



Maggie Bargo

July 15, 1997 - June 28, 2015

Margaret, Princess of Devonshire – more affectionately known as Maggie was born in Missouri on July 15, 1997. Weighing 1.2 pounds, Maggie became a part of our family on September 11, 1997. With her Jack Russell heritage, we knew that she was fitting English royalty so the decision was made to name her after the prettier of the two, Elizabeth or Margaret. We always knew she would receive her care at Devonshire Veterinary Clinic in Anderson – thus the moniker came easy. Ms. Maggie Bargo would answer to just about any name and goodness knows she had more than a few. Mag-Pie, Meagan which she answered to two days a year when Patty came to visit, Ms. Maggie BarGO because she loved to G-O – yes, we had to spell her name sometimes because all she would hear was the GO part and it was on. When we were anticipating leaving our house we quickly learned to spell R-E-A-D-Y in an effort to thwart her dash to the door. The door was her friend and her departure would be swift and efficient, she was an escape artist with the greatest of speed. PeeWee fit her small stature and while we don't know where Toodums and Toomsey came from, those were names she loved to hear as well. Her Stinky Daddy's favorite dame for her was Mrs. Dudenpuddy. You just have to hear him say it to appreciate it. Most days as we loved on her we simply referred to her as our Sweet Puppy Girl. Just as we had nicknames for her, she had nicknames for us. Being her Stinky Mommy and her Stinky Daddy, along with being her Sister brought us some of our greatest joys in life these past 18 years. She saw us through and healed us of our grief as we said goodbye to our mother, father, and sister. Her instinctive nature kept her by our side on the days that we needed her most. She knew we needed her to sit beside us, lay on our chests and give us kisses as to say "it will be okay". She had many rules – she was never petted in the manner you would think a dog would enjoy, her feet were off limits and if you did pick her up, she expected to be rewarded the favor she had granted you with a treat. While her hearing was keen, the sound of a fly could get anyone in the room in trouble. She hated the sound of a fly. Hate it.

Maggie had many loves and much enjoyment in life. Life was a playground for Maggie. She knew no rules BUT she did learn 3 tricks, compliments of her sister taking the time to teach her. She would sit, turn a circle and shake. For a treat, of course. And she would do

any of that until she actually saw the treat, in hand. We never wanted to break her instinct so we pretty much just let her go about life, finding adventures, the never ending and fruitless hunt for just one of the animals she eventually drove from our back yard. Her pursuit of a squirrel found her perched on a tree branch, unsure how to get down and probably how she even got there. Thankfully her Daddy spied the little white spot in the tree. We then added tree climber to her list of accomplishments. She loved to go flying – perching herself on the car door and hanging her head in the wind. Yes, she was flying. She could only fly through low speed limit areas, which found her on our laps, looking desperately at us and crying for the window to roll down. She loved the bank drive through and would watch the tube for her treat to arrive. Of the many loves and delights she had, her absolute favorite was going for a walk. She loved, loved, loved walking. She demanded her walks. Asked for them with her eyes and her actions. Our last day together as an entire family, the four of us enjoyed a slow but great walk with Maggie. We will forever cherish that time. And are grateful to her for reminding us that we promised her a walk that morning.

At just over 11 pounds well 14 the year we were told she needed to "cut back", she embodied the heart and soul of a 100 pound person. She was full of personality. She was smart. She was demanding. She mastered the scratch on the cabinet door, behind which was were endless supply of Milk Bones. The box with the Jack Russell on it – it was her brand loyalty. Only small size Milk Bones would do. She was a Pepsi addict. She LOVED Pepsi. Regular, not diet. She could get the lid off a cup and be snout down in no seconds. We indulged her. Why not? Her first Christmas we started to notice that all of the candy canes within her reach were gone from the Christmas tree. Thus the peppermint addiction began. Bob's Soft Peppermints from Cracker Barrel were her favorite. Really, they were. As she got older and lost some teeth, we transitioned and supplemented with softer dinner mints. Nothing was too much for our Sweet Puppy Girl. Maggie often received gifts in the mail from friends, sending bones and peppermints. She was a bit of a rock star.

Maggie slept in a crate one night. One night. The night we brought her home. Pink skin showing through she resembled a bit of a piglet and who could resist that little face and whimper. She was hoisted onto our bed and slept with us every night that we were at home for the next 18 years. As long as her nose was tucked under a pillow, all was well with the world. She was the bestest bed maker in the world, and we told her so every night as we endured her bed making process and ritual. As plentiful as her loves in life were, she did have one absolute hate to do it but I know you are going to make me – bath time. She absolutely hated a bath. Hated being wet. Didn't like to see her sister in a swimming pool – she would jump in and swim to her the minute she saw her head go underwater. She had to save her, and she tried – even if it wasn't necessary. She was so tiny when we

brought her home that she could literally stand in the bathtub on her back feet and the water faucet would land just above her head – a puppy show as her sister dubbed it. We often told her she was getting 2 baths a year, whether she needed it or not. And she did. Needed and got the baths.

Maggie is survived by her parents, Rick and Darlene Bargo-Hornbeck, her sister Danielle Bargo and Gonzalo Carrecedo along with cousins Hannah and Caleb Riggins and Wesley Bargo, her Aunt Becky, Aunt Kathy and her bestest Uncle Garry. She enjoyed her last ride in a car and sipped Pepsi with Uncle Garry. We are forever grateful he was able to share that with her. Maggie is also survived by the loving and amazing staff at Devonshire Veterinary Clinic in Anderson, where there she was pretty much a rock start too. Dr. Smiley and his staff were always caring, knowledgeable and compassionate. We were put at ease the minute Dr. Smiley would greet her as "Sweet Maggie Bargo". It was their devotion and willingness to think outside the box that allowed us to enjoy her for the nearly 18 years she was with us. We are forever grateful to them.

Comments



“ 17 years ago Maggie was blessed to become part of a family that is very loving and caring, as she was herself. I still remember her as a rambunctious and always entertaining puppy. She provided many laughs and memories along the way. She will be missed, but it's nice knowing she is now in loving and caring place.

Dave and Jayne Hilderbrand - July 13, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Maggie will be missed dearly by so many. I just know she's in heaven bringing smiles and giggles to everyone.

Shannon Campbell - July 09, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Run fast, chase the squirrels, be your happy, crazy, amazing self in Heaven puppy girl.

Darlene Bargo-Hornbeck - July 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ I am confident that Maggie lived a life knowing how incredibly loved she was and how much love she brought to her family! She will be missed and remembered forever! We love you guys so much!!!

Jeff, Kelly & Brianna Bates - July 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ I am confident that Maggie lived a life knowing how incredibly loved she was and how much love she brought to her family! She will be missed and remembered forever! We love you guys so much!!!

Jeff, Kelly & Brianna Bates - July 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ No loss is an easy loss, but an unexpected loss cuts very deep & I'm so sorry you are having to experience it. I've listened to "Maggie Stories" at work for years now & can honestly say that the silly & fun stories will be greatly missed. I'm here for you, Dar, regardless of what it is - just holler across the way should you need anything. Hugs! Kel Normington

Kelli Normington - July 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Darlene and Rick I am so sorry for your huge loss. I hope you will find some peace in all your memories, knowing Maggie lived a life that was full of love.

Lee Jeddrey - July 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ All Dogs go to Heaven! Run free baby girl and wait for them there..

Lori Hornbeck Dunn - July 07, 2015 at 12:00 AM