

Thomas Ray Hannah SR.

71, a resident of Wichita, Kansas, passed away March 5, 2010 in Wichita, Kansas. He was born June 29, 1938 in Prairie Grove, Arkansas, the son of Ray Orville and Crystal Begley Hannah.

Tom and his family moved to California, when he was just a toddler and lived there until he was 57 years old. He dedicated his life to education, starting in 1960 as a teacher in the Montebello School District. He spent the majority of his career at Schurr High School teaching mathematics. Upon retirement, the Hannahs moved to the Springfield, Missouri, area where Tom taught math at a local college. After 13 years in Missouri, he and Linda moved to Wichita, Kansas, with his youngest son Jeffrey, his daughter-in-law Barbara, and his two grandchildren Morgan and Emma. Tom had a love for music that was second-to-none. His favorite music undoubtedly was the big band era featuring Frank Sinatra. But he also enjoyed classic jazz and classic country, and of course had a love for old-time gospel songs. Tom was a devoted family man who brought up his children in a Christian home with the help of his beloved wife, Linda. He will be missed and loved eternally.

Survivors include his wife Linda Hannah of the home; two sons, Thomas Hannah of Springfield, Missouri, Jeffrey Hannah and wife Barbara (Wooldridge) of Wichita, Kansas; one daughter, Debbie Condrey and husband Scott of Monroe, Louisiana; one brother, Gary Hannah of Phoenix, Arizona; seven grandchildren, Kerry Condrey, Melissa Condrey, Brad Condrey, Jake Hannah, Ashley Hannah, Morgan Hannah, and Emma Hannah.

APPRECIATION

On behalf of the Hannah 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



Tom Hannah

June 29, 1938 - March 5, 2010

Treasured Seasons

For everything there is
an appointed season,
And a time for everything
under heaven -
A Time for sowing,
a time for reaping,
A time for sharing,
a time for caring,
A time for loving,
a time for giving,
A time for remembering,
a time for parting,
You have made everything
beautiful in its time
For everything you do
remains forever.

CELEBRATING THE LIFE & MEMORY OF
Thomas Ray Hannah SR.

DATE, TIME & PLACE OF SERVICE
Saturday, March 13, 2010 - 2:00 P.M.
Luginbuel Chapel - Prairie Grove, Arkansas

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Music

Opening Remarks

Paul Wahlert

Obituary

"Leaning on the Everlasting Arms"

Words of Comfort and Victory

Closing Prayer

"Are You Washed In The Blood"

Postlude Music

GRAVE SIDE SERVICES WILL NOT BE HELD AT THE CEMETERY.
THE FAMILY WILL REMAIN AFTER THE SERVICE TO VISIT WITH FRIENDS.

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Prairie Grove Cemetery
Prairie Grove, Arkansas

Tom Hannah

Where to begin? So many memories. So much fun to be around. So caring. So giving. And so loving. Lots of stories to listen to. Lots of wisdom to hear. So privileged to have him in my life. So much more than my father-in-law, I guess you could say he was my other dad.

I met Tom when I was 15 years old. He was the “cool” dad of my new friend Tommy, Tommy’s little brother Jeff, and Tommy’s very cute sister Debbie. An orange Corvette and an awesome stereo in the wall – how cool is that - none of my other friends had a dad with that. He was inquisitive, wanting to know about me and my family, and who I was. And, he was accepting, never judgmental. With his passion for education, he was willing to help with any schoolwork assignments to ensure a good grade. Remember the Pro-Council Africanaus report Tommy?

I, like everyone else, could go on for days sharing stories and experiences about Tom. It’s easy to remind everybody how infectious his smile was, or what a great sense of humor he had, his one-of-a-kind gut laugh, or his love and appreciation for music. And his work ethic, it was beyond compare – whether in the teaching and tutoring arena, washing the car, or raking leaves and doing yard work – all were performed to an “A+” mark. He loved to grade everything. “That burger was only a B-”, he would say, or something to that effect. His love of food, like BBQ ribs, and especially the sweets, like See’s candy, oh, and those blackberries! These are just a few of the things most of us knew him so well for.

But I want to share with everyone for a moment, what a great role model Tom was, and will continue to be, for me the rest of my life. The way he openly shared his love for his Lord and his family showed in everything he said and did. I don’t know of another man who glowed like Tom with the love he expressed for his wife, for his children, to his grandchildren, and to me. He never hesitated to tell me that he loves me, or to hug me, or to give me a kiss. He showed me how important family is. Always respectful, he showed me how important respect is, and how to earn it. He showed me how hard work would make me a decent provider for my own family. And, he showed me the joy of praise, giving it regularly. And pride, Tom would tell me how proud he was of so many things! For this, I will be eternally grateful.

Most people that knew Tom would be unable to describe him in a single sentence, let alone a single word, but I think I can come pretty close. Tom was the **“ALL-TIMER”! Thee ALL-TIMER!**

Tom: I love you, miss you, and will keep you in my heart forever.

Scott

My grandpa was a man who loved the Lord, his family, Frank Sinatra's music, horse races, and krispy cream donuts. As the oldest grandchild I was blessed with enough memories to write a book. As a child my memories are filled with a lot of laughter, music, and several trips to Disney Land after my grandpa came home from teaching summer school. Sharing an ice cream cone and listening to Dixie land music while my grandpa took turns twirling my grandma and I around are simply priceless moments in time.

As a teenager I remember learning to drive in Grandpa's Lexus while listening to Sinatra, and countless hours of being tutored in algebra. He always came to my choir performances and musicals and he taught my friends and I how to ballroom dance in his basement. When I was 17 he helped me write my college entrance essay to Drury University, and he was there in December of 2005 when I graduated with honors.

I am trying to focus on all the wonderful memories we have shared but it's hard to grasp the concept that when I hear a good country song on the radio, I can no longer call him and tell him he should download it. I also will miss him on the day of my wedding and when his first great grandchild is born. But grandpa would not want me to focus on the sadness. So I must focus on the great times we shared and know that there are holes in the floor of heaven and he is watching over you and me.

Don't worry grandpa I'll take care of grandma and we will see you again one day. I am everything I am because you loved me. And in the words of Frank Sinatra, "And now, the end is here, And so I face the final curtain, My friend, I'll say it clear, I'll state my case, of which I'm certain, I've lived a life that's full, I traveled each and ev'ry highway, And more, much more than this, I did it my way."

I love you, Kerry

Our Dad was Truly One of a Kind

This past week as the three of us reflected and reminisced about our father, we found ourselves laughing at some funny stories that happened when we were children. But to fully appreciate the humor in the stories, people need to remember the truth about our dad and his dedication to his wife and children. While it might sound like a cliché to some, for our dad his house was truly his castle. So proud was he of his family that he found great energy and strength in working to support our needs. Unlike most men who hold one steady job, our dad worked all day long teaching Algebra and Geometry at the high school. When he was finished with his work there, he drove from house to house tutoring students. Sometimes, after finishing his tutoring work, he taught night school. And in the summers he worked all day at the juvenile prison. On Saturdays, of course, he tutored more students in the morning and then came home and led the charge on yard work for the rest of the day. Perhaps most impressive of all, he did all of this for some thirty-five years without using one single day of sick pay. That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

No doubt, dad worked harder and more than any man probably should have. But he enjoyed what he did. He also had a funny childlike sense of humor to him that was both amusing and embarrassing at times. When we were in early grade school, dad would wake up early on Saturday

mornings and get ready for tutoring. On one such Saturday morning, while still in his pajamas and all lathered up with shave cream, he decided to go out and get the newspaper from the driveway. Although on most Saturday mornings the neighborhood was quiet and desolate until later in the day, that was not the case on this occasion. The street was filled with our neighborhood friends who were playing some kind of ballgame. Of course, most fathers probably would have never ventured down the driveway dressed in pajamas and all lathered up with shave cream in the first place, let alone doing such a thing with all the neighborhood kids out there. But not our dad! It was time to get up and go to work. So, with his typical morning bravado and ebullient energy, he just headed on down the driveway singing the lyrics from a recent shave cream TV commercial. The lyrics went something like this - "feels so good, you don't want to take it off." That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

Mom was sometimes flabbergasted by dad's sense of humor and antics. But she knew nothing was going to change no matter what she said or did. From the perspective of us children, that was the great part about their relationship. We knew they loved each other despite our father's hilarious quirks and extremisms. Dad's great appetite and appreciation for one of mom's perfect meals never went unnoticed. He always bragged on her cooking and taught his children to be grateful as well. Dad also loved taking us all out to dinner. He had

his favorite restaurants for sure. And after we were done eating we got to hear him critique his meal all the way home. He would say things like, "how were your beans tonight son? Mine were a little bit dry." That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

One of the funniest things about our dad was the way he reacted to things without always getting the facts first. Debbie learned this one first hand in 1969 at the drive-in movie theater. The three of us were packed in the back of our Toyota watching John Wayne's *True Grit*. At some point in the movie, an earthquake hit and the car started rocking back and forth. Dad yelled, "Stop shaking the car back there!" But when it just kept on shaking, he lost his patience and reached back to give somebody a swat. Tommy and Jeff apparently saw his hand coming and quickly ducked out of the way. Although it didn't make headline news, Debbie will always remember the spanking she got for the 1969 La Habra , California earthquake. That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

One hot summer afternoon a few years later, when our dad was working all day in the hot un-air-conditioned boy's prison, Tommy and Jeff commenced to having a dirt clod fight in the backyard. With his back to the family room plate glass window and some 20 feet away from the house, Jeff was hurling hand-sized clods down the hill at his brother. Sensing his little brother's strategic advantage, Tommy soon resorted to throwing rocks that had enough dirt on them to appear

as clods. With a hefty stone in hand, Tommy took aim and let it fly. A split second later the sound of shattering plate glass window echoed ominously down the hill. When just a few seconds later Tommy heard the sound of his dad's Corvette pulling slowly into the garage, he thought as quickly as possible. Surely the sound of breaking glass must have been the result of a dirt clod slipping out of Brother Jeff's hand and flying backwards some 20 feet right through that window. Yes, that was it! A moment later with dad marching angrily towards them and frowning at the sight of dirt clods and rocks all over the backyard, Tommy shouted, "Jeff broke your window!" Tommy knew dad wouldn't waste a moment in reacting. So, he slipped away quietly while Jeff took his spanking like a man. That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

Our dad was always generous with his free time and willing to help us with anything, including our friends and future brother-in-law Scott. One Saturday afternoon in the late 1970s, dad sat down at the kitchen table to help Tommy and Scott write their essays for English class. The topic was about evolution and dad quickly started dictating ideas for the essays off the top of his head. In the humorous tone of a man satirizing a PBS documentary, dad started dictating aloud for the opening paragraphs. It went something like this - "millions of years ago, Proconsul Africanus first stood upright on the great plains of Africa ." He then advised

Scott to paraphrase his essay by changing some words. Laughing rather hardily, dad told Scott to just change the word Proconsul Africanus to Simian Creatures. Within an hour Tommy and Scott were the proud possessors of two original 500 word essays telling dad's recollection of evolutionary theory from his 1959 anthropology class. Although the essays were oddly similar, dad assured both Tommy and Scott that the paraphrasing and differences in the papers would be more than sufficient to avoid raising the teacher's suspicion. Dad then hurried off to finish up his yard work and listen to some music. A week later, after turning in their essays, the results were final. Tommy got an A. Scott got detention. That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

Like all of his life, dad's love for sports is also a tale of faithfulness and perseverance. From 1959 to 1984, dad endured 8 straight losses by the Lakers to the Boston Celtics in the NBA finals. But the Lakers finally overcame the Celtic mystique in 1985. They went on to beat the Celtics again in 1987 on Magic Johnson's famous baby hook shot in the Boston Garden. Dad rewound the VCR over and over just laughing at the sight of Boston GM Red Auerbach sitting in the stands joking on his cigar. Dad would say exuberantly, "look at Red's face! He's as white as a ghost." Dad finally got to see the Angels win the World Series in 2002. He also got his day in the sun with the Rams when they finally won the Superbowl in 2000. Although he got too nervous to watch the games when they were on TV, he did

revel in the victories afterwards. He spent the last 10 years of his life, in fact, watching games from the Ram's Superbowl winning season over and over. That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!

Our dad would have given his last penny to help his kids and family. When Debbie had her three children, he worked hard to help them make it. When his boys graduated from college, he got them jobs teaching in the district. When Tommy and Jeff had kids, he helped them at every juncture. Certainly, no matter what it was, dad always found a way to help his kids and family. One of the challenging parts of his personality, however, was his belief that he knew the right and proper way to do everything. Dad knew the right route to the grocery store, the best place to get gasoline, the proper way to flip a hamburger on the grill, the only restaurants with great food, how to wash and wax the car, how to pull weeds in the yard, how to sweep the garage, and on and on. This aspect of his personality was not a big problem for Debbie. When she wanted to do something that dad didn't like, Debbie learned that dad had a soft side that responded to feminine appeal or subtle tear. By the time he was a teenager, Jeff too had figured out that dad knew everything and arguing with him was not worth the effort. Tommy took slightly longer than his brother and sister to figure this out, age 47 to be exact. As everyone knows, however, it is difficult for two men who know everything to understand what the other one doesn't get. Who in the family can ever

forget, for example, the summer that dad and Tommy ran their own lawn and garden service together? Yes, as news around southwest Missouri circulated, for the low low price of just \$25 anyone in the area could have Tom Sr. and Tom Jr. standing in their front yard at 8 AM yelling at each other for thirty minutes about the proper way to weed eat the lawn. That was our dad. He was truly one of a kind!