wagoner Lodge #98. When the State of Oklahoma changed the official designation of licensed pharmacists to D.Ph. in 2002, he also proudly (but with his best sense of humor) asked his family to refer to him as “Doctor”.

Sam’s life was not always a bowl of cherries. In high school, he was involved in a motor vehicle accident, and was thought to not have survived. He not only survived, but thrived. He became an avid runner, and formed an unofficial running team with his pals, Robbie Johnston and Steve Kraker, that tackled several 5 and 10k races. He also served as quarterback and captain of the football team his senior year of high school. However, in the mid-1980s, Sam began experiencing symptoms of what was ultimately diagnosed as spinal stenosis, and which resulted in significant impairments and numerous surgeries over the last quarter of his life. Nevertheless, even though he was ultimately relegated to a wheelchair for his last years, he never complained and always exuded a positive attitude that almost always rubbed off on others. His positivity will be greatly missed.

The ultimate joy of Sam's life was his grandchildren. From the first born to the last, he adored them all, and made each one feel like they were his favorite. He could often be found cheering on a grandkid at one of his or her sporting events, which included football, volleyball, cross country, marching band and almost everything in between. To him, they were all much more than "good enough" (a phrase Sam delightedly and repeatedly recounted one of his grandchildren saying). His grandchildren gave Sam the courage to relocate from the only town he had ever called home, and what made him grateful for doing so. His entire family was enormously blessed with the opportunity to spend the last 16 years together in the same town living, laughing and loving on Sam.

Sam was preceded in death by his mother Beth; his father Owen; his sister Lana; and his brother Dale. He is survived by his wife Ginger; his son Scott, daughter-in-law Rhonda and their daughter Olivia; his son Keith, daughter-in-law Ashley, and their sons Jackson, Carson and Harrison; his son Marc, daughter-in-law Mandy, and their children Gabby, Lucy and Drake; several cousins and nieces; and his fur babies, Roxie, Freckles, and Liam.

Tribute Wall

SI

“ Sam was such a dear friend and neighbor to my mom. He will be greatly missed by her and all of their neighbors, and we will miss his friendly wave as we drove by their home on the way to her house. Our prayers and with Ginger and her sons. My mom is so thankful to Ginger and so appreciative of the wonderful care that the boys gave to Sam and continue to give to Ginger. Their love for one another is a blessing to all. May God comfort them in their loss. With love and prayers, the Bierschenk family

Siobhain - August 19 at 12:43 PM