

Today we honor fathers:

While God is our Heavenly Father, He has given us earthly dads to love, cherish, protect and teach us. Those still with us as well as those now gone... our dads play key roles in our lives. We honor them today!

[Click here](#) to listen to **“My Dad” from the Donna Reed show**. It expresses well how so many of us feel about “Dad.”

New baby in church family for us all to celebrate with Dad, K. C. Knudsen, Mom, Carrie, and sister, Julia:



Jase Carll Knudsen, born July 15, 2020, weighing in at 9 pounds and 22 inches long!

Mom Carrie: “We couldn’t be more thrilled! #mamaslittleman”

Grandpa Ken Knudsen: “Wow! Our family has been blessed! Thank you, Jesus.”

Aunt Richelle Knudsen Samuels: “We are over the moon thrilled to have Jase join our family! Excited to get all the kids together!”



Forever friends!”

(The hearts represent birth order - girl, boy, girl, girl, boy)!

Nicole and Chris to Pastor Bob:



There isn’t a lot I can say about my dad that all of you don’t already know. He is God fearing, kind, loving, funny, honest and sincere. As a kid I learned to hate some of these characteristics, because they got in the way of my fun, but it wasn’t long before I realized that it wasn’t fun for him either. Dad made the tough decisions to make me a better person. My dad has always been there for me, always prayed for me and always loved me! What he gave me, I took for granted until I had my own children. Thank you for being the best dad a daughter could

ask for. Thank you for loving me through bad decisions. Thank you for being there when I was crushed with a grief even you didn’t understand, to just love me and point me back to Jesus. Thank you for raising me in a foundation of Faith in God, Hope for the future and love for all people. *Love Nicole*



Dad, thank you for raising me the way you and mom did, it’s paying off. You were always honest and upfront with me when I was a kid. You were also quick to admit when you were wrong and that you didn’t really know if the way you were raising me was correct because your dad died when you were 10 years old, so you wondered if you were doing it right.

You taught me to have a healthy fear and love for God. You taught me that mom was always right, even if she was wrong... that was not for me to decide. You also taught me that there could be painful consequences when I made bad/dumb decisions. I love you for all of it, even though I didn’t always understand. I do now. It’s been fun through it all.

Happy Father’s Day..... *Love Chris*

From Sue Miller: My Dad

At age 33, I still considered myself "Daddy's little girl" so that phone call I got in the middle of the night to tell me he had died at age 60 was devastating. I adored him. He had no sons, just three daughters, so as the tomboy I attempted to fill in, trying my best to do the things with him he might have done with a son. He was one smart man, hardworking, thoughtful, generous, loyal. He knew how to listen and then offer such a wise point of view. It was 44 years ago he left us. The year he died, he had just retired from the glass industry and he and my mother spent the winter at the Kon Tiki here in Islamorada. The kids and I came from Miami every weekend to see them. I still shed tears thinking how much I have missed that gentle giant of a man.



Recently I lost another man in my life, Gil Gray, an incredible father who had 10 children, 22 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. We went to the same college 55 years ago. We connected after we had both lost our spouses of many years.

Gil was one remarkable dad. He had sacrificed so much... devoting his life, his time,



energy and love, to make certain every one of the kids had the best possible life growing up and every opportunity to succeed as adults. And they all turned out to be exceptional people. Gil died with a badly damaged heart, but a heart always absolutely full of love. Gil was quite a man! And what a great dad he was to all those kids of his, and mine too.

From the Winstel boys:

Dad, you always stood by me from the time I learned to walk to the present.. times when I need a friend to share my thoughts. Happy Father's Day from all of us! **Jeff**

Dad, thanks for all you did to raise Jeff and I and to teach us how to be good fathers and husbands. From all of us in Fort Myers. Love **Jim**



Jeff, Jim Sr, Rexton, Rylan, Judy and Ridge.

Jenn Leak to her dad: Happy Father's Day to a Dad who deserves more recognition than he ever receives. Your steady spirit and love for God has created a generation proud to honor you. Now that you are retired, you can visit Florida more often!



From Victoria and Ed Kattel honoring their dads:



Edward Sr and Edward Jr on the boat "Wildcat"



Brother brothers Bart, Ron, and Victoria with father Ray



Victoria and Ed with V's father, stepmother, brothers and their families



Valerie Kattel, Ed Jr, Ed's sister Leslie and Ed Sr

Daughters Donna Cockerham & Carol Majors:

Our Dad, Clarence Barnard, was a man of many talents. There was nothing he couldn't do if he put his mind to it. He was always there to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. Anyone who knew our Dad, loved and respected him as we did.

Our parents spent a few years after our Dad retired in their retreat in Islamorada to be close to family and where he could enjoy his love of fishing. Although he has been gone for almost 40 years, his memory still lives on as we tell stories of our childhood and growing up with a Dad, who loved us with all his heart.



From Ron Wagner to his father-in-law:

Happy Father's Day Alexander Richard and thank you for that precious daughter of yours, my dear wife Carol



From Barbara Haudenshield: The other Uncle Sam



Locally in Carnegie, PA, he was known as the “other Uncle Sam”..... a good man named Sam and in 1892, born on the Fourth of July. My father was the third of seven siblings raised on a vegetable farm. As a child, he attended a one room school through eighth grade. And, yes, he had to help chop wood and keep the pot-bellied stove going. He remembered that his toughest assignment was to teach arithmetic to his youngest sister.....older kids were expected to help younger siblings learn.

From about twelve years of age through high school, my dad had to get up at three in the morning, to haul the homegrown vegetables to market. He, the horse, and wagon, first had to travel down a steep hill, cross two river bridges, and on to the north side of Pittsburgh and make the return trip to Greentree, and eat breakfast before going to school, every weekday.

I learned later that a wealthy couple (I was never told who) had taken a liking to my father and paid his way to Penn State University for him to study agriculture. (a two year program then). Not satisfied, the couple then sent him to the University of Pittsburgh Dental School. He proved to be a highly respected dentist, in those days charging two dollars for an amalgam filling, and three for an enamel one! But he never lost his love of farming and spent most of his free time gardening in a suburb of Pittsburgh.

Fast forward to when I was nine or ten, I asked to buy a peep at the Five and Dime Store.....at Easter, peeps dyed in various pastel colors were always sold to tempt kids. Daddy said absolutely not, but that Saturday, he took me to a chicken farm. My mother was horrified when we came home with thirty natural yellow peeps and an incubator. He immediately built a chicken coop, then told me they were my responsibility. When the first one crowed, he would teach me to cut off its head, dress it, and help eat it for Sunday dinner. I never wanted to let Daddy down, so I did that thirty times!



World War II came with rigid meat rationing. With my father’s encouragement, I started raising New Zealand white rabbits, starting with two females and one male. Sure enough the business grew so rapidly that Daddy was spending many weekends building rabbit hutches, all for our side yard in suburbia. At one point I was up to about 250 rabbits. Luckily, a local butcher had a market for rabbits and/or pelts, so he dressed the ones we had for Sunday dinner and sold the rest.

Many, many years later after he was gone, my brother broke the news to me that Dad was also using the rabbits as an experiment. Scientists had started saying that mercury caused cancer so that amalgam fillings were being questioned. Without my knowledge, Dad was putting bits of amalgam fillings in half of the rabbits’ food and had the other half a control group, to prove the theory for himself. I don’t ever remember having any sick rabbits. But that was a long time ago!

When it was college decision time for me, I lost my nerve to go to Penn State to major in agriculture, as I had planned for a number of years. When I told my father that I had decided to become a teacher instead, he said okay, but.....people can be mediocre farmers, mediocre secretaries, etc, but you have to be excellent as a teacher. I think I gave it my best, Dad. I sometimes wonder what my life would have been as a farmer. For one thing, I don’t think I’d be in Islamorada with you wonderful folks! So, I have no regrets!

As you can probably tell, I adored my father as a kid, and continued to do so until his passing at the age of 91. Happy Fathers’ Day, Sam Haudenshield.

From the Russells: The family along with Rich and sister Juanita



From Ron Wagner's scrapbook: Fishing with his dad



I was born in Miami and was taken fishing almost immediately. Wearing nothing more than a diaper I caught my first fish off Hallandale Beach. Dad loved to fish. He took me to almost every good fishing spot he heard of. Then one day when I was three, Dad decided to head for the Keys, where he stumbled upon a mythical place called Islamorada. ...

One of dad's favorite bridges for fishing was Indian Key, the third bridge south of town. This was a drawbridge and on the north side was the bridgetender's house, which was occupied by Mary Ikerd. She would babysit me in those early years as Dad would not want to take a chance having me fall off the catwalk. A few years later when I was allowed on the bridge, the fish we would go after was the

permit.

Permit would reach their peak numbers in the early 1960s, just after the destruction caused by Hurricane Donna to our Keys. We could stand on the backside of Indian Key Bridge and looking out towards Lignum Vitae Key, see thousands of fish working their way along the surface, to the bridge. We could see sights from that high vantage point that I believe no one else ever witnessed. On days of gin clear water, we could look under the bridge and see monster jewfish, tarpon and snook....

Dad and I would be rewarded with many memorable and exciting years only a handful of anglers could come close to duplicating. Dad started me fishing from that very first time off that beach at Hallandale. Later on, I would move to Islamorada and though the wife and I owned and operated a tackle shop, guiding soon became the natural thing to do. Sure, I fished for other game fish as well, but permit fishing is what I did with my father. He taught me how to fish so that I could pass these skills on to my customers. He was my fishing buddy too.

When my boat passes under Indian Key Bridge, I have just two thoughts, **MY DAD and PERMIT!**

[Click here](#) to read the entire article by Ron Wagner from 1988 – describing the fascinating settings of Islamorada and Ron's fishing experiences with his dad.

From Margie to Cale Smith:

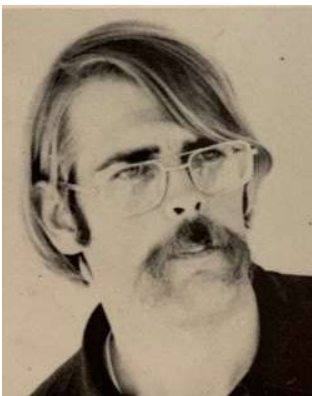


I am truly blessed to have started a family with a man of such integrity, warmth and resolve. I always hoped I'd have a family but I didn't know for sure until I met you 17 years ago, and you were such obvious Daddy material. Thank you for our beautiful babies and being both a leader and a true partner. Love you, Margie



Cale at his Coast Guard Academy graduation with his grandma Mary Frances Smith and his father Jim Smith who was a captain in the US Coast Guard at the time.

From Renee to her father, Paul Grewe:



It's virtually impossible to go anywhere in the Keys without running into someone who had my father as a teacher or coach given that he taught and coached at Coral Shores for almost 40 years. The good news is that almost everyone has great things to say about my dad! And as great of a teacher and coach as he was, he is an even better father and grandfather. We could not ask for a better man, and we even appreciate his sense of humor occasionally! We love you very much Coach Grewe! Happy Father's Day! Renee

From Carol Smith to her dad: Rev Dick Smith

When I was just a little thing
I thought my daddy was a hero/king!
He loved to laugh, he loved to sing,
He loved our Heavenly Father more than anything!

The passing of years can change many things
With the blessings and challenges long life brings

But Dad still loves to joke, pray, praise and sing
And in my senior citizen eyes he's still a hero/king.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
We have already come
His grace has brought us safe thus far
And his grace will lead us home!

Happy Pappy's Day! I love you



From Susan Bateman for Lewis T. Gasink 1919-2019

My Dad was a real character. He would have been 101 this year on June 30.

He was into the Boy Scouts and I am glad he didn't live long enough to hear all the stuff about them going bankrupt. He loved all kids of all ages, his own and everyone else's. He helped so many kids in trouble. I am also glad he didn't live to go thru all this Covid 19 stuff.

He saw the depression, and had quite a round of adventures in WW2:

- He rode in the belly, bomb bay, and inside the wing of a B-17 Bomber to gather data, analysis, and develop a fix for the bomber's bomb bay doors to open precisely on command.
- The US Army Air Corps also had him working on the wing to check out the fuel leaks.
- He went to Australia, Alaska (where he recovered two Japanese Zeros which he helped analyzed for combat effectiveness and to seek out the Zero's weaknesses.
- He spent the end of the war in Germany, looking for V-2 rocket parts and possibilities for rebuilding the war machine and helping the Germans start up their depleted economy and get normal businesses up and running again.

He was a brilliant man. He knew about everything and remembered more than the encyclopedia.

He played a fundamental part in the setting up of our system in the Stain Glass project. He was always thinking. Always thinking sometimes to the point of my exhaustion. What energy and brainpower! He was always inventing something new or improving on existing equipment. I had to hog tie him to get him to work with our glass tools the way they were before he started changing them. He worked steadily on our glass project at the church from 2001 to 2018. He had everything to do with the design and construction of our light fixtures in the sanctuary.

He passed on to the workshop in the sky on Feb 27, 2019. I miss him every day.

As you leave, walk by faith. Not by sight.



To Ken Knudsen:



“Happy Father’s Day to our Dad!
Love, Your Fishing Buddies”

To Ted Wilson from Ali Beth:



I’m so thankful to have a dad like you, so Happy Father’s day to the best father I could ask for. You always put others before yourself without hesitation; and everything you do for me and everyone around you always comes from your heart. You always give the most you possibly can to better our family. Over the years you have been a dance dad, soccer dad, Coach

Ted, Captain Ted, and most importantly you are the glue that holds this family together and I don’t know what I would do without you. -Ali Beth



To Claude Allen from Shirley Wilson: My two sisters and I were truly gifted an amazing human in our dad — Claude Allen. Anyone who has met him knows how quickly people are drawn to his kind-hearted gentle spirit. Even now at 84 and living in a nursing home near Charlotte, NC, he continues to spread joy and happiness with his infectious smile and friendly personality.



He has spent his life working tirelessly to care for our family and has touched countless other lives along the way as well. He has taught us the importance of family, community and above all faith in God.



I’ve always loved the saying, “Anyone can be a father, but it takes someone special to be a dad!” Our dad is truly one-of-a-kind and I can’t wait for the day we get to give him a giant hug again! Happy Father's Day “Daddy” — we miss you so much and once we get the all clear, we will be the first ones there to see you!

