

My name is Tiffany Welcome, and I am John's Daughter. I appreciate all of his Friends, Family, Co-workers, and acquaintances that came here today, to pay their respects and say Goodbye to my dad.

About a week before my dad died, he gave me his lucky bean. This is a hamburger bean that he found in the 80's that washed ashore on the beaches of Florida. They are very rare to find, and he's always kept it in the pocket of his jeans every single day, ever since. Even tho he never won the lottery, I still think that there really is some magic in this bean, because he lived years longer than any of us ever expected he would, once he received his cancer diagnosis.

Growing up, My Dad showed us all love differently. My whole childhood was spent at the baseball fields. My dad was either in the bleachers cheering, up in the box calling out plays, or on the field Coaching my Brothers games. My Dads bond with my brothers came a little more naturally for him, and was always proud of them. My dad always showed me love, by slipping me a few extra bucks to buy some candy from the concession stand or stopping at the convenience store on the way home and letting me buy a new pack of pogs.

We would spend summers gardening together and one time grew a patch of sunflowers taller than the both of us. This is a memory I will cherish, and it will always be my favorite flower.

When my dad told me a few years ago, about his cancer diagnosis, I was scared. Scared because my dad has always been my safety. The 1 consistent person in my life for over 40 years. He's always taken my calls, even if he was at work, and would help me with whatever predicament I've gotten myself into. Whether I just needed new windshield wiper blades replaced or I flooded the engine on my snowblower, he was always there to help me.

Anyone who knew my Dad, knew that he was a walking Enclypodeia. Idk if it's from all the years of watching Jeopardy, but the man was extremely smart and absorbed a lot of knowledge thru his own life experiences.

I will always remember the time my dad saved a man at camp, when he was having a seizure. My Dad has always had the ability to make me feel safe during hectic situations, and having the knowledge on how to fix the problem, has always been something I've admired about him.

Growing up, my brother John as a kid, had to test the water, by nearly chopping a few fingers off, while playing with a machete in the woods. My dad remained completely calm, instantly jumped into gear, wrapped his hand, called 911, and knew exactly how to protect my brother.

He never showed signs of being scared, or overwhelmed, by whatever we threw at him.

We obviously tested his patience as kids. I can remember the time I begged and begged him to let me drive the lawn mower in the back yard. He specifically told me to avoid the orange tree. So of course, somehow, not only did I manage to hit the orange tree, but I proceeded to hit the gas and rev it right up the tree.

Another time, I was driving the 3 wheeler, with my dad on the back, I popped a wheely going up a ditch. I flipped us over backwards, fell on top of him, crushed his back, and I'm pretty sure he was walking funny for a few days after that. But even still, he never got mad at me for it, he just drank a beer, and we laughed about it later.

At my Dad's core, he was a family man. He grew up surrounded by the people he loved. Most of all, his parents, his siblings, his Aunts and Uncles, and his Nieces and Nephews; and that closeness shaped who he became.

But nothing brought him more joy than being a grandfather. All of his grandkids were an extension of him, and they were his entire world. Every time he saw them, he drilled them with questions. How was school going? How's work going? Who are ya dating? or even just what kinda fish did you catch this week? He soaked up every update with pride. He didn't ask these questions just to make lite conversation, he was genuinely interested in every detail, because he was so proud of them, and loved watching their interests blossom over the years into their own accomplishments.

On a day like today, we mourn the loss of him not being here, but I ask you to please try and reflect on the happy memories you had with him. Please feel free to share those memories with us, his family, and with Star. Star has been my Dads better half for over 20 years. I would personally like to thank my stepmom for being an amazing wife to my dad. I appreciate all the years that she took care of him, even when it was mentally and emotionally draining towards the end, but she always respected my Dads wishes. Please show her compassion and give her the biggest hug, because she lost the person she built her life with, and needs our love right now.

These past few days have been full of tears, happy memories and sad moments, and everything in between. On the plus side, there's no need for ozempic, because I think we've all shed about 5 pounds in water weight from all the tears we've cried.. My dad may no longer be with us, but now he's with his parents, my Nanny and Poppy, and I know that brings him peace.

As we say our final goodbye, may we all carry his love, his lessons, his laughter, his goofy jokes and his strength with us for the rest of our lives.