



Eugene Alexander Roddy

September 6, 1926 - November 9, 2020

Biographical Sketch

Eugene Alexander Roddy was born September 6, 1926, the youngest of 5 children, to Bonnie Wade Roddy and Avery Roddy, Sr. He died November 9, 2020 in Yucaipa, California at age 94.

He was born in Lane Tennessee, a place he loved and always considered home, regardless of where he lived. He attended elementary and high school at Cloverdale, excelling in basketball, and graduating as salutatorian of his class in 1944.

Upon graduation from high school, he – like thousands of American young men – took an Army physical exam in preparation to join the Army and go off to war. He received a deferment because of his father’s disabling tuberculosis, and remained at home to oversee the family farm. His love of farming remained with him until his death, and even when his memory had declined significantly so he was unable to have coherent conversations, he often inquired about the condition of “the farm”.

On July 14, 1950 he married Mildred Shanklin, a teacher at Cloverdale he had first met in August 1943. To this union were born 3 children – Fairra, Sarah, and David. Determined to do whatever was needed to ensure their success in life, he and Mildred encouraged each of them to set their individual dreams

and goals high and to obtain the college and graduate education that had not been his lot to have due to circumstances beyond his control. In his later years, he often told them how proud he was of their accomplishments and successes.

Exhibiting what seemed at times inexhaustible drive, he expanded beyond farming and cattle into numerous other business ventures. Ever the optimist, when adversity seemed to be descending, he would neither complain nor fret, but – with a wry smile simply say – “next week will be better.”

He realized that “to whom much is given, much is required”, and he became involved in numerous community organizations, including serving for many years on the Zion Cemetery Board of Directors. He refused to accept mediocrity for himself, and encouraged everyone around him to view life similarly. A consistent goal for him in life was to leave a project or situation in a better condition than when he found it.

He was a man of deep spiritual conviction. He served for many years as elder in the Lane Seventh-day Adventist church. His love for God and church led him to also serve on the Highland Academy School Board, KY-TN conference board, Southern Union Board, and Review and Herald Publishing Association Board. His was a faith that worked – or, to paraphrase a recent politician, – “the dogma lived loudly in him.”

When, in 2009, it became obvious he and Mildred could no longer live independently in their own home, they moved into an apartment in the Nashville area, wanting to remain as close to “the farm” as possible. In 2013 they moved again – this time to the Loma Linda area in Southern California. He spent the last years of life surrounded by and enjoying loved ones in a home environment while receiving the finest care humanly possible from Fairra and Sarah and their families along with some additional paid

caregivers.

He is survived by his wife Mildred, three children, numerous grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

I Rather see a Sermon

Poet: Edgar A. Guest (1881-1959)

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it done;
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.
And the lecture you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do;
For I might misunderstand you and the high advise you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

When I see a deed of kindness, I am eager to be kind.
When a weaker brother stumbles and a strong man stays behind
Just to see if he can help him, then the wish grows strong in me
To become as big and thoughtful as I know that friend to be.
And all travelers can witness that the best of guides today
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who shows the way.

One good man teaches many, men believe what they behold;

One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty that are told.
Who stands with men of honor learns to hold his honor dear,
For right living speaks a language which to every one is clear.
Though an able speaker charms me with his eloquence, I say,
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one, any day.

Graveside Service will be at Zion Cemetery in Lane, Tennessee on Sunday,
November 22, 2020 at 2PM. NOTICE THE CHANGE OF DATE TILL THE
FOLLOWING SUNDAY

Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *Roddy Family Memories*



Reflecting on Memories - November 13, 2020 at 12:04 AM

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“ To the Roddy Family,

Mildred, Fairra, Sarah and David and the extended Roddy family, it is hard to know of the grief that you must be going through at this time. I not only wanted to give my condolences to each family member, but I wanted to make a special web page that could start to bring some healing to each of Eugene's family and his many many friends.

Eugene will still remain in our hearts forever and hopefully this memorial website will help start many people on the path to healing. Just know that each of the names that are signed on this Tribute Wall, and the messages written, are all penned in love. These words speak of the simple fact that Eugene continues to live in the hearts of the many people and family he left behind.

It has been my experience that people heal much faster when they can come together and celebrate a life, and share their experiences and memories. I invite you to share a special memory, condolence message, upload your favorite photos and movies. Feel free to explore the E-bereavement resources that are available to each one who is mourning.

Someone has penned the words, "The greater the love, the greater the loss". Eugene had a special love for his family and friends and it is comforting to know that you will see those smiles and feel those hugs again.

Sincerely,

Chaplain Roger Rustad

Chaplain Roger Rustad - November 12, 2020 at 11:55 PM