

Henry was married to Roxie McCracken, the love of his life, for 60 years. He was lost without her since her passing is now headed exactly where he wanted to be again—at her side.

Henry was an avid fisherman and together with his fishing buddies caught hundreds of pounds of flathead catfish which became the subject of many large tales and delicious fish fries. Check out some of the photos—the fish tales weren't always wildly overdone but the memories of the time spent with buddies and family catching the fish were larger than life to him.

He was a hard worker, beginning his career with Huffaker Radio and TV after having served in the U.S. Army and subsequently completing electronics school. He traveled miles of country roads repairing televisions, leaving many customers extremely satisfied they could return to their "stories." Henry farmed most of his life, raising chickens and cattle. He loved working with his hands and made outdoor furniture and tables out of scrap lumber "to order" for friends and family. Gardening was one of his passions—lots of folks in Washington county still speak of his amazing stands of corn, tomatoes and don't forget the "green bean tunnel." He was eager to share his haul with anyone that showed up. It was a great regret to him when he was no longer physically able to put his garden in every year and he especially missed planting the long row of gladiolas that Roxie so enjoyed.

Roxie called Henry the original recycler, "Mr. Green." He saved anything and made everything, including some original designs, from what others would already have tossed. He once said, in all sincerity, "I just don't know how a fella can live without a junk pile." Need ice skates? No problem—old work boots with metal blades screwed onto the soles. They weren't Sears and Roebucks quality, but the kids loved them. Need a sprinkler head for your watering can? How about a cat food can with holes punched in the bottom. Homemade crampons, just like the professional ice climbers used (sort of) that would affix to your shoes so you could walk on the ice without taking a tumble. He inherited his "creativity/frugality" from his Dad, Raymond, who once, after learning a new bolt for the tractor would cost 38 cents in town, came home and spent the afternoon making one from scraps. Why buy it when you have all the stuff? All this attested to how truly smart and clever he was. Many times his family was told by those that knew him, "Henry is the smartest man I've ever known."

He loved his family and was very proud of what they had accomplished. He was always willing to extend whatever resources needed to help them obtain their goals, whether financial, emotional or something created out of the junk pile. He was kind hearted and a natural teacher. He was willing to teach what he knew about fixing a television set, building a house or a barn, wiring electricity and installing plumbing with anyone that needed help or just wanted to learn. His head for math and logic is a gift that keeps giving over the generations. The Snodgrass "Party Barn" is a testament to the skills he taught his daughters, son, and sons-in-law that will be enjoyed for decades by his grandchildren and great-grandchildren and so on. (Party at your place, Sis!)

Two-stepping was one of his particular specialties and he loved old-time country music. There is no counting the number of miles he and Roxie clocked two-stepping, despite the fact a long line of two-stepping women waited their turn to trip the light fantastic with the smoothest two-stepper in the land. It just plumb wore him out at times, but he loved every minute of it.

Despite not quite being himself over the past few years, he cherished the visits paid him by many of you here today. He did remember you came and enjoyed the visits and the memories he shared with each of you. You were all a bigger part of his and his family's life than you might imagine.

He was loved and will be missed but certainly not forgotten.