





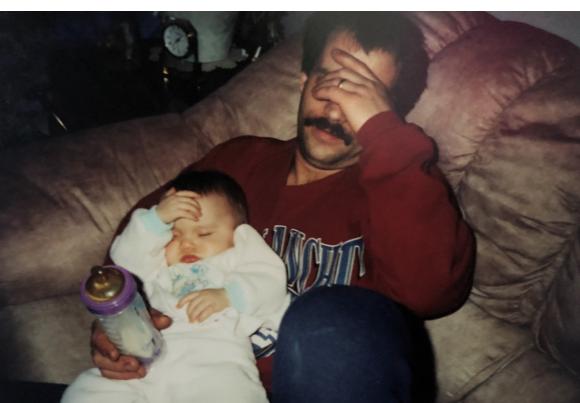
# Bob Pogue Jr.

Stories collected by Samantha Pogue

**B**ob Pogue was many things, but to me, he was dad. He got my sister and me ready for school, made our lunches, and went to our school banquets and concerts. He helped us with our school projects and made many dad jokes (like whenever passing a cemetery, joking, “You know why there’s a fence around the cemetery? Because everyone’s dying to get in.”) I could not have asked for a better father.

However, instead of just telling my story of my dad, I wanted everyone else to be able to share their story. I asked a couple of friends and family members to submit their favorite story about my dad. He was such an outgoing, fun-loving guy, so there are plenty of good stories out there. My

hope is that when people read these stories, they can start to see how much he enjoyed life and making other people smile. He would not have wanted to be remembered by his sickness; he would want people to remember who he was before that.



Top: My dad and our dog Bear fishing in his boat

Above: My dad and I asleep on the couch



Top left: My dad as a toddler

Bottom left: My dad at Michel’s cabin with a fish



Top right: My dad’s high school graduation picture from 1982.



Bottom right: My dad on his last birthday. He wanted to go up with the family and spend a weekend at Michel’s cabin.

# Pat & Bob Pogue

My dad was born May 20, 1965 to Pat and Bob Pogue. He grew up in North St. Paul, MN. Raising him was always an adventure.

"We knew from an early age that Bob was going to be a hellion. We have pictures of him with a screwdriver to try to take off the table legs. He also tried to take off the kitchen door and anything else that was fastened with screws and bolts. One morning, he came into the bedroom, crying hard. We asked him what was wrong, so he took us into the living room and proceeded to stick a hairpin into an

electric wall outlet. I think he learned his lesson, because he never did it again."

Pat remembers another time:

"Bob was always very adventurous and on the go. Never take your eyes off him, or you don't know where you might find him. My brother-in-law, Matt, dropped off his kids to play when he went to work. Bob decided to follow him to work. He jumped in his little red fire truck and pedaled it about two blocks when we found him. He said he wanted to go to work with his uncle Matt."

Another time Bob caused trouble was:

"When the kids were young, we built them a stucco playhouse that weighed at least 1500 lbs. After several years, they did not want it anymore, so we were going to get rid of it. We went to my parent's house one Sunday for dinner. After dinner, we stayed to visit, but Bob and his sister walked back home. We got a call that Bob and the neighbor decided to move the playhouse back over to their house. When I came home, we found the playhouse in the middle of the street. We put it back in our back yard, after a lot of work."



Left: Bob Pogue Sr. holding Bob Pogue Jr.

Bob Pogue Sr taught his son to fish at an early age, and it became a lifelong passion. Bob remembers:

"When he was about six I took him out fishing, and he decided he was old enough to put his own minnow on the hook. I gave him a sucker minnow, which he tried to put on his hook. The minnow got loose and was jumping around in the boat, so Bob stomped on it. He picked up the dead minnow and said, 'I did it.'"

When Bob Pogue Jr grew up, they would often go on fishing trips together and would fish together at Bob Jr's brother-in-laws annual bass tournament.

"Some of my fondest memories were of our fishing trips and the bass tournament we went to every Father's Day. He could really enjoy

himself and get everyone laughing hard. He had a boat I gave him years ago, and he converted it into a bass boat. His 25 horse power motor was up against 200 HP boats, but he still managed to bring home trophies on a regular basis. I'm going to miss the time we spend ice fishing every winter. Our meals on the ice fishing trip were legendary. Steak, lobster, baked potatoes, garlic toast, ham, eggs, bacon, sausage, omelets, and any other foods that sounded good at the time. We fished when it was -39 below and 39 above."

"Bob was never afraid to try anything. This is clearly visible when you look at the work he did to the inside and outside of his house and yard. Bob was always the life of the party."

We miss him every day"



Above (from left to right): Bob Pogue Sr., Pat Pogue, Bob Pogue Jr.

# Brenda Pogue

**B**renda was my dad's older sister. They spent a lot of time together while growing up. Here is Brenda's favorite memory of them together:

"On our sister's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, we took her out on the town. We got a limo and went to a bunch of Minneapolis bars. Both he and I smoked at the time, and you were able to smoke in the bars. He decided we needed to dance, so we headed to the dance floor. I put my



Left: Brenda and my dad as children

cigarette out in an ashtray that had a book of matches in it. Not very smart. It started the ashtray on fire and Bobby, being right behind me, without missing a beat, took his drink and put it in the ashtray to put the fire out and proceeded behind me on the dance floor. It was a three-story bar, so I don't think it would have been very fun to burn it down."

Bob also spent a lot of time with Brenda's daughter, Dani. Another one of Brenda's favorite stories comes from the first time Dani went hunting with her uncle.

"When Dani was a toddler, Bob was big into hunting. He left early in the morning and came home with a doe. He had it tied up on the orange trailer he used to pull behind the Volkswagen. He was excited and came in the house where I was with Dani. He brought her outside to show her what he got and she started crying immediately and she was sobbing! She said, 'You killed Bambi's mommy...' Now she is an avid hunter!"

# Chris Michel

**M**y dad had one younger sister, Christine. Her favorite memory comes from when they were growing up together.

"I have lots memories of my brother and I growing up, but I have one that is more special to me than others. One time I had gotten back from the doctor after receiving a long-lasting penicillin shot due to strep throat. I have a very vivid memory of him laying with me on the floor and reading me a Planet of the Apes cassette story, I didn't even like Planet of the Apes. Then when I needed to go to the bathroom, I remember he carried me in there so I wouldn't have to walk. I used to get strep throat all the time and have had too many penicillin shots to even remember, but that is the one and only time I specifically remember dealing with it. It's funny, I have memories of us making snow forts together, him taking me hunting when he knows I

Right: My dad and Chris at Chris's wedding.

would have screamed if a deer came close to us, and tons of other memories of weekend trips we took together and cabin memories, but him taking care of me when he didn't really need to is my favorite and closest to my heart."



# Tom Michel



Tom Michel is married to my dad's sister Chris. Throughout the years, they became good friends and bonded over their mutual love of fishing. Tom even referred to Bob as "Brother Bob."

Here is his favorite memory:

"There are so many memories I have of Bob. There are so many memories of just spending time and laughing, whether it was doing a project, fishing, or just hanging out. One of my fondest was of going fishing together while we were camping up by Brainerd, MN. This was a long time ago, and we both had more of a mischievous streak still — although not sure Bob ever "outgrew" his. We decided we should go out fishing together. We didn't do that often, because we both liked to be in our own boats. But in this case, it was truly a "fishing" trip, where we didn't care if we caught anything, but loved the chance to just hang out without a time limit. As many fishing trips happen with friends, we didn't catch a thing — but we were laughing so hard, we both had tears in our eyes.

Right: Tom Michel and my dad at the annual bass tournament, my dad holding his second place trophy.

Maybe it helped that we had some beverages along... Anyway, after a few hours out there, and running out of beverages, we made it back in one piece. Although all I could do was stumble to the tent and fall asleep for a few hours. But just the chance to spend time together, always laughing, telling stories — that was when Bob really became "Brother Bob" to me and that relationship stayed strong throughout the years."



Left page: Dad's family at his parent's wedding anniversary.

Top (from left to right): Dad, Pat (his mom), Bob (his dad), Chris (his sister), and Brenda (his sister)

Bottom (From left to right): Chris, Aaron (Chris & Tom's son), Brenda, Tom (Chris's husband), Andrew (Chris & Tom's son), Pat, Bob Sr., Kim (my mom), Sydney (my sister), my dad, me

# Mondo Alvarado

**M**ondo and my dad met in their early twenties and became fast friends. They made many memories throughout the years, but this story is Mondo's favorite:

Bob and I went through a time for several years where we were into 4x4 trucks. The bigger the better. So, I purchased a new 1985 Jeep CJ-7 off the lot and had plans to build and modify it. Well, it didn't take long. Once Bobby knew I had it home the wheels were turning in our heads. Two days later it was in my parent's tuck-under garage. We wrenched, cut,



Above (from left to right): my mom (Kim Pogue), my dad, Mondo, and Mondo's wife, Veronica. Taken a couple of months before my dad passed away.

grinded, torched, and welded on that Jeep nonstop. After 36 hours straight (no sleep), two cases of beer, and delivered pizzas, we lifted that 4x4 a total of 14 inches from stock. We put the factory tires and rims back on and dropped the stocks and stands. We stood back and looked at it in awe. Saying 'Holy shit that's huge!' Then we looked at each other again and said (pretty much at the same time) 'how are we gonna get it out of the garage!' So, we removed the tire and rims and just mounted rims with no tires and removed the roll-bar to roll it out. That

wasn't the only problem. It was a warm day and once the bare rims ran over the hot black top driveway it created grooves along it. Boy did we catch a lot of hell from that one. That is one of my best memories ever that I will never forget, and I tell that story often.

# Barb Michel

**B**arb is Tom Michel's mom, and a very good family friend of ours. She would always invite us to her cabin up on Big Pine Lake. That cabin was one of my dad's favorite places in the world to be. He could never wait until we were supposed to go up, and he would usually find a way to go there early.

"Robert (Bobby) Pogue was a family member, and he was also a dear friend. He was always friendly, from the first time you met him. He worked hard, played hard and was always ready for adventure. If you needed help, he was there ready to go.

There are two stories I would like to share about Bobby.

A family birthday party for one of the children was held on a warm summer day. As the party progressed, squirt guns and other water spraying toys appeared. There were lots of running and yelling going on when suddenly a spray of water hit everyone. There on the roof of the garage, brandishing a hose, was Bobby, spraying everyone from the youngest to the oldest with water and laughing his head off. One could do nothing more than laugh along with him, he was having such a good time, and get out of the way of the worst of the spray.

The other story involves the Fourth of July weekend. For years, the Michel and Pogue family have gathered at the Michel cabin during the July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend for the annual boat parade



Above: My dad during a water balloon battle.

and fireworks display on the lake. Sometime during one of the hot afternoons, the water balloon fight would begin. Bobby would bring an arsenal of water balloons and gleefully pelt everyone and anyone at the Michel cabin. As time went on, the water balloon included the neighbors and the 'war' raged between docks over the water and land. It usually ended when someone ran out of balloons or everyone got tired. It was a highlight for Bobby every year and he searched for the 'best' balloons to bring to the contest.

Both of these stories reflect Bobby's joy of living and his delight in playing as a kid. We miss him."

# Kim Wegner Pogue



My parents met in the early 90s through a mutual friend. They got married on October 25, 1992. My mom, Kim, always says that they balanced each other out. My dad brought her out of her shell, and she brought him down a notch. They were married for 26 years. My mom had some troubles coming up with her favorite memory, since they had made so many together over the years. She finally went with a memory from the day I was born.

"I was at work when I started going into labor. I called Bob to let him know, then I drove myself home from downtown Minneapolis. When I got home, I needed Bob to start timing my contractions, but he was freaking out and saying "I need to go take a shower!" So I had to time my own contractions. Then, he was running around packing a bag. I told him we had to go, and I asked if he had packed me a bag. 'Oh yeah,' he said. He finally calmed down once we got to the hospital, but he was so hyper."



Top left: My parents at a friend's wedding in the early 90's.

Bottom left: My mom, my dad, my sister Sydney and I at my prom in May of 2016.

On the next page:

Top: My mom and dad after their wedding, getting into my dad's friend's truck.

Bottom: My mom and dad on Oahu during their last trip together.



# Sydney Pogue

Sydney Pogue is my younger, and only, sister. She was born October 31, 2000. She was definitely the most mischievous sister, but that's what our dad loved about her. Here is her favorite memory of him:

"I suppose it was the first time I ever drove up to the cabin with him when I was learning to drive. We did it so I could get in some hours and not be a whining wuss.

On the way up, he made me try going 100 mph or over to see what it was like while giggling like a school girl when I went the max speed instead (don't tell Ma).

Then he talked about —while rolling the windows down— how he felt like a teen again. He started acting all goofy, like he was drunk. He belted out classic rock and some Billy Joel while Bear suffered in the backseat.

At the cabin, he was extremely giddy. I had never seen him like this before. It was like he was drunk without a drop of alcohol. You could almost say he was drunk off life.

It was sunset by this time, or just about. He had snacks and actually cracked a beer at this point since he didn't have to drive. Bear ran around like a maniac



Above: Dad playing with Sydney when she was a toddler

in Barb's flowers and for once, he didn't bat an eye with anger and just calmly told her to follow him. Any negativity was nonexistent.

It was a warm spring, and he dared me to waddle in the water, and when I did he just laughed at me as I went fishing to be a show off. He joined me later and shoved me into the water.

While drying off, we had a few songs come on from the Bluetooth radio by Pandora, and a station he liked a lot. "Time in a Bottle," along with "House of the Rising Sun" and some other songs were playing. He immediately dropped his fishing pole and stood me up on my feet to dance with Bear tripping us up once in a while. We screamed the song, no one else around.

The lake was like glass and perfectly still other than the vibrations of our outside with the doggo, showing off dancing to disturb it. The sunset was with tricks and plenty of fries. If I one of my favorites: a watercolor remember right, he bought a kid's fry sunrise with wispy clouds adding more just for doing tricks with her. colors and definition

He promised we would go kayaking and fishing.

Then he told me I was his best friend. He was like a teenager all over again, and not in the way I had seen him, like I said previously.

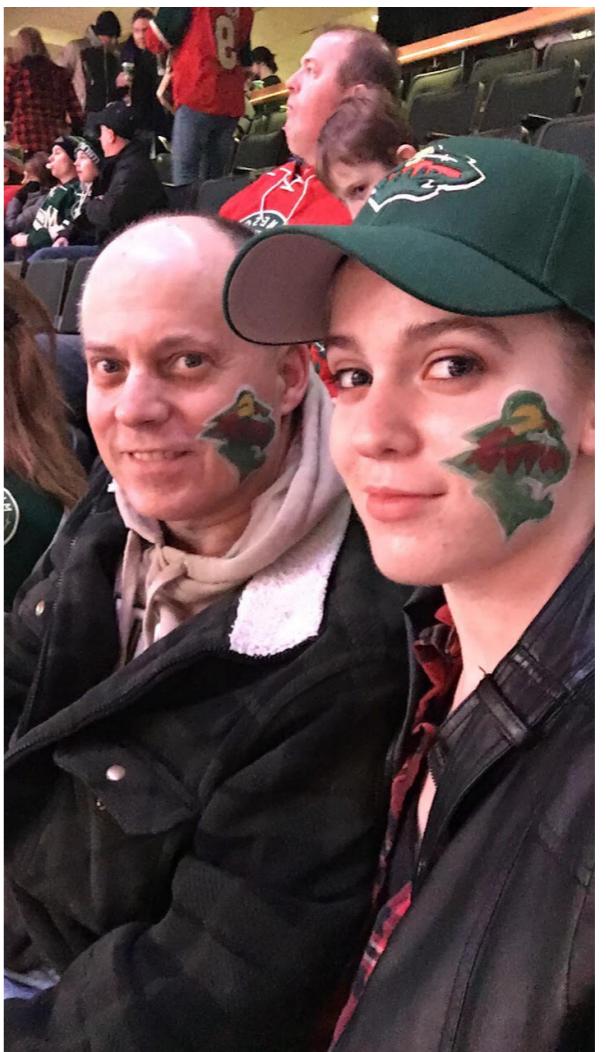
Driving home, we found there was construction plus an accident while I was driving. I knew a shortcut, and he didn't believe me in the slightest for obvious reasons. He's been there longer and I clearly haven't. He lost his mind (and almost his consciousness by laughing so damn hard) when I got around it with time to spare. I did have school the next day after all, and he had work, and because it was a nice road with no one, I tore through it and flew over bumps.

We stopped by a roadside seller briefly and, of course, he chatted it up with the guy and was in awe by the wood carvings. Unfortunately, we didn't have the money on us and had to pass. He of course was a veteran, so he knew how to keep up with him.

We had to stop at McDonald's, and this was probably my favorite part.

A huge squad of hockey players walked in, and he immediately went on "Bear mode" as I called it. He just stared them down, dodging in between if they got too close. He

When we got home, he insisted we should go again and beyond, going on road trips up north and on hiking trails, exploring new and old places and even finding old friends he knew and places where he did some...questionable things. And I never felt so hopeful and happy in my life. It isn't my favorite memory, but it was my favorite day."



Above: Sydney and our dad at a Minnesota Wild hockey game

**I** Also had a lot of trouble coming up with my favorite memory of my dad. He did so many stupidly funny things over the years. But I think my favorite stupidly funny thing that he did over the years would have to be from Thanksgiving 2016. It was after he had finally finished remodeling our house, so we hosted that year. He wanted to show off his surround sound he had installed in our basement, so he asked for Pandora Radio station recommendations. Sydney suggested the Beastie Boys. "Jump Around" by

House of Pain started playing, and my dad, beer in hand, started jumping back and forth and all around our basement. After a while, he got everyone up and dancing. I think that this story really shows who my dad was. He loved to have fun and enjoy living life, and he wanted others to be laughing alongside of him. I think that this is how he would want to be remembered, and after reading everyone else's favorites memories, I think that's how they will.

-Samantha Pogue



Above: My dad dancing to "Jump Around" in our basement, Thanksgiving 2016

Next page: My dad and Bear fishing on his last birthday

