

My Poem for My Dad



If roses grow in Heaven,
Lord, please pick a bunch for me,
Place them in my dads arms,
And tell him they're from me.

Tell him I love him and I think
about him every day,
Place a kiss upon his cheek,
And hold him in your own special
way.

Remembering him is easy, I do it
every day,
But there's an ache within my
heart, That will never go away.

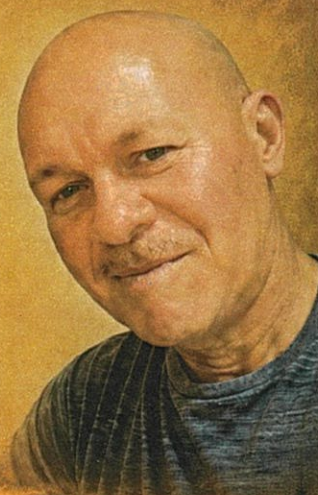
I Love you Dad...
It goes without saying 

-Neea

A TRIBUTE TO
*Anthony
Ray Pruitt*

MARCH 29, 1952 ~ MAY 14, 2026

Beloved Uncle



Uncle Tony's life journey was not always easy, and he faced personal challenges with quiet strength. Though there were times when distance separated him from those he loved, he remained forever in the hearts of his family and friends. We remember him not for his struggles, but for his unique spirit, his love of music, in particular Al Jarreau, his passion for riding his bicycle, and the moments of laughter and connection he shared with others.

Uncle Tony loved a good dice game and was always ready to play even having a towel in his car prepared to compete with anyone.
You could always hear him say 7-11.

Uncle Tony also had a love for Seattle. He had dreams of moving there.

Uncle Tony also loved joking around with his nieces and nephews. He once collected them all and took them to the beach in a U-Haul. After returning from the U-Haul trip he was yelled at because it wasn't safe. That's a hilarious family laugh and wonderful memory.

Though Uncle Tony has departed from this earthly life, the memories he created will continue to live on in the hearts of all who knew and loved him. Whether remembered riding his bicycle down the street, laughing with family and friends, or gathering around a dice game, Uncle Tony's spirit will never be forgotten.



We love you Uncle Tony.