



Frank Anderson

March 6, 1921 - July 6, 2017

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

SA

“June 10, 2017 Frank, I just wanted to say you were a great Father-in-law to me. We have great family memories. I want to say you and Margie helped us in our most difficult time of need after John's accident. It would have been extremely difficult without you. Mark and John loved the summers they spent with you and those memories will last a life time. My foremost memory of you is the joy you displayed when we told you were going to be a grandfather, not only once but twice I got to deliver that message. Years later Mark and Christine gave you Damien as a great-grand-son. We all know how much you loved and enjoyed the children. You will live on in Glenn, Mark, John and Damien. I am so sorry due to logistics we cannot be there for your funeral, but we will always be with you in our love and our memories. You were loved by many, young and old, and now you have a heavy load of love from others to carry with you to heaven. May you rest in peace. Until we meet again. Love, Susan”

Susan Barrett Anderson - October 06, 2017 at 07:52 AM

JA

“I just want to share with everyone what my Papaw means to me. I appreciate him everyday for the hard work he put forth and sacrifice to give his family the support it needed to produce to well educated and successful children. I am the benefactor of that and know that working in the mines is a danger job with a lot of sacrifice. From early on my Pappaw was working to earn money for his family in the CCC camp building Skyline Drive. As a coal miner he worked 30 years in some of the worst conditions. Often times when I am having a tough day, I realize this isn't nearly as tough as what Papaw worked through and this gives me the perseverance to continue on. As I remember Papaw growing up, I know he and Mamaw took care of me a lot after I was burned. I don't remember much that early on, but I do remember spending weeks each summer with him riding around, sitting on the front porch talking, fishing, walking the trails, seeing old friends, visiting people who were sick, eating moonpies and playing tennis as well as most holidays and several family vacations. When I was 16 my dad bought Papaw's Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme for me to drive. This is the car I remember riding around in with him and Mamaw growing up. This is the car I used get my life started. This old car has a lot of memories tied to it. I still I have it today and keep it in my garage. This is how I keep my Papaw's memory alive and appreciate all that he did. Every time I left Papaw He would would ask me "When are you gonna come up and see me again?" I don't know Papaw, but I promise I will see you again.”

John Ryan Anderson - October 06, 2017 at 05:32 AM

JY

“Glenn, I am very sorry for your loss. Your Dad was a fine man and was well respected in our hometown of Clintwood. My the Lord comfort your family.”

Jeff Yates - September 06, 2017 at 11:25 AM

“Although this is a solemn occasion, those who knew Dad know that he would not miss the opportunity to try to put a smile on everyone's face. Often this would be with a story about himself. Years ago Dad was in the Civilian Conservation Corp and was stationed on the Blue Ridge Mountain at a place you may know as Big Meadows. After working on the Blue Ridge Parkway for many months, and living in a tent, Dad had saved what little money he made and decided he was going to fulfill a long time dream. So he gathered his money, what little as it was and he hitched a ride off the mountain to Luray Va. Once he arrived, he promptly walked the streets until he found a dry goods store. Seeing the nice clothing in the window, Dad walked in and promptly was outfitted with a new grey suit, white shirt, tie, new shoes, and a grey Fedora hat. He stepped out on to the street as one of the most dapper guys in town. But his euphoria was short lived because he was promptly arrested and taken to jail! He had no idea what he was doing there but apparently there had been a robbery of the local post office and witnesses spotted a young man with a grey suit, white shirt and tie, and a Fedora hat leaving the scene. So Dad fit the bill! He was missed after a day or so and the Camp Commander got to asking about where Frank was. He was not supposed to leave the camp without permission. Well, someone ratted Dad out and told the Commander that they thought Dad had sneaked off the mountain on the supply truck. The Commander came off the mountain and promptly checked out the jail, just to see if they knew anything about Dad. There was Dad, a little wisp of a boy standing behind bars like a little pup that had been put in time-out. But he was a dapper little pup. After some discussion, the Commander assured the sheriff that this was definitely not their man, definitely not a post office robber, and he was AWOL from the Camp on top of the mountain. Dad was released and taken back "home" where he spent several more weeks working on the Parkway. This story is significant because Dad will be laid to rest in a new grey suit, white shirt and tie, no doubt similar to his robber outfit. May you rest in peace, Dad, you got the last laugh after all. I am sorry that I could not make it to the funeral because of logistics. But you will live in my memory and the

memory of others as one of the most colorful and caring people of all time. My hat goes off to you, Dad, for bringing smiles to a lot of people, young and old, through your love and your stories. Goodbye, and Godspeed. Your son, Glenn"

Glenn Anderson - September 06, 2017 at 10:22 AM

RM

“*"My deepest sympathy and prayers to all."*

Regina Mabe - September 06, 2017 at 10:13 AM

JM

“*"Shelia, Laura and family, I am so sorry to hear of Frank's passing. He was one of my favorite people. I loved his twinkling eyes and keen sense of humor. You will be in my thoughts and prayers."*

Jeannie Stanley Mullins - September 06, 2017 at 08:08 AM

PM

“*"Sheila and family. We know of your deep love and devotion to your father and mother. You will surely miss him. How wonderful to live 96 years. As you know, the best is yet to come. The Lord shall descend, the angel will blow the trumpet, the dead in Christ will rise, then we will join them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. So shall we ever be with the Lord! Prayers and support from brothers and sisters at Abingdon Baptist Church."*

Pastor Poole, Interim Minister - September 06, 2017 at 07:44 AM

YP

“*"Sorry to hear of your loss. I have so many good memories of growing up in Clintwood where we were surrounded by so many wonderful neighbors and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and their family were certainly among those. Deepest sympathy to all of you."*

York W. Bill Porter - June 14, 2017 at 05:02 AM