



In Loving Memory of

John C Graham (August 28, 1938 - April 12, 2007)



Life is eternal and love is immortal; And death is only a horizon, And a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.

Rossiter W. Raymond

This memorial website was created to remember MY Dad John C Graham who was born in The United States in Oak Park, Michigan on August 28, 1938 and passed away on April 12, 2007. You will live forever in our memories and hearts. Its Been only a Few Days and you are so missed











































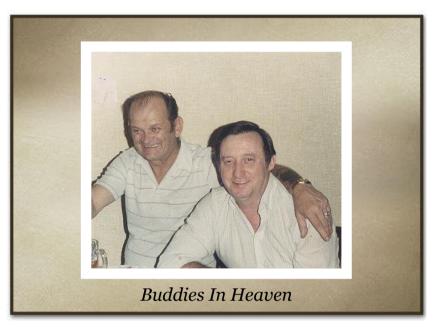














Memorial Candles our words, your light...





















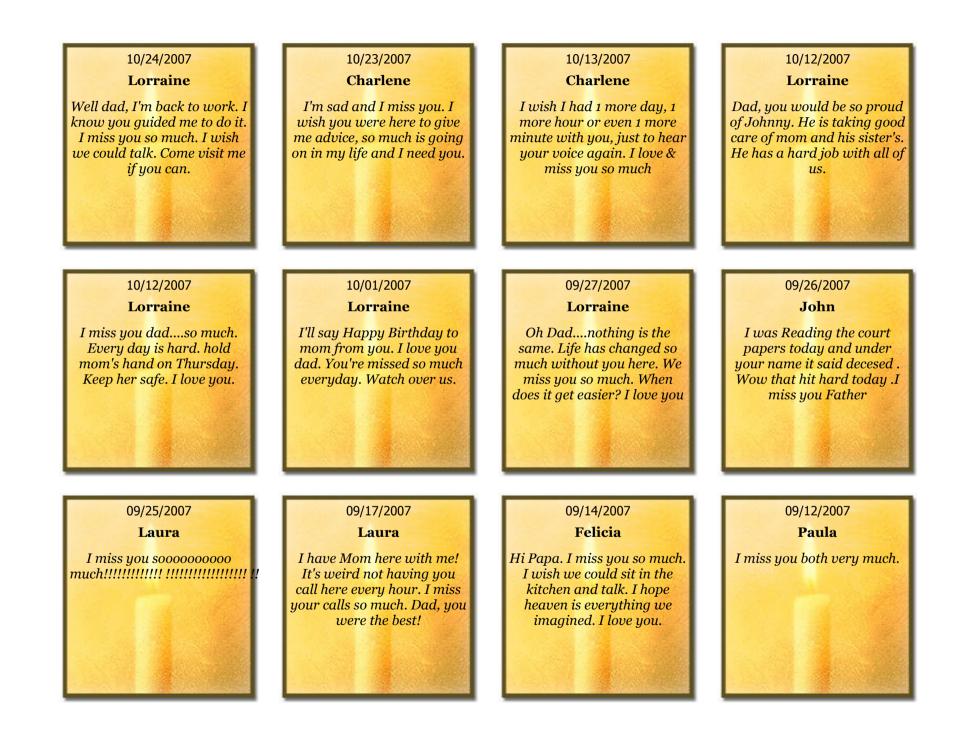


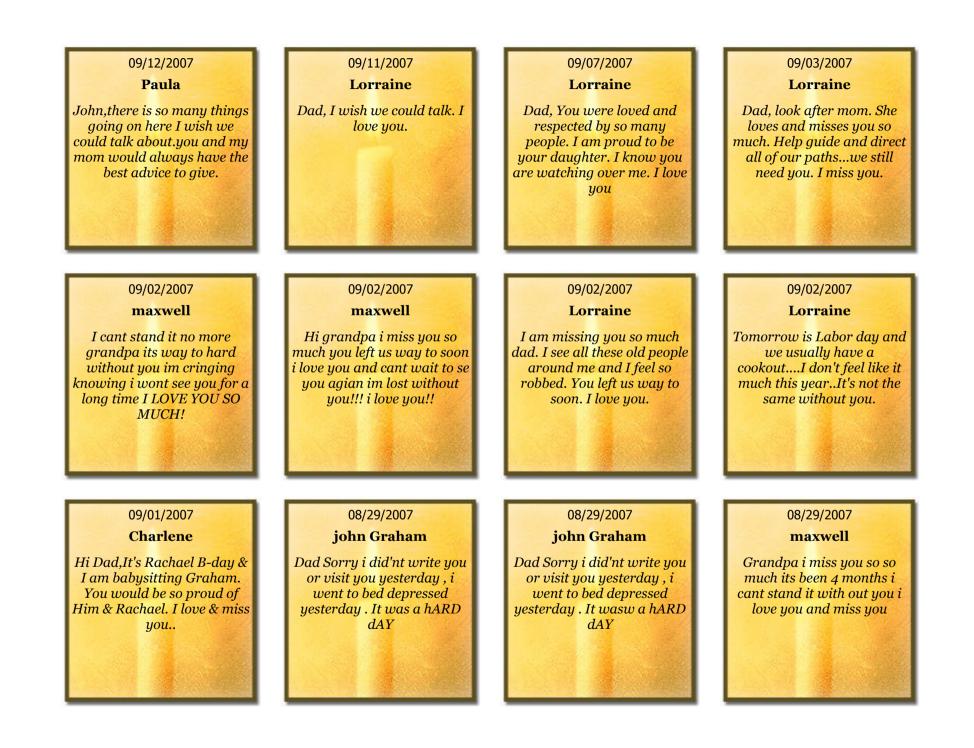






















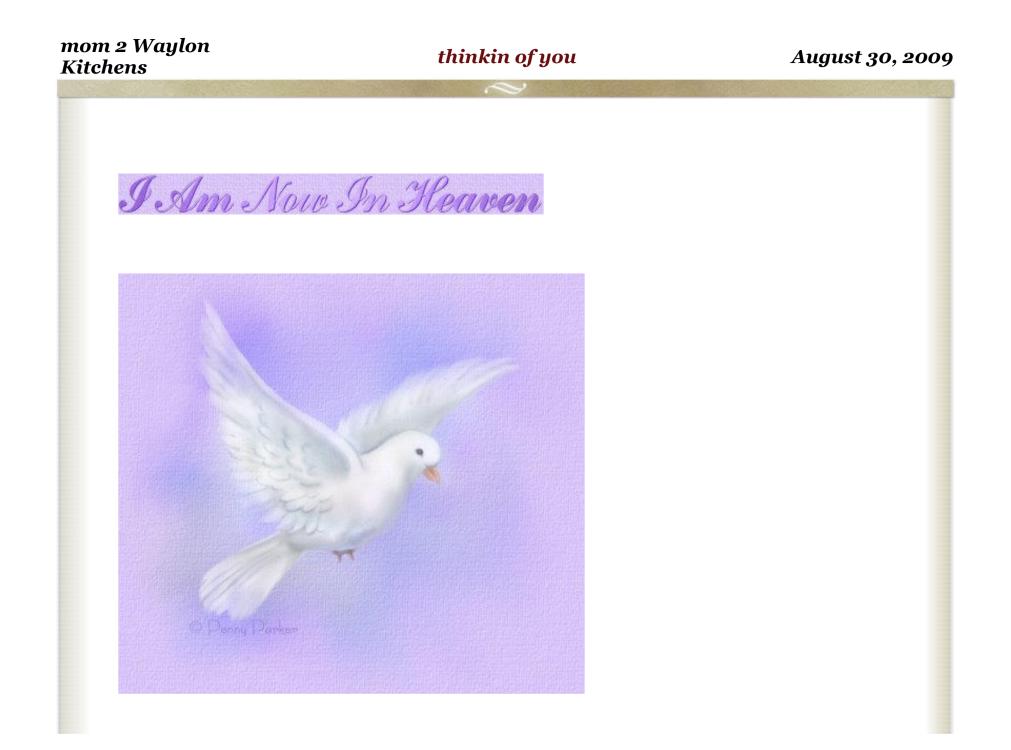








from the deepest of our hearts...



I am now in Heaven, The gates have opened wide, And now I have the privilege Of walking by His side.

The angel choir is singing And the music is so sweet; I'll join them just as soon As I have worshiped at His feet.



I am now in Heaven, The blood washed throng is here; I recognize a lot of them, There's not a single tear.

There's joy beyond description And reunions by the score; There'll be no more separations, For we'll be here evermore.



I am now in Heaven, Please wipe away your tears; I've fought the battle, run the race, And I'm rid of all my fears. There is no pain or sorrow here, The heartaches now are past; I've read and sung of Heaven, And now I'm here at last!



I am now in Heaven, And oh, this place is grand! No one could have ever told me Of all the beauty in this land.

Since I cannot describe it, You'll have to come and see That it was worth the many trials To live here for all eternity!

Lawrence & Janet Eastman

Condolences

April 30, 2007

Our heartfelt sympathy is sent to John's family in their time of grief. We knew him through his daughter, Lorraine, who has become like a daughter to us since she married our son, Terry. May the memories held deep within your heart help to soothe your spirit at this time. Love and hugs, Larry and Janet Eastman



Lorraine

My visit's with dad...

April 12th 2007

My dad passes away at 3:23pm. I left my mom's around 6:00pm and on my way home I was crying and praying. I asked my dad to give me some kind of sign that he was okay. That he was happy. I was crying so hard that I could hardly see the road I was driving on. I was stopped at a red light at 66th street and Ulmerton. I had been having doubts and questions about the after life for a couple of days now. After asking my dad for a sign I started to get nervous that he would get all stressed out if God would not allow him to show me that he was ok. I told my dad while stopped at the red light that if he couldn't give me a sign to please not worry about me that I would be okay. I'm just really sad and I miss him.

Sometime early the next morning while I was sleeping I had an encounter with my dad. It was in a dream but was as real as if I were awake. I was at my mom's house and she was sitting with the Hospice nurse going over my dad's medication. I was cleaning up for my mom and the phone rang. I did not get to it in time. A minute later the phone rang again and I answered it, on the other line was a voice that said I have a collect call form John Graham will you accept the charges? I was really excited and said yes. The 1st words my dad said was "where is you mother" I told him that she was with the hospice nurse. He said okay. I told him that he sounds sooooo good. (he had been sick with lung disease) I said I love you Dad and he said "I love you too Lorraine" I instantly awoke and knew that my dad had found a way to come to me. He settled my doubts and I knew he was okay.

I went to bed about 10:00pm. I talked with my dad for a moment. I told him that I loved him and I missed him and goodnight. Sometime in the early morning I had another visit form my dad again in a dream. In my dream I was on this paved road with nothing except grass on each side of it. It seemed to be dusk or dawn (now believe it was dawn) I'm on this road and a beam of light is shining from the sky onto this road. I know that I have to go to this light but I'm saying I'm scared, I don't want to go, what if they don't let me come back. I hear a voice say it's okay Lorraine no body's going to hurt you. Then from the sky in this light I see a hand reach down for me to take it. It was a hand but not like yours and mine. It was beautiful and peaceful. The next thing I know I am up in the sky in what seem like a room. I knew my dad was there but I didn't see him. I asked, "dad are you afraid" he said no Lorraine I'm not afraid. "I said dad you sound so good" he said I feel good Lorraine. I asked, "are you happy dad" he said I am very happy Lorraine. Then I started seeing scenes. I'm looking down on these visions as if I'm on the ceiling looking down. I see all of us standing by my dad's bed as he dies. The next scene I see all of us at my dad's funeral and then a flash of everyone at my house after the funeral. The next scene I was at my brother's house and then Charlene's house just looking in. There was a scene at my mom and dad's place. I see my mom in bed crying, I see her in the dining room. I see the chair where my dad sat all of the time. Then I vision my mom changing the kitchen and taking the nook out where he use to sit. The next thing that I saw was my sister Laura's house, she was in her family room standing there all by herself, she was crying and so sad. I remember feeling bad for her because she was all alone and her big house seemed so lonely and empty.

I told dad that I'm worried about mom. He said Your mom is going to be okay. I said you need to help her dad. He said "I am helping her, through you kids" I said I love you dad. He said I love you too Lorraine.

I awoke instantly and felt as if I had been awake for hours. I looked at the clock and it said 5:18 I laid in bed going over in my mind what had just happened and realized that my dad was showing me things that he has seen. He was letting me know that he is watching over us and that he loves us. I told my mom about this the next day in which she relayed the story to my brother and sister Laura. Laura called me the next day and asked me exactly what I saw so I explained to her my visit with dad. She started bawling because the previous day to my dream she was alone in her house all day crying and having a really hard time with the loss of my dad and how alone she has felt. I knew my dad was watching and he hurts for us. He loves us all so much. I remember the feeling of sadness and loneliness that I felt for my sister....it was actually her feelings and my dad was feeling them.

Later that day when I came home from work my daughter Samantha and I were talking I she said that she was tired....that she had woke up before her alarm went off and just laid in bed. I asked why she woke up and she said that out of no where she just sat up in bed and looked around....she just had a weird feeling. I asked her what time it was and she said 5:18. I have no doubt that I had visited with my dad and he was returning me home safe. I feared going because I was afraid that I wouldn't get back home to my family and they needed me. He brought me home.

I love you dad.

06/12/07

It seemed like forever that my dad had come to visit me. I thought that maybe the two visit's were all I would have with him. But sometime in the night (my birthday) my dad came to me again. I was sleeping and I felt someone sit on the bed next to me. My blanket tightened around the right side of my body, where someone had sat on the bed. (I do not share a blanket with Terry because I always said he makes me feel like a rolled up burrito because he turns with the blanket and it gets tight around my body and I wake up) My dog was in his crate and my cat was outside. So I know it wasn't them. When dad sat on the bed I could not open my eyes and I could not speak, but I could very slowing turn my head toward where he was sitting and I could feel myself smile from ear to ear. Because I couldn't speak I was thinking in my head that I'm not afraid dad, I know it's you, I know you're here with me dad and I love you. I felt so much happiness and no fear because I knew my dad was telling me that he loves me and happy birthday. He wouldn't let the day end without letting me know that he didn't forget that it was my birthday. He was only with me a minute but I have NO doubt that he was there. Once I no longer felt him I was able to open my eyes. I felt like I had been awake for hours. I turned and touched Terry's back and he said "who was that" I thought he too knew that my dad was there (maybe somewhere inside he did). I asked him what do you mean and he said oh I don't know and he got up and went to the bathroom. When he came back to bed I told him what happened and I started crying. Terry told me that my dad loved me very much. I know this

without a doubt. I can not explain the feeling of knowing he has visited me on these occasions.....It is the most undeniable experience. Unless you have had a similar thing happen I don't believe anyone could really understand. But I know.....and my dad knows, that's what really counts.

I love you dad and I miss you more with every passing day.

Jesse Ballantyne

Another Day with Papa

A usual day with my grandfather was going to his house and listening to him tell me and my little brother old war and military stories. He was always in the same place no matter where my grandparents lived, only about ten steps from the refrigerator in the kitchen. He always liked to be close to his demise and there was not a time were I saw him without a beer or cigarette in his hand. But this day we were not meeting him at his usual place we were going to be at a place were he was going to be for a while. This place is further than ten steps of his security blanket.

Papa was not going to be speaking to us today. We were going to be speaking to him, we were going to be telling him how we appreciated all the talks and lessons he told us. The two nervous people at this place were my mother and me, we were the people with paper in our hands. My grandmother did not have the usual happy look on her face and her sunglasses were the new big ones she bought the day before. We all parked at the peaceful field were papa was going to stay for a while. There were not enough chairs for everyone so only the kids and their spouses could sit. Everyone my grandfather loved was there to here what we had to say about him. I was eighteen years old. My grandfather was sixty-seven.

The weather was perfect not to hot for the time of the year. As the ceremony started the military recognized his service and the pastor recognized his faith. My mother looked at me because it was my time to go. I stood up at the podium nervous but collective. I opened my mouth and every word seemed like I was

talking to him to his face, telling him how much he meant to me and it was okay to hang out with his friends for a while till I get to see him again. Everyone was looking at me as I got to tell them how much one person has affected so many lives. I never shed a tear, to many people were looking at me for strength for I was the largest man in the room and my grandfather was usually the biggest man. My grandfather was not there physically, he was there spiritually.

When my mother finished her speech, I carried my grandfather to his place were his sins were contained he watched over me as I placed them in the ground. As each grain of dirt was placed on the container, his life lessons that he told me and my brother at his little stoop were being buried in my conscience. I was the last person to hold my grandfather before he was put to rest. He would have been proud.



John Graham

Graham

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

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The patriotic Scottish race of Graham claims traditional descent from Grame, a Caledonian chief who expelled the Romans by

demolishing one of their defensive walls, the ruins of which became known as Graeme's Dike.

The first authentic ancestor, with a record back to 1128, seems to be William of Graham, one of the witnesses of David I's Holyrood Charter in 1143-47. He afterwards obtained the lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith.

His great grandson, Sir David Graham, acquired Dundaff from Patrick, Earl of Dunbar; and Strathblane and Mugdock from the Earl of Lennox. He had three sons: Sir Patrick, Sir David, and Sir John. Sir John

Graham was termed the 'right hand' of the great Scottish patriot Wallace, who fell at the battle of Falkirk in 1298. Sir Patrick, John's heir, a 'goodly knight' fell in defense of Scotland at Dunbar in 1296.

Sir Patrick's son, Sir David, signed the letter to the Pope in 1320 and got from Bruce a charter for old Montrose in 1325. His descendent, Sir William, Dominus de Graham et Kincardine, obtained from Robert, Duke of Albany, a charter of entail of Old Montrose.

Thus, the Graham clan started. It is an old and distinguished family who took the laurel (Buaidhchraobh, na Labhras) as their symbol. They were later described sardonically as "mostly honorable men."

The principal first name used by Grahams was and is John, and its Gaelic version, Iain, coming from the older Eoin. John means 'The Lord's Grace'. Hence, also MacIain, MacKain, and Johnston, all of which mean 'the son of John.' Thus, there are many John Grahams both famous and infamous.

For example, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, greatest of the Jacobite commanders and known as 'Bloody Clavers of Bonny Dundee', fell at Killiecrankie in command of the army of James VII in 1689.

In more modern times, John Graham represented the Boston Athletic Association at the recommencement of the Olympics in Greece in 1896 and was impressed by the running of the marathon. He came back to his club in Boston to recreate the event in the new world. Thus, the first Boston Marathon took place on Patriot's Day in 1897. John Graham noted as "trainer and manager" started the race as he did for many years thereafter.

At the oldest golf course, St. Andrews, in Scotland, there is a history wing where one can see the evolution of the golf ball. The oldest golf ball shown is a stitched leather ball packed with feathers. It bears the name ... of course ... John Graham.

The first Graham recorded in the New World, was, apparently, according to a commercial firm that records different families, Anton Graham who came to Virginia in 1651. One will have to take that 'fact' with a pinch of salt. Who ever heard of a Graham being called Anton -- especially in 1651?

Many later Grahams arrived in the new world by way of Ireland, having been evicted from the Scottish highlands by the English and then were forced to move onwards by the great potato famine. Most of the Irish Grahams settled in the southern states.

In recent years, parents have named their offspring Graham, using the name as a first name. However, that is tantamount to a woman wearing a kilt: 'ambitious but mistaken.'

Lorraine

This looks like the road I was on when you came to me in my dream.

Lorraine

Today I put a Christmas tree on my dad's grave. This is our first Christmas without him and it is very difficult. As I sat at his grave I thought of the many Christmas's before and looking at the tree I brought reminded me of the time we lived in Dollar Bay, Michigan, my dad brought home a silver Christmas tree and we tried to be excited but in the end we (us kids) cried. My dad felt bad and ended up buying us a real tree. That is the same year that he was up all night putting our new bikes together. Us girls had pink and white bikes and Johnny had an orange bike. I don't remember a lot of conversations with my dad as a young girl but now that I'm a parent I can look back and see all the unspoken things he did. As I grew into adulthood I have so many memories of conversations I have had with my dad. He was a very wise man and I miss him so much. I still look to him for answers, advice and guidance. I wish we could have more conversations. I wish we had more time.

I love you dad.....you are missed more each day.

Lorraine

Lorraine Eastman

Happy Veteran's Day....we're proud of you dad!

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America

Throughout our history, America has been protected by patriots who cherished liberty and made great sacrifices to advance the cause of freedom. The brave members of the United States Armed Forces have answered the call to serve our Nation, ready to give all for their country. On Veterans Day, we honor these extraordinary Americans for their service and sacrifice, and we pay tribute to the legacy of freedom and peace that they have given our great Nation.

In times of war and of peace, our men and women in uniform stepped forward to defend their fellow citizens and the country they love. They shouldered great responsibility and lived up to the highest standards of duty and honor. Our veterans held fast against determined and ruthless enemies and helped save the world from tyranny and terror. They ensured that America remained what our founders meant her to be: a light to the nations, spreading the good news of human freedom to the darkest corners of the earth.

Like the heroes before them, today a new generation of men and women are fighting for freedom around the globe. Their determination, courage, and sacrifice are laying the foundation for a more secure and peaceful world.

Veterans Day is dedicated to the extraordinary Americans who protected our freedom in years past, and to those who protect it today. They represent the very best of our Nation. Every Soldier, Sailor, Airman, Marine, and Coast Guardsman has earned the lasting gratitude of the American people, and their service and sacrifice will be remembered forever. In the words of Abraham Lincoln: "... let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle" On this Veterans Day, I ask all Americans to express their appreciation to our Nation's veterans.

With respect for and in recognition of the contributions our service men and women have made to the cause of peace and freedom around the world, the Congress has provided (5 U.S.C. 6103(a)) that November 11 of each year shall be set aside as a legal public holiday to honor our Nation's veterans.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, GEORGE W. BUSH, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim November 11, 2007, as Veterans Day and urge all Americans to observe November 11 through November 17, 2007, as National Veterans Awareness Week. I encourage all Americans to recognize the valor and sacrifice of our veterans through ceremonies and prayers. I call upon Federal, State, and local officials to display the flag of the United States and to support and participate in patriotic activities in their communities. I invite civic and fraternal organizations, places of worship, schools, businesses, unions, and the media to support this national observance with commemorative expressions and programs.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this thirty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord two thousand seven, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and thirty-second.

GEORGE W. BUSH

Lorraine Eastman

Thanksgiving is fast approaching and I'm finding it hard to get excited about the day. Terry and I had Thanksgiving at our house a couple of years but dad came over VERY early in the morning to get the turkey started. Thanksgiving was his holiday. He loved to smoke turkeys and they were always the best. It is going to be so hard to get through the day without him there for advice on how to make something, to hear his prayer of thanks and to see him with this huge family he started. Nothing is the same since he left us and I'm sure it never will be. I am thankful for the time we had with my dad but I regret that I didn't spend as much time as I could have with him. He did so much right and the love his kids have for him proves what a great man he was. He loved us kids so much. He and my mom moved back to Michigan in 1995. Dad missed us all so much that he moved back to Florida jjust a few months later. Terry the girls and I went to visit them two months after they moved and dad was so sad when we left. He wanted to get in the car and come back with us. He wrote a really nice note to Terry that brought tears to our eyes as we read it on our way back to Florida. Mom and dad moved back a month and a half later. There are so many momories but they are hard to write about because of the pain from missing him. People say that if I knew then what I know now things would be different....it's true....dad I would do, act and say things so much differently. I hope that you knew and still know how much I love you.

Dad we miss you so much...every day is sad without you and the holidays are especially hard. You are with us in our hearts everyday....just wish we could talk, I wish I could see you. I need a hug.

john graham



MY Dad

I remember when dad would be gone for weeks at a time in the military and i missed him so much, i would lay in mom and dads bed and i could smell dads pillow and ifelt he was there by the smell. last week i was at Moms and i couldsmell dad scent in the house, i walked to his weelchair and icould smell his scent, i walked in the Bed Room and icould smell his scent. I did

everything i could to hold back the Tears it was so hard too but i did . was dad there with us ? I wonder does God let them visit us once in a while?

I never in my life felt so much sorrow and it just wont go away . I try and hold my Head High and try and Be the Man but there are times when i just want to be a little Boy again and stand there looking up at My Hero.

Because make no mistake about it He was and will always be My Hero.

Dad Days pass and they say time heals but i feel that I will not heal or be the same person from now on . I was lucky to have you when we did and I thank God he Gave us almost 5 years after you were told that you had Cancer. But I wish we had more time ,I Miss you so much i want you and the World to Know

you were a Good man, you always listened and always knew the right advice to give, I hope i can Fill your shoes because they are so big to fill?

I hope you are proud of me and i will always try and Be the Man you Tought me to Be

Love your Son

John

Felicia

I was thinking about the war in Iraq the other day and had questions. I really don't pay too much attention to the war because it makes me sad but there were things I was wondering about. I grabbed my cell phone to call you, knowing you would know, and realized I am not able to call heaven. I miss you Papa. You are in my thoughts every day. I know grandma misses you a lot too. The holidays are getting closer but I don't want them to come, I'm not ready to celebrate without you here. Christmas Eve will be the hardest thing I will ever have to do. I recorded you last year, remember? You were so cute. It won't be the same without you there. I love you. xoxo

John Graham



Dads Best Friend Paul Marcotte Passed away monday Aug 21th 2007, in a House Fire

He will be layed to rest just a few Graves From Dad .

I had to post this picture, It Reminds me that they were best friends in life and Now they are joined as Best friends in Heaven.

Mom I Hope heaven is Ready for the Two of them. They are having fun togeather telling stories and laughing and being the life of the Party.

MAXWELL EASTMAN

A GREAT MAN BORN AUGUST 28TH 1938 PASSED APRIL 12TH 2007 HE WAS MY GRANDFATHER I LOVED HIM TO MUCH TO THINK ABOUT HIM WITHOUT CRYING AFTER HE PASSED HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE STORIES WHEN HE WAS IN THE ARMY WEEKS AFTER HE PASSED I FOND OUT HE NEVER KILLED ANYBODY AND I WAS PROUD BECAUSE HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY WITHOUT KILLING ANYONE I ONLY HAD TEN AND A HALF YEARS WITH HIM AND I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO TALK TO HIM ONE MORE TIME IT FEELS LIKE YEARS HAVE PASSED BUT IT HAS ONLY BEEN THREE MONTHS AND TO DAYS SENSE HE DIED I MISS HIM SO MUCH.

Lorraine

July 4th 2004 was the last day I smoked and the day that we found out my dad's cancer had spread to his brain. Here we are 3 years later missing him tremendously. He fought so hard for so long. He was soooooo mad at Charlene and I for forcing him to go to the VA emergency room, but by the time we had left there he was grateful that we are the kids we are and that we noticed when something was wrong. The truth be known my dad was so courageous and so strong that when any little thing was out of line it was obvious. It wasn't because Charlene and I are so smartit was actually because my dad was so strong and we seen a small weakness....something that my dad did not display under normal circumstances. He was so strong, loving, kind, direct and had a hilarious personality (if he allowed you to see that side of him). He loved his family and we all knew it. He never shorted us on love. It took him leaving us to fully unserstand that. If he was mad at us....he never stayed mad for long. We could always count on him for advice, support, love, truth, reality checks and an ear to listen

I love you dad and miss you so much every day. I really miss our visits.

Paula Graham

I remember when i first came into your family you treated me like a daughter me and you had a special bond that started Oct 19 1985.we use to talk alot about everything.I remember when you and John would have a disagreement you would always call me and talk to me about it and at the end of the conversation you would always say help him to see my point of view, and i would.and he did,I miss talking to you and my mom,you both had that special gift of making everyone feel better no matter what the problem was at the time.now you are both together, watching over us.I miss you both so much, everyday is hard for me, but i just keep saying to myself i will see you both again some day.

John Graham

Dad we would fight over politics and views and i miss calling you on the phone daily, just to hear your voice and here you say " hey"or your going to rip my face off or hina hina hina . it made me feel so good,



i miss all the long talks while i am driving to fort Myers, i Sometimes start to call you and for that moment before i remember your not with us anymore i feel like your still there and going to answer then it hits me and i hang up and feel all the sorrow rush over me in a instant.

Dad I Never Knew How Much Pain it would be with out you. I am A little Mad at you for smoking and leaving us, we still needed you and wanted to share more memories with you!!!! but that Dam Smoking took you from us!!!!!! and for that i feel cheated by your choices you made years ago with the smoking. I will have to learn to live with it but the Pain i Feel i Fear will haunt me until my

Death.

Dad you worked hard and did not get to enjoy retirement like you should have . Sometimes life just is not fair. John Graham IV

Charlene A. Brean

Growing up, I always felt safe with my DAD, he was always the strongest man in the world to me, now that he's gone(in heaven) I was scared, until I looked at my Brother at his furneal and I just knew my Dad lives through him, so I'm still safe.

Samantha

Tall, and wrinkly, brave and strong. My grandfather is the greatest man in my life. He has always been there for me since day one. He was there when I got caught stealing cookies from the cookie jar at age five. I know he will be here for me when ever I call on him. My grandfather has impacted my life in such a extraordinary way. He always seemed to teach me something about life. I never realized it, but looking back I have learned so much from this wise, soft spoken man. He use to tell me war stories over and

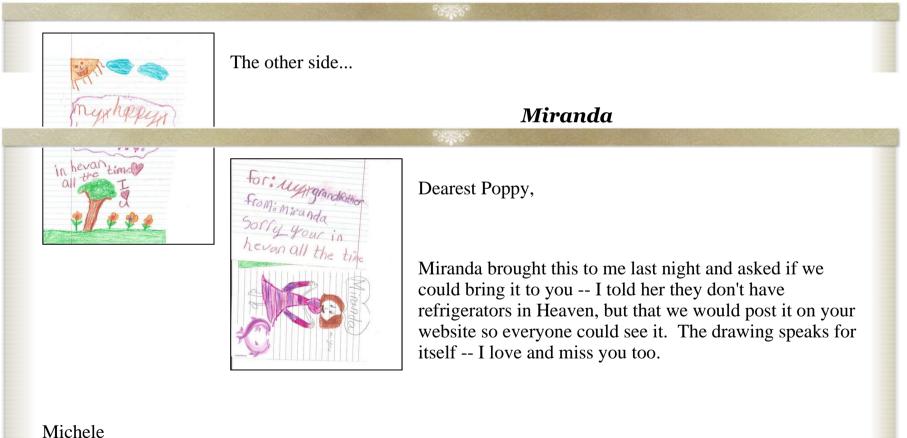
over again. In these war stories, they each seem to bring a special value into my life. He spoke about friends and how they will be there when you need them the most, he spoke about love and how us women were always right, he spoke about forgiveness because you never know, one day your worst enemy may be the one saving your life. When I was younger I always missed the point and say "hey papa did you ever kill anyone", and he would tell me that he was not allowed to tell me until he was on his death bed. I just laughed thinking that day would never come and just imagined my hero at war fighting off all the bad guys. He also taught me that no job was to small. He worked as a cook in the war, but he was the most respected man that I have ever met. I love my grandfather so very much. But, it took him dying for me to ever realize all he has done for me in my life. I did find out that he never killed anyone, however, he did change every persons life who ever met him. I love you Papa.

Lorraine

It has been a little over two weeks since my dad passed away and every day new memories come to me. I miss him so much. I worked for my dad when he owned Graham Tool and Machine (GTM) and I have wonderful memories of that time. However, I will never forget the time when my dad and I worked at SunMicro Stamping together. I would have lunch with him everday and not a day would go by that I didn't go back to my office with a smile on my face. My dad was so much fun, had a sense of humor and a goofy side that you couldn't help but laugh and have a good time with him. No matter how my day was going I could walk about a 100 feet and talk to my dad. He would be happy for me when I was having a good day and would hug me and tell me that he loved me when I was having a bad day.....when I was dating Tony and I spent to much time in the shop and not in my office he would tell me that too. No matter what the situation I could count on my dad. Some of the best times I had with my dad were when we worked at SunMicro. I was at a really difficult time in my life and my dad held me up every day. I have great memories when I worked for my dad at GTM but it was different when we worked together at SunMicro....he wasn't my boss, but instead my friend, co-worker and my dad all at the same time. At GTM no matter what I did he couldn't fire me....because I would tell MOM and we all know who the REAL boss was when he had that shop :o) My dad would tell me when I was f'in up and wouldn't sugar coat it...he would literally say "what the "f" is wrong with you....do you have rocks in your head" but no matter if I was right or wrong, if I called him upset or crying he would be in my corner and want to beat whom ever it was that upset me. My dad was smart, intelligant and the best damn Jig Grinder in Pinellas County. He was a legend in his trade and there are not many people that work in Machine shops in the area who do not know of John Graham. He could probably piss off more people then I could imagine.....but there is not

anyone who knew my dad that didn't love him. He has left his mark on so many people's lives and I know that he will not be forgotten. He loved his friends and co-workers over the years and adored his family....he was and will continue to be the greatest man I have ever known.

I love you Dad and miss you with every passing day.....you will live on forever in our hearts and in the memories of everyone who ever knew John Graham.



Miranda

Jesse Ballantyne

I know I didn't get to hang out with my Grandfather as much as I wanted because we lived in different cities. My love and respect for him never failed. I respected him so much that there are two men in this world that I am scared of when I did something wrong~one being my Dad and second being my Papa~~not because of his massive size or his stern voice, but for fear of disappointing him.

When I found out about him being sick in 2001, it hit me hard. It was the first family member of mine that had come down with a terminal illness. Also it was the first real shock of how short life can be. I never thought he would pull through for this long. But if there is one thing my Papa is~is a fighter. Fighter for his country, fighter for his family, fighter for his friends, but most of all his Lord and Savior~Jesus Christ.

When I saw him after he came down with lung cancer in 2001, there was one thing he was worried about~he was scared that he wasn't a good enough man, father, or grandfather to everyone. I told him, "Papa, you have a beautiful wife who you have been named to for 46 years. With her you have had four wonderful children, one of whom had made me. And they have made enough grandchildre to start a small football team. You served your country for 17 years and served in the Korean war. You are a born again christain and believe in Jesus. You are loved by Him and every member of your family. Most men wold be lucky to have your resume when they get to heaven. And I hope I can accomplish half of what you have in your lifetime." And a light of peace came to his face and he fought his cancer for 6 years so that he was at peace with everyone he loved before he left.

I am not upset that he is gone. I am happy that is suffering is over and he is with Jesus in heaven. I just regret that I didn't spend more time with him so he can teach me to be a better man and be more like him. I will miss him, but I know one day I will see him in heaven and I hope I won't disappoint him.

Laura Lewinson

My Dad was only 68 years old and to me, that was far too soon to leave. He certaintly did not want to leave, but God obviously said this was his time. Before I say good-bye to my Dad I wanted you all to know how much he meant to me.

I have lived away from home fo very long time, but always kept my Dad close to me by phone. cars, and airplane rides. It did not matter how little money my Dad had, when I needed to be rescude~he made it happen and I was always rescude. I was also spoiled by my Dad even though he did not have much to spoil me with. My brother reminded me not too long ago that back when I was 19 years old, my Dad bought me a plane ticket to fly home for a week, which he used every dime he had. Me~ acting like my spoiled self, had to go to the beach. My Dad tried to explain he did not have any money left to pay for parking, gas and food to go to the beach. Well, he took me to the beach that day anyway. I did not know until years later that he pawned his grill to take me to the beach that day. There are many stories and memories that Johnny, Charlene, Lorraine, and I will love to share with you all. My sisters and brother often joked and teased each other who Dads favorite child was. Whenever we brought this teasing to Dad's attention and ask him to answer who his favorite child was, he would get irritated and said that was nonsense. It truly was nonsense to him, because he did not have a favorite child. He loved us all so much that he made us all equally feel like his "special one". Because we were "special" to our Dad. Not only did he make his kids feel special, but also made it known to my Aunts and Uncles how much he loved him. Infact, there was a time or two that Uncle Bobby was also known as "Bobby Graham". He really loved them like his own children. There's something else I really respected my Dad for, and that's how much he loved his country. He was so proud of the service he gave to our country. I could never hear enough stories of the time he was in Okanowa or the Pentagone. He was just so very proud of being an American and serving his country. Not only did he love his country, his friends, and family, but he loved my Mother. They were married 46 years. Not every marriage is perfect, infact, I know not one whose is. But you and Dad, Mom, were a true testament for "for richer or poor, in sickness and health, till death do us part". Mom, you were there until his very last breath. What a blessed man my Dad was to have you by his side to the very end.

Mom, you are never alone. Dad's spirit lives on and every time you look at your four children you can be reminded of Dad's love. Through us and all your grandchildren Dad lives on. We are all here~Please count on us to hold you up for now.

Felicia

My grandpa was the most amazing man I have ever known. His mind was sharp and he held the answers to any question I ever had. He loved to remind me of the time I hit him over his bald head with a candle stick when I was little! He retold that story to me just a few days before he left the VA Nursing Home...said he could still feel the knot I left on his head! That story makes me laugh every time I hear it. I almost took down his awning when I was 15...I didn't have a permit yet and he let me drive down to the dumpster and back to his house and he told me I was too close and I was going to hit it as I pulled in, but I said I had done it a hundred times before with grandma and kept driving...well, I did hit it! I can hear him now..."PAULINE!!!" haha He never told my mom though, he replaced it and it was our secret! I miss him so much. My memories will never fade Papa, you've left a lasting impression on me and everyone who knew you.

Lorraine Eastman

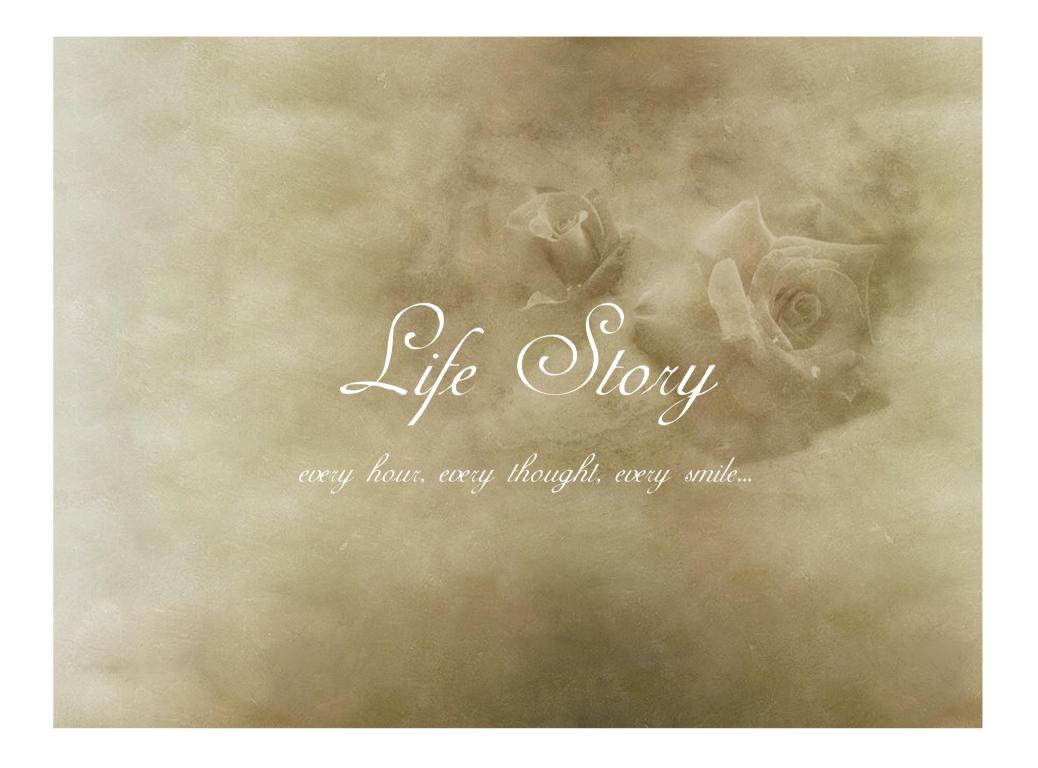
My dad is the smartest man I know. No matter what the situation or question I had he knew the right answer. I remember as a young teenager he and I would watch Jeopardy and he would answer 95% of the questions right. I would always tell him that he should try to get on the show and win some money. I was cooking a few days ago and had a question about what I was making and my initial thought was to call dad he would know....but I can no longer do that. I remember the nights my dad would sleep on the sofa waiting for us girls to come home from our dates. Once we were home he would find his way to his bed because he knew we were safe. Other memories are of the Christmas when he bought us kids bikes and he stayed up all night putting them together and another Christmas us kids changed the clocks forward so we could open our gifts (mom said we had to wait until 5 am) Dad knew it was only 4 am because he had on his watch but he never said anything he let us enjoy the excitement of Christmas. We are going to miss the cookouts and the family gathering's that we had often, they will never be the same without him. We will miss him everyday of our lives. My dad loved us all so much that he fought this horrible disease for over 5 years......he was our miracle, our hero....and now he is our Angel watching over us. I love you dad and miss you more then you can ever imagine.

John Graham

Me and My Dad Would Argue politics a lot, he had some good views but mostly i argued with him so he would take his mind off his medical problems. I miss you dad.

Some People say God does not answer prayers. Well in our case he did . My Dad was told he had 6 months to live 5 years ago . We all prayed for more time then 6 months and God Gave us 5 Years before Taking my Dad Home .

Dad We Miss You but We also Want to Say Thank You God For the Answered Prayers.



Born in United States Michigan on August 28, 1938.

February 11, 1978

Me and Dad

We had a Cabin On Houghton Lake Michigan, my dad took me up to it when i was 13 to go ice fishing , when we got to the one room cabin i pushed the bed close to him and i had to put Tin Foil on the rabbit ears so we could get any channels to come in on the T.V. I made such a Big Tin Foil antenna that my dad was impressed, we layed in bed and eat ham and mayo sandwich with pringles on them we watched a cowboy and fell asleep . I woke up and dad made a big breakfest , He liked to do that , we fished in the ice Shack all day , we diden't catch anything but we drank hot coco and talked . Its amazing how those memories come rushing back when he is gone . The Good Old Days , Dad could always make everything alright .I hope i can do the same for my Boys , Dad i Miss you

April 17, 2007

Passed away on April 12, 2007.

Our Deepest Sympathy www.last-memories.com