

The Dedmon Connection

DECEMBER 2004 - Number 31

(Dedmon, Dedman, Deadman, Deadmon, Dedmond, Dedmond, etc.)



HO HO HO MERRY CHRISTMAS

Well here we are fast approaching the end of 2004. It has been a good year “on the whole”... but some great philosopher of yesteryear said a “hole” was empty, dark and useless. So the next time someone tells you that “on the whole” things are good, just remember that. One of my preacher friend’s favorite descriptions is “things are looking up” to which I replied, “yep, that’s the way it is when you are flat of your back!!!”

While this is the December Issue, it is published after the first of the year. I apologize for being myself, and of course I am making no promises. To have published eleven issues last year was quite a chore, so I may go back to the quarterly edition.

This is the 31st edition of THE DEDMON CONNECTION. The first issue was in March, 1998... I know it is hard for me to believe.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We did have a family gathering at Thanksgiving and also before Christmas. It is difficult to get all the family together these days... There are so many in-laws that time has to be divided between families. Following our family gathering, Mom went to my sister Ruth’s house till after Christmas. Our son, Gary, and his family spent a couple of days with us. On Christmas eve we were at our granddaughter’s house in order to “see” our great grandchildren open their gifts. It is hard to believe that Masie is three and Curt is one. We spent the “night before Christmas” at our daughter Gwen’s house. At 6 am we left for the airport in Atlanta to take Gwen to her early morning flight to New Jersey. On the way back to Ringgold we stopped at the Waffle House for breakfast and arrived home by about 10 am. That evening we ate with my brother Bill’s family at his daughter Kym’s house.



YOURS TRULY WITH MASIE AND CURT



My cousin, Kenny Lunsford, passed away recently after a bout with the big “C”. He had taken treatments a few years ago and appeared to be doing fine until about a year ago. From there it was down hill. Kenny was forty-seven years old.

It is kinda strange how you drift from your cousins through the years. Kenny was born the year I graduated from Rossville High School and baby cousins are not high on most graduates’ list. Then I married two years later and moved to Huntsville, AL. So, until October 2003, I lived away from the Ringgold, GA area. The last time I remember seeing Kenny was at my grandmother’s funeral. I believe that was in 1972. Since Grandmother had six children (all girls), they used the oldest son of each daughter, which of course included me and Kenny. The other four were Jay (James Eldon) Gilbert, Alvin Petty, Gene Bates and Jerry Lunsford. To my knowledge that was the last time I saw Gene. Jay passed away in 1999. I believe I saw Alvin at Granddaddy’s funeral which was in 1997.

Granddaddy (Olen Vess) was not actually my “real” grandfather. My mother’s father (George Dickson) passed away in 1918 when Mom was around seven years old. Grandmother married Olen in 1924. She had two girls by George (Ruby, my mom and Edna). Olen had two girls, Ola and Dorothy, and then they had two girls, Mary and Peggy. However, growing up we knew nothing of “yours, mine and ours”. Granddaddy treated us all alike and as far as I am concerned he is (was) my grandfather.

Mary and Peggy both married Lunsford boys. I remember when they began dating. In fact, I resented them for taking my aunts away. Mary and Peggy always seemed to be “one of us kids”. They always played games and took care of me and the rest of my cousins. The rest of our aunts were “old” women at the time.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Can you believe his is 44 years old??? How old do you have to be to have a son who is 44. Well I am 65. I remember well November 22, 1960. We



were living at Gurley, AL when Jane first announced that we were gonna be parents. However, as we did not want to live so far from the hospital we moved to Huntsville. Of course, as luck would have it, when Jane decided she needed to go to the Hospital, we were visiting friends thirty miles

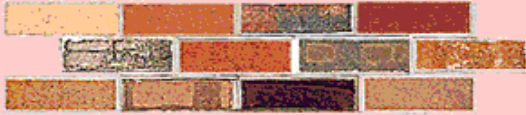
away. It was on Sunday evening, but in those days I was off the third Sunday of each month and I usually preached at Big Cove on Sunday morning. Big Cove is south of Huntsville near Owens Cross Roads. Our friends, Ralph and Mini Samples were living there, so we often visited them in the afternoon, as we were doing that day.

When Jane said, “I need to go to the hospital”, I never asked why. So we headed across Monte Sano Mountain to Huntsville. We arrived around six o’clock and I figured by the time we checked in and Jane delivered the baby, we would be home around 10 that night..... WRONG!!!!

In those days the father was not allowed in the delivery room (for which I am still thankful), so I waited in the family room, which became my room for the next two days. By the time Gary entered this world, most of Chattanooga had made their way to Huntsville. I am not really sure who all was there, but I do know both sets of grandparents were on the scene and I believe most of our brothers and sisters

Thirty-two hours of labor was probably the most difficult thing I have ever experienced.. I certainly can attest to the pain of childbirth. I am not really sure how Jane fared. I do know that she came home from the hospital a week later, so it couldn’t have been too bad...

THE BRICK WALL



I have discovered at least five major Deadman branches that we have not been able to connect. If you have information on any of the Deadman family branches, please submit.

As we bring the year 2004 to a close, we are so reminded of the swiftly passing of time. I believe we still have some of our millennium water stored somewhere. There are still so many unsolved “mysteries” connected with the Dedmon family. We solved a few in 2004 and hopefully will do better in 2005. It takes all of us working together.

I appreciate so much each of you who take the time to send me information. If it were not for folks like yourself, we would not have this newsletter.

I hope we can have a reunion this summer. If you have an interest in this, please let me know. The other two were a great success. We are always hearing from new folks, but I still like to hear from the “older” ones. There are some that I have not heard from in a long time. It’s time to change all that. **Are you listening???**

The two major branches in the Deadman Tree are still separated. No one has discovered the link that will tie us together. I am so confident that if we knew Christopher’s father we would be able to make the connection. It is interesting that Christopher and our John both died in 1679. Our John came to America in 1674. I can’t find when Christopher came. Probably the answer lies somewhere in England. I believe Wanda Colvin was there once and did find some information.

The West Tennessee Dedmons that I struggled with for so long to find their branch on the tree, seems to be falling toward Christopher’s branch. It looks as if the Middle Tennessee kinsmen are connected to our part of the tree. However, there are still some unanswered questions.

Then there is Seneca Dedmon. He is the first we can find in Georgia and his family seems to have moved to Missouri.....but then again, we can’t find the missing link on this line.

NEWLY WEDS



Amy Ruth Smith and John Robert Vaughn

Gatlinburg, Tennessee is not only the beautiful vacation hideaway of the East Tennessee Smoky Mountains, but is also the scene of an October wedding. Amy Ruth Smith and John Robert Vaughn were united in marriage on October 23, 2004. Following the wedding the couple stayed in Gatlinburg several days for their honeymoon. Amy is the daughter of Don and Ruth Dedmon Smith and John is the son of Dwayne and Margaret Sisk Vaughn. The couple will reside near Huntsville, Alabama, the city of their births. John is a heavy equipment operator for Wade Hayes Excavating Company and Amy is an Insurance Manager for Urology Specialists in Huntsville. Amy’s mother, Ruth, is my sister, and of course, you can tell by her beauty that she takes after the Dedmon side of the family.

KEYS SATISFY MUSICIAN'S CARIBBEAN SOUL



Scott Youngberg

TAVERNIER- The easygoing, self-confident solo guitarist spoke of the balance necessary to play bars and clubs on weekends and struggle to work for rent money at a day job Monday through Friday.

"Being successful in this business is like selling insurance. It's selling yourself," says Scott Youngberg, 37, who knows all about being a part-time musician. "Then the lights go on and the magic begins," he adds. It is easy to understand the magic of which he speaks when he straps on his "Keys guitar," the one with the jumping dolphins, and begins to play.

Youngberg's first gig in the Keys was a popular Islamorada restaurant with an outdoor cabana and beach bar. "I got my start at the Lorelei. That's my alma mater," he says, relaxing on a Friday afternoon in the home he shares with his wife, Suzi Youngberg. "I also waited tables there." That was in 1997 when he played mostly bars and clubs. Then he began playing on the beach at Morada Bay as well.

He gives his wife ample credit for his musical success. "Suzi gave me the gift of time," he says. "She worked full-time and I was able to lean on her at the beginning. She gave me time to get my act together, literally."

Now, after building a local reputation for seven years, his calendar is booked, mostly for private parties such as weddings and birthdays. He has found himself singing his magic more often since he hooked up with Island Weddings, the folks who operate the Caribbean Cafe in Islamorada.

Youngberg says he plays "happy hour music," songs from the '70s and '80s. "I play mostly original and soft rock tunes," he says. "No hip-hop, rap or boy band songs. Suzi and I co-write the music. I do the arrangements, and she is the wordsmith."

Happy hour music notwithstanding, Youngberg's voice has a smooth quality capable of melding with the voice of the original recording artist. He possesses the ability to sing Neil Young's "Heart of Gold" and force the listener to think of Young, and then, on the next song, sound like his favorite musician, Harry Chapin, when he sings the classic "Taxi." Those musicians he considers mentors, that have provided the most inspiration, are the Beatles, Paul Simon, Harry Chapin, Pink Floyd and the more obscure Mike Oldfield. About the Beatles, Youngberg smiles and says, "They did it all."

Born in Waukegan, Ill., the son of a successful businessman, Youngberg spent his early years in Upper St. Clair, Pa., a Pittsburgh suburb. His family moved back to Illinois and he graduated from Wheaton Central High School in 1985. He lasted about a year-and-a-half at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville as a business student. Somewhere along the way he realized that only music would make him happy.

"At first my dad wasn't happy with my decision, but now he's a big fan," Youngberg says with a grin. "But I wanted to play guitar. I had been playing since seventh grade." He and Suzi married and moved to the Keys after having vacationed here for scuba diving. Like so many, they loved it and stayed. When they're not working they may well be out on the water in their boat, "Idle Hours."



Scott and Suzi Youngberg

Youngberg plays a crisp, singing acoustic guitar. He also has learned to play a little keyboard and has rigged a harmonica so he can play without using his hands. It is particularly effective in the opening song on his "Live at Sunset" CD, "Heart of Gold."

When asked where he wants to go with his career, he pauses before speaking. "I'm suffering from a lack of a goal," he confides. "If this is as good as it gets, so be it. It has something to do with my Caribbean soul. "Actually I've always wanted a repertoire of 1,000 songs. I have about half that now. I want to be known as 'The Man of 1,000 Songs.'

"I don't want to tour the country. I just want to live here and be happy. Suzi and I knew, when we first met, that we'd live near a beach someday. We didn't know it would be on an island."

Youngberg performs from Christmas through early summer at Cheeca Lodge on Wednesday and Friday from 6-10 p.m.; at the Water's Edge Restaurant at Hawks Cay on Duck Key, Saturdays from 8 p.m. to midnight.; and at Morada Bay on Mondays from 6-10 p.m. For more information, call Youngberg at 853-0312.

Editor's note: Suzi Youngberg is my niece. She is the daughter of my sister Carolyn Dedmon Price. Although I have never heard him sing in person, I do have a CD that he produced.

DEATH NOTICES

(Some of the obits in this issue date back a couple of years, but I am including them anyway as they contain a wealth of info....)

Annie Belle Dedmon

Annie Belle D. Horne, Jonesville (Dec. 1999)
Annie Belle Dedmon Horne, 80, 115 Hames Ave., died Saturday.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Arnold (Brenda H.) Sanders of Jonesville; sisters, Mary Bradley, Nancy Jolly and Sara Caldwell all of Spartanburg; two grandchildren, Danette Atkins and Suzann Sanders both of Jonesville; two great-granddaughters, Summer Armstrong and Phillip Armstrong of Jonesville.

Visitation: 6:30-8 p.m. tonight at Holcombe's Jonesville Chapel. Graveside service: 11 a.m. Monday in Gilead Baptist Church Cemetery.

Memorials: Gilead Baptist Church Building Fund, 748 Gaffney Highway, Jonesville, SC 29353. Family: 102 Academy St. *(via the Greenville News)*

Cleo G. Dedmon

COOLEEMEE — Cleo G Dedmon, 84, Pine Ridge Road, formerly of Emerald Isle, died Saturday Dec. 16, 2000 at the family home. Born Jan. 3, 1916, in Davie County, Mrs. Dedmon was a daughter of the late Male and Hattie Copley Gregory. A homemaker, she had retired from Erwin Mills, after 11 years with the company. She was a member of Chapel by the Sea in Emerald Isle. She was preceded in death by her husband of 56 years, L.C. Dedmon. Survivors include sons Delano and Terry Dedmon, both of Cooleemee; brothers Baxter and J.P. Gregory, both of Cooleemee; four grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren. Services: 11 a.m. Monday, Davie Funeral Service, Mocksville, conducted by the Rev. Clarence Sifford. Burial, Legion Memorial Park, Mocksville. Visitation: 7-8:30 tonight, at the funeral home. Memorials: Hospice of Davie County, P.O. Box 848, Mocksville, NC 27028.

GUSSIE ENLOE

GASTONIA — Gussie Dedmond Enloe, 97, died Nov. 12, 2004, at Century Care of Gastonia. She was born April 20, 1907, in Cleveland County, daughter of the late William Haley and Mary Ellen Todd Dedmond.

GRAVESIDE SERVICE: A graveside service and interment will be at Gaston Memorial Park, Gastonia, 2:30 p.m. Sunday

VISITATION: 1 to 2 p.m. Sunday, Greene Funeral Service, South Chapel; other times at the Falls residence, 2020 S. Marietta St, Gastonia
Gussie was a member of Trinity United Methodist Church. She was retired from Trenton Textiles, Gastonia, and then lived in Clover, S.C., for many years where she and her husband, Hubert, farmed. She loved going to church, gardening and making quilts. She was a fine seamstress and was a big fan of the Atlanta Braves.

SURVIVORS: Numerous nieces and nephews; brother-in-law, Earl Sams; sisters-in-law, Millie Dedmond of Florida, Hazel Dedmond of Jacksonville, N.C.

PRECEDED IN DEATH BY: Husband, Hubert A. Enloe; infant daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth; brothers, John, Ernest, Furman "Cliff," James "Jim," Maxwell "Mack," and Tony Dedmond; sisters, Dorothy McBee, Martha Sams and Agnes

I wanted to make sure each of you were aware that Aunt Gussie died this morning, 11/12/04, at 7:30 a.m. Funeral will be at Greene's Funeral Home Southside on Sunday. Receiving friends at 1:00 -2:00 and then the funeral. Please write back if you want complete details. Danny McBee. Sorry about your aunt Gussie, Danny. As you said in another e-mail, "the older generation is swiftly passing".. so true, and I guess you all know who the next "older generation" is...Leroy

DEDMON, CURTIS LEE

Funeral services for Curtis Lee Dedmon, 60, of Fresno will be at 1:30 p.m. Friday at Mount Carmel Missionary Baptist Church. Mr. Dedmon died Dec. 11, 2001. Visitation will be from 1 to 5 p.m. today at Sterling Funeral Home.



MARIPOSA COUNTY

*(I struggled with myself as to whether I should print this or not..but it is history and a matter of public record...It is my understanding that it may be reprinted by giving credit to the one who holds the copyright. -Leroy)
<http://www.mariposaresearch.net/DISVIT10.html>*

March 24, 1906

Mariposa Gazette (Mariposa County, CA)
DEDMON, J. L. SCALDED TO DEATH.

J. L. DEDMON Killed by His Wife in a Horrible Manner. James L. DEDMON, who for several years past has been engaged in the general merchandise business at Bear Valley, died at his home in that town Wednesday afternoon, March 21st. According to our information, which is probably authentic, Mr. DEDMON and his wife retired about 9 o'clock p.m., last Sunday night after having a quarrel which was precipitated by Mrs. DEDMON'S jealousy of another woman.

About 3 o'clock Monday morning Mr. DEDMON was awaked from his slumber by the burning sensation of boiling water and instantly threw his hands up and dashed a bucket of water from the hands of his wife, who held the bucket, and jumped to the floor. He attempted to escape from the room, but the door had been locked and escape was impossible. Although the entire bucket full of the scalding water did not find lodgment upon his person, enough struck him to badly burn the flesh on his back, breast and arms, and a portion of the water dashed his eyes causing blindness. It appears that information of the tragedy was not given out until some time during the afternoon on Monday, about twelve hours after its occurrence, when Dr. F. E. GALLISON was summoned to attend the injured man. The doctor found Mr.

DEDMON in a critical condition but was not prepared to say positively that he would die as a result of his injuries. Neither did the unfortunate man anticipate death and his ante-mortem statement was not taken.

James Lewis DEDMON was about 37 years of age and a native of Tennessee. His wife was formerly Mrs. Angelo CAVAGNARO, whose husband, for a great many years, conducted a general merchandise store in the Yosemite Valley and also at Fresno Flats, Madera county, at which later place he was shot and killed by an Indian about ten years ago. Mrs. CAVAGNARO afterwards met Mr. DEDMON in the Yosemite Valley and they were married and moved to Bear Valley, this county, in 1899, where they have since resided. Mrs. DEDMON has been arrested and charged with murder. Dr. GALLISON held an autopsy on the body of the deceased Thursday and found that Mrs. DEDMON was responsible for her husband's death.

On Friday morning the preliminary examination of Mrs. DEDMON was held in Bear Valley before Justice of the Peace John L. SMITH and the defendant was held to answer before the Superior Court charged with the crime of murder. The defense offered no testimony at this hearing.

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From: BDKHOMES69@aol.com

Subject: DEDMON

My name is Kelsey David Dedmon. My grandfather, Elder Dedmon was from GA, but I was told he was an orphan. I don't know any Dedmons in AR. James Elder Dedmon was born around 1887. He married twice. He married Nadine Oklarwn in OK in 1923. They lived in AR, CA, and OK., but mostly in AR. Elder died in 1960/61. I would like to hear from anyone in my clan.



From: Marye Dedmon
[mailto:mddedmon@pasco.k12.fl.us]
Hope your Thanksgiving was wonderful like ours!
Love, Marye and Bobby

It was good to hear from Marye Dedmon. If you recall, she was one of the first I contacted when I began this research project. She is pictured here with her husband, Bobby Dedmon and their two grandchildren -Leroy

From: Clifford Cross [mailto:cruz@fix.net]
I have noticed the surname Dedmon, spelled this way, and occasionally with other variations on census images where I also find my Cross family. My family migrated from TN to KY early 1800s and then to IN about 1825. Do you have any family who may have these patterns in common? I have a John Cross b. abt 1790 in TN d. abt. 1838 IN. He had sons William H., Albert M., Clarrington G. and others. John's wife was Mary (Polly) Johnson. The Johnson family lived in Mason Co. KY and are in the 1810 census. They came there from VA. I also found John and family in the 1820 census for Fleming Co. KY. They are in the 1830 census for Daviess Co. IN. I have not found John's father in any of these census images of Cos. There is a Henry Kraus on the same page as other Johnson family members. I, of course, don't know if this is an error in spelling of the last name, or a middle name used instead of first or both or what. The Johnsons in the 1810 census ALL have a 'T' in their names and none of them have a 'T' in later census images or marriage lic's. So, I assume their name was not really Johnston but Johnson.. I would be glad to give you any other info you may want if you think there may be some connection. Thank you for your time.
Clifford Cross

From the Mail Bag (Continued from page 6)



From: Marianne Deadmon
[mailto:mdd82650@aol.com]
Sent: Wednesday, September 29
To: gldedmon@alltel.net
Subject: Notice for Lovise Iverson Dedman
Message: Just in case this is of interest to anyone.
Marianne Deadmon

Please visit the *Notice* for **Lovise Iverson Dedman**.

<http://www.legacy.com/Link.asp?Id=LS02653895X>

Paste the url into your browser's address bar.

(Thanks Marianne for the information. Of course we are interested. That is what this project is all about.... ...news about our family. It is amazing how much information there is on the Dedmon/Dedman and all other variations of spelling. There was a time when I thought I knew every Dedmon personally. That was thousands of names ago.... Just in case you are unable to reach the web site, I have printed the article here. --Leroy)

Lovise Iverson Dedman

LOVISE IVERSON DEDMAN, 65, of Houston, Texas died suddenly on September 22, 2004. She was born May 4, 1939 in Annapolis, Maryland. She attended Holton Arms and graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1961. While married to Bill Dedman from 1961-1985 she resided in Tennessee. Mrs. Dedman retired from The Carlton House. She was preceded in death by her parents, Capt. Clifton and Ruth Iverson. Mrs. Dedman is survived by her daughter, Ellen Dedman and husband Tom Millar; grandson, Hudson Millar; brother Clifton and Ann Iverson and their daughter, Haven Iverson. Friends are invited to a memorial visitation with the family on Wednesday, September 29, 2004 from half past five until half past seven o'clock in the evening at Geo. H. Lewis & Sons, 1010 Bering Drive. A private service for the family will be held at Glenwood Cemetery. For those so desiring, memorials may be made to the Museum of Fine Arts Houston, P.O. Box 6826, Houston, Texas 77265. Published in the Houston Chronicle from 9/28/ - 9/29/2004.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU

To all my friends and family: Thank you for making me safe, secure, blessed, healthy, wealthy and wise by sending me your chain letters over the last year. Because of your concern:



- * I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.
- * I no longer drink Pepsi or Dr. Pepper since the people who make these products are atheists who refuse to put "Under God" on their cans.
- * I no longer drink anything out of a can because I will get sick from the rat feces and urine.
- * I no longer use Saran wrap in the microwave because it causes cancer.
- * I no longer go to movies because I could sit on a needle infected with AIDS.
- * I no longer check the coin return on pay phones because I could get pricked with a needle infected with AIDS.
- * I no longer use cancer causing deodorants even though I smell like a wet dog on a hot day.
- * I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and try to rob me.
- * I no longer receive packages from UPS or FedEx since they are actually Al Qaida in disguise.
- * I no longer shop at Target since they are French and don't support our American troops.
- * I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a stupid number for which I will get the phone bill from hell with calls to Uganda, Singapore, and Uzbekistan.
- * I no longer eat pre-packaged foods because the estrogens they contain will turn me gay.
- * I no longer eat KFC because their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes or feathers.
- * I no longer look at the opposite sex because they will take my kidneys and leave me taking a nap in a bathtub full of ice.
- * I no longer have a cell phone — but that will change once I receive my new Ericcson phone.
- * I no longer have any sneakers -- but that will change once I receive my free replacement pair from Nike.
- * I no longer buy expensive cookies from Neiman Marcus since I now have their recipe.
- * I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me.
- * I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl about to die in the hospital for the 1,000,000,000th time.
- * I no longer have any money but that will change once I receive the \$15,000 that Microsoft and AOL are sending me since I participated in their special e-mail program.

I want to thank all of you sooo much! for looking out for me! Now if you DON'T send this e-mail to at least 1200 people in the next 60 seconds a large bird with diarrhea will crap on your head at 5:00 pm this afternoon.

Please do not take offense at this article, for sure it is not directed at any one particular person. In fact, I am not the originator of it. Someone else sent it to me, but I thought it was good enough to include here. I don't usually participate in the "chain letters" (maybe that's why I never got rich!!!) I learned long ago from being the editor of several church bulletins, that you can not always believe what you read. Even when good and honest folks are the ones who send you the information, (most are good and honest who send) it is wise to check it out. There are several good web sites that help in this... I usually use the "don't spread that hoax" at <http://www.nonprofit.net/hoax/> or Hoax Busters at <http://hoaxbusters.ciac.org/>. Some of these chain letters are more than thirty years old and they just keep "floating" around. Some of the classics are Madelyn Ohara trying to stop religious broadcasting and Proctor and Gamble being devil worshippers.