



Henry Markham

January 28, 1923 - February 22, 2009

Obituary of Henry Markham
Markham, Henry Ray 86 Ocala, Mr. Henry Ray Markham died on Sunday, February 22, 2009 at Sylvia's Hospice House. Henry was a Florida native, born in Holder on January 28, 1923. He was a US Army veteran and served in WWII. He retired from Marion Engineering Association as a surveyor after 27 years with the company and then worked for the DOT in Ocala as a park ranger. He was an avid hunter and fisherman. He will be greatly missed by those who survive him, including his wife of 57 years, Carolyne Markham of Ocala; son, Ray K. Markham (Betty Jo) of Ocala; daughters, Forrest Lester (Frank) of Lawton, OK and Carolyne Tenan (Donald) of Sanford, FL; sister, Clarice Markham of Holder, FL; and four grandchildren, Michael Hutson, Tarisa Watson, Lt Henry J. Markham, and Anthony Austin. Visitation will be Thursday, Feb. 26th from 1:30 -2:30 pm with funeral services at 2:30 pm at Roberts Funeral Homes Downtown Chapel, 606 SW 2nd Ave, Ocala. In lieu of flowers, please make memorial contributions to Hospice of Marion County. Arrangements under the care of ROBERTS FUNERAL HOMES DOWNTOWN CHAPEL.

Tribute Wall



“ Henry Markham

June 20, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ Paw, I sure wish you were here to help me "tinker" with something! I have so many projects I want to do...building a fountain, landscaping....the list goes on. I miss you so much. There were so many things I didn't understand "way back then." We rarely saw things eye-to-eye, and argued often, but we always got along when we had something to design or build! Sadly, you didn't live to be 100, and I did finally get to have an opinion! Now, however, I would gladly trade it for one more day with you. I Love You, Paw, and I miss you terribly.

Forrest - May 11, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ It's been almost 5 years now since you've been gone. I still feel it like it was yesterday. I think of you all the time and I'll miss you always. I never got to tell you I finished school and became a nurse. You would've laughed and raised those eyebrows thinking back to the summer days when I tied you up in "traction" with Mamaw's window sheers and gave you "shots" with a rolling pin. I see you often in the face of a patient and I am thankful for the understanding and love it allows me to show them. I'll never get to tell you that I think I've turned out a lot like you in that I enjoy the sunshine and I love to shoot and the smell of fresh cut grass and I am relaxed when I hear the popping of a BBQ grill at dusk. I'd give anything for one more cookout with you. I can't wait for the day we can do it again. I hope you know how much we all loved you Paw, and how much we always will.

Tiddlywinks - February 19, 2014 at 12:00 AM

FL

“ You are always on my mind...and in my heart. I miss you, Paw.

Forrest Lester - May 01, 2012 at 12:00 AM

FL

“ Not how did he die, but how did he live? Not what did he gain, but what did he give? These are the units to measure the worth Of a man as a man, regardless of birth. Not, what was his church, nor what was his creed? But had he befriended those really in need? Was he ever ready, with word of good cheer, To bring back a smile, to banish a tear? Not what did the sketch in the newspaper say, But how many were sorry when he passed away.

Forrest Lester - August 06, 2011 at 12:00 AM

DH

“ I lost my dad at 17 while in USAF Basic Training. You were always available for me to talk to and confide in. You was definitely one of the greatest generation: a child of the great depression, veteran of World War II. Before I ever raised my right hand to take my oath, you helped to teach me the true meaning of Duty, Honor, and Country. As a Graduate Aerospace Engineer you always amazed me. You could take different articles of junk and with little effort turn it into a useful item that always met the the three FFF's of engineering. I always wondered what you might have accomplished had you have had a formal education to accomplish your vivid abstract gift. A man quick to give advice, slow to give a clear compliment. I will always remember when I asked for your daughters hand in marriage. You was hoeing the garden and never even looked up. You simply replied "Well I reckon she could do a lot worse". I will always be grateful for the time you let down your tough exterior and gave my daughter, your grand daughter play time, while her father was deployed in service of his country. Your efforts left her so many happy memories that will last a life time. A friend, a substitute father, a man who always tried to help his fellow man. A proud American a member of a breed almost extinct. You never spoke to me of your spiritual beliefs however, I feel confident you and God had a firm understanding. I think you finally became so tired and felt so burdensome you decided to check out. Your act was not a sign of suicide or weakness, but a sign of leaving this world and ending the fight on your terms. You like your daughter always had to have the last word. I pray you are sitting in your tree stand with 20/20 vision, abundant game, and a fine rifle. At the end of the hunting day you are sipping good scotch and grilling a big batch of ribs to feed the gang. Although I think you often thought near the end your mind blurred and you felt as no one really cared. It is my prayer that the good lord has shown you who really did care and how much you were loved and how much you was missed. I do wish I would have stepped forward and ensured you were rendered the true military honors your generation deserved. You and I have both tasted the bitter sweet taste of trial under fire. One day when I shuffle of this FUBAR Earth I will be given the honor to maintain

formation with you and the countless others who never let go of the creed duty, honor, country. Good bye old friend and may God grant you piece and harmony on the other side. TAPS 22 Feb 2009.

David Huff - March 12, 2010 at 12:00 AM

DH

“ Pa, Thanks for the memories, and for you, and Mamaw, for taking me in, and, making me part of the family. You probably never knew that we shared a first, and last, together. The first, (and most likly the only), time for me to go orstering. Building the deck together, well, that will be, my, last. It has been a pleasure! Pa, THANK YOU!

Don Helm - March 04, 2009 at 12:00 AM

FL

“ Well, Paw...it is done. Everybody came...I do believe you would have liked it! I can almost hear you say, "Yep, it was a good one." As my Dad, you were sometimes tough--but also a tough act to follow. I will remember. They tell me that you went into a "self-induced" coma by sheer force of will. I don't doubt it for a moment. So even in the final moments, you were in control--I will never know if there was anything you could not do if you set your mind to it! You didn't say it often, but we all knew you loved us--it was in that funny way your voice broke when you were emotional. We didn't say it often enough either, but we loved you too! I know, I can hear your reply...simply, "Yep." You can rest now, Paw, it is done. The reward is in the awakening...and...there is no dialysis in the morning! I Love You. "Skeeter"

Forrest Lester - March 02, 2009 at 12:00 AM

TW

“Paw, I will never forget eating pears in the front yard when they were too green, trying to see who could spit watermelon seeds the farthest off of the front porch, playing for hours on the "wee" out front, or the smell of "wibs" just before a family cookout. I miss Sunday mornings curled up in your lap reading the comics, because "Paw do you know what today is? It's Funny Day." It has been almost 20 years and I am STILL trying to figure out what the 7 parts of music are, I have a profound respect for the damage a little hotwheels car can do to someone's hair, and I will never be surprised to see someone come through a closet at me again. With your passing Paw, I close one of the sweetest chapters of my life. Never again will I "come home" to the little white house way down on the "Shady Lane" but it will continue to be the place my mind drifts to when I think of lazy afternoons filled with the sound of "skeeziiks" and nights filled with the crackle of a grill and crickets, and "see how much longer Mamaw thinks it's gonna be before she's ready to eat." Where the sound of a harmonica, an old guitar and the words "Just 'Cause you think you're so pretty..." echo through my memories. I will miss you more with each memory, as I realize just how much the time spent with you has really shaped my life. I wish it could have been longer Paw... until we see each other again, I love you Paw! ~ Tiddlywinks

Tari Watson - March 02, 2009 at 12:00 AM