

Walter B. Anderson Obt.

COOKEVILLE -- Graveside services for Walter B. Anderson, 77, of Cookeville, will be held at 11 a.m. on Monday, June 25, at Cookeville City Cemetery, with military honors by the Sons of the Confederate Veterans.

The family will receive friends from 5-9 p.m. today, Sunday, June 24, at Cookeville Funeral Home.

Mr. Anderson died Saturday, June 23, 2007, in Cookeville Regional Medical Center.

He was born July 5, 1929, in Putnam County to the late Asa and Delia Chaffin Anderson.

He was employed in the maintenance department with Jefferson Avenue Church of Christ, where he was an active member. Mr. Anderson was also active in the VFW, American Legion and Sons of the Confederate Veterans.

His family includes his wife of 60 years, Gladys Boyd Anderson of Cookeville; two sons and a daughter-in-law, Ronald and Kim Anderson, and Myron Anderson, all of Cookeville; a sister and brother-in-law, Rosella and Edward B. Smith of Cookeville; a brother and sister-in-law, Everett and Grace Anderson of Florida; two grandchildren, Matthew Houston and Justin Kindrick, both of Cookeville; and several nieces and nephews.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by seven brothers, Clay, Luther, Miles, Dillard, Bill, Edgar and Edward Anderson; and two sisters, Louella Tallant and Ethel Bruner.

Bro. Buddy Johnson will officiate at the services.

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*See Chapter 3 at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>



Walter B. Anderson & his wife, Gladys Boyd: picture from the Herald Citizen Newspaper, Cookeville, TN, Sunday, 22 June 1997 celebrating their 50th golden wedding anniversary.

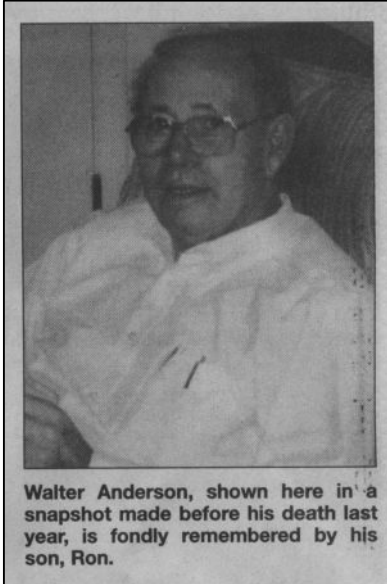
FOND MEMORIES OF DAD HELP EASE THE PAIN OF HIS PASSING

By Ron Anderson

Writer's Corner, Herald Citizen newspaper, Cookeville, TN

The Arts, Sunday, 15 June 2008, pg. B-2

In June of last year my dad, Walter Anderson, had a stroke and two weeks later passed away. I wanted to pay tribute to him this Father's Day.



My dad temporarily went to a skilled nursing facility after the stroke in hopes that he would regain his memories and strength. We spent our last Father's Day together there. He was always faithful in attending church. On this particular day, a lady in the lobby told us they were having a devotional service so we took him to it. He tried to sing along with them to some of the old familiar hymns and even tapped his foot and smiled a time or two during the service. My wife and I stayed up until 11 the night before making a poster for dad as a Father's Day present. It was full of photos which we hoped would help him remember the past.

During dad's short illness my wife encouraged me to think of my childhood memories of him to help ease my pain. Here are some of my fondest recollections.

Dad enjoyed working more than anyone I've ever known. He and his brother, Bill, were partners in a small grocery store called Anderson Brothers Grocery on Highway 70 West. Dad was reluctant to venture very far away from the store except on rare occasions. One summer evening when he returned from work he asked my mom, my brother and me if we would like to go camping at Center Hill Lake. We had a small fishing boat which we pulled to the lake with dad's dark blue '64 Chevy pick up.

The truck had wooden sideboards, and he stretched a canvas tarp over the sideboards for the family to sleep under. We had no other camping equipment except a Coleman propane cook stove, lantern and a couple of mattresses from some old cots. He placed the mattresses in the back of the truck. We parked in the area where other people with expensive campers and trailers were set up, but to me, ours was just as nice as anyone else's and cost a lot less.

Since it was so late when we got there, we decided to turn in so we could get an early start on fishing the next morning. There was only enough room in the bed or the truck for the three of us, so I got to sleep in the cab. I really didn't mind, though. I had one of the best night's sleep I can remember.

The next morning we put the boat in and headed out for a day of fishing. I don't recall if we caught anything that day, but the trip stands out in my memory as one of the best times of my life.

We never used the make-shift camper again, and later dad built a homemade camper out of plywood complete with an over the cab bunk bed, glass windows and a locking door that we used several times to go camping and fishing. It was a lot nicer than the first "camper" but somehow it wasn't as special in my mind as the original. Sometimes the simplest things really are the best.

When I was a little boy, and Dad used to hold me up to the window at night so I could see the train pass by our house. He did that every night until I guess he finally got so tired he said that was the last night the train would come by.

I also remember a little rhyme he used to say when he bounced my brother and me on his knee when we were boys. "Rusty Bucket went to town, riding a Billy Goat leading a hound, Hound barked, Bill Goat jumped, threw Old Rusty a straddle of a stump!" At the end of the rhyme he would throw us up in the air and laugh out loud!

One of the best gifts I ever received from Dad was on Christmas a few years ago when he surprised me with the metal pedal tractor I had when I was a boy. He had completely restored it. It now sits on display in the general store, Star Dust Canteen, that my wife and I operate on Fairground Street. That Christmas reminded me of the one in "A Christmas Story," (one of my favorite movies and his). After all the presents had been exchanged, Dad told me to uncover one more gift in the corner. When I pulled back the cover I felt like a kid again. The little red tractor looked almost like it did when I got it the first time. I hadn't seen it in years and wasn't even sure if it was still around. That gift meant more to me than anything he ever gave me because I knew he had put a lot of time and love into restoring it.

The last gift I ever received from Dad was a small wooden shelf he had made for my Pinewood Derby car that is also on display in the store. Dad and I made the little red wooden car together when I was in Cub Scouts. A few years ago dad was presented the Faithful Servant Award during a ceremony held at this church honoring his years of involvement in scouting. During the presentation of the award, a letter was read from his preacher that said, "Walter can do it all, from plumbing to electrical to cleaning. I don't know what we would do without him. I hope we don't ever have to find out." Dad was employed at his church as a maintenance worker.

At Dad's funeral there was an almost non-stop stream of people who came to say how much he had meant to them over the years. A former customer from Dad's grocery days said, "If it hadn't been for Walter extending me credit, I wouldn't have had food on my table many times." Another said "He always treated people the way he wanted to be treated, no matter how they treated him." That says a lot about who my dad was.

I remember a song we used to sing on family trips. “Each day I’ll do a golden deed, by helping those who are in need, my life on earth is but a span, and so I’ll do the best I can. Life’s evening sun is sinking low, a few more days and I must go. To meet the deeds that I have done, where there will be no setting sun.”

I know Dad’s in heaven now, of that I have no doubt.

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