

October - December
2007

THE DEDMON

Dedmon, Dedman, Dedmond,
Deadman, Deadmon, Dedmond



MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM
LEROY AND JANE.

QUARTER #4 ISSUE #59

This is the final issue for 2007. It is hard to believe we are already 8 years beyond the dreaded Y-2K. I think I will go ahead and pour out the water I had saved for the millennium crisis. Time really does fly when you are having fun. It has been almost ten years since I published the first issue of THE DEDMON CONNECTION. It was in March of 1998 that I published that two page edition. A lot has transpired in these ten years. Most notable in my mind is the retirement from serving in the capacity of being a “local evangelist”. However, to say I am retired from preaching is less that accurate. That I hope never happens. I truly love the pulpit.

JESUS, THE REASON FOR ALL SEASONS

I, certainly, am not unthankful that folks think of Jesus during this time of the year. However, it does sadden me that many forget him the other eleven months. I remember the cartoon that showed the man leaving the church building and saying, “*I wish they would put Christmas and Easter on the same day, this running back and forth to church is getting me down.*” I often see signs with the phrase, “Jesus is the reason for the season.” This again reflects the omission of the great truth that “*Jesus is the reason for all seasons.*”

There is no doubt that Jesus was born, we just do not know when. Scholars and historians generally agree that he was not born on December 25. This is a day selected by a major religion to celebrate what they called *Cristes Maesse*, the Mass of Christ. Concerning the date of Christ’s birth the Gospels give no help; upon their data contradictory arguments are based. The census would have been impossible in winter: a whole population could not then be put in motion. It is also very doubtful that shepherds would have been in the field.

The original significance of December 25 is that it was a well-known festival day celebrating the annual return of the sun. December 21 is the winter solstice (shortest day of the year and thus a key date on the calendar). December 25 is the first day that ancients could clearly note that the days were definitely getting longer and the sunlight was returning. Through the years the general populous has come to accept the date without question.

Again the phrase, “Let’s keep Christ in Christmas” (or put him back), indicates the gross misunderstanding that includes so many. Don’t get me wrong, we need to keep Christ in all phases of our life, but let’s not limit it to the one day or season of the year. I for one, would applaud the singing of Silent Night on July 4th or Memorial Day. In other words, don’t put Christ in the closet with the tree and decorations until next year.

The commercialism of Christmas is disgusting to me. It has reached the point that merchants have begun their decorations and advertising before Thanksgiving. Now, lest one think that I am an old scrooge, I want you to know that I am in favor of exchanging gifts. We quit fighting the crowds for shopping years ago in favor of giving money to our recipients. I have considered placing a note in the envelope that says, “*If this is the wrong size, I will exchange it for a size smaller.*” I sometimes feel like the one who said, “*The good book says that it is more blessed to give than receive, but receiving is good enough for me.*”



Deadman —> Cavender —> Thomason

Rachel Rebecca Deadman (1778-1852), daughter of Edmond and Elizabeth Corbin Deadman), married Clemeth Cavender, Sr. in Rowan County, NC. They moved to Georgia, and their son John Dedmon Cavender was born there on February 1, 1815.

John Dedmon Cavender married Emily Huse Smith in 1837, and they lived in the now-defunct Gaddistown, GA. One of their daughters, Sarah Rebecca Cavender, born in 1840, married James Thomason, the fifth child of Young John “Y.J.” and Easter Grindle Thomason, in 1859.

James Thomason moved his family from Georgia to East Tennessee in 1869, after having served with Company G, 13th Georgia Cavalry of the Confederate forces during the Civil War. The family settled in Jefferson County, Tennessee, just south of Russellville which became a part of Hamblen County when it was formed the following year. In August of 1912, Sarah Rebecca filed Widow’s Indigent Pension Application No. 4517, but it was ultimately rejected.

James was a blacksmith by trade, and operated his own blacksmith shop on or near Silver City Road, in the Slop Creek / Shinbone area of Hamblen County. His much younger brother, Hiram who had married Sarah Rebecca’s sister Emily, moved his own family at the same time, and lived and farmed next door to James for more than 10 years before moving on to Missouri.

James and Sarah Rebecca had 10 children, the last six born in Tennessee:

Emily Huse Thomason was born September 11, 1860. Little is known of her, and she died before the family moved to Tennessee.

John James Thomason was born February 19, 1863. On May 12, 1889, he married Catherine Elizabeth Haun, born in 1859 to Zachariah Haun and Rachel Virginia Franklin. John J. and Catherine Elizabeth had three children. They died in 1948 and 1916, respectively, are buried in the Dover Cumberland Presbyterian Church Cemetery in Hamblen County, TN; their children are buried in Johnson County, Missouri.

Henry David Thomason, Sr., born June 5, 1865, married 1) Cora Anthony Wheeler who was born February 8, 1868, daughter of Gilbert Wheeler and Mary Dening. They married on July 4, 1886, and had 9 children. Cora died in 1910, and is buried in Holden, Missouri. David Sr. also married 2) Minnie Ethel Orrick who was born May 10, 1903, daughter of Clide and Annie Pearl Estes Orrick. They married on April 10, 1927, and had 3 children. Many of the children of these two marriages lived in Missouri. Dave Sr., who died in 1945, and Minnie Ethel who died in 1979, are buried in Catherine Nenny Memorial Baptist Church Cemetery on Silver City Road in Southeastern Hamblen County.

Susan Thomason was born in Georgia on July 11, 1867. She married Henry Smith Howington, who was born January 5, 1870, son of William M. Howington and Martha Ann Utsman. Susan and Henry Smith had 4 children. Susan died December 31, 1937, and is buried in Dover Cumberland Presbyterian Church Cemetery in Hamblen County.

Young Pinkney was the first child of James and Sarah Thomason born in Tennessee. He was born on November 6, 1869, and married Ella D. Wisecarver on October 5, 1900. Ella was born December 28, 1874, the daughter of John Wisecarver and Mary J. Williams. They had 4 children. Y.P. died in 1942 and Ella died in 1957, and are buried in Bethesda Cemetery in Hamblen County.

Joseph Dedmon, a.k.a. Joe D., Thomason was born on November 24, 1871. He married Mary Vina (pronounced Vinie) Williams, daughter of Charles Porter Williams and Mariah Wisecarver (John Wisecarver’s sister); Vina was born August 21, 1869. They had 4 children. Joe D. died in 1934 and Vina in 1933, and they are buried in Bethesda Cemetery, as are 3 of their 4 children — one son is buried in nearby Hamblen Memory Gardens.

Thomas Luther Thomason, born January 19, 1874, married 1) Mary Leon/Lona Hale who was born February 7, 1876, daughter of Napoleon T.F.H. Hale and Sarah Ella Haun. They were married on February 26, 1899, and had 6 children. Mary Lona died in March of 1909. Thomas Luther then married 2) Sarah Emeline McHarge, who was born October 14, 1883, on December 26, 1909, and they had 3 children, including Haskell who was known as the family historian until his death in 2003. Thomas Luther Sr. and Sarah are also buried in Bethesda Cemetery, having died in 1942 and 1962, respectively.

(continued P. 3)

(continued from P. 2)

Jacob Lafayette Thomason was born October 5, 1877. On February 11, 1899, he married Sarah Ollie Howington, born in May 13, 1881, and who was a sister to Susan's husband, Henry Smith Howington. They had 2 children. Fate, as they called Jacob Lafayette, moved to Johnson City, Tennessee about 1912. He and his wife are buried there in the beautiful Monte Vista Memorial Gardens; he died in 1960, and she died in 1969. Their descendants are scattered throughout the Tri-Cities area.

Wade Napoleon Thomason was born on December 13, 1879. He died young on May 30, 1905, having never married, and is buried in Rocky Point Baptist Church Cemetery on Silver City Road in Hamblen County.

George Washington Conway Thomason was born April 12, 1882. He never made it to adulthood, dying at the age of 8 on July 7, 1890.

G.W.C. Thomason is buried alongside his parents, James and Sarah Rebecca Thomason, in a small family cemetery atop a hill a few yards above the Rocky Point Cemetery. James died October 6, 1889; Sarah Rebecca died February 10, 1921, having lived the last years of her life with her son Thomas Luther. Their gravestones are not well tended and are presently situated in a cow pasture. Yet, we can somehow be assured they are resting in peace — standing near their graves and looking southward, what a view that cow pasture has!

For more information, including the text of Sarah Rebecca's widow's pension application, visit <http://home.earthlink.net/~carolet1>

[Author's note: Joe D. was my great-grandfather. My father's middle name was originally Dedmon, in honor of his grandfather. But my father changed it to David when he was very young, because he thought "Dedmon" sounded too much like "dead man". I find this point very humorous.]

written by
Carole Thomason
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Editor's note: Carole is the proofreader for the DEDMON CONNECTION. I appreciate very much the time she donates for this purpose. While I have never met her, I feel as if I know her.

--Leroy



A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME. . .

(tidbits from my email from folks of interest.)

From: Brandy Tippens [brandyntippins@yahoo.com]

Subject: [Dedmon] Mozelle McSwain

I recently googled my brother's name and he came up listed in your family tree. Mozelle Dedmon McSwain was my step-grandmother. Her youngest daughter Wanda Mozelle McSwain McLeymore married my father in 1985. Myself, Brandy Michelle McLeymore Tippins, and my brother David Justin McLeymore were obviously from his first marriage. Dakota Ryan McLeymore was born in 1990, Wanda is his mother. I just thought you might want to update your records since I was not listed. Feel free to email me if needed.

Thanks, Brandy M Tippins

Thank you Brandy for the information. We need all the help we can get to keep our records up to date. If I had not had a step-grandfather, I would have never known a grandfather. My "natural" grandfathers passed away before I really knew them. My father's dad passed away when I was six years old, so I barely remember him. My mother's father died when she was a young girl and grandmother married the only grandfather I really knew. He treated us all the same. We did not really know what "step" was. --Leroy

Hi Leroy:

Long time, very long time, indeed since I visited your website. I have been busy raising two children, a husband and a baby kitty. Kristen just graduated from UCLA. Don't know if you saw any softball games but yep, that's our Kristen. Corey is a young man trying to figure out what life is all about. Giving me gray hairs in the process. They say boys take longer, good thing I'm patient. Jeff and I celebrated our 25th anniversary last year. Lucky Charm is 3 years old and very spoiled. Guess this is our post-softball life; free weekends for me and more golf for Jeff. Jeff's dad, Ernie, is doing well. He is also adjusting to life without softball. Hope everything is well with you and your family.

Take care, Wilma Dedmon

Wilma is the wife of Jeff Dedmon, who pitched for the Atlanta Braves back in the 1980's. It was good hearing from her again. --Leroy

“Dad-gum, It’s a Bass!”

by **Suzi Price Youngberg**

When I was growing up, my family lived out in the country. My grandparents lived nearby and owned a lot of the property all around where we lived. Summers were spent roaming the woods and pastures picking blackberries, playing fort or explorers, wiling the days away, catching June bugs by day and lightening bugs at night. Most summers there were several cousins staying with the grandparents, so between my two brothers and visiting cousins, there were always plenty of play mates.



I remember one summer in particular that was a lot of fun. I was probably about 10 years old. For some reason or other, my older brother Kenneth and I had become keenly interested in fishing. We had dug out two or three old fishing rods from Granddaddy’s tool shed that hadn’t been used in years. We cleaned them up and got them in working order. We even found an old tool box that we used as a tackle box. Then we had to convince our parents to give us money for hooks, floats, line, artificial lures and various and sundry items imperative to our new hobby.

And, so, we became fishermen. Every morning, fairly early, the two of us would set off for the pond for a full day of fishing. If memory serves, I don’t think I caught more than 3 fish all summer, and those were too small to keep. But, I was just so thrilled that Ken was including me and so happy to be spending time with my big brother that I didn’t even really care if I caught anything or not. Well, I cared a little. Ken actually became pretty good at it and usually caught something. He even caught enough occasionally for Grandmother to fry up for dinner.

We had been absorbed in our new interest for about a month when two of our cousins came to stay for the rest of the summer. Gwen was 14 and Steve was about 12. We quickly got them interested in fishing too and after finding a couple more rods and reels in the tool shed, we set down for some serious fishing the rest of the summer.

I suppose I should give a short description of the pond where we spent so much of our time. It was a good size man-made pond, stocked with bass and bream. There were some old trailers off to one side where some people had lived once but had since left them deserted. The pond was filled by a branch flowing into it. At the spot where the branch flowed in, there was a make-shift bridge over the gap so you could walk all the way around the pond without getting your feet wet. The bridge was a strange sort of contraption. It consisted of two long metal poles laid across the gap with board planks placed at uneven intervals across it to step on. You had to take

pretty big steps to make it from plank to plank, and a lot of times folks ended up with more than wet feet if their steps weren’t big enough...or their balance wasn’t good enough. There was no hand rail of any kind. Well, like I said, the bridge was a little tricky to cross if you weren’t careful. None of us seemed to have problems with it except for Stevie. It seemed like every time the poor boy tried to cross that bridge he fell in! Hardly a fishing day passed without him getting at least one foot, if not his whole body, wet from slipping on the bridge.

One day we were all fishing, as usual, but that day we were all frustrated because it was the third or fourth day in a row that nobody had caught a single fish. And before that, we had all been on a run of catching only bream too small to keep. On this particular day, everybody had sat down in various spots around the pond and we were just lazily casting off and reeling in, not really expecting a bite. Gwen and I had each pulled a concrete block up to the edge of the water to sit on. Kenneth was sitting on an overturned cooler near the little bridge. And Steve, wonder of wonders, had crawled out to the center of the bridge, without getting wet, and lounged out there with his line in the water.

The day was hot and muggy. It was quiet except for the normal sounds of flies buzzing, cicadas chirping and bull frogs croaking. We had been sitting that way, nearly dozing, for a couple of hours when suddenly Steve jumped up, began pulling and reeling in his line, and dancing around on the bridge that he usually couldn’t even walk on. We all got up and ran over to where he was to see what the commotion was all about. He was pulling in a largemouth bass nearly big enough to pull him in! All this time, he had been pulling and jumping, with his mouth hanging open, too shocked and excited to say anything. When he finally saw the size of the fish coming up out of the water on the end of his line, the only speech he could manage was to shout over and over, “Dad-gum, it’s a bass! Dad-gum it’s a bass!”

For a long time after that, any time the four of us were together, somebody would tell that story. And for years, it became kind of a tag line in our family. If there was a lull in conversation, somebody would yell, “Dad-gum, it’s a bass!” We would all laugh and see, once again, little Stevie jumping up and down on that bridge and try to recapture, just for a moment, some of the magic of that summer.

Suzi and Kenneth are the children of my sister, Carolyn. Gwen is my daughter and Steve is my nephew, son of my sister, Ruth. I enjoyed this article so much that I just had to publish it in the newsletter. -Leroy





...Just the GOOD NEWS

Adam Dedmon

Ht.: 5-6 **Wt.:** 125

Hometown: Forest City, NC

Previous School: Chase HS

Eligibility: Sr.

Major: Physical Education

2005-06 - Was named an Academic All-American ... Earned a second-place finish at the Builder Invitational on Jan. 30th in the 133 pound division ... defeated Robbie Miskelly of Limestone 8-7 on Nov. 30th.

2004-05 - Was named an Academic All-American Honorable Mention ... Pinned Clinton Nixon of Newport News Apprentice in 1:14 on Nov. 26 ... Defeated Karl Richardson of Gannon 5-2 at the East Coast Duals.

High School - Attended Chase H.S. ... won the Conference Championship – Midwest and the Regional Championship – Midwest his junior and senior seasons ... named the Conference Tournament Most Outstanding Wrestler and finished sixth in the state of North Carolina his senior year ... also played football

Personal - Son of Patricia and Alton Dedmon. Was born on February 5, 1985 in Shelby, N.C. ... He has one brother, Shane Dedmon (38), and one sister, Tammy Cline (34) ... Majoring in Physical Education.

There are so many Dedmon's that I have not met. I just wish I had the time to travel the country from coast to coast and Florida to Canada. It is amazing to me as to how many of us there are. As I have said many times, "when I began this project, I really thought I knew almost all the Dedmons". I soon realized such was not the case. On the last count, I have almost 13,000 names in my data base. As you know not all our kinsfolk wear the name Dedmon. When I realized that it would be next to impossible to find them all I created the web page. Now they find me. There are over 2,000 different surnames in my file. There are at least 6 variations of the Dedmon name.



Making a Difference:

Jillian Dedmon

Jillian Dedmon's passion for sports is what encourages her to volunteer at the Bell Road YMCA. But her volunteer work also is training for her career.

Dedmon, 22, will be graduating from Auburn Montgomery in August with a degree in sports leadership. She's been a volunteer at the YMCA since May and plans to stay there through the summer until her graduation.

"I like to interact with all types of people," she said. "I want to make sports and exercise interesting for people."

At the YMCA, Dedmon helps with administrative work and assists members. She likes helping with all sports — especially softball, dance and gymnastics, which are her favorites.

She's set a career goal of being an executive director of a YMCA in her hometown of Chattanooga, Tenn., and said that she wants to tackle health issues like childhood obesity.

"The 'Y' is such a great place for everyone — from birth all the way to 90 years old," she said. "It's also a great place for networking. Kids get to know each other with the activities we have and adults can get to know each other in the gym or during aerobics. Everyone here is real friendly."

Dedmon credits her volunteer work for turning her on to a career she never thought of.

She said, "My experience here has been great, inspirational and encouraging. I'm learning a lot about myself and what I want to do."

— Cyril Josh Barker

Jillian is the daughter of Wayne Alan Dedmon. Wayne is a brother to Tim Dedmon, who has been a regular contributor to the newsletter. We are especially indebted to Tim for his diligent research on the story of "Mark the Moonshiner". (Re: Issues 29 and 54) This story was in the Dedmon memories ever since I could remember. However, it was never clear as to which Mark should have the credit until Tim found the story at the Catoosa County Archives.

From: Amelia Lehman
[vanderbiltmom04@aol.com]
Subject: Dedmon Family Newsletter

From the Mail Bag



Hi Leroy -

Your wonderful newsletter made me realize how much time has passed since I have had contact with you. David and I are now moved... Thank you so much for including my email to you regarding Evelina BEEZE. When you asked your readers to respond, if they had any knowledge of her, you said Evelina BREEZE. That's OK, I missed it too - but, have found Ancestry.com members that have picked up my information but have Evelina's last name as BREEZE. Whatever... I have recently found her mother, Virginia Beeze, in a Charleston directory, in 1869. Unfortunately, the directory only says she is "Mrs Virginia Beeze". It does not give her husband's name or children's names. Since I live near Charleston, 6 months of the year, I am going to go to the Library, or the Historical Society, to see if I can find more information, when I get back. I know that was a terrible time in our history and can only believe that many people left Charleston, SC at the time the Civil War broke out. I will let you know what I find out. It is interesting to see what other people publish in their "family trees" by information they see over Ancestry. So much of it is incorrect. I trust your information, and please know that whatever I send you is correct as far as my GGgrandparents, etc., are concerned. My Aunt, Ruth Marsh, lived near you in Woodstock, GA, before you retired. She passed away in August 2003. I only came across your newsletter right before she passed. I am so glad I saw that and was able to tell her that her grandfather was not a bootlegger...

Sincerely,

Amelia Marsh Lehman

(granddaughter of Virginia G. Dedmon)

I am so sorry that I did not know about Ruth Marsh while living at Woodstock. One never knows where all his relatives may be living. This is another thing that makes the genealogy research so interesting. The bootlegger story has been in the family for years and we thought it was the son of William D. Dedmon. However, due to Amelia's discovery of his obituary and Tim Dedmon's persistent research we found it to be the brother of William D. This story was published in issues 29 and 54. --Leroy

There was some question as to whether Marcus L. and Evelina Dedmon had a child named Charlie (Charles). Thanks to the diligence of Amelia, the mystery was solved. This is what it takes to verify the information we have. It is so easy to find information on the internet and accept it as the "gospel" truth. However we know that is not always the case. Once it is out there it is very difficult and next to impossible to correct. That's why I created this website as a tool to help us bring it all together. This shows it works! -Leroy

Hi Leroy -

I think there are as many Dedmons/ Dedmans, as there are Smiths!

Well, after I read your email, I looked at the children of Marcus and Evelina again. I can't tell you how many times my father, and my aunt Ruth, told me the names of their mother's brothers and sisters and Charles was never mentioned - so, I called my oldest cousin. He is about 14 years older than me and lived down the street from our grandparents. He told me that he "kind of" remembered that our grandmother had a brother that died when he was young. Then I called another cousin that my grandparents raised. She is my age and she didn't remember Mama Marsh (Virginia Dedmon) ever saying she had a brother that died...

When I first started looking into the Family, and saw what information you had, you only listed William Arthur and George L., which were the children listed in the 1880 census. There is certainly a gap in years between Virginia and Nell, so there was a space for another child. I never was able to find the family in the 1900 census, so decided to start misspelling Dedmon to see if I could find it. I finally found it! and, yes - there was Charles, 10 years old. I wonder if that is how someone else found him. I also found that he died on 13 Aug 1901, age 13, with scarlet fever. I also found the obituaries for Evelina and Marcus Lafayette and for Lottie Mae, who died at the age of 23. Anyway, the mystery of "Charles" is solved.

It has been an interesting day ~

Amelia

**Mrs. Searcy and Mrs. Johnson
Present *The Giving Tree*
by Sil Silverstein
to “Mr. Jimmy’s” Family**

(The following information came from the Union City Elementary School in Union City, Tennessee. I am quite confident that Jimmy is part of the Tennessee Dedmons in the Milan, TN area. We are still looking for the link that will enable us to connect the two lines.)

--Leroy



Mr. Jimmy Dedmon, a volunteer at East Side and UCES for many years, passed away this past July. Mr. Jimmy was injured in an accident over 20 years ago and was confined to a wheelchair. He was a resident at Beverly Health Care and would come to volunteer at our schools as often as he was needed.

For many years he served as a volunteer reader for classes, but he also served as a mentor for several individual students. Whenever we found a new student for him, he would happily make time to come and mentor that child. Mr. Jimmy would wheel himself over to the school several times each week, even when the weather was extreme. Mr. Jimmy understood that the children he mentored needed for him to be dependable, and he did not let them down, even though his physical condition provided him with ample excuses to do so.

As an example of perseverance, Mr. Jimmy was the best, and we would like to remember his example and the many lessons we have learned from him over the years. A tree was placed in front of UCES in memory of Mr. Jimmy on October 27, 2006, and *The Giving Tree* by Shel Silverstein was donated to the UCES library.

DEDMON - GRANT WEDDING



Scarritt-Bennett Center, in Nashville, TN, was the scene of the November 10th wedding of David Grant and Jeniffer Dedmon. The “knot was tied” by Leroy Dedmon, uncle of the bride. Pictured above is the bride and groom with the uncle in the middle. Jeniffer is the daughter of Thomas Gordon and Diane (Sparkman) Dedmon of Ringgold, GA.



*Other
Anniversaries
Last Quarter*

Steve and Tonya Smith (10/30) - Steve is the son of Alma Ruth (Dedmon) Smith. They live at Hazel Green, AL with their three children, Seth, Justin and Natalie. Steve is employed at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, AL and Tonya is a stay-at-home mom and home-schools the children.

Gary and Diane Dedmon (11/05) - Gary is the son of Leroy and Jane Dedmon. Gary and Diane live in Springfield, TN with their two sons, Greg and Jonathan. Gary works with the Springfield High School and Diane is a Social Worker with the hospital.

Michael and Jamie Dedmon (11/19) - Michael is the son of Floyd and Glenda Dedmon. Many of you remember Floyd as a diligent researcher and contributor to the articles in this newsletter.

Tommy and Diane Dedmon (12/23) - Tommy is a brother to Leroy and they live near Ringgold, GA. They have three children: Tony, Teresa and Jennifer. Tommy is retired from Dalton College where he was maintenance supervisor. He still works there part time. Diane is employed at Country Inn Suites.



a Birthday!

Carmen Price (10/3) Carmen is the wife of Mark Price and daughter-in-law of Claude and Carolyn (Dedmon) Price. They live in Columbia, MO. Mark is chairman of the Humanities Department at Columbia College.

Susan Elizabeth (Price) Youngberg (10/4) - Suzi is the daughter of Claude and Carolyn (Dedmon) Price. Suzi and her husband Scott Youngberg live in the Florida Keys, where Scott is well known for his entertaining with his guitar and singing.

Gwendolyn Jane (Dedmon) Kiley (10/7) - Gwen is the daughter of Leroy and Jane Dedmon. She and her husband George live in Buchanan, GA, where she operates Gwen's Family Restaurant. Gwen and her parents began the restaurant in 1991, while Leroy was the preacher at the nearby Bremen Church of Christ. Her daughter Carrie also works at the restaurant.

Natalie Catherine Smith (10/8) - Natalie is the daughter of Steve and Tonya Smith and grand daughter of Alma Ruth (Dedmon) Smith. She lives with her parents and two brothers, Seth and Justin at Hazel Green, AL, just north of Huntsville.

Diane (Sparkman) Dedmon (10/19) - Diane is the wife of Thomas Gordon Dedmon. Tommy is a brother of Leroy. Diane is employed by the Country Inn and suites in Dalton, GA. Tommy and Diane live in Houston Valley in Catoosa County, near Ringgold, GA.

Wayne Alan Dedmon (10/24) - Wayne is a brother to Tim Dedmon. Wayne lives in Chattanooga, TN.

Gregory Lebron Dedmon (11/4) - Greg is the son of Gary and Diane (Toothman) Dedmon and grandson of Leroy and Jane Dedmon. Greg lives with his parents and brother, Jonathan, in Springfield, TN.

Thomas Gordon Dedmon (11/4) - Tommy is a brother of Leroy. Tommy and his wife, Diane, live two house down from Leroy and he is employed on a part time basis with Dalton College. He was the maintenance supervisor there prior to his retirement.

Kymerly Yvonne (Dedmon) Cochran (11/7) Kym is the daughter of Bill and Connie (Buff) Dedmon. She resides with her two daughters, Jessica and Amanda in Ringgold, GA. She is employed with the Windstream Telephone Company in Dalton, GA.

Anthony (Tony) Gerald Dedmon (11/15) - Tony is the son of Tommy and Diane (Sparkman) Dedmon. He lives in Dalton, GA and is employed by Wal-Mart.

Gary Lebron Dedmon (11/22) - Gary is the son of Leroy and Jane Dedmon and is married to Diane (Toothman) Dedmon. They have two boys, Greg and Jonathan. They live in Springfield, TN. Gary works with the high school there as teacher and assistant coach with the sports program. He also works part time with the church of Christ at Cedar Hill, just north of Springfield.

John William Henson III (11/30) - John is a descendent of Hannah Dedmon and a diligent family researcher. He and his wife Audery (Gackenheimer) Henson now live in the Wood Station community, west of Ringgold, GA. He is not far from the area where some of his Dedmon ancestors lived.

Ray Pierson (12/5) - Ray is a descendent of John Hilliard Hill and Sarah (Sally) Dedmon.

Jamie Breedlove-Dedmon (12/6/2007) - Jamie is the wife of Michael Dedmon, son of Floyd Dedmon. Floyd was a great supporter of the DEDMON CONNECTION. His passing was a great loss to us.

Timothy Edward Dedmon (12/6) - Tim lives in Chattanooga, TN and is a family researcher. He has contributed several articles to the DEDMON CONNECTION. One of his articles was about the murder of our ancestor Mark Dedmon by the "Revenooers". It was his diligent research that finally uncovered the truth of one of the most elusive stories in our family folklore. He is married to Cheryl Diane (Mansell) Dedmon. They live in Chattanooga, TN and are the parents of two sons, Ty and Will.

Janice Brillo (12/11) - I am not sure how Janice relates to the Dedmon family, but she is listed on Floyd Dedmon's web site.

Cynthia Yvonne (O'Bryant) Dedmon (12/13) Cindy is the wife of Brian Dedmon and daughter-in-law of Bill Dedmon. Cindy and Brian have three girls, Hana, Morgan and Briana. They live next door to Leroy and Jane Dedmon in Houston Valley, the home of many of our Dedmon ancestors. She is employed by Price Pharmacy in Ringgold, GA.

Briana Dedmon (12/21) - Briana is the youngest daughter of Brian and Cindy Dedmon.

Curt Webb (12/23) - Curt is the son of Carrie Webb and the grandson of Gwen Kiley. Of course that makes him the great grandson of Leroy and Jane Dedmon.

Hana Yvonne Dedmon (12/27) - Hana is the oldest daughter of Brian and Cindy Dedmon.

(I am sorry if I have missed any of your birthdays. It is either because I do not have it on record or accidentally overlooked it. In either case, please let me know. Thanks, --Leroy)