

Maggie May Nazar

March 26, 2006 – December 17, 2019

I've tried several times to begin this tribute but keep starting over. I think it's because Maggie May was a being all to herself and beyond words. How can you describe a "light" that made you smile just by being in their midst? My Maggie was that light.

I was just starting to go through the motions of a divorce after Hurricane Katrina when I stumbled upon someone selling pug puppies. I was not looking to get a puppy since I already had a dog but something drew me to them. This little 10-week-old, black ball of fur waddled up in the pen and stuck her nose out at me. I was immediately done for.

Maggie May's extraordinary personality started developing early. Even before she was 6 months old, she was a seasoned fashionista and very comfortable in front of a camera lens. She never once complained about all the costumes I put her through, nor the photo shoots or the parades she participated in (she was a past Mardi Paws Royal Hair Maid of 2009). Also, when I worked for a local shelter, she served as my "partner" when I visited schools and groups to teach pet responsibility and the benefits of volunteering. If a school had 250 students who each wanted to pet Maggie, she would sit by my side patiently and let each child pass by and pet her. She absolutely loved children. In fact, I live by a school and Maggie May saw the kids one morning going into the school. She ran out the door and into the school. I had to run after her and eventually found her in the gym with the cheerleaders. The next day, she wound up on a bus with the kids.

My girl was my best friend, my shoulder to lean on, my sounding board & the holder of my secrets. She was there to help me through the death of my parents and my younger brother, all within 17 months of each other. She was there to comfort me through my illnesses and my troubles. It really is true that Maggie May made everyone smile and happier just being around her.

Even though she was 13 years old, I was not prepared for Maggie May's passing. She was healthy as far as we all knew. The only thing I can fathom is God needed a little smushy faced imp by His side. My heart is still so broken but the pain is lessening by learning how many people she touched.

She will forever be my Maggie May, my little tilted headed, grinning imp.