



## Edward A. Anderson

November 19, 1931 - July 26, 2019

Edward Abraham Anderson was born in a tent in Longdale, Oklahoma on November 19, 1931 to Willard Anderson and Anna Bell Tea. He gave up his final battle with cancer at home in Lakewood, Washington, surrounded by loved ones, on July 26, 2019 at the age of 87.

Edward was not famous in the traditional sense of the word. His early life on the farm as the 5th of 6 children may have been easy to overlook. There was no loud “hurrah” from family and friends when he earned his GED in Hawaii while serving in the US Army Signal Corp during the Korean War, earning an honorable discharge. He was not lauded for his work helping to set up satellite communications for the train carrying Nikita Khrushchev on his first state visit to America in 1959 or for the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. Few knew his name when he served in the Hawaiian rainforest on classified communication jobs, or Vietnam during the height of the Vietnam War and the Tet Offensive, or on the DEW line in Alaska. He was a backup steel guitar player for the likes of Johnny Cash, June Carter and countless other famous country singers in the 1950s at a rough and tumble beer hall named Okie’s in Foster Park, CA.

Edward is survived by his wife of 43 years, Marlene. His 7 children and stepchildren, Diana (Val), Greg (Judy), Sandy (Dave), Renee (Ed), Pam, Jim (Chris), and Edward Jr. (Debbie). To his family, wife, children, 26 grandchildren and countless great-grandchildren and spouses, and those many whose life he touched in small and large ways, he was Charming and Openhearted, he was Superman and Dear Heart, he was Dad and the famous great and only Paca.

“Invictus” William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,

Black as the pit from pole to pole,

I thank whatever gods may be

For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance

I have not winced nor cried aloud.

Under the bludgeonings of chance

My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the Horror of the shade,

And yet the menace of the years

Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll,

I am the master of my fate:

I am the captain of my soul.

# Events

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**AUG** **Inurnment** 09:30AM

**26**

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Tahoma National Cemetery

18600 Southeast 240th Street, KENT, WA, US, 98042

**AUG** **Reception** 01:00PM - 04:00PM

**26**

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Oak Room at Mountain View Celebration of Life Center

4100 Steilacoom Blvd SW, Lakewood, WA, US, 98499

# Comments

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“ Red Rose Fireside Basket was purchased for the family of Edward A. Anderson.



August 19 at 05:10 PM

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“ Ed was a charismatic man devoted to Marlene and his family. Loved his politics and his humor. He will be sorely missed by family and friends. Diane Bobiak

**Diane Bobiak** - August 13 at 03:25 PM

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“ What can I say about my dad..... I miss him and it seems so surreal to think he's not here. I have too many memories to put down, so here are a few.

Christmas was a big deal in our home. Dad would take two weeks off at Christmas to bake cookies, coffee cake, and fudge. We went to candy cane lane to look at Christmas lights and get an eggnog ice cream on the way home. Another memory that stands out, we were on the pier in Ventura and I had to use the restroom, when I came out he had a small package of Oreos to give me. I asked where he got them, and he told me it was magic! Another time I spilt coffee on his lap and the rest is a story you can only imagine. I believe he yelled at me, I ran to my room and about ten minutes later he came to apologize for yelling, it was just that I had spilt the coffee in a sensitive area. He was my coach when I had my first baby, NaNa, and the first to call me mama. After my mom died, I remember having a real bad dream about my mom. I went in to the living room crying and he comforted me. I have memories of him out in Wasilla, especially at Christmas. I spent every Christmas Eve out there with my family until 1987 when he and my mom and brothers moved to Washington. He was always there for me. Fast forward, I was able to go on a road trip with him and mom to Arizona, go to a family reunion, and was able to spend lots of time with him and mom in Washington before he passed away. He made me biscuits and gravy one of the last times I saw him and I was able to get him coffee and a nice gooey cinnamon roll. I played call of duty World War 2 with him, it was my first time playing. I was able to love on him and it means the world to me that I could do that. The last words I said to him were I love you and aloha. I'm thinking of a song that came out in the late 80's by Mike + Mechanics called the living years, the first chours of the song goes like this:

Every generation blames the one before, all of their frustrations come beating on your door. I know that I'm a prisoner to all my father held so dear, I know that I'm a hostage to all his hopes and fears, I just wish I could have told him in the living years. I was blessed that the last sentence in the song didn't happen to me.

I love you dad,

Aloha.

Pam, your baby girl

**Melissa Moran** - August 06 at 01:55 AM