

Cf. Ted Dawnes Jr.
obituary

Dear Ted:

With pen in hand, and tears in my eyes, I write these thoughts knowing well that as I write them, you are with me as you are with us today...this morning...forever.

There are many things to say this day. Ginny reminded me of the quote that someone (probably you) once said. A quote simply put in the form of lettered abbreviation: K.I.S.S.

I'll try.....

This morning's paper carried an article about you. It's first two words are "WIDELY KNOWN" (radio personality). In the next paragraph the writer used the words "MUCH REQUESTED"... (dinner speaker), and finally a quote from your general manager, "HIS DEATH GOES BEYOND BEING A LOSS TO BROADCASTING. IT IS A LOSS TO THE WHOLE COMMUNITY".

I'm smiling now because I can imagine your reaction to such accolades. But they are true. You know it. I know it. We all know it. We do feel your loss.

Knowing your passion for reading and literature, I turned to my limited sources. I remembered a quote I once read to you, and finally turned it up again: "A sense of humor is the oil of life's engine. Without it, the engine creaks and groans. No lot is so hard, no aspect of things so grim, but it relaxes before a hearty heart". You were the oil of gladness for thousands of people, oil that lubricated the tiredness and tension of life. With that twinkle of eye, and that leprachaun's grin, coupled with such a great sense of play and amusement, you sliced into life with great gusto and sensitivity, with the delight of a child and the discipline of a master. You sliced into our lives with words and images that lifted our burdens, that lightened our spirits, that caused us to laugh at ourselves and our problems.

Your mind and your spirit lives on...Our Father in His wisdom would never allow such a creation that was used for so much good, flicker and die.

It was not just the good joke, which like the good son may be a perfect work of art. You painted thousands of pictures with your talent and boundless imagination. Tapestries used by you...repeated so often by others...with your mastery and generous heart could always go a step beyond the better to the best. Just the mention of your associations brings smiles to saddened faces: Granny Groove...Groper Foondman...Mrs. Vanderpoister...Gordon Surley...Miss Shapley...Loretta Lechworthy...Obel Won Kenobi. Your energy of wit and humor crossed over the boundaries of the public to the private. Your home was always open...and Ginny and Gabby and you always provided the finest fare and always were generous and kind. Your generosity and your graciousness, seen so often in the public eye, were manifested over and over again to hundreds of people who refer to you and yours as family...as friends. There was great depth to your humor, yes, and there was still deeper depth to your love of people. We knew it, and most importantly we felt that love for which we celebrate thankfulness together this morning.

I'm sure that you are pleased with the picture. I'm equally sure that there are many confused people wondering about its place here. There are, however, an increasing number of people who are aware of its meaning. It personified for you—by your own admittance—the Lord Jesus: My Lord...Our Lord...especially today, Your Lord.