

ORDER OF SERVICE

Music

Prayer

Obituary

Donald P. Donahue was born January 26, 1916 in Parsons, Kansas and raised in Vernon, Texas. Passed away September 17, 2003 in Dallas, Texas. He graduated from Texas A & M. Donald is survived by his wife, Gerry; daughter, Peggy Lewis; son, Steve Donahue; grandchildren, Kayleen Welsh, Jim and Will Lewis, Carrie Earls; great-grandchildren, Patrick Welsh, Mary Margaret Lewis, Bethany, Jessica, Jonathan and Abigail Earls.

He retired from Sun Oil Co. after a long career in numerous petroleum engineering positions within the production group.

Donald was a dedicated husband and father. He was an avid fisherman and a "fix it" specialist.

Memorials may be made to the Dallas Area Visiting Nurse Association, 1440 W. Mockingbird Lane, Suite 500, Dallas, TX 75247-4975.

Restland 972-238-7111

Eulogy

The only time I can remember my Pawpaw disappointing me was when I learned as a young boy that although he was an engineer, he did not, in fact, drive a train.

I also thought my Pawpaw was a great theologian. Most of us grandkids remember him bouncing us on his knee and singing that great old hymn:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Hold my horse while I get on.
If he Acts up, pull his tail
And send him off to the Roman jail.

He was teaching us the first 6 books of the New Testament. That is Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, and Romans.

It was only later that I learned he was not a theologian, but an Aggie.

Don loved to sing. When I asked all of my siblings to relate their favorite stories about Pawpaw, each one mentioned his singing. Kayleen remembers him making her feel special by singing, "Blue eyes, blue eyes, where'd you get them blue eyes."

Don's son Steve related the following story: At their home in Corpus, the garage faced south. During the summer, they liked to set up the ping pong table in the garage. During one game, Steve decided to try a slam on the old man. Don served, and Steve whacked it right past him down the driveway. Don, in his usual 90-to-nothing mode, spun around and headed off full speed after the ball. He neglected to remember that they had lowered the garage door about ¼ of the way down to keep the afternoon sun off the table. Don smashed into the door at about eye-level and dropped to the cement.

Many of you know that my grandfather was an avid fisherman. As much as he loved to catch fish, fishing was not his forte. It became obvious very quickly that he loved the action of catching and landing a fish, but not finding them. He was a firm believer that if you didn't get a strike on the first cast, it was time to find a different place to fish.

As the action of fishing sped up, Pawpaw's motor reflexes deteriorated. Nana often relates the story of being in the middle of a feeding frenzy of bass. She was landing fish left and right while Pawpaw was trying to tie a lure on the line. The more she caught, the more my grandfather fumbled with his rig. He finally asked her to stop fishing until he could get the lure tied on.

Pawpaw loved dogs. A childhood friend of mine called me up a few years back to come over to his new home. I looked out into the backyard and realized that my grandparents lived in the house directly behind him. That's when Dan told me that my grandfather poked his head over the fence every day and fed the dogs biscuits. Now just so you know, my grandparents didn't have a dog. Pawpaw actually went out and bought dog treats so that he could feed the neighbor's dogs.

When my sister Carrie was young she never really knew whether or not to take seriously the things he said until one day Nana told her, "Carrie, just remember that ninety percent of what he says is malarkey, and then you'll be okay." Boy, was she ever right.

Most casual observers of my grandfather noticed that he had a lot of energy, especially for a 70-80 year-old. Once after a trip, some of my friends met me at the airport. They told me that they had seen this little old man standing in the middle of baggage claim, tossing his keys up in the air and catching them behind his back. You guessed it -- Don. He had come to pick me up.

Joe and Michelle Dutton are close friends of my sister Carrie. They remember him as the "Bowling Grandfather" who stood in the den at Mom and Dad's house practicing his bowling swing while we all talked together. "What are you doing?" asked Joe. "Why, practicing my bowling swing. Gotta keep it sharp, ya know!"

At first, Don wasn't real sure about handling his great grandchildren. One day he showed up at my Mom's house. Just as she answered the door, the phone rang. She shoved baby Patrick in his hands and ran off to answer the phone. Don's been playing with his great grandbabies ever since. Even after knee replacement surgery, he would still get down on the floor to play with the kids.

Peggy's favorite memories of her dad were trips to her parents home over the past couple of years. They would laugh about all of the things they had in common later in life like memory loss or trying to carry a plate or cup with their shaky hands.

Gerry told me this story: Don and Gerry married in April. Don's mother had surgery before the wedding, and no one had the guts to tell her that they had gotten married yet. She didn't find out until June. In July, he finally decided to take his wife to meet his mom. His mother wanted to meet the biddy that had trapped her son. On the way there, they stopped in a restaurant for lunch. A school friend of Don's walked up to chew the fat. Don asked him to sit down and they visited for quite some time. Eventually he left and Gerry asked Don why he hadn't introduced her. He then confessed that he had forgotten her name.

The following is a list from my Dad.

- From the time of my marriage to Peggy, I was his favorite son-in-law. Of course, I was the only son-in-law.
- In a span of over 44 years, I was never able to tell him an Aggie joke that he did not already know the punch-line. Moreover, he could come right back with one I had never heard before.
- Each week during football season, he lived and died with the Aggies and the Cowboys.
- He was the only man I ever knew who could hit his head (and draw blood) on a cabinet above the toilet as he rose from the throne. What makes it even more funny is that he did it more than once on the same cabinet in the same bathroom.
- After many tools had been dropped into the lake below the boat house, Don purchased a huge magnet for retrieval of such items. He called me one day to let me know that he had dropped another wrench and had successfully retrieved it. Unfortunately, he had also dropped the magnet in the process.
- Mother ducks took up refuge under a sink on the boat dock during the period of construction of the sink/storage area. Naturally, Don proceeded to build a "duck house", which still resides on the dock today. It has been the scene of many new births.
- Don loved to feed the ducks at the lake home. He had sacks and a large can of feed. It was no surprise that this led to the problem of how to deal with the multitude of undesirable ducks that accompanied the desirable ducks to the daily feedings. Ultimately, the only solution was to stop feeding the ducks, much to his chagrin.

- When I think of Don, I think of a jumpsuit. I think of a bird and animal lover. I think of kindness and gentleness. I think of Aggie logic. I think of a left-handed person always using right-handed tools.
- I remember that Gerry encouraged Don to retire early from Sun Oil. Sure enough she got her wish. Not long thereafter, she called and inquired as to whether Peggy might have a project for Don which would necessitate his presence at our house for several hours.
- For many years one of our treasured events was the family fish fry. Don was the master of the fish fry. For years I had no interest in learning his techniques because it was impossible to emulate his results. I finally did learn the procedures, but never measured up to his standards. The only manner in which I got better results was that I dropped fewer of the filets, spilled less grease and had fewer burns to my hands.
- Only recently did we get several of the boards replaced on the back porch of the lake home. Don had inadvertently started a fire while preparing the charcoal for steaks. He was never quite sure how he did it. I am sorry that I missed the event. It would have been fun to watch.
- I played golf with Don once. I concluded that a left-handed Irish aggie did not have a temperament suitable for golf.
- We spent many enjoyable evenings playing bridge with Don and Gerry. Don and I enjoyed being partners, since neither of us preferred following the rules of bidding or play. It led to many humorous results for the two of us, often to the frustration of our opponents.
- Some people mellow with age. Don refused to age.
- He loved to fish. Just not long in one spot.
- He loved to hunt. Not for prey, but for things he had misplaced.
- He had a lot of patience. But I never discovered for what.
- He was most often a man on a mission, a man in a hurry. I never figured out why, but I can relate to it.
- In over 44 years, we never had a disagreement or argument that caused us to have an estranged relationship. Anyone who knows me knows what a tribute that is to Don.
- He was the father that I never had. He was ALWAYS there for me. Never too busy. Never too preoccupied.
- A man, a husband, a father, a father-in-law, a grandfather, a great-grandfather. Most importantly a friend that I admired and loved. I already miss him. The good news is that many of his traits are embodied in his children so I will be able to continue to enjoy those for a number of years to come.

Music

John 14:1-6

John 14:1-6

"Don't be troubled. You trust God, now trust in me. 2 There are many rooms in my Father's home, and I am going to prepare a place for you. If this were not so, I would tell you plainly. 3 When everything is ready, I will come and get you, so that you will always be with me where I am. 4 And you know where I am going and how to get there."

5 "No, we don't know, Lord," Thomas said. "We haven't any idea where you are going, so how can we know the way?"

6 Jesus told him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one can come to the Father except through me.

Today my grandfather is dwelling in his Heavenly Father's house. How can I say this with certainty? My Pawpaw knew Christ.

Carrie told me Friday, "I believe that Pawpaw understood how important it was for his family to know where he stands with Christ. He spent at least half an hour trying to clearly repeat his beliefs to me."

Roman Road

What does the Bible teach us about man, God, and heaven?

Romans 3:23 tells us:

Romans 3:23

23 for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God,

That means that every person, whether they are born into a Christian, Jewish, Hindu, or atheist family is a sinner. We all do things that displease God.

Romans 6:23 tells us that

Romans 6:23a

23 For the wages of sin is death,

The punishment for sin is death. Death here means spiritual death or eternal separation from God. God tells us that no sin will go unpunished.

Here's the dilemma, God wants us to be in heaven with Him. He loves us. However, He does not allow sin or sinners in his presence. How can God be just and punish sin like it should be punished, but still be merciful and let us into heaven?

Romans 5:8 says,

Romans 5:8

8 But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

God sent his Son Jesus to earth to live a perfect life and then die in our place. Jesus died on the cross to pay the penalty for our sins, and then rose from the dead to purchase for us a place in heaven.

Heaven is a free gift. Romans 6:23 also says that

Romans 6:23b

23 but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

If it is a free gift, then there is nothing we need to do to earn it or keep it. All we have to do is accept the gift. How do we accept it? Romans chapter 10 says

Romans 10:9-10, 13

9 that if you confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved; 10 for with the heart man believes, resulting in righteousness, and with the mouth he confesses, resulting in salvation. 13 For whoever calls upon the name of the Lord will be saved.

If you are ready to call on the Lord to be saved, say a little prayer like this:

“Lord Jesus Christ, I know I am a sinner and do not deserve eternal life. But, I believe you died on the cross and rose from the grave to purchase a place in heaven for me. Lord Jesus, come into my life; take control of my life; forgive my sins and save me. I turn from my sins and now place my trust in You for salvation. I accept the free gift of eternal life. Amen.”

I hope that you will make that decision today to stop trusting in yourself, and start trusting in Jesus. That’s all it takes.

Now let’s close in prayer, and thank God for loving Don Donahue and welcoming him into heaven.

Prayer

GRAVESIDE

I Thessalonians 4:13

13 And now, brothers and sisters, I want you to know what will happen to the Christians who have died so you will not be full of sorrow like people who have no hope. 14 For since we believe that Jesus died and was raised to life again, we also believe that when Jesus comes, God will bring back with Jesus all the Christians who have died.

Prayer