

## Memorial Service for Richard Emory Deese

Wattensaw Baptist Church on state highway 31. Lonoke County, Arkansas

July 15, 2006; 10 a.m.

One of my earliest memories of Uncle Pud occurred when I was about 15 years old and visiting in his home in Auburn, Alabama. Trying to be helpful in the kitchen I was following spoken directions for sweetening the tea. We had a miscommunication due to our different accents (I being born and raised north of the Mason-Dixon line) causing me to put in maybe ten times the amount of sugar asked for. At his first sip, Uncle Pud said in his soft-spoken way, "M-m-m-m this is really good. Maybe we should sweeten the tea this way all the time." He saved the day for me...I could have been horribly embarrassed and chastised but instead I was given credit for discovering a wonderful new recipe for sweet tea.

Another fond memory happened in Uncle Pud's retirement years and I was 30-something. He drove a great distance to pick me up from an airport and then the same long way back to Auburn so I could visit for a long weekend. The whole trip was repeated in order to return me to the airport at the end of the visit. That was **a lot** of driving. He also arranged for Becky to come over from Florida for the weekend to make my visit more pleasurable. The four of us went to Calaway Gardens ---a wonderful place and the only time I've been there. At the time I was trying to learn to play golf. He showed me how to lay a circle of hose in the backyard and chip into it. I struggled with that for a while. Just before going back into the house, he dropped a ball on the grass and with a beautiful, relaxed, effortless but very powerful swing hit it over the treetops and way off into the distance. Then I realized how patient he'd been while watching my feeble efforts. There was never a hint that he'd rather be doing something else.

My husband John and I will always remember his showing us his Camellia "orchard". He could have been overly proud of his extensive collection but instead was soft-spoken and humble giving us cuttings and bouquets.

Whose idea was it to place some of his ashes in Auburn and the rest in Wattensaw? What an inspired idea. It is appropriate for Uncle Pud to rest in both places and I thank Becky, Bill and Bob for bringing the Deese-Flynt cousins --- this far flung family --- back to Wattensaw Baptist cemetery on Arkansas 31, the final resting place of our parents, grandparents and greatgrandparents and to honor the life of their Dad, my Uncle Pud. I also wish to thank Arthur Bowie for doing extensive genealogy research and sharing his findings with the cousins.

You can tell by now that I regard Uncle Pud as a generous, kind, soft-spoken and humble man.

In very recent days two quotations have come to my attention that are so fitting for remembering Richard Emory Deese. Gerry Spence writes in his autobiography that he found a letter written by his father at the end of his father's life which said "These [children and grandchildren] I leave behind have filled my life so full I almost **burst**. I must have done something right" Gerry Spence thinks "Dad, you sure did."

This is from an unknown author: "Wherever a beautiful soul has been, there is a trail of beautiful memories." ... "Wherever a beautiful soul has been, there is trail of beautiful memories.

--by Katharine Sue Deese Tempelaar-Lietz of Asheville, North Carolina, niece of Richard Emory Deese.