

He Already Knows

A tribute to Floyd J Demmy
2016

To family and friends of Floyd,

Over the summer I saw something here and there
or read something and I thought, when I arrive
home, I'll call Dad and tell him about what I saw
or read today and wham, it hit me;

He Already Knows!

--- David

Many of you know, this book was to be a memory
book for Dad's 90th birthday to be presented to
him on June 4 at a picnic in his honor, but the
good Lord invited him home first, so we, Heidi,
Debbie and I, David, turned it into a *tribute book*
for him with all of the good wishes, condolences,
memories, history, and photos, from all of you.
Look for your contribution within. Thank you for
sharing!

~~~ *Heidi, Debbie and David*



*"There goes my Baby"*



*"Let Me Call you Sweetheart"*



Floyd with twin sister  
Leola



With sweetheart Gret  
1944



Proud combat veteran  
of WWII

circa 2005

From **Jonathan** 2016

As a child I have fondest memories of hanging out with PopPop in his yearly garden at 200 N Houcks Road, Colonial Park! In my mind it was like entering into the King's Court – many of the vegetables were much taller than I. Always enjoyed going into the garden with him. And now Melissa and I have our own annual garden of herbs and other goodies to share with your great granddaughter Aubree Lynne.



*House behind former  
Capitol Motel!*

Other fond moments I have were playing with his marbles in the driveway or flying kites together and .....



*[Jon look-a-like]*

. . . . Pop picking me up so I could get my foot into the hole on the rope-swing that was tied to the tree in the front yard and getting a giant push from him.

I will always cherish these little moments. Happy Birthday PopPop!

Love Jon

[Jonathan Demmy – grandson]



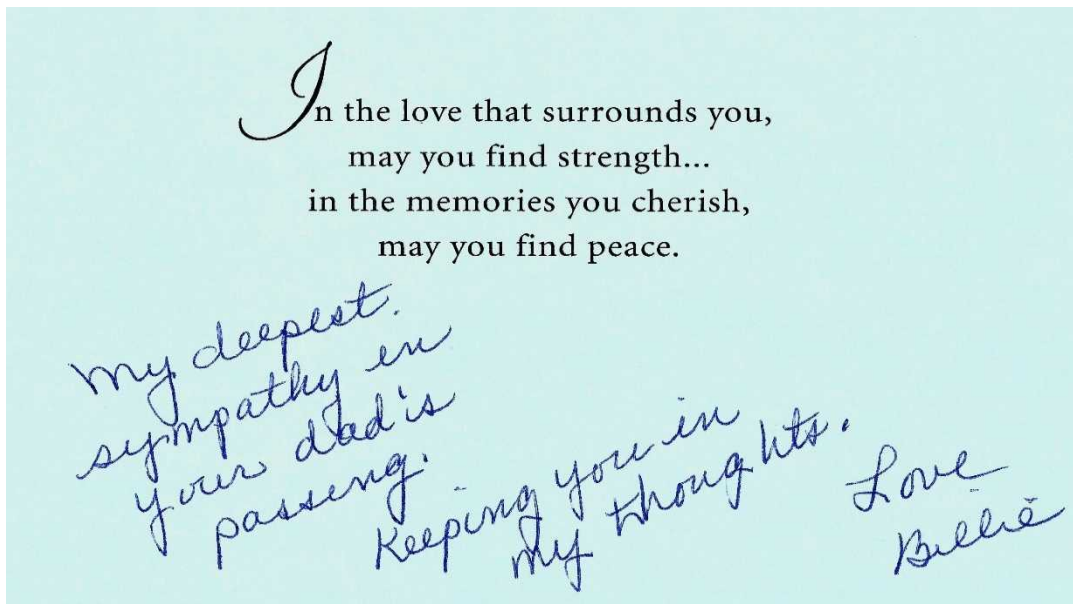
**Charlotte** Blackburn Ruffle

Happy 90<sup>th</sup> Uncle Floyd, I have always been in 'awe' of you! As a child, I did not believe there was anything you could not

Thanks for the fine side stories and great times.

Love Charlotte, Mike and Family from Gunter, Texas.

**Billie** Demmy



Freddie

my thoughts & prayers  
are with you.

Love Freddie




Brother Dave,

My sincerest condolences on the passing of your father.  
I regret that I can't attend either of the services for him. You and your family will be in my prayers.

Yours in Christ,

Tom Bowman  
Scotland Forever  
Member Camp 15 SUVCW





Jeanie



Dave, Marilyn &  
Family

A life  
that touched  
so many  
can never  
be forgotten

Sorry for your  
loss of a man  
who will never  
be forgotten.  
He was a very  
special man.  
Aunt Jeanie  
&  
Family



Hoping that the good memories  
and stories of your dad  
will bring some comfort  
as you find your way  
through this difficult time.

With Sympathy

David,  
I'm so sorry, may  
God Bless you.

Love Kathy

Kathy

**Luc**

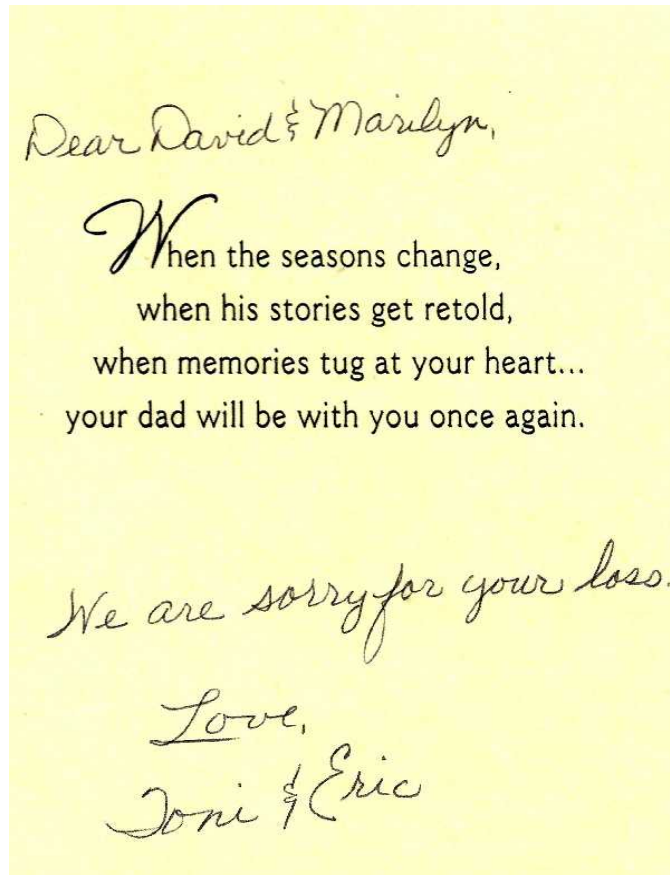
Dear David, Marilyn & Family,

Thinking of you  
with faith that your loved one  
rests peacefully  
in the light of Heaven.

My deepest heartfelt sympathy  
to you all as you deal with  
the loss of your Father. I  
know how hard that can be. I hope  
you find comfort in your good  
memories and in knowing that  
he is safe and warm in the  
arms of our Lord. God Bless.

Love & hugs  
Luc

Toni and Eric



Claudia

I am absolutely stunned and very, very sad to hear this. I was not expecting anything like this as your dad seemed so well on that trip — I have to believe that we never know and perhaps he will take a turn for the better— I have seen it happen so I will say a prayer for him.

In any case, I am so glad he got to go on that trip— he really was the star — and we were privileged to know him.

Warm regards to all of you. Claudia



## Sheri

In 1990 U. Floyd, Aunt Gret, and Heidi visited Mom and Dad (Miriam and Charlie Fisher) at their home in the mountains in northern California for three days. They enjoyed Mom's home cooked meat loaf, pasta and chicken dinners and a trip to Lassen National Park. Floyd and Charlie walked around the village where they lived. Floyd saw the artistic customized mailboxes some residents had. He took home some rocks, painted them of the memory of their walk and talk together. He mailed those back to Charlie.

They gathered big sugar pine cones from local trees; took them home, and decorated them for their Christmas decorations.



*Floyd and Gret, Shirley Blackburn, Jay, Sheri, and Norm Burster and Ken Blackburn*

We enjoyed visiting with them in their home in 1978; and in 1990 at Ken and Shirley's home in California.... Uncle Floyd and my husband Norn, enjoyed a walk together.

What I remember most is all the wonderful phone conversations with Uncle Floyd over many years talking about everything from when he was growing up to present day. I cherish him sharing all those great stories with me.

We love you so much!!! Sheri and Norm Burster xoxo

Sara

June 4, 2016

There once was a tiny house at 27 1/2 S. Arlene Street. It was made with ingenuity, frugality, and (most importantly) love. It was a small structure with two tiny, real working windows that were once showroom samples obtained from a window salesman. It had linoleum floors and mix-matched wood paneled walls and floors. It even had a chimney and its own little mailbox right by the front door. It was the best playhouse two lucky little girls ever had.



There once was a tiny igloo. It was made from blocks of snow carefully created with love. It was just big enough to fit two little girls. It even had a Plexiglas window for keeping an eye on trespassers. All bundled up from the cold, those two little girls were the only people outside of Alaska to have their very own igloo.

There once was the best garden in the world. In it grew a great variety of vegetables in that little plot of land. The space was utilized in the best way possible and everything was timed to pop up at just the right moment. That garden was so loved that its owner would go to any lengths to protect it from vermin. Even so far as to chase down a groundhog with a 2x4 and make sure he never told his friends about the garden or made a repeat trip. To this day, rhubarb from that garden lives on in another garden and is more prolific with each passing year.

There once was an expert canner that made a great variety of canned goods each year. He used the same equipment, year after year. He saved jars from old spaghetti sauce and other canned goods to reuse. He collected books on how to can, recipes for canning, and different food

preservation techniques. Now this collection has been passed down to the next generation to learn.

There once was an expert omelet maker. He would dice up peppers, onions, and ham. He would fry them in a pan with beaten egg and milk. Every time, they would create a perfectly round pancake of egg.

He would even flip them easily as if it was not a difficult task. The finished product looked as if a professional omelet maker lived in that house.

There once was an artist. He would copy dozens of Christmas cards into sketch books. He would watch Bob Ross with his granddaughter to learn more about drawing. This artist was always sketching and drawing and never stopped trying to get better.

There once was a bedtime story teller. He would tuck two little girls into two twin beds pushed together. They would huddle by the crack in the mattresses and wait to hear the tale he would weave right on the spot. Those stories were always imaginative and entertaining and were a very special time for a Pop-pop and his two granddaughters.

There once was a man that got to watch his granddaughter grow up. He was there when she was tiny and needed a babysitter. He was there for sleepovers on weekends. He was there when she got sick in school and needed someone to care for her (even if she did ruin a pillow when her eardrum burst). He was there to pick her up from field hockey practice during preseason before she could drive. He was there to encourage and support her while she was in college to work hard and chase her dreams and he was there to dance with her at her wedding.

There once was a man who knew that family was the most important thing in life, followed closely by being kind and generous to others. He made sure to stay in touch with each and every family member he could and made time to visit as often as possible. This man was important to not only his own family, but to the extended family that look at him with such love and admiration for all that he had done and the example by which he has led in 90 years of life.

Happy Birthday, Pop-pop.

Love, your granddaughter Sara





Dave Demmy Jr.

Memories of my PopPop

1.) When I was about 5 years old, I remember sitting on PopPop's front porch in my railroad overalls, my railroad cap, and holding my stuffed dog in a railroad outfit.

Pix

2.) As far back as I can remember, PopPop and the railroad went hand-in-hand. I always liked when he would whistle like a train and tell stories about trains from when he worked for the railroad. Every time I hear or see a train, especially an older one, particularly a steam locomotive, I immediately think of PopPop.

3.) As a youngster I remember spending time in the garden with PopPop. He would show me how he planted vegetables, the way the pole beans followed the poles and strings he had put up, and how he made and marked the rows for all the plants. As I grew older, I was able to help in the garden, and learned a lot. Now I even have a garden of mine own, thanks to the time and education PopPop was so willing to share.



*Floyd's annual garden; this one of May 1959! Photo by Barb Jacobs  
In background Farm house next to Devon Manor*

4.) I was always intrigued by the artistic talent that PopPop has. I remember watching him carve praying hands out of a bar of soap, and thinking how neat it was to see that bar of soap transform into something completely different. Watching him whittle away at a block of wood, turning it into a ball and chain, was probably my first real memory of having an interest in wood projects.

5.) As I look back, I begin to count how many times I've mimicked Pop Pop's talents from drawing pictures, carving, gardening, woodworking, and fixing things that are broke. Sometimes we take our life experiences for granted, but I cherish the times I've spent with PopPop and all the things I've learned, and I've learned a lot from him, probably more than I even realize. Thank you PopPop for being a Terrific Grandfather and a role model to us all.

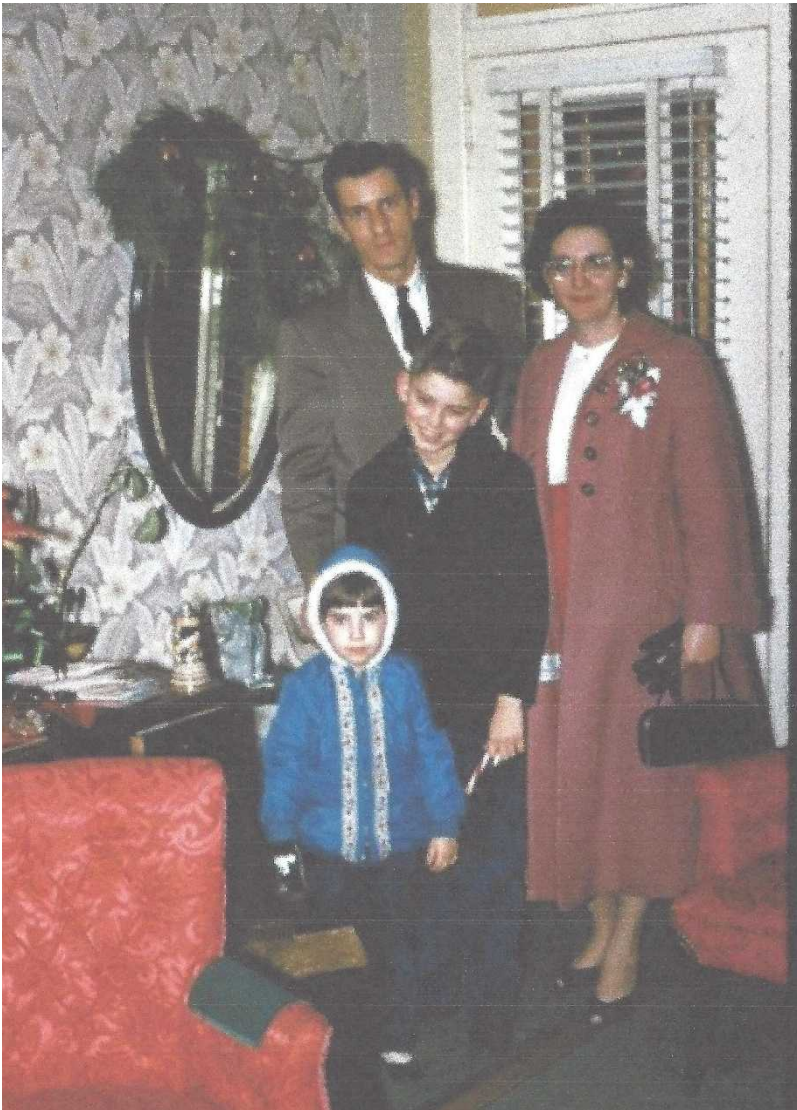
I was your first grandchild and guess I'll always be Davey in your 'eyes'!

Love Dave





Barb Jacobs



Christmas holiday visit about 1957 - 1958



One of your finely laid-out yearly garden! Probably 1959 following the May death of your Mother-in-law, Ida Jacobs. Young Ricky Jacobs in foreground along with Ken Blackburn!







On the occasion of Joe and Mary Jacobs 1982 anniversary!



Stan and Barb relaxing and enjoying life!



Summer 2002

Jacobs's family reunion event!

**Continued**



Houcks Road homestead a long time ago showing 2<sup>nd</sup> porch!

Floyd built this extension and porch nearly single-handed!



About 1965





My Hero  
Dad's 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday Event  
By David W Demmy Sr  
June 5, 2016

The Provider – Dad you always worked 2 and sometimes 3 jobs to provide for your family. At 16 you were supporting your Mother Esther Gland Demmy, 2 younger sisters, Ruth and Martie and your younger brother Mick [Russell], all before you went off to War – World War II.



*The European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Ribbon.*

As a young husband and father, you cooked and cleaned and changed diapers, and washed clothes; however, I don't recall seeing you iron clothing – though



you

have collected *old irons*.

Scout Parent –

Dad you were the father at Boy Scout events and activities that scouts flocked around as if they did not have a father of their own! Many events I was not only jealous, but, highly provoked, that 'hey' were taking up my father's time – time that I earnestly believed was my time to be with my dad [since you worked so hard and so often at a 2<sup>nd</sup> job] and time together was not plentiful.

Advisor –

Dad I know you didn't coin the phrase, "if you can't *do your best*, don't bother" but you instilled it into me when I wasn't even looking or listening. It has served me well over the decades.

After my tour in the Army overseas, dad you suggested I seek employment with the new Bureau of PA Income Tax. It turned out to be one of the best 'suggestions' of my life. You had contacted our family friend, Bill Peters regarding to whom I could acquire an employment application ..... and the rest is history.

I had a fine career with great benefits and now a pension From the Office of e-

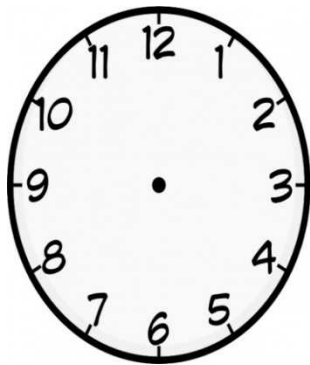


Commerce:

Scholar –

Dad you were the first Sunday School *teacher* to interject daily life into the message without hitting your students, old or young, over their heads.

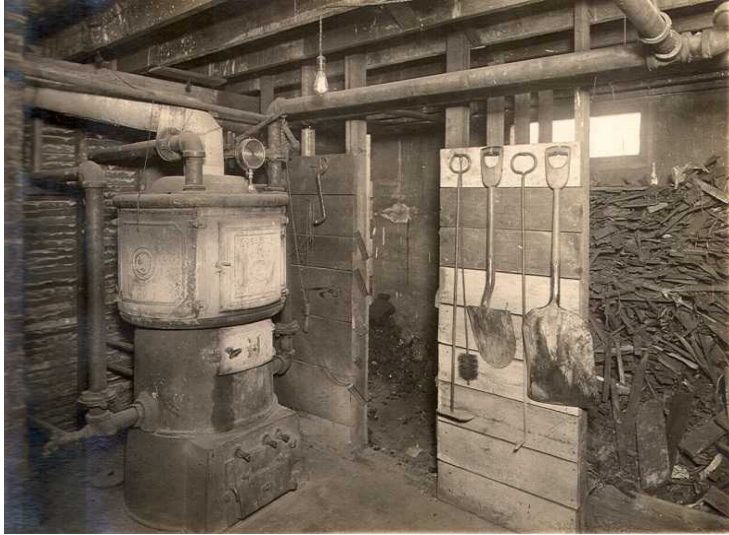
Because of supporting your family before WWII, you never finished school at uptown William Penn High School, and many years later, you secretly worked for your GED and earned it before telling us! God bless you for your efforts and achievements.



Dad you *taught me* to tell time! You selected a box about the size of 2 shoe boxes stacked together. You made the face of a clock on the end of the box. You explained to me about *time* and *telling time* and the amount of *passing time*. You took, I recall, 2 tooth picks to use as the clock

Hands and affixed them to the face of the hand-drawn clock and pre-set the time to *for example*, 2:00 pm. Then we worked around the house for a long period of time and stopped to learn if it was really 2pm. Dad you nailed it; and I learned to tell time and to this day, I still do not know how you knew it was 2 pm and to check the home-made clock with tooth pick hands!

## Warm House –



Debbie and I grew up with *coal-burning* whole-house furnace. I was always proud that you, dad, trusted me to not only build a fire in the furnace out of paper and wood and then add coal, but to keep it fed and burning all day, and then at bed time, *bank* the fire by cranking down the ashes, covering the fire with coal to burn slowly all nite and set the door to partially open to

simmer thru-out the nite. You cashed in your Christmas Club savings every year to buy coal while the pre-autumn costs were low. Never knew how you managed Christmas without the club funds you had saved till you needed to spend 'em on coal!

## Enjoying Life –

I recall many summers living at 200 North Houcks Road and we flew kites, often as far away as K-Mart. The proper length of the kite tail provided the lift and balance to keep the kite soaring! You would take a ball of string and wind it left to right onto a stick – which enhanced letting the string 'out' as the air lifted and carried the kite further and further away from the house! The kite would fly for hours til the sun would begin to set and then began the task of *winding* the kite 'in'. Marvelous fun holding and controlling the end of the string on the stick! Of course it took more effort to reel the kite in till the next flight.

## Cooking -

Mom returned to the world of employment when I was about 12 and I began to do nearly all of the family grocery shopping. I think I knew the Acme store better than some of the clerks. I digress! Since mom was working every Saturday, it was our task to make dinner for mom and then rush her back to work to finish her Saturday shift. Once we were mixing up ground beef to



make a meat loaf and we were adding ingredients to the mix and a fly buzzed by and you said, "If he gets any closer, he's going in too".

At boy scouts on the trail or in camp, we learned to make a hearty meal over hot coals. Later, dad, you named the package "hobo" meal – for it was easy to make on the move: build a fire in a trench, let it burn down to just hot coals. Use tinfoil to package the mix of ½ pound of hamburger, sliced potatoes and carrots and perhaps onions and seasoning, and bake for an hour in the hot coals and enjoy. We made the hobo meals at home in the fireplace or kitchen oven. Same meal without the out of doors activity and hot coals.

Author –

Dad you began writing *poems and stories* for your family and acquaintances! You wrote poems about family, religion, hairstylists, friends, and traveling, including your trip to California, with the love of your life, - *the girl 3 doors down*. You submitted writings and stories to local newspaper and the Pennsylvania Farm Show authority. You have been published in the *Evening News*, *Patriot News* and other outlets.

It was my honor to edit and print most of your poems and stories, especially your work on your memories of serving the *US Army* during the Great War and your story about *Growing Up in Harrisburg*.

Your art work too is amazing, like the image of the western end of the Rockville Bridge at Marysville or the Star Barn near Highspire! Some of your works have been featured in the monthly *Hartranft Herald*, newsletter of the General John F Hartranft, Camp 15 of the capital city of Harrisburg, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, of which you are a lineage member thru your civil war ancestors, David and Levi Demmy of Company C, 127<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment of Dauphin County, organized at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, August 1862 to Spring of 1863.

Continued

Dancing –



Dad I know you recall black and white TV days of "Call for Philip Morris", the bellhop TV Commercial, and "Sound off for Chesterfield" ---we'd dance up a storm!

Left, is the kitchen of your first house on Marblehead Street, Colonial Park! You and mom were the very first of all of your brothers and sisters and in-laws and out-laws, to purchase a home outside of the city of Harrisburg.

Next photo is of the Demmy Clan about 1913.

The Demmy Clan about 1913



David Demmy, II Family

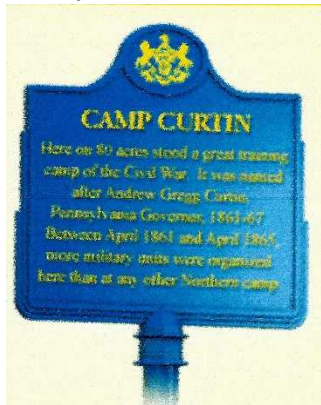
Herman Wagner, Grant Wagner, Frank & Gertie Bragunier, Pearl & Bill Putt, Sallie Koons Demmy, Esther G. Demmy  
George & Kate Reidell, [*daughter Clara Wagner, Lydia A. and David Demmy, son William F. Demmy*], William G. Demmy, Sr  
George Reidell, Jr., Dallas Bragunier, John and Dorothy Putt, and, teenagers, Clara Demmy & Esther Demmy  
Circa 1913 – original tint

David Demmy, above, is the family Civil War veteran of the Dauphin County 127<sup>th</sup> Regiment Penna Vol Infantry!

Continued

Memberships –

Over the years dad you belonged to or are a member of:  
Camp Curtin Historical Society:



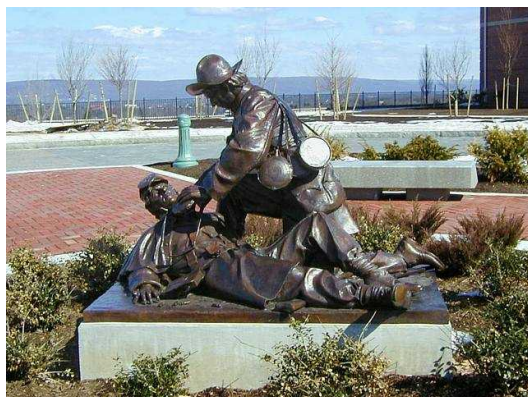
**Marker Text**

Here on 80 acres stood a great training camp of the Civil War. It was named after Andrew Gregg Curtin, Pennsylvania Governor, 1861-67. Between April 1861 and April 1865, more military units were organized here than at any other Northern camp.

10<sup>th</sup> Armored Division Veterans Association:



General John F Hartranft, Camp 15, of Capital City of Harrisburg, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, since 1882:



Central Pennsylvania World War II Round Table:



Media features – dad you have been featured in the following media

Eggs go quickly at hunt *Patriot News* 1987

Caption Contest *Patriot News* 1988

Lift Old Glory to your place *The Patriot News* 1989

I remember Growing up in Harrisburg 1999

Tough Times during WWII *The Patriot News* 2001

1943 Thanksgiving Dinner Rationing *The Patriot News* 2001

What makes a hero 2002?

Tribute to our many Comrades in Arms 2003

Railroad Query *Parade Magazine* 2005

Wildwood Lake anecdotes 2006

A Soldier Comes Home! *The Patriot News* 2011

King of Ice Cream – I thought, as a child, it was marvelous that you could mash your ice cream and then whip it so you could turn your dish upside down without dripping any ice cream!



Visiting with WWII Reenactors -

Battle of the Bulge reenactment 2012 at GAP!



101<sup>st</sup> Red and 10<sup>th</sup> Armored Floyd

Army heritage days at Carlisle with reenactors



Indiantown Gap Days



Houcks Road house about 1975





## Army service



Your halftrack squad! 1945

## Floods



Farm show building during flood of 1936

Farm show 2015



2015 annual family traditional visit to farm show - Heidi, Debbie, Floyd and Dave

Dad, you have been published in the following newspapers/magazines:

1978 Consider the Mule - *The Gem*, January 1978

1989 The Flag – *The Patriotic News*

2002 Demmy Family of Uptown Harrisburg

2003 *The Jacobs*– Compilation of Family Remembrances

2009 *America in WWII – his story*

2010 *Daily Item* at Sunbury

2010 *Friends of Wildwood Lake Center* – “Anecdotes from pre-World War II,  
by Floyd J. Demmy, a life-long resident of Harrisburg”

2011 *PA Farm Show* newsletter – Poem about the Farm Show

2011 *Patriot-News*– A soldier comes home!

2013 *Lebanon Daily News* – news on reenactment at Gap

2014 *Lebanon Daily News* – news on reenactment at Gap

2014 February issue of *Hartranft Herald* monthly newsletter

2014 December issue of *Hartranft Herald* monthly newsletter

2014 Specialty Tours News

2015 *50 Plus Senior News* on veterans

2015 *B Magazine* about veterans

2015 *Community News at Kinder Place* – *his story*

2015 Honored as veteran of the day on ABC27 news

2015 *Hershey Reflections Magazine*

2015 June-August-December issues of *Hartranft Herald*

2016 January issue of *Hartranft Herald* monthly newsletter

2016 August issue of *Hartranft Herald* monthly newsletter

My Hero Indeed!



2014 Central Pennsylvania World War II Round Table at Hummelstown

Your writings and the love of your life, my mother

***I COULDN'T SEE FOR LOOKING - September 27, 1989***

***I traveled in the South  
The East, but not the West,  
I looked for that one girl  
And she had to be the best.***

***I even sailed upon the water  
The biggest ship back then,  
I had to stop my quest you see  
Till World War Two would end.***

***Then back home I came  
From far across the sea,  
Our country now the victor  
But I would not be free.***

***Then standing on my porch one day  
And what to my surprise,  
There stood the girl I dreamed about  
Yes, the one I idolized.***

***You see I searched the country  
Yes and even roamed the town,  
Would you believe the girl I sought  
She lived just three doors down.***

~~~ Love David



Patti Houck shares the following story about Floyd:

I ran in Kindred Place to do my aunt stuff, they were having lunch and so I talked with Floyd. I was wearing my "M nchen" [Germany] shirt, ironically there was a German caregiver on the porch who was thrilled to see my shirt and said her brother lives there. Anyhow, I showed Floyd my shirt and asked him to tell you both that I was wearing it. His reply, "I'm glad, I'd hate to see you without it!"



Patti, Charlie and Heidi

Simply and sincerely... I (we) hope you, those you work with and your families have a "meaningful and enjoyable" Memorial Day weekend! We have SO many blessings as Americans ... and should never forget the sacrifices of the Service Men & Women, and their families, who have and do serve our nation ... many with the ultimate sacrifice of giving their life, and those with huge disabilities caused by war.

Be safe ... ENJOY ... and keep a SMILE!

Gary L. Houck <http://www.houcks.com/>

Randy Ent

Thank you so much for thinking about me for Floyd's party. I am sorry I will not be able to attend. I do have a story to tell and will send it to David. Here it is just for you, Floyd!

Somewhere in Europe, Floyd and I, are standing near some kind of lawn shrub that gave off a distinctive odor of cat urine.

I asked Floyd, "What the hell kind of shrub is that? It smells like cat piss!"

He calmly replied, "its boxwood". To this day, I do not know if he was referring it to a cat litter box or if there is such a shrub.

You just never know about Floyd. [with his humor]

I sure would like to know if he was pulling my leg.

I hope he still has and enjoys the M1 Garand pin I gave him.

Happy 90th Birthday Floyd

Thank You, Randy W. Ent

editor's note: here is one variety of boxwood; and, the varieties do give off, ahh rotten odor:



Pam

I absolutely love listening to Uncle Floyd telling a story. He could be talking about anything at all. He has a gift of making you want to listen to every single word he has to say. At some point in every story or conversation you will hear his infamous laughter. To this day... I catch myself laughing like Uncle Floyd... when I realize that I am doing it... I always think of him... I smile... and imitate his laugh again!

...but my heart
and my thoughts
are with you
and your loved ones.
Your dad will always have
a special place in my four
hearts. He will be greatly
missed as he was loved
so much by so many!!
Much Love + Sympathy
Howard + Pam
Dustin + Ayden

Chuck and Jean

Dear Debbie & Family
Micki
May His promise
of eternal life
be a comfort to you
in the loss of one
so dear.

Your Daddy was a sweet
man to talk to and without
a word you knew he was
a man who loved the Lord.
Jesus knows how much you
will miss him. That is why
He sent us the Comforter.

Please know we care and
hold you in our prayers and
heart.

"HUGS"

In His Love
Chuck & Jean

Mark and Cathy

Debbie

So sorry to hear about
the loss of your father.
I know he was very
special to you. Now
your mother and father
are together again in
heaven. Remember the
memories and love still
goes on.

God's love is with you
in the thoughts, the prayers,
and the hearts of those who care
and share in your sorrow.

Praying for You

Mark + Cathy Malone

*The God of love and peace shall be with you.
II CORINTHIANS 13:11 KJV*

Dad from Heidi

You have always been there for me.
You've always been a positive influence in my life.



You taught me many things.

Here are a few lessons I learned from you...

You taught me to find someone special and spend your lives together.



And how to wear a hat



You taught me how to fish and garden



And how to wear a hat



You taught me to have fun no matter where



you are!



And no matter who is watching





And how to wear a hat

You taught me how to carry on traditions

Annual visit to the PA Farm Show



Debbie, Dave, Floyd, David, Heidi, Jon, Melissa and Aubree, Marilyn and Jennie



Family Reunions



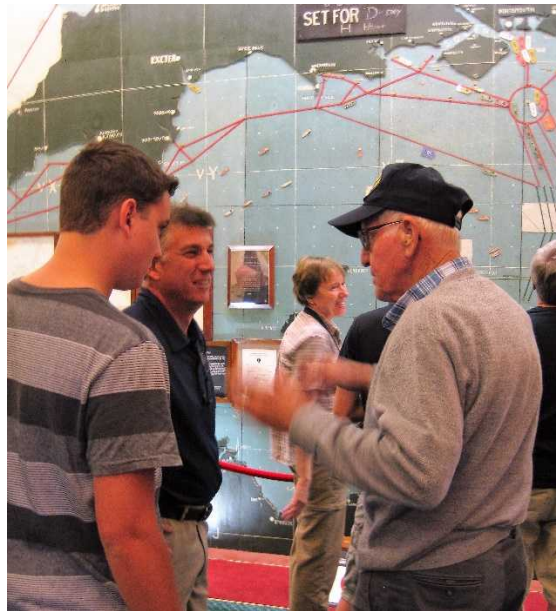


And how to wear a hat

You taught me to remember the past and share it with the future



Speaking at WWII Roundtable, you received a standing ovation! And being interviewed at the PA Farm Show with Uncle Don Jacobs.



Sharing stories with fellow travelers and Dutch scouts

And how to wear a hat

You taught me the importance of serving the Lord and our Country



The King's Klowns Ministry



Vacation Bible School



Corporal in WWII

And how to wear a hat

You taught me to be gracious and humble while signing autographs



Again...



and again



...and again

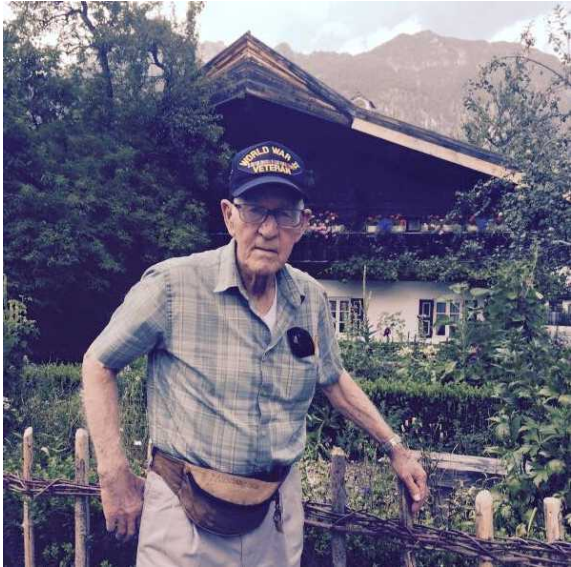


And how to wear a hat

You taught me it's never too late to travel...or to go back



British Airways



Garmisch-Partenkirchen



Crossing the English Channel

And how to wear a hat

You taught me how to pose





And how to wear a hat

You taught me to appreciate nature, art and the joy of finding 'treasures'



with your little buddy Rémy!



And how to wear a hat

You taught me many, many things...

Always do my best Show respect to others Earn respect from others

The importance of family and friends Make someone smile

Work hard Live within your means Be kind

Tell a joke – or make one up Say 'Thank you'

Hugs and kisses are the best Be a 'class act' Whistle & Sing

Remember to say 'I love you'

And how to wear a hat



Thanks for everything. I love you dad!

Heidi

From Joe and Mary Jacobs [on the road]

Joe shared memories of when he was still in school. He thought of all the talents Floyd had (and still has) of being capable of whittling. He made a pipe, wooden chains, and a train whistle. I (Mary) remember (and still have) a cake of Ivory soap that he carved praying hands for my mother, Sarah Rhone.

He was THE one to go to for fresh vegetables from his garden every year. I remember him doing up pickled water-melon rind. It was the first I ever saw that and found how delicious it was. He had so much talent that I can remember that I remember, I'm sure that I've probably missed some things.

We also remember how well he could tell stories. And, as we all can still see today, the poems and stories he submitted to the Jacobs Family Cookbook. He and Gret had started a Bible Study in their home for whoever wanted to attend shortly after Joe got *saved* and we really looked forward to those times we went to their home and learned a lot more about the Lord and the Scriptures that, after 17 years of marriage, Joe soared right past me and my finite mind had absorb over my childhood years. He was a good expositor all these years.

We both remember that when Wayne was about 2 or 3 years old, I had to have my tonsils removed. Gret and Floyd had so graciously cared for Wayne through those weeks of my recuperation. I think they were so much enjoying him that they would have adopted him and kept him forever. They really had so much love for their own children and those in both of their extended families that they became very much beloved by all of us.

Floyd, God has a very special place for you and Gret in His Home in Beulah Land. (Heaven).

Blessings, Mary and Joe



My PopPop, I salute you:



Circa 2014

Love Aubree



Pat and Joe - Neighbors

Dear Floyd,

Here's to more journeys,
more songs to be sung,
more ways to be blessed
when you're ninety years young!

*Happy Birthday,
May you have many, many
more happy birthdays!
I am sorry we won't be there
but know you are always in
our thoughts and prayers.
Happy Birthday!
Pat and Joe Klepica*

From Craig Smith, Glenmont New York

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
FLOYD !

-- and Congratulations,
too, from General Patton
who didn't make it
to anywhere near 90.

Wish I could be
with all of you to
share a piece of your
birthday cake -- but
you'll have to attack
mine -- and George's
too!

What a treat it was
to tour the European
battlefields with you
last summer. Very
rarely do tours offer
such memorable
experiences --

with warmest
regards,

Craig Smith

Thanks for the Love, Dad By Debbie Demmy Livingston

How do you put a lifetime of memories and love down on paper? The thoughts that run through my mind feel like a movie trailer, but here goes...

My earliest recollections of my awesome Dad:

I loved it that Dad would let me sit on his lap and dunk cookies in his coffee, even though I don't like coffee to this day. One of my special times was having Dad read my story Bible book to me! I'm sure he was tired of reading the same story over and over again, 'The Creation,' but I loved it. Raking leaves, working in the garden, Dad coming to rescue my friends and I when the dreaded monster, Walser, came barking after us, building igloos and going sledding, and picking up apples... Dad loved to get down on the floor and let us jump on top of him, ride horsey, etc. I absolutely loved the play store you created for me one Christmas. I got the cash register Christmas morning, but when I went down to the basement to throw the wrapping paper in the furnace and saw my "Debbie's Grocery Store," WOW! What a surprise! It was the best! Of course, I had to bug everyone to come and shop in my store.

I loved Saturday mornings when I would go with you in your big yellow truck so you could check the pump stations! I'm sure it was a big drag to you that you had to work on the weekend, but to me, it was my 'daddy time' and I loved the precious time together with you.

Dad, you gave me my love for poetry, taught me about nature, the names of trees by the leaves, many different plants and flowers. Stories were the best, real and made up. You are a wealth of knowledge from stories about shepherds and sheep to the railroad. You instilled in me my thirst for our family history and love hearing stories of old, like the scary tales that Cousin Johnny would tell and stories when you were a boy!

So proud of your service to our country and the legacy you have left for others.

In September, 1975, just two weeks before my wedding, you were taking me to the doctor's office for my blood tests to be married. As I got out of the car and turned to head to the doctor's office, I heard a BANG, then I heard you yell, "Oh my hand!" It still echoes in my head! As I turned toward you, saw you holding your right hand and hobbling around in the street, I wasn't really sure what happened. As the realization of what really happened unfolded, we found that you, your body, was hit by a hit and run driver whom I never even saw! You ended up having stitches in your butt cheek, your right hand, and injury to your knee. I almost lost you that night, in fact, the police officer told you that should have been

a chalk mark on the street! You were still limping the day of my wedding, but you were still able to walk me down the aisle to give me away to be married to my husband, Larry!
Thanks, Dad!

Green Thumb from Debbie



What a green thumb!



Sara Jayne, our miracle baby, 1983

You were always there for me and for us when we needed you, Dad, through the ups and downs of what life has in store. You were there when we learned that we were going to have a baby, our miracle baby, Sara Jayne, then 19 months later we were blessed with Carrie Diane. What joy! Our family was growing and we had you and Mom to share the joy with us. We always knew we could count on you for support as the girls were growing up, whether they needed picked up after school, watch them playing in a ball game, or just to send them to Pop-pop's and Baba's to 'camp out!' Time flies and the girls grew up. They both went to college, pursued their individual careers in the field of their studies, and they, too, fell in love and were married! Sara met Jordy and was married in June, 2012, and Carrie met Josh and was married 3 ½ months later in October, 2012. And now the next generation...and you've had the pleasure of joining in on our joy in welcoming little Brooklyn Madison into our lives! The miracle of life and your legacy continues!



Most of all, you were the spiritual leader of our family. You taught me about our Lord and Savior and the importance of coming together to worship as well as service to our Lord. King's Klowns was a very special way that we shared our love for the Lord with others through a very special ministry.

Continued

Dad's little Debbie



Debbie, 2 years old



My Wedding Day, October 4, 1975

Love Debbie



From **Nathan** Kline - fellow veteran on July 2015 tour!

Unfortunately I am unable to attend the party but I extend my greetings for your 90th birthday! Coincidentally, my 92nd birthday is on August 9th - so be careful how you speak to your elders!

Nathan Kline



From **Jeff** Smith

Floyd was a very special man. I will really miss him. It was a honor to know him, and if I had gained nothing else from joining Camp 15, other than knowing Floyd and calling him my friend, those two things alone would have made it all worthwhile.

I know my sadness cannot compare with that of you, but I now the less feel a substantial loss with the passing of him. Neither I nor my family will forget him; your family is in our thoughts and prayers. God Bless Floyd, and may our father in heaven give him eternal happiness.

I know he will be missed by many. No more real world quizzes for those re-enactors.

Jeffery Smith, Commander, Hartranft Camp 15, Harrisburg, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War



From **Jim** Sheaffer, cousin, formerly of Colonial Park

So sad to hear about Floyd. I am in Machu Picchu, [Peru] so will be out of the country for the services.

My Mom [Jeanette] always appreciated his friendly demeanor. He went out of his way to talk with her whenever he saw her after my Dad died.

My condolences.

Jim jwsheaf@aol.com



Dear David:

I was so very very sorry to read this. Please accept my deepest sympathies. May you find strength in God and comfort in your memories.
Love,

Lisa Demmy of Penbrook....



Meeting your dad was actually one of the highlights of the trip — not just because he is a WW II vet but because he is a tremendously witty and nice person. I do think it is time for him to start up his next career!

.... best to all of you! George & Claudia Walne < othermail@comcast.net>



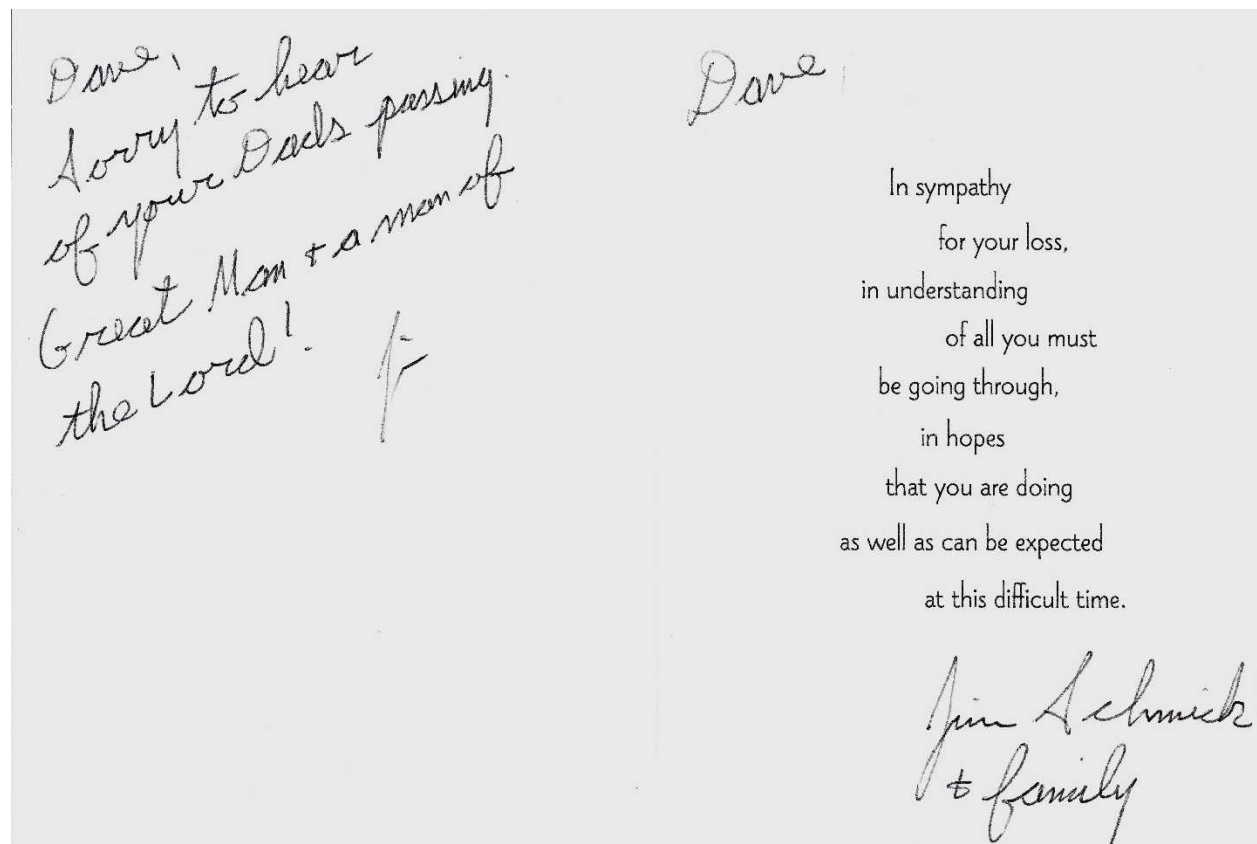
From cousin Avraham

Sorry for your loss. I have only fond memories of your father. What a guy!!

Regards to the other cousins....

Avraham Rottman, M.D., Israel

A man of our Lord!



Jim Schmick, Founder of Camp Curtin Historical Society 1990!

From **Carrie**

I once dreamed of the best Pop-pop.

He would have a giant garden. He would teach me about tying hair up in old nylons to scare away the critters. He would show me how to mix leaves into the dirt and make compost. He would show me how to can foods from your garden so you can enjoy them year round. He would teach us about old time recipes, like hishy hash.

He would have a big comfy bed for my sister and I to use during sleep overs. It would have an egg crate foam mattress cover that always made me giggle. He would make up fantastical bedtime stories on the spot. I would love sleeping over so much that every time they came to visit, I'd run up and pack a bag, just in case they'd want me to go with them. He'd keep glow in the dark tooth brushes at their house for us, just in case we forgot ours. He would find creative ways to keep us occupied. The water pump in his front yard would eventually spring water. An old tube TV just took a little while to warm up before you can watch it, even outside, not plugged in. We'd be sure to come to his house with our imaginations. He would have a small weather radio that we loved to listen to. He would tie a big rope in the front trees so we could swing and swing. He'd show me how to yo-yo and expertly fly a kite. He would always whistle and I would spend hours trying to learn so I could whistle like him.



He would work with his hands and make us fun wooden toys, like the man that flips on the ladder. He would show me how to whittle using ivory soap. That will always be one of my favorite smells. His workshop would always smell like fresh wood. That would always be

another one of my favorite smells. He would be an expert painter. He would draw beautiful pictures and write amazing stories about ‘years back’.



Four generations

He would be a funny clown spreading the word of God to young children. He would enjoy talking to lots of people and always had interesting knowledge of things no one else would know. He would enjoy going shopping at Fox’s market. It would take him 20 minutes just to pick up a gallon of milk, because he would walk around the store looking at all the interesting things on the walls, like carousel horses, and tell people about how they are made. He would always have a smile on his face and a song on his lips. He would teach me about hard work and plants of all kinds.

But I don’t have to dream, because I already have the best Pop-pop. Happy 90th Birthday to the best Pop-pop. Thank you for always being the perfect role model and teaching me about the simple things in life.

– Love Carrie

From Laura of the Central Pennsylvania WWII Round Table at Hummelstown

He was a gem....I'll miss his wit...his grin... and easy banter with other WWII Vets.

Such a delight to have him on our WWII tour last year... if he & Jake hadn't asked, we'd never have discovered the decaying field of Dragon's Teeth within an easy drive from Bastogne.

Ducking behind them, blowing them up, and mowing them down, was apparently a vivid memory for both of them....

It was he who blessed us in so many ways... prayers for your sadness to be comforted. He lived an abundant life.



Jake and Floyd on WWII veterans Tour 2015

Continued

Floyd Demmy, a regular attendee, died last Friday. A big thank you to his son David who faithfully brought Floyd, sharing his dad's interest in WWII, and our sincerest sympathy to the Demmy family.

Floyd recounted his WWII service at the April, 2014 meeting, telling about zig zagging across the Atlantic in the Aquatania, then crossing the English Channel after D-Day, to join up as a replacement in the Tenth Armored Division. He knew the cold winter of the "Bulge," the fear of crouching beside a tank as his platoon crawled through a village, wary of snipers in church steeples, and he was among the first to hear the account of Patton's crossing the Rhine. Godspeed, Floyd, and thank you.

You helped make his trip a great journey...

[View this email in your browser](#)



I'm very sad to have to share that Floyd Demmy died last Friday. Keep his family in your prayers.

Floyd's WWII service began as a "seaman,
" zig zagging across the Atlantic in the

Aquatania, then crossing the English Channel after D-Day, to join up as a replacement in the Tenth Armored Division. He knew the cold winter of the "Bulge," the fear of crouching beside a tank as his platoon crawled through a village, wary of snipers in church steeples, and he was among the first to hear the account of Patton's crossing the Rhine. Godspeed, Floyd, and thank you.

"Dylan, How come you outrank me? Guess I should call you SIR."

Dylan, our youngest attendee, and Floyd, April 2014



[Full Obituary of Floyd Demmy](#)

Cards and Condolences:
Paul and Heidi Stanalonis 5537 General Knipe
Circle Mechanicsburg, PA 17050

Weds, May 25 - Visitation: 6-8 PM - Kimmel Funeral Home 2001 Market Street Harrisburg

**Thurs, May 26 - Visitation: 10:30 - 11:30 AM -
First Assembly of God 4100 N Progress Ave Harrisburg
Funeral: Noon - First Assembly of God**

Burial will be in Woodlawn cemetery.

Charlie and Laura had the joy of traveling with Floyd and Round Table's Jake Downey, and members of their families, in July, 2015, for their first return to Europe since their service in 1945. Floyd and Jake asked about the Dragon's Teeth...cylindrical concrete barriers built in rows along a 300 mile swath on the German border with Belgium, Luxembourg and France. During WWII, infantrymen hid behind, blew up and lumbered over the 3 foot high pillars of concrete. We found a field of decaying Dragon's Teeth in southwest Germany....a few photos below this one tell more about Floyd's return to Western Europe.



from Laura Passuello ljpassuello@gmail.com
Central Pennsylvania WWII Round Table

From Gary

... PLEASE know your Dad was blessing to our lives (Patti, Jake & me) ... he touched our lives in such positive ways!!! I will cherish the wonderful memories ... his wit; will forever be a part of my life.

As I told Heidi, I'm glad he didn't suffer any more ... and *good memories really do last forever!* Cherish them ... ENJOY them and you'll have many smiles!

David, Hope you'll continue to attend WWII [meetings] when you can ... as I'm sure your Dad's presence will always be there! He was truly one of the best speakers they ever had!!!

Gary Houck ghouck@houcks.com



From Charlie Lloyd – childhood friend of Charlie Demmy

I clearly remember interviewing Floyd Demmy to be a speaker, at the *Wick*, over lunch.

When we finished, I told him I felt as if I had just spent an hour with *Lou Holtz*, I said you not only sound like him, you resemble him as well.

He will be part of us always, due in large part as Laura has incorporated Floyd into our image with the iconic photo of Floyd, asking Dylan "How he outranked him."

I am also so very pleased I had the opportunity to spend time with Floyd on our [July 2015] tour of Europe last summer. I've been so very blessed by knowing him and all of our veterans. God bless, God speed our buddy, Floyd...

On behalf of the Central Pennsylvania WW II Roundtable, may we offer our sincere condolences to you and the family on Floyd's passing.

Truth be told, the sorrow felt, is overwhelmed by having the honor of meeting and knowing how special he was, a humble and courageous man who taught us all through his humility and honesty. We've all been so blessed by knowing Floyd.

I enclose that iconic photo, which captured Floyd's unique ability to make us, and Dylan, smile.

Continued



God bless, God speed our dear friend Floyd...
David, please extend our sympathies to his loving family,
The Central Pennsylvania WW II Roundtable
Board of Directors
Charlie, Central Pennsylvania WWII Round Table
<http://centralpaww2roundtable.org/index.html>

From Duke Hall of Camp 15 SUVCW

I am saddened and sorry for your loss, and I just wanted to let you know that your father, you, and your family will be in my prayers.

"I know my dad enjoyed his brief correspondence with you last year and you sent him subdued insignia etc., and he wondered why it was black and I explained to him that his 1945 colorful patches were not meant for today's action soldier. In fact in 1969, I was the first of my unit to go subdued and a buck SGT whipped a salute on me which I ignored, he thought my black SP5 rank looked like 1LT....
David"

Haha, that's great! I think I will share your story with my recruits tomorrow when I take them for a run. It was my pleasure and honor to send those gifts to your father, and I hope that they are now in your possession, or that they are well cared for by whoever may have them. Men like your father kept our nation safe during a very rough period in our history, and I am very grateful for all that y'all did!

God Bless,
Duke

SSG US Army, Georgia



From Tony Kline, Sunbury, Member of Camp 15

Brother David:

The Kline's want to offer our sincere condolences for the loss of your father. We will surely miss Floyd's tales and comments regarding WWII. May he now rest in a well-deserved peace!

Sincerely,
Dot, Greg and Tony Kline



My Father-n-Law
by Marilyn Smith Demmy

Dad, you were never a 'father-n-law' to me, you were a 'Dad'. A kind, righteous, humble man with a deep love for the Lord and your family, describes you best!

You always made me feel like a daughter and treated me as such; even though you often kidded that I was *your favorite daughter-n-law*---- and I would reply, "I am your *only*daughter-n-law!"

You were never at a loss for words, but a voice of many. Words that had meaning, healed hurts, comforting, understanding wisdom and guidance! A friendly, kind man who talked to everyone anywhere even if you did not know them, and at first, there were plenty of strangers that didn't know you – Some became long-time friends. A man of many talents, especially in your poems, stories, soap carving and woodwork! I will always treasure the beautiful cradle our children slept in and my beautiful 'dry sink' that adorns our foyer.

Dad you instilled in your son David, your strong faith, and your deep caring for family which is why I love David so much.

A particular song by Paul Peterson, sums it all up. A song that reflects it all thru your son David:

My Dad – song by Paul Peterson 1962

He isn't much in the eyes of the world,
he'll never make history.

He isn't much in the eyes of the world,
but he is the world to me.

My Dad

Now here is a the man, to me
he is everything strong, no he can't do wrong,

My Dad

Now he understands when I bring him troubles
to share, ah he's always, there my dad!

When I was small, I felt ten feet tall,
when I was by his side;

and, everyone would say that's his son
and my heart would burst with pride.

My Dad

Oh I love him so,

And I hope someday my own sons will say,

My Dad. Now here is a man!

As the last few days unfolded Dad, your footprints were no longer visible. It was then, that I knew the Lord was carrying you to eternal life. Love you Dad and miss you already.

Marilyn - *your only daughter-in-law*



From John Deppen, Northampton, PA, past commander Camp 15 at Harrisburg

Brother David,

I am so very sorry for your loss. I was - and shall forever remain - honored to know your father.

*Blessings, comfort, and peace,
John Deppen*

Floyd, Goodbye, Farewell, and Amen - In the center of this photo is Brother Floyd Demmy of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War. Brother Floyd, a World War II veteran, reported to the Post Everlasting on Friday, May 20th.

Floyd's son, David Demmy, is the Executive Director of the Sons of Union Veterans and a Vietnam veteran. In this photo, taken a few years ago at the summer picnic of General John F. Hartranft Camp #15, are Brother Tony Kline, a US Coast Guard veteran, and Brother David Klinepeter, a US Navy veteran. It is an honor to know each and every one of these men.

Continued



Shared by John Deppen



From Lene Brightbill

Thanks for sharing the info on your Dad. He was one of the Greatest Generation. What a wealth of information he has shared with you and so many others.

Love that, part about questioning the WWII reenactors. When they are informed about an error from "one that has been there and done that" they never forget. They will become aware and will pass it on when they someone else makes an error.

I went to

the <http://www.kimmelfuneralhome.com/obits/obituary.php?id=674254> Just checked the obit at that link.

What a wonderful picture and tribute to your Dad. Loved that poem he wrote in 1989. It seems I may have seen that before. It was very Special! You have been a wonderful Son David. Feel certain you and Marilyn have raised your children to treat the two of you as you have done for your Parents.

Love

Lene Brightbill of Lower Paxton Twp. of the former *Brightbill Farm!*



Jennie's thoughts on PopPop

I remember: Singing *how much is that doggie in the window* with poppop and recording us singing it on the tape recorder. I also loved to get phone calls from Poppop just so we could sing *how much is that doggie in the window* even when we weren't together.



I remember sitting and watching Shirley Temple with grandma and poppop and poppop was always singing and whistling along to the music, well after the movies were over.

I loved to watch poppop whittle baskets out of walnuts and make different figurines out of ivory soap. I was so intrigued I made my parents buy me bars of

ivory soap so I could do what poppop did. He was so patient trying to teach me how to carve the soap.

I remember the little doll poppop made on the wooden ladder that when squeezed he would flip over the rope at the top.

I remember the bear poppop made that when you pulled the strings thru his hands he'd climb up the rope.

I'll never look at another flannel shirt without thinking of my pop pop and his many flannel shirts, or smell ivory soap and not think of him. My all-time favorite smell that reminds me of my poppop is a wood stove...Every winter when I smell a wood stove I think about poppop and his wood stove at the old house on Houcks Road.

I remember swinging on the rope swing in the front yard and watching him cut the grass on his riding motor.

My fondest and most favorite memory is when I got to sit down with my poppop and go through his photo albums of his trip to Europe, a few short months before he went home to be with the Lord and grandma.

Your "goofy grape" Love Jennie



From Bonnie

Your dad was such a "steady" in my life as a young girl. There always was such a feeling of "safe" when I spent time in your home as a child. Whether playing Barbie's, the hockey game or listening to 45's singing n dancing in the lil room off the kitchen, I loved being in your home, that feeling was a product of your parents.

My most cherished memories of learning of the Lord will always be in the basement of Green St Church of God where your dad taught us Sunday school. It was your family that took me to First Assembly on Linglestown road as a teen, where I gave my heart to Christ...so know that the seed your dad planted into a freckle faced kid in the neighborhood has been serving the Lord into her 50's and ministering to children for 25 years....(His word will not return void.) But, your dad's sweet joyous whistle he had as he drove the car or just worked around the house, I will never forget...always whistling!

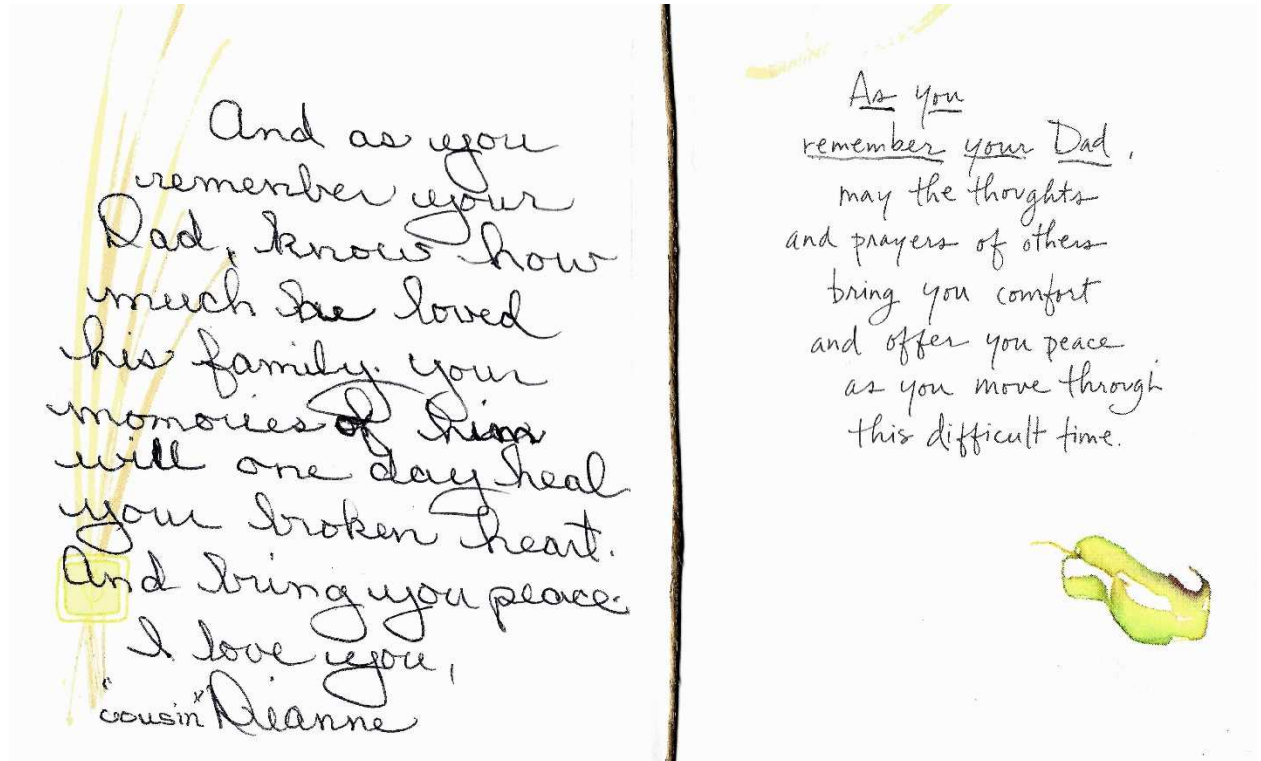
My love to you and your family during this time. Your family has a rich heritage in the Lord to be so proud of and blessed you were Heidi to have had the parents and spiritually solid and stable home life they provided you.

Take care and hello to Paul
Much love~

Bonnie n Randy



From Dianne and Fred Souder



From Floyd's twin sister's daughter Dianne



Steve Blackburn

...and may you know
His love
in the hope that is
sure to come.

Thinking of You
with Sympathy

Our thoughts and prayers
are with you. Your Dad
was deeply loved and
respected

Steve, Olga and family

**Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War
Office of the Camp Commander Jeffery J. Smith
Gen. John F. Hartranft Camp 15 at Harrisburg**

www.suvcwHarrisburgPA.org

CAMP ORDER #2

SERIES 2016-2017

1 June 2016

1. It is with a saddened heart and deep regret that I report the passing of our Brother Floyd J. Demmy of Camp 15!
2. Brother Floyd is survived by our three brothers of Camp 15, David W. Demmy Sr., David Demmy Jr, and Jonathan Demmy. Also surviving are daughters Deborah Livingston and Heidi Stanalonis, three additional grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.
3. As many of you know well, Brother Floyd was a World War II Army combat veteran, serving in the European theater. Specifically he served on a half-track squad of Company B, of the 54th Armored Infantry Battalion, 10th Armored Tiger Division. He was the recipient of the Bronze Star, the Europe-Africa-Middle East Medal, with two bronze stars, WWII Victory Medal and the Combat Infantry Badge. On many occasions Brother Floyd favored us with stories pertaining to his experiences in World War II.
4. In addition to being a combat veteran and fellow brother of Camp 15, Floyd had many other interests as well. He was an avid gardener, a member of the Harrisburg First Assembly of God, a writer of exquisite poetry and memorable to many of us, a master story teller. Brother Floyd was also a concerned keeper of his fellow man, both in the kind and thoughtful words he expressed, and generous deeds.
5. As Commander, I am requesting that all membership badges and camp newsletter be draped in black from August 1, 2016 until September 30, 2016 in remembrance of Brother Floyd J. Demmy.
6. Interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery, Harrisburg on May 26, 2016.
7. Please join me in sharing our deep condolences to Brothers David Sr., David Jr., and Jonathan, on the loss of their father and grandfather.

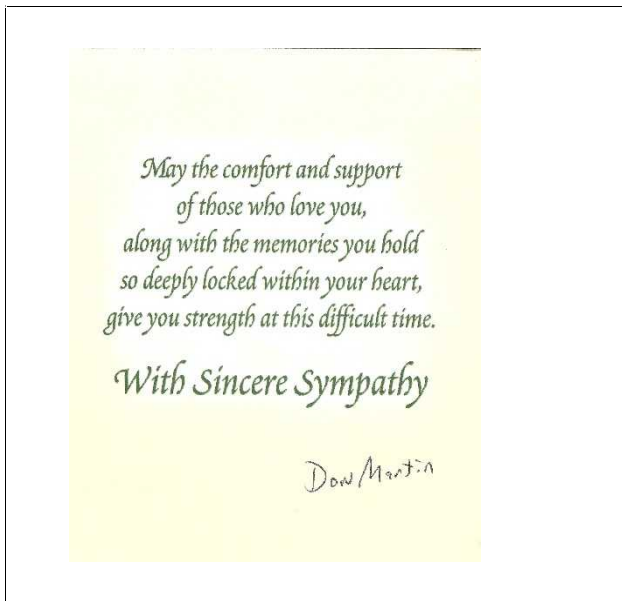
Ordered this 1st day of June 2016

Jeffery J. Smith, Camp Commander, Gen. John F. Hartranft Camp 15

Attest: Greg Kline, Camp Secretary, Gen. John F. Hartranft Camp 15



Don Martin and Don Shaw, officers of National SUVCW



David,
Please accept my condolences on
your loss. I hope the sense of
loss and pain pass quickly so
as to leave you only with
good memories. You, and
yours, will be in my prayers.

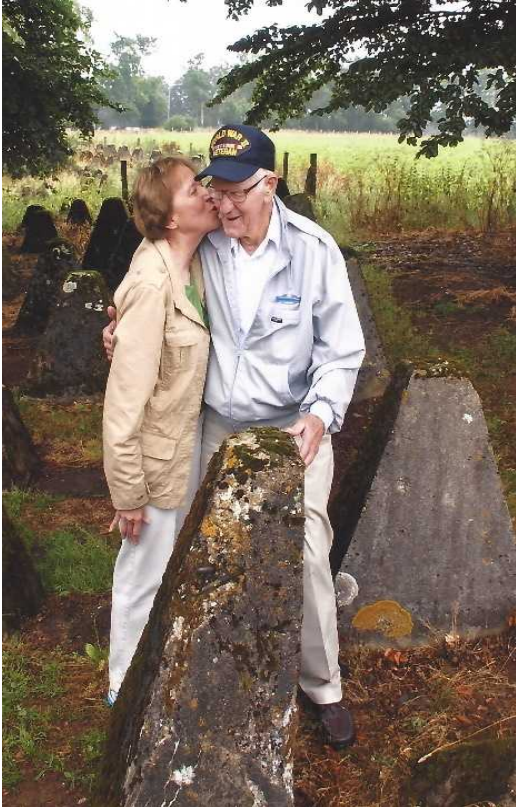
Don

Thinking of you
in your hour of sorrow
and extending
heartfelt sympathy.

Don Shaw



Linda Andrews, member of 2015 Tour



June, 4, 2016

MUHLENBERG
COLLEGE

LINDA ANDREWS

Dear Floyd,

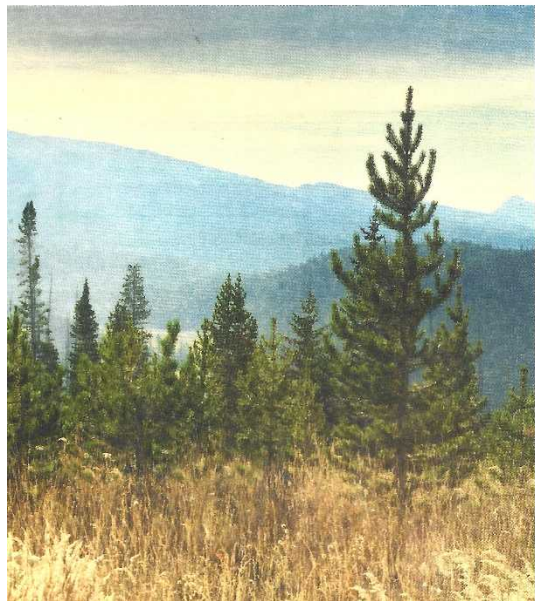
Happy Birthday to a very special person who became a very special friend on our WW II trip. Because of you and the other veterans, the trip will be a wonderful memory that I will cherish always. I thank you for your service to our country and for making our trip such a wonderful experience.

Love,
Linda

2400 CHEW STREET • ALLENTOWN, PA 18104-5586

From Karen Gentile

A living, lasting
TRIBUTE



The Arbor Day Foundation
has received a donation
in memory of
Floyd J. Demmy.

As a tribute, ten trees will be
planted and registered in
Chippewa National Forest.
This memorial was given by
Karen Gentile.

With thoughts of comfort and peace
during your time of sorrow,
the trees will be a living monument
to your loved one.



Terry and Kathy

Praying for His healing
to soften the sadness
during this time of sorrow.

Sorry to hear of your
Father's (in-law's) passing.
God Bless you,
Terry Lersch

Hope the memory of his love
will surround you now
and bring you peace.

Kathy W

My thoughts are
with you and your
family. Your father
was a very
important member of
your family - he will be
missed.

From Alex Bressler 2016

I first met Floyd at McDonald's. He would stop at the bread store next door and then come into McDonald's for coffee.



Floyd at Port Arms with M1 rifle at GAP

- photo by David Demmy 2012

When our small group of daily attendees saw his WWII hat, we asked him about his experiences in the war.

His story was fascinating and we convinced him to speak at the WWII Round Table [at Hummelstown] and when he presented his WWII story [April 2014] to the audience, he received a standing ovation. A life well lived my friend.

We will miss you. --- Alex, One of the gang at McDonald's.



Hospice:

Dear Heidi,

*We are sorry for the loss
of your father, Floyd.*

*Our staff will be in touch
with you but please do not
hesitate to contact us in the
meantime.*

*Having a loved one die
and saying goodbye to them
are two of the most difficult tasks
a person can do.*

*We acknowledge your loss and
the pain you must feel.*

*Sincerely,
The Journey Program Staff*

From Where I Sit

By William S. Jackson, Columnist with *Sun of Hummelstown*

June 2, 2016

As we just celebrated Memorial Day this week, I wanted to note the passing of Floyd Demmy of Lower Paxton Township. Floyd was a World War II member of the 10th Armored Division known as the “Tigers” and was *one of our regular WWII vets to attend our Central Pa. WWII Round Table* here in Hummelstown. We all signed a giant “get well” card to Floyd at our May 5 meeting and hope he got to see it before his death on May 20.

Godspeed, Floyd.

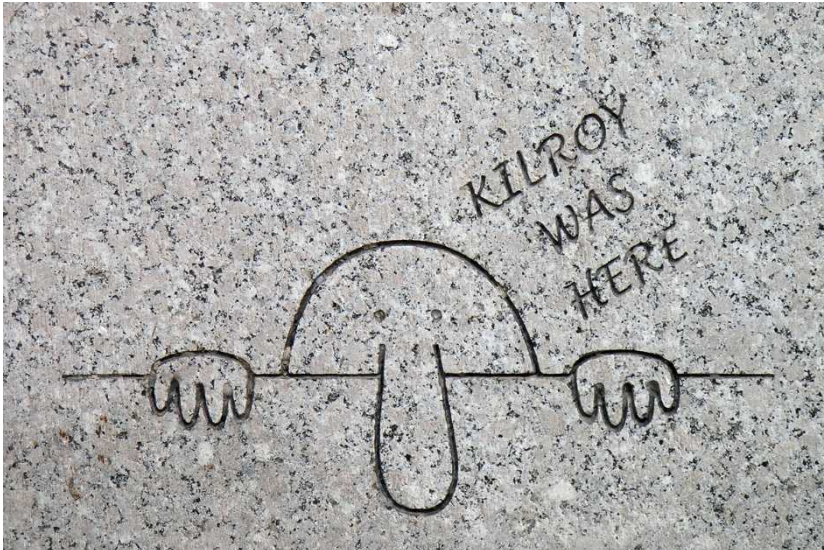
Bill Jackson, Founder, Central Pa. WWII Round Table; and, member of General John F Hartranft, Camp 15, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War at Harrisburg; and, former owner of the *Sun of Hummelstown*.

David J Klinepeter, friend and member of Camp 15



Dave Klinepeter and Floyd Demmy two WWII veterans!

Kilroy was here,



And, so was Floyd!

1926 – 2016

--- End ---

~~~~~ Appendix ~~~~~



July 20, 2015

Floyd Demy at Grosskampenberg, GERMANY  
When I gave Floyd the Combat Infantryman's  
Badge he's wearing in this photo, he got misty eyed.  
That badge means a lot to an infantryman who's  
been in combat! It's been an honor to spend  
time with Floyd visiting the battlefields in  
EUROPE! My Condolences!

Steve Mrozek  
5/23/2016

Kindred Place Tribute





Thinking of you  
and wishing you  
strength and comfort  
in the days ahead.

DEAR BROTHER DAVID,

ON BEHALF OF COMMANDER DOUGLAS McMILLAN  
AND ALL BROTHERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT  
I WRITE THIS NOTE TO YOU TO EXPRESS OUR  
SORROW AND CONDOLENCES AT THE PASSING OF  
YOUR DAD. YOUR FATHER WAS A FINE MAN, A  
GOOD BROTHER AND AN UPSTANDING CHRISTIAN AND  
IT WAS TRULY AN HONOR TO HAVE KNOWN HIM.  
MAY GOD BLESS YOU AND ALL YOUR FAMILY  
DURING THIS TIME OF LOSS AND MAY YOU TAKE COMFORT  
IN KNOWING THAT WE WILL ALL BE TOGETHER AGAIN  
SOMEDAY.

HOPE IN G.C. + L.  
Scott Teeters

Scott Teeters, Chaplain, Department Of Pennsylvania,  
Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.



## Jim Jacobs' Eulogy

Thursday May 26, 2016

Floyd was my brother-in-law but he was more than a brother-in-law, he was my brother in every sense of the word.

I was nine years old when Floyd and Gret were married. We were neighbors, so I knew the Demmy family as far back as I can remember. But when Floyd married my sister he became part of our family.

I learned a lot from Floyd. He taught me to think before speaking. To let my common sense kick in.

He was very generous. Sometimes on hot summer days he would take us swimming out at the Gap or he would take us for a ride through the country back roads. He could drive and never miss a the sights along the way.

When Floyd and Gret were first married they lived with our sister Ruth who lived up the street until David was born. Then they bought a house on Marblehead St. in Colonial Park. At the time it seemed like the other side of the country.

Floyd and Gret were very kind and generous. They read in the paper that a family of six, the parents and four children. They had to move but had no place to go. So Floyd got in touch with them and offered to let them share their house with them.

The house was all on one floor with an attic and a cellar. So Floyd, Gret, and David lived on one side of the house and the Booths lived on the other side of house.

I don't remember how long they lived with them but sometime later, after they moved out, Floyd and Gret opened their hearts and home to Floyd's twin sister Lope and Hank Beers and their family. Again I don't remember how long they lived with them but everytime he heard of a need they answered the call.

Later on Ruth Back lived with them for a summer before she was married. After I was discharged from the Army I too moved in with them. Dave and Debbie thought I was their older brother. I lived with them until I got married. In the meantime Gret did some baby-sitting in their home.

Any time relatives from out of town came to visit Gret and Floyd opened their home to them for as long as they were in town.

Always caring, always giving. No matter what it cost them. Later on our father lived with them. I think that cured them from people living with them.

So you see Floyd was more than a brother-in-law. He was my brother. And I loved him...

1 

## A man who wore many Hats

Most of you who knew my dad knew he was often wearing a hat. He wore a lot of different hats over the years. Many years ago he wore his army helmet during active duty in WWII and he wore a cap that went with his army dress uniform. When I was young he frequently wore a brown corduroy cap for work and a tweed version for dressier times, he wore knit hats in the winter to keep his head warm and one summer we couldn't get him to take off a green Bavarian style felt hat with feathers and pins that he picked up during an Oktoberfest celebration in July. As he got older dad switched to baseball caps. He had caps with logos from all kinds of companies...Lowe's, Giant, Home Depot and any other brand he could get – especially if it was free. And in recent years you couldn't find him without his WWII Veteran cap that my brother gave him.

But in other ways he was a man who wore many hats:

*Son*– As a son he did whatever he could to support his mother – especially after his father died when he was only 12. He quit school to help the family. He collected paper to sell at the junkyard, went to the Farm Show in early hours, not for fun like we do now, but for milk the farmers would share. He cleaned the house, ironed clothes, and cooked – learning very early about recipes and canning food.

*Husband*- As a husband he was loving, caring and supportive of our mom. He fully participated in every aspect of running a household and raising children. Our mother knew how fortunate she was that she married a 'Demmy boy'.

*Father*– As a dad he was simply the best. He was strict, when needed, but never mean. He was loving and kind. He provided guidance to us kids that we may never fully realize. Not only was he a father to David, Debbie and me but many of our friends and cousins considered him a 2<sup>nd</sup> father... some even wished he had been their father. And the same was said about our mom.

*Pop Pop* – Dad loved being a grandfather and enjoyed being called ‘Pop Pop’. He would do anything for his grandchildren and was thrilled to spend time with them.

*Brother* – Dad loved his 6 siblings and considered my mom’s family his own as well. He missed those who passed on years earlier so much. He loved to tell and write stories about growing up with them and the fun times they had even through the Great Depression.

*Friend* – Dad had many friends. He enjoyed spending time with them and they with him. He was loyal to his friends – he never spoke unkindly behind anyone’s back. His friends always spoke highly of him, as well. As children, we have always been proud of how much he meant to others and enjoyed hearing from his friends about how much he meant to them.

*Provider* – As I said earlier, dad worked from the time he was young. Into adulthood he held multiple jobs to make ends meet. In addition to working for the Railroad, Bill Peter’s Service Station, and finally Lower Paxton Township, he worked part-time jobs such as the post office, lawn care, paint jobs...anything to make extra money. Even after he retired he took a part time job at Giant Food Stores and worked till he was in his 80s – enough to earn a 2<sup>nd</sup> small pension.

*Servant* – Dad served in many capacities over the years. He served our country in WWII, for many years he served as an usher at church and helped with lawn care, he volunteered at the Community General Hospital and he was always willing to jump in and help anyone who needed it.

*Teacher* – Despite his lack of a formal education he was one of the smartest men I have known. He read all kinds of books and poetry in addition to his bible. He could speak about many topics and always had a rapt audience whenever he was telling stories and sharing information – people just loved listening to him. He taught Sunday School classes at Green Street Church of God and led bible studies. He taught others, by example, to be kind, to be generous, to laugh and to forgive. He taught us kids to work hard, and that God and family are the most important things in life.

He had answers almost anytime we sought his advice. And when he didn't have an answer he'd say 'turn it over to the Lord'...which was the best advice he gave us.

*Writer*– Dad loved to write poems and short stories. He often wrote about his life and experiences...like a personal journal. His writings have been a gift to our family and to the generations to come.

*Comedian*–He always had a joke to tell and if he didn't have one ready he'd just make one up. His laugh was infectious and our relatives couldn't wait to make him laugh at family events. Sometimes you didn't even know what was funny – you just started laughing, too, because he was laughing first.

*Gardener*– Our dad loved to garden. He would stake out a plot of land in our backyard and sow the seeds, water and weed, and keep the varmints out. We were always delighted when the crops he grew were served for dinner or used for canning. He not only planted vegetables and fruit, he loved to plant flowers, trees and shrubs. My brother, sister and I still have plants, such as bleeding hearts, that came from my parents' home. But his gardening skills went beyond caring for the earth. He sowed seeds for the Lord. Dad cared for humankind more than anything. He would go out of his way to speak kindly to someone or make them laugh, he loved to offer to pray with someone and he always looked for opportunities to tell family, friends and even strangers about Jesus' love for them.

I could go on and on about him but it would take me a while. I will just finish by saying that, indeed, our dad wore many hats... and he wore them well.

Love you dad, Heidi  
Thursday May 26, 2016

Floyd Demmy's *last known* written message, circa Spring 2016

....The time I dreamed about Mother, Leola, Paul, and Bill! I asked God why this dream and what it meant!

"As much as you miss your family, how much more I long for my children when they keep running from me"

1. Jeremiah 1:4-5, I believe God has a plan for each of us and nothing can keep us from this task. He knew us before we were born. #6, #13.
2. He watched over me [At age 11] when I had *rheumatic* fever! - 1936.
3. When the WWII German [incoming] shell didn't go off after landing just a few feet from me! - 1945.
4. When the boiler blew up in my face on the railroad - 1955!
5. 1<sup>st</sup> Peter 2:9, When I got hit by a car (how I *harbored* thoughts of that {hit and run} person. Then I read of the fellow that forgave the one that caused him to be burned. It was then that I had to forgive the person that hit me).
6. When I prayed for the lady in Forest Hills.
7. The time I prayed for Marie Pressley (undergoing heart surgery).
8. The WWII planes strafing and shelling the German Column in the Valley. The German soldier I heard moaning in the distance!  
What can we do?
9. We can get close to people; just keep on being nice (when I would wave each time I saw Frank Kosovar, until he waved back!)
10. Sometimes while visiting someone in the hospital, I would ask their roommate if I could include them in prayer while praying for the one I visited!
11. Catching *sunlight* in little *pill container*s to give to people that have had too many dark days!
12. The friend of mine that didn't like the fellow with pock-marked face. (The face of Jesus on the Cross became the face of the one he didn't like). This friend of mine got mad at God because his friend died of a heart attack and Hector's friend died of a heart attack and he didn't want to go to church anymore!
13. Jim didn't know what to say to me when my brother Paul died!

FJD



Keep Smiling Dad  
On yonder Cloud high above us!

In Loving Memory

Heidi, Debbie, and David and family and friends  
We miss you