

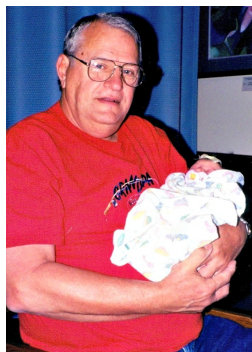
Freddie Luther Rose

Age 73, a resident of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, previously of Alma, passed away Friday, September 29th, 2017 at the Arkansas Veteran's Home in Fayetteville, Arkansas. He was born October 17, 1943 in Boles, Arkansas, the son of Luke Washington and Alma (Vines) Rose.

Freddie served in the United States Air Force during The Vietnam War. He retired from the Arkansas State Police (Troop H), he also raised chickens for Tyson Foods.

He was preceded in death by his parents and two sisters Betty and Treva.

Survivors include his wife of 40 years Freda Walker Rose; four children Timothy S. Rose and wife Amy, Melissa Hutsell and husband Brent all of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, Mark Rose and wife Kara and Tim N. Rose all of Alma, Arkansas; one brother Herbert Rose and wife Pat of Waldron, Arkansas; one sister Gennetta Nevills and husband Kenneth also of Waldron, Arkansas; ten grandchildren Niklas, Jakson and Harrison Rose, Michael, Meliah and Moriah Hutsell and Dakota, Luke, Jennifer and Heather; a host of great grandchildren.



CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF Freddie Luther Rose

**DATE, TIME
& PLACE OF SERVICE**
Tuesday, October 3, 2017
1:00 P.M.
Luginbuel Chapel
Prairie Grove, Arkansas

TIME & PLACE OF GRAVE SIDE SERVICE
Tuesday, October 3, 2017 - 3:30 P.M.
With Military Honors
Dean Cemetery - Alma, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music

“I Believe In A Hill” **Melissa Hutsell**

Obituary **Brent Hutsell**

“Soon We Will See” **Melissa Hutsell**

Words of Comfort **Brent Hutsell**

Closing Prayer

Family Memories Video

“Hallelujah”
“My Way”
“No Particular Place To Go”

Postlude Music **“Take Me Home, Country Roads”**

FINAL RESTING PLACE
Dean Cemetery - Alma, Arkansas

PALLBEARERS
Brent Hutsell - Jeff Hutsell - Michael Hutsell
Niklas Rose - Rick Walker - Tim Rose

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the family, we wish to express their gratitude for your many acts of kindness, and for your attendance at the funeral service.

Luginbuel Funeral Home
Prairie Grove, Arkansas
online guest book, visit www.luginbuel.com



Freddie Luther Rose

October 17, 1943
September 29, 2017

Fred (Dad) grew up in a small community of loyal-hardworking families. He lived an adventurous life as a young kid which transcribed into his choice to serve the country at such a young age. Vietnam was what shaped his future. I know at times he wished that wasn't so, but it made him into the man we all know, love, honor and respect today.

His stories were so real, almost as if something out of a book. Many of you have heard these dales, always true, but so unbelievable. Dad could make everyone laugh, he liked to talk during movies to the TV and thought it was a riot to give me the “Hi sign” in public places. He treated every guest in his home with goodness and insisted they must take something with them when they left.

He had the greatest compassion for those in need; as a child he would pick up every hitchhiker on the road, which would terrify me and my brother. Many times he would take from our table to give to others. Dad was one of the most sacrificial men I know. He had the ability to read people and their true nature. Often, he would be aware of things before anyone else. Dad had wisdom, strength and a sweet spirit. He defended his family and his rights as best anyone could. We always felt protected and loved. I would laugh at his “spankings”, they never hurt anything but my feelings. He loved our mom and made sure she had anything she needed. He would slip me money to sneak her gifts in for the holidays or birthdays. There was nothing he wouldn't do for her or us. Each grandchild that came along was special to him. Every grandchild that was born was an added jewel in his crown. He bragged on them constantly, showed them off to everyone and even made them sing on demand. He just wanted his family around him, and that was not a problem for us because he was so magnetic and loving. He was a handsome man; a good man to his soul. He was the first man I loved and I was honored to be his only daughter. Like all of us, there may have been a few mistakes but not any that could outweigh his love and devotion to his family. All he ask for in return was love and that we gave him with everything we have. He is gone now, but rest assured he is in heaven with loved one and His Jesus.

- Melissa Rose Hutsell

A War Vet: Guts, Glory and the Golden Age

Agent Orange, PTSD, diabetes, dementia, nightmares and addictions are truth in flesh as a 73 year old Vietnam War Veteran shuffles with a walker down the hallway of the VA nursing home in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Freddie Rose, Staff Sargent E5, chats with a few other vets as he roams the lonely halls. His sad memories are an old friend around him, despite the lack of physical visitors in his private room. His large presence in his tiny room is a little scary because he doesn't chit chat or make much eye contact.

Not all his memories are sad or nightmarish. Freddie was born the youngest son into a large family. Curious, I ask him to tell me some things about them. He smiles and the deep creases above his bushy brows stand out; he recalls wearing dresses until he was 5 years old, "Hell, all of us boys growing up in that area were poor, we wore what we had." I couldn't resist asking him about Christmas time growing up in a family with 19 kids; that was when a twinkle lit up in his sad, blue eyes. "Mother could cook real good. She made every one of us kids our own pie, we got to choose. We had to share everything so this was a great gift. I would choose coconut cream pie or lemon pie!" I can tell a lot about his fondness for his mother just by his sigh of contentment at the recollection.

Straight out of high school in 1961 and without thought to comforts around his mother's table, he voluntarily enlisted in the United States Air Force. Rumors of the draft were circling everywhere in Scott County. He wanted the choice to serve in the branch of his choosing, he said today, "That choice probably saved my life." Subsequently he was sent to the Vietnam War in 1965.

Rocking softly, with one swollen leg outstretched, in his orthopedic rocker, his eyes fade out into a stare. He doesn't blink, just looks. At what? I am not sure. It is evident that he is done talking for now. We sit in silence for ten to twenty minutes; the only noise is the 5 o'clock news. Shaking himself out of the fog, He reminds me of the years he was on the news every day at noon to do traffic reports on Channel 5 in Ft Smith. I had forgotten that piece of his history. He was an Arkansas State Trooper in the years following Vietnam. He laughs about the time he pulled Bill Clinton out of a tree, or the time he made little kids run in fear as he played Smokey the Bear in costume, and even some things he refuses to share with me because I am female. He has an infectious laughter, I can't help but find myself chuckling along with his masculine, belly laugh.

When I feel it is appropriate, I ask him what Vietnam was like. He still will not directly look at me, but he does answer one sufficient word "Hell!" He doesn't shut off there, just pauses, "No, it wasn't all bad. We had some good times. I made real good friends with my Sargent and he watched out for me. He let me become his personal assistant and drive his Jeep." He rattles on about the hot beer. the one can of Pepsi used as a commodity, the cigarettes, nightly poker games and tasteless rations.

He was stationed at Cam Rahn Bay, Vietnam. They were a tight-knit group, until one night and one life-altering raid. Freddie tells that in the middle of a poker game an alarm goes off to warn of an approaching air raid. His buddies jump into their planes and head off to fire away at the incoming aircrafts. This happens to be towards the end of his 3-year tour, he knows them all intimately now; they shared many things together in those lonely nights in the bunks. He said he could recognize his bunk mates' plane from all the others by then. In a fox hole, hunkered down, he recalls the night as if it was just last night. "It was so dark, but we could hear them. We had turned off all the lights to help camouflage us. Our buddies were airborne and ready for them. I could see my bunk mates' plane; it flew right over my hiding place. When he circled back, he was hit in the tank and it exploded, right above me!" Freddie swallows hard but he continues to let me in on those hidden memories. "Man, I was sick. I knew we wouldn't find him. When it all finally stopped the next morning, the Sergeant and a few of us boys went out and gathered up who and what we could; trying to match dog tags to bodies or articles we remembered they had with them. I had to take care of my buddy. I made sure what I could find went in the "bag" with him home." I reached out to grab his hand, my heart hurting for him. His hands were as big as a baseball glove, dry but yet clammy and sweaty. He didn't shed a tear just now like I did; he just kept rocking and staring. The motion appears to soothe him.

Those were his "guts" days. Surely there had to be glory days that would follow his return home from Vietnam in 1968 and they did. His first child, a son, was born that very year. Trying to push aside the painful torments and resume a "normal" life after such traumatic events took their toll quickly. He was perceived by friends as the life of the party, but his family would describe him as changed and living life too loosely. In 1973 he lost his first marriage because he couldn't function as a husband and father. The divorce and guilt led him into a life of alcohol abuse and self-hate, which spiraled out of control until he met a dark-haired beauty working in Central Mall in 1976. Freda was sent straight to him by God. She had the fiery spunk in her to set him straight in a hurry. But even she couldn't put a name or solution to his issues. She was just willing and stubborn enough not to give up on him. "My daddy called her the "Old Witch" because she kept a close eye on me. If she hadn't, we would have had no money and been divorced too." She also gave him his most cherished treasure, a daughter in 1978. I looked around as he pointed out various pictures taped to every wall of his room. it's evident that he loves her and all his grandkids so much, he calls them "his reason for living."

In 1980 he built his first home and realized his dream of being an Arkansas State Trooper and business owner. A towering 6' 1" tall, neat package on the outside but a crumbling, weak man on the inside. His demons of suicide, insomnia, fear, nightmares, alcohol abuse and depression were tearing him apart. "Alcohol numbed me so I could sleep and forget." Years passed with some good success in buying a big farm. With all of this good fortune happening but no change emotionally, he developed into a functioning alcoholic.

Turning over a new leaf in 1992 he met a man, a mentor, Bill. His mentor would set him on the course to meet God, realize his worth and introduce him to Dr. Phillips. This doctor at the VA Hospital put some validity and tags to his condition. This was the first time he and Freda found out about PTSD, Agent Orange, and to discover others just like himself brought about some encouragement and hope! "Dr. Phillips saved my life. I was gonna kill myself; A lot of us were in our group. She helped me when no one else could. I don't know for sure what she did. But I told her she was an answer to prayers." PTSD has recently risen to the fore front as veterans are returning from war committing horrible crimes, harming themselves and others. These doctors are working day and night to help these vets.

Now these Golden Years look much different for a war veteran than most. but this is all he knows. His body pains him daily and so does his mind. He is very sensitive to noise and deaths still affect him deeply. He is the last remaining soldier from Camp Rahn Bay camp; it was disbanded and demolished as soon as he left it in 1968. He said, "If I could just connect with those guys who saw what I saw, maybe I could shut some chapters." That has not happened, his friends, those fun-loving bunk mates have all died now. New friendships are hard to forge and old ones with people who do not understand PTSD are too difficult to maintain.

More recently the diagnosis of dementia has been added to the already long list of medical conditions associated with Agent Orange and PTSD. Maybe this is a way to escape memories and enjoy the golden years in peace? Maybe this is God's way to give him rest from the ever-chasing demons? All I know is that a man who looked foreboding and scary to me just hours ago, now looks like a gentle giant, a Hero. I stand and salute Staff Sargent Freddie Rose.

- Melissa Rose Hutsell

