

From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

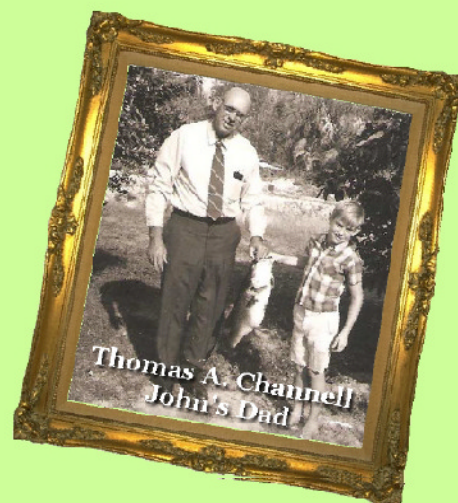
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## Ode to Dad

Thomas A. Channell

### The Day My Father Saved My Life

Article supplied by John Channell



**WINNER**

Lunch for two  
at The Highlander  
Cafe

Once a year the family and I always enjoy taking a break from our busy pastoral life in Fort Myers, Florida to come to this part of Mississippi to visit with our families, and friends. We were enjoying our stay in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Eady of Crystal Springs, and unaware that we were in for a shock and scare of our lives.

It was around 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon on the second day of our visit, and we were all saying to one another "Let's hurry up now so we can get off to visit our relatives in Houston, Texas." Tim the older boy, John Thomas the youngest and I were out around the pond in back of the Eady home, the oldest boy was out on the water about 15 feet from the edge, the youngest boy was standing on the bank near by about 8 feet from the water's edge, calling for Tim to come and let him get in the boat with him. I was about one hundred and fifty feet away standing on the pond dam casting, looking back in the general direction of the boys and the house. There were relatively few clouds overhead, but suddenly there came a crack of lightning, a flash and then a pop. I look up in time to see John Thomas fall backwards, landing on his back with both feet and arms stretched rigidly up in the air. I called out to my wife who was coming from the house that lightning had killed John Thomas. Tim jumped out of the boat and ran in the house telling someone to get the doctor. Mr. Leroy Eady called for Dr. Hopkins.

In only a matter of seconds my wife and I were kneeling at the side of John Thomas. I searched for a pulse beat and felt none. He was not breathing and his entire body was rigid and stiff. Despair and hopelessness gripped up both and I said to my wife "He is dead as he can be." Then came the cry of anguish and a prayer and cry to God to have mercy upon our boy and save him. In these short minutes many things went through our minds... "Why God, have you taken my boy?"... "Where will we bury him?"... "How can we go back without him?"... Possibly some 4 or 5 minutes had passed by this time. In

dismay, mingled with love, affectionately my wife put her arms around the boy and held close to her. As she did so I said, "Don't cut off the air, let him have all the air that he can get." She then let his body back on the ground and he went limp. I remember saying at this point "There is no life in him, he is dead." I pulled on his arms, pressed on his chest and still there was no sign of life. Then I turned him over on his stomach and pressed on his chest trying to get him to respond, but still nothing happened. Then he was turned over on his back with his face upward - it was then that I applied mouth to mouth resuscitation. The first time or two, air was blown into his chest nothing happened - But you can imagine how my wife and I felt, when the next time I filled his lungs with my breath, he responded. First the eyes that had been set for several minutes moved, and then a very weak grasp for breath occurred. Out of despair came hope. We praised and thanked God from the depth of our souls. With a new hope I began to breathe into his chest and soon heard him faintly and weakly calling the sweetest and loveliest name outside of Jesus and that was "Mama, Mama, Mama." Continuing to apply mouth to mouth resuscitation he soon was able to breathe on his own and at the same time crying that his stomach hurt.

In only a matter of some 10 minutes, Dr. Hopkins arrived to give us aid. He indicated that we had done the necessary and right thing and no doubt had saved his life. The doctor instructed us to get him to the hospital. So Mr. Leroy Eady drove us to Hazlehurst to the Hardy Wilson Hospital where he received adequate and wonderful care and treatment. He was released 3 days later apparently in fine condition.

So you can see why we are the most grateful parents that I know of anywhere. We are grateful to God first for allowing our boy to live.

639 N. Citrus Avenue, Crystal River, FL  
(352) 564-1400

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From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

William J. Rush

By Carol Ann Deckelmann

There were all kinds of great memories that I remember about dad that were so special like reading bedtime stories at night especially Dr. Suess books, going fishing, going on business/trips with the family, watching the lightning in a distance at early summer evenings, etc. When I felt down sometimes, Dad always used to be there to bring my spirits up. He always said to me "Everything is going to be ok. Just remember today is the first day of the rest of your life." Of course as a child/teen that was just words, but as an adult you always appreciate what dad says because he's been there. My father was a loving man. I remember when he brought home my first puppy named, Muffin, when I was six years old. As I got older and had my son, Bobby, Dad used to spend time with Bobby while I worked. He was a great help. My dad passed away on February 27, 2004. I miss him very much, but I know he's in my heart and remember the fatherly advice he's given me over the years. Thank you for being my dad and grandpa to our children.



**William J.  
& Mary Rush**  
Carol Ann's  
Mom & Dad

From

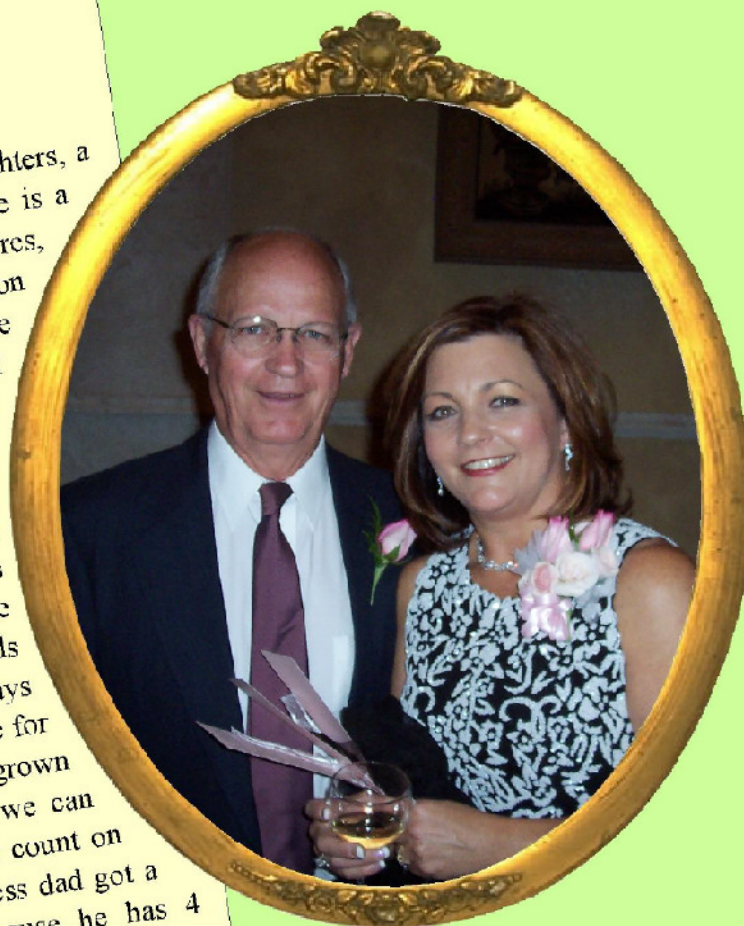
# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

## Lyle Andersen

By Kathy Andersen Tolle

My dad's life was "over run" with females. Three daughters, a wife and even every animal we ever had was female. He is a typical "man's man" and loves outdoor adventures, motorcycles, hunting, fishing, boating, sailing, working on cars, guns, fixing stuff - doing repairs, etc. Growing up the oldest of the three children (all girls remember), I would go on many of those outdoor adventures with him or join him in what he was doing. I really did enjoy these times together. We'd go hunting, boating, camping, motorcycle riding, etc. My sisters and mom would join in many of these adventures too. Of course we always outnumbered him and usually at some point, these adventures would end up in a situation where the girls would win, even if we shouldn't of. He would always laugh and give in, but my dad has always been there for his "girls" and I know he always will be. We're all grown now and mothers, but he is still our "dad" and we can always count on him (and he'll always be able to count on seeing life through his "girls" too. (Thank goodness dad got a little help on a "man's" version to things because he has 4 grandsons now! plus 4 granddaughters!) I love you Dad.



**Lyle Andersen**  
Kathy's Dad

From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

## Ode to Dad

Christopher Reeves

By Brittany Phillips

I understand that this should be an ode to MY father, but I would like to take a moment to honor my children's father instead. He is everything I could of ever dreamed of him being for my little girl and little boy. Day in and day out he works very hard to provide for our families wants and needs. Not only does he carry a job, but he carries a career as a deputy and sacrifices so much to make sure that not only our family, but other families live in a safer, and better place. He is never too tired to play. He is never too tired to listen. He is never too tired to care. Whether it be a late night bowl of cereal, another wrestling moment I don't provide, or a strong hand to discipline. I see him constantly build not only a friendship with our little ones, but also provide guidance and love that I never had as a little girl with my father. I know that his companionship, devotion and love will remain with them forever, and for that I am eternally grateful to him.

From

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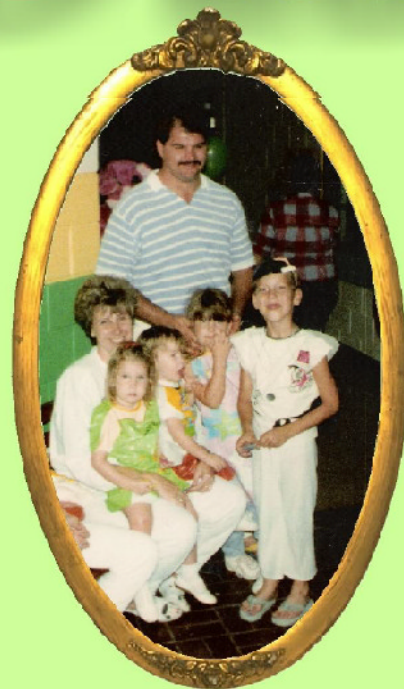
# Ode to Dad

Pat Fitzpatrick

By The Fitzpatrick Children - Shane, Erin, Elaina & Elisha

Where do we begin... First off you came from a family of five brothers, and then had one boy and three little girls. You had to go from rough housing with your brothers to being a sensitive and caring Daddy. Not only did you just have three little girls, but we are all daddy's girls. Each one of us girls have our own special relationship with our dad... we all knew that dad meant what he said, but at the same time he would be there for us no matter what the situation. We all have so many wonderful memories with you.... and when thinking of what to write we reminding each other of all the memories that stuck out in each one of our minds. As sisters we remember how you would tuck us into bed at night and would always say a prayer with us. We knew that nobody would mess with "our" dad.... I mean he did played college football at Clemson.... and in our minds he was the biggest and the strongest man alive.... You always insured us that we would be safe and that nothing would ever harm us. If we ever had a problem we could come to you, and you would not get mad at us and help us and guide us in the right direction. We have always felt like "our dad" could fix anything! To us our dad was invincible and always just made it happen. You told us that you loved us, and made sure we knew it. If we ever got sick you were there by our side to make sure we were okay. You and mom always made everything so special for us. When dad had a special surprise he picked up for his girls was nothing more meaningful. In our eyes you are our hero, our everything, and there is no one that can take your place. Getting older we are learning and growing each day. Becoming parents ourselves we now have a whole new appreciation of our parents and what they have done and still do for us. Dad, we don't know how you did it.... you always did make it happen. We know that you will always be there for us no matter what. You were and still are our hero. There is just something about you dad that everyone loves.... Thank you for always being there.

We love you daddy, and you know that you are our #1!



**Pat & Laura Lou  
Fitzpatrick**  
with Shane, Erin, Elaina  
& Elisha



From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

## Ode to Dad

Charlie Cain

### The Legacy of a Great Dad

By Shana Brown

I will forever be indebted to my dad for all that he has taught me. Not just for the self sufficient lessons imparted before going off to college (i.e. changing a tire, checking the oil, balancing my check book, basic self defense). But more for what I learned just being around him - to love unconditionally, not to take life too seriously, to always say what's in your heart, that chick flicks and cooking aren't just for girls, that dads really can fix anything and that you can never have too much sugar on cinnamon toast. Dad is a true Renaissance Man. I will be forever grateful for his kind heart, his of humor and his daily reminder to "make it a great day!" His legacy will be forever passed on through our family and to all who have had the good fortune to spend even one minute in his presence. Happy Father's Day - We love you, Dad/Papa.

Charlie  
Cain  
Shana's  
Dad



From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Jerry Miller

By Becky Miller

My dad is the Best  
Bar-B-'Q'er / Griller / Cook  
around!!!! We all love him for  
many things, but his chef  
skills definitely tops it  
all!!! We love you,  
DAD!!!!

Love, your kids



**Jerry Miller**  
Becky's Dad

**Jerry Miller**  
with his family



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# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

## Ode to Dad

Hugh Tolle

By Jessica Tolle

From as far as I can remember, my Father has named me Sweet Pea. I don't know where he has really gotten it from, but every time I see the 2 words I think of him. On my birthday every year, my mother tells me when I was born all my dad wanted was for me to be in bows and barrettes and have my hair really long (Of course from seeing pictures when I was a baby, my hair was long with bows and barettes, hehe). I was my dads Sweet Pea Baby Girl. My dad has been such an inspiration to me and has always given me the love and support I need. He is my rock and I'm so glad to call him my Father. Happy Father's Day Dad. I love you" - Your Sweet Pea



**Hugh Tolle**  
Jessica's Dad



From

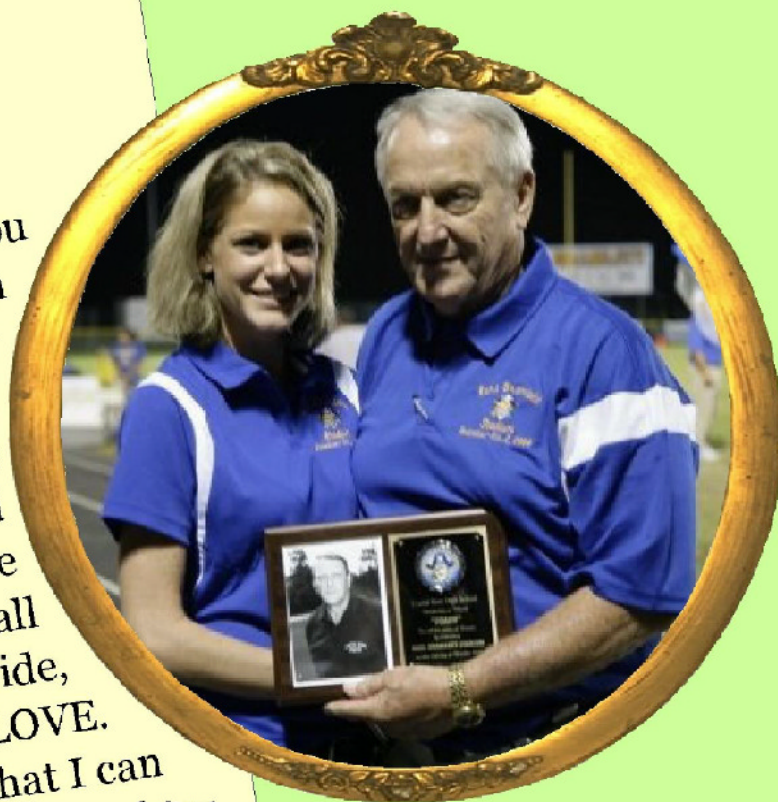
# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

## Ode to Dad

Earl Bramlett

Love, Megan Bramlett

"Diddy, from the moment you brought me home home & I sat on your lap everyone knew that your princess had been born. You have given me such a strong & respectful name to be proud of...so many things you have taught me: my love of football goes without saying, family, pride, loyalty, but most of all how to LOVE. I hold my head high knowing that I can proudly say I'm "Earl Bramlett's daughter. Thank you for the amazing man you are..."



**Earl Bramlett**  
Megan's Dad

From

The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Mike Fitzpatrick

By Liz Fitzpatrick

A funny story I remember was when I was about 6, I remember sitting on my dad's lap and putting my arm pit in his face and said "daddy can I shave under my arms" and he said "don't you think you should wait till you get some hair under there first" lol Growing up, I wanted to do everything just like my dad, from carrying a pocket knife to fishing and hunting. From putting in the sprinkler systems to learning how to siphon gas from the truck, to mow the grass. I loved him just that much...and still do!



**Mike Fitzpatrick**  
Liz's Dad



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# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Charles Fitzpatrick

By Patrick Fitzpatrick

Here's a picture taken 50 years ago in 1960. Charles Fitzpatrick was featured on Father's Day in the newspaper. Joining him (clockwise) is his wife, Dorothy, Timothy, Kevin, Patrick, Spike and Mike. Picture provided by Dorothy B. Fitzpatrick.



Charles Fitzpatrick  
with family

From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

## Ode to Dad

Donald MacPherson

By Colin MacPherson  
(The Highlander Cafe)

My dad's name is Donald MacPherson. The photo was taken at Loch Eck, Scotland. He was 15 years old. He was playing the bagpipes at his older sister's wedding. He passed away in 2003 at age 71.



Donald  
MacPherson  
Colin's Dad

From

# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Carl Whiteacre

By Sue Clemons  
(Aardvark's Kayaks)

When I was very little, my parents would take us (me, my big brother and little sister) fishing on Bass Lake in Texas. My dad would bait my hook with a worm, set me on a rock and talk about the fish living under the water and all of the nature around us. I would watch as my dad and big brother caught fish, which mom would cook for dinner at the lakes edge later that night. I wanted so bad to catch a fish to help with dinner, but at the same time, I didn't want to catch one. I never did catch a fish, but I loved fishing with my dad.

Some twenty-five years later I asked my dad why I had never been able to catch a fish at Bass Lake when I was little. He got a funny look on his face, smiled and told me, "Honey, I knew you loved to fish, but I also knew that if you had ever actually caught a fish you would never forgive yourself for hurting the little fish." I told him that was probably true, but it did not explain why I had never actually caught a fish. After all, I had a fishing pole and a worm just like everyone else. He smiled again, patted me on the head, and said, "Honey, you never caught a fish because I always baited your hook with red yarn instead of a worm."

An Ode to the man that knew me better than I knew myself, and probably still does...my Dad.



**Carl & Shirley  
Whiteacre**  
Sue's Mom & Dad

From

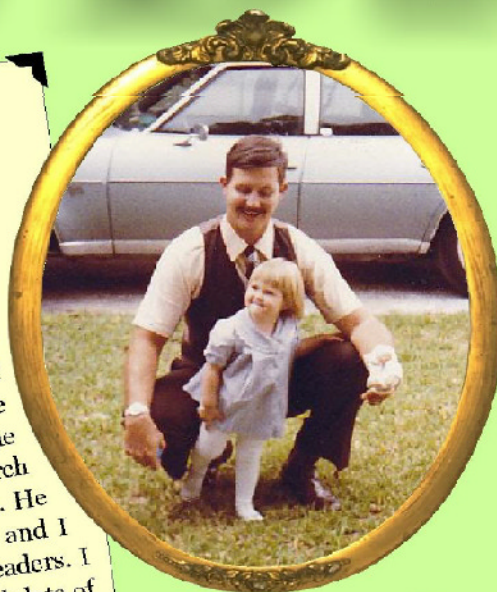
# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Perry Young

By April Winkel  
(SuGaBuG Kids)

There is so much that I could write about my dad. My dad has always been a hands-on father. From diaper changes to cooking and cleaning; he always pitched in wherever Mom needed him. There are so many funny stories like when I was two and my Daddy dressed me for church aka let me dress myself. The little old ladies at church quickly reminded him that I had forgotten to wear any bloomers. He was the children's church pastor for many years until my sister and I were in our youth and then he and my mom became the youth leaders. I think they liked to keep an eye on us! I remember growing up with lots of kids around that looked up to my parents. I am forever grateful for all the dance classes he took with me. My husband appreciates those now as we still love to dance. Daddy is always there for his little girls even as we become adults. He still is the one I call if my car breaks down or I'm in a pinch. I know he will always come and save the questions for later. When I went to the hospital to deliver Alexis, my mom said that Dad tried to go to work for a few hours, but couldn't stay for long. Next thing she knew he was on the phone and told her to get ready. He was going to the hospital with or without her. I remember them coming into the delivery room like it was a tailgating party complete with coolers! Even when I kicked everyone out of the room, he stood by more door in the hall. It seems the doctors thought he was too big to actually try to move him. We call him Grinny now because since the birth of his grandbaby he can't stop smiling. He came over to see her after work every day for the first 4 months! Daddy still sees us several times a week now. He's walked hundreds of miles pulling her Little Tikes car already. He is the best babysitter and is a major help with her and the store. I am very grateful to my family and all their help with the store. Of course I think he is the best Daddy ever, but now I also know that he is the best Grinny on the planet.



April &  
her dad,  
Perry  
Young



Alexis  
(April's Daughter)  
& her Grinny,  
Perry Young

From

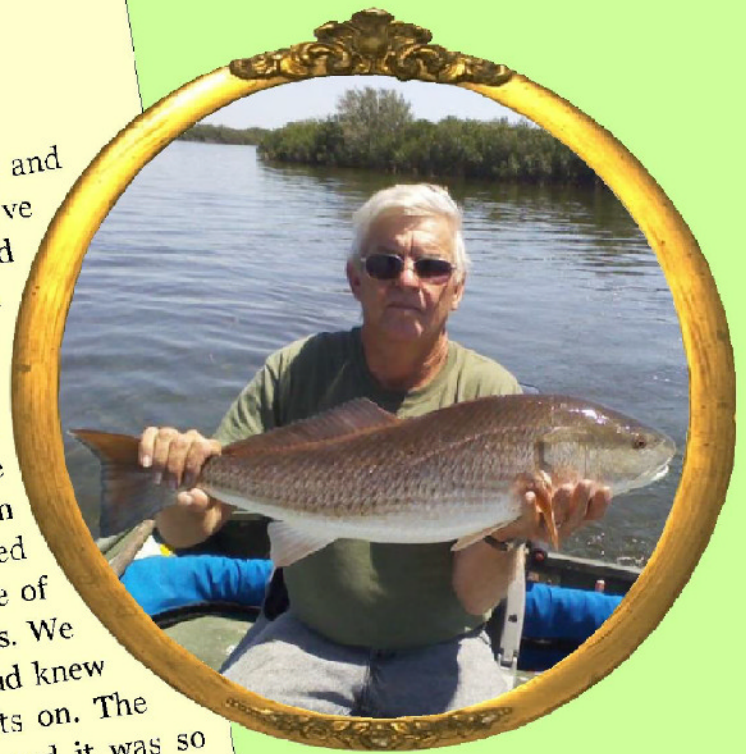
# The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Bill DeBusk

By Brian DeBusk  
(Citrus Sports and Apparel)

My family comes from a long line of fisherman and my dad was no exception. Some of the best times I've had have been going fishing with my dad. My dad used to be a commercial fisherman when I was a kid. I can remember one time in particular, we were out in the Ozello and Homosassa area, I was amazed when Dad threw his net overboard and the fish began filling up in it. On one strike he gathered so many mullet that one of them managed to get out of the net, but was so tired from struggling my dad reached over the side of the boat and picked it up with his bare hands. We were out all night looking for fish and my dad knew the waters so well he didn't have any lights on. The bottom of the boat was covered with fish and it was so heavy with them that we ran aground and had to wait on high tide to come back to the dock. I'm a grown man now, but Dad and I still go fishing every chance we get. He taught me the value of hard work, determination and the importance of family. Thanks Dad!



**Bill DeBusk**  
Brian's Dad

From

The Shoppes of Heritage Village

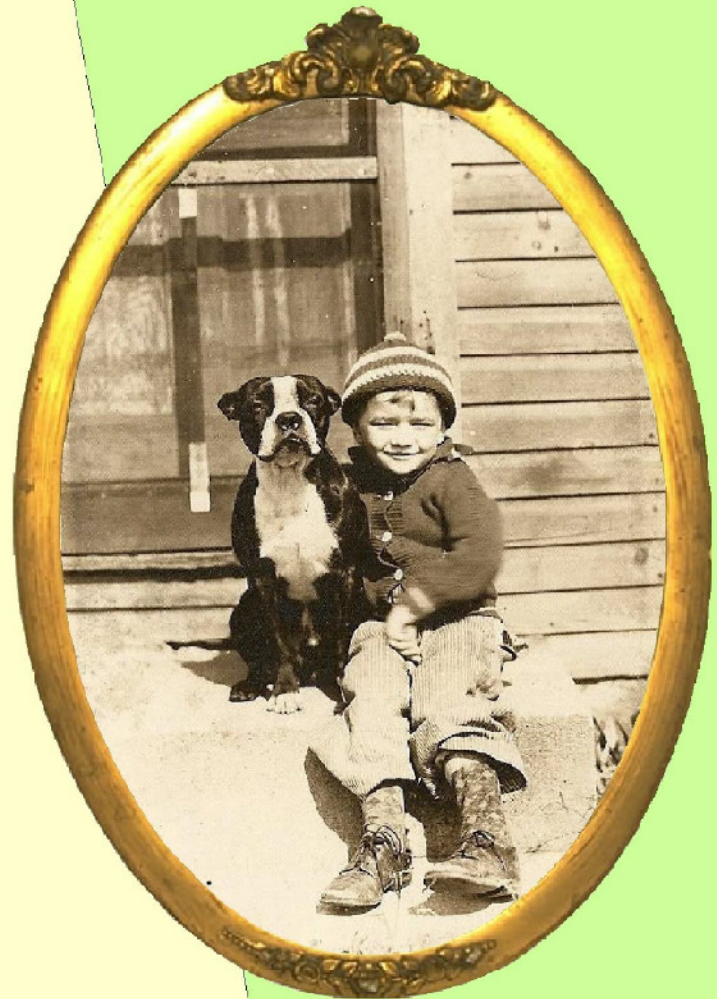
# Ode to Dad

Ralph Jones

Love, Betsy  
(The Cotton Club)

Happy  
Father's  
Day!

Love Ya, Ralphie



Ralph Jones

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From

The Shoppes of Heritage Village

# Ode to Dad

Dale R. Willden

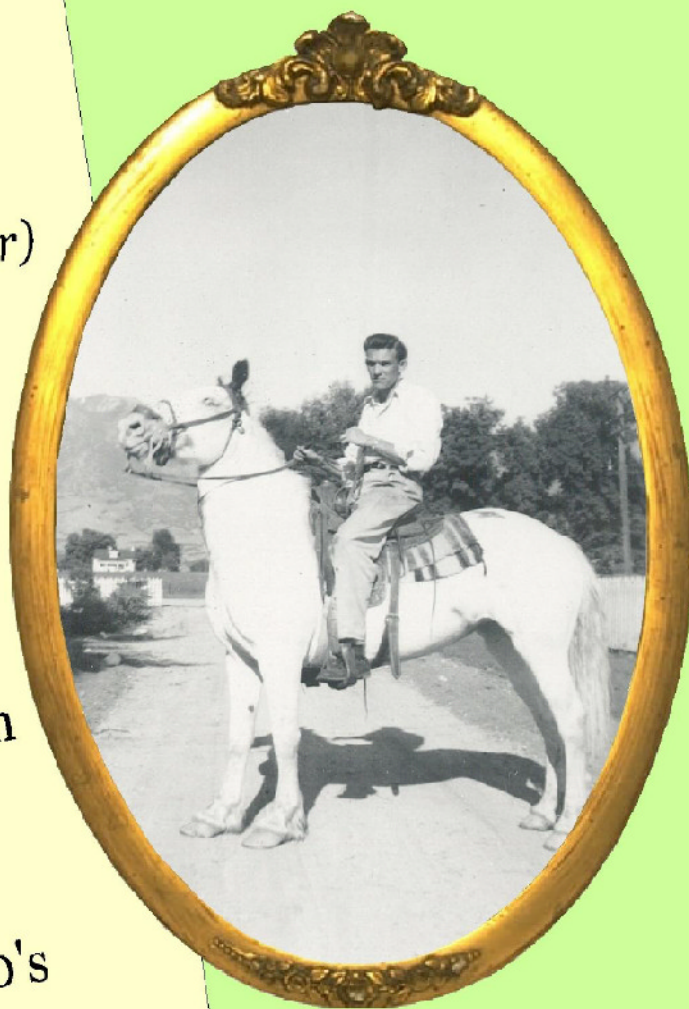
By Norm Willden

(Back Porch Garden Wine & Tea Bar)

This is a picture of my Dad  
whom would have been 87  
this year. He passed last year.

My dad was a real horse man  
and good looking as well.

I think he was in his late 20's  
when this picture was taken.



Dale R. Willden  
Norm's Dad