



Robert "Jud" Henderson

July 15, 1926 - May 2, 2018

ROBERT "JUD" JAMES HENDERSON

LOVING HUSBAND – FATHER – GRANDFATHER
A MAN WHO LOVED WITH HIS WHOLE HEART

BORN: JULY 15, 1926 IN BEND OREGON

PAST AWAY: MAY 2, 2018

Jud was such a loving, kind, and generous man. His heart had no limits of love. His history shaped his life. He was one of 9 siblings who he always stayed in touch with. He experienced loss at a young age with the deaths of his father (William Russell Henderson and Blanche Estelle Henderson) in tragic ways. He was then raised in Bend, Oregon by his older sister and her husband. Family has always been central to his life and values.

Jud was a man of many talents and his career ranged from mowing lawn as a young man, to Coca Cola delivery driver, to mechanic, gas station owner, contractor, and sales ending in his selling insurance policies. His most important role in life was his love of Jesus Christ and his ministry that flowed from it – from helping someone who's car broke down to not charging full price for his work because he didn't want to over charge his customers. He served people as a pastor and minister for many years doing his best to share in their

lives.

The most important love of his life was his wife and companion Lucille or as he called her "Skunk." You could not be around him but see his caring and love for her. They both doted on each other and hated being apart. After a two week courtship they were married in June 1971. They were celebrated almost 48 years together during which they were inseparable. There is nothing he would not do to care and protect her.

Their home was a place where everyone felt welcome. This included extended stays by their children and grandkids. Jud's patience was amazing as they often broke or lost his tools and got into a lot of mischief. There was nothing anyone could do that made his love waver.

Jud had an amazing variety of gaming skills. He had an outstanding vocabulary. He would study the dictionary and words from the Readers Digest and it would all play out in a good game of Scrabble. To beat him was a badge of honor. Pinochle was also a favorite with friendly competition and family. Many an hour was spent around a card table. Jud built a horseshoe pit in his back yard and was a skilled player. Golf was also a hobby he picked up later in life.

Jud loved humor. Out of the blue he would tell a joke that would keep you laughing – often from his beloved Readers Digest. When Jud wasn't working, you could often find him reading from a variety of books and the newspaper. As an avid reader he was knowledgeable about a wide range of topics.

Jud had experienced a wide variety of events in his life. He told about the time he was swept down a culvert but felt his life was spared. He lived through the Vanport flood with nothing but his car after the flood. When he went back all his clothes had disintegrated. Even then his caring for others was shown as he

helped transfer people to safely and higher ground.

Another proud time of his life was his military service. During World War II, he was in the Navy aboard a transport ship stationed in the Pacific until the end of the war. He proudly served his country and showed his patriotism by displaying the US flag whenever he could.

Another adventure Jud talked about fondly was the building of homes on the big island in Hawaii. He was proud of his contribution and thoroughly enjoyed his time over there. Most of the homes Jud built, however, were in the Bend area. His amazing waffle hammer drove many a nail.

Jud was a man of action yet low on patience for waiting, which is one reason he always kept himself busy. An example of his impatience was the cruise we took in which we were required to wait to board the ship. At boarding time, we turned around and he was already up the gang plank leaving us way behind. Shopping was torture for him unless it was in the tool section.

Jud had unique and creative ways of solving situations. To catch some pesky moles he placed metal rods in his yard and sent an electric current between them to the moles' demise. Another time, he left a live wire by the crawl space of his home to zap the cats that kept getting in.

A talent which everyone enjoyed was eating his pancakes and his home-made syrup. People lined up to enjoy "Jud's" special syrup. He, however, would enjoy his covered in peanut butter before adding his syrup. And of course it was always accompanied with his beloved coffee. A newspaper was close by with the crossword puzzle filled out.

Later in life, he took up paint-by-number pictures. This was again an

expression of his creativity and artisanship. He was quite good and had many of his painting framed and hung in his house.

Jud gave so freely with his time and care. For many years he and Lucille cared for her mother. They took her with them everywhere including their trips. They also had her living with them for many years. Nanny was always included in all they did. Later they helped care for Lucille's sister after her husband died. Just as he had been lovingly cared for by his family, he extended that care to all around him.

One of his great prides was his two children – Sherry and Jay. He so enjoyed them and all their families. When he and Lucille married he completely excepted all of her children and grandchildren to become both father and grandpa to all of them. The two families were merged into one that were equally cared about and loved. His influence on each one was unique and special. This extended to all the spouses which became his family.

There is no way to sum up the beauty of Jud – artisan, gifted, caring, giver, intelligent, creative, loving, thoughtful, generous, a little stubborn, funny, strong (just shake his hand or get a hug and your body needs a chiropractor), amazing husband, father, and grandfather, full of life, and hard worker. All his life was directed to loving his lord and savior and sharing that love with everyone around him. We will miss him terribly but plan on being reunited with him when our time comes to join him in heaven.

Jud is survived by his love Violet “Lucille” Henderson; 4 children, Sherry, Jay, Bob and Vicki; 9 Grandchildren; 19 Great Grandchildren; 6 Great – Great Grandchildren; his brother John; his sister Shirley; and many nieces and nephews.

We love you Jud!

Previous Events

Funeral Service

MAY 12. 1:00 PM (PT)

Hillside Chapel
1306 7th Street
Oregon City, OR 97045
(503) 656-4285
<https://www.hillsidechapelfh.com/>

Tribute Wall



“ *Robert "Jud" Henderson*

January 28, 2023 at 02:51 PM

“ My earliest and fondest memories of my dad from childhood center around breakfast time. We had many dates with just the two of us together. Our favorite restaurant was Sambo's. I always had hot chocolate with my breakfast. I never cared for whipped cream in my cocoa but like marshmallows instead. He liked to find us new breakfast cafes that would serve me marshmallows since many of them didn't have them.

Breakfast at home was also fun when he would make pancakes for us. He would always make shaped pancakes for me and my older brother. Our initials or animal shapes. Then we would pile on the peanut butter and syrup. I still have to have peanut butter on my pancakes to this day.

Dad did a lot of traveling for his work and would bring me gifts from his travels. The one that I remember the most was a beautiful bright orange and flowered muumuu from Hawaii. I wore it constantly and was really sad when it no longer fit.

My parents were members of the Albany Elks club and we went to many events and dinners there. One of my favorite events was the annual father/daughter dances which were extremely special to me.

A favorite family game is scrabble. The whole family is very competitive at this game. My mom and I got to be pretty equal partners in the game, but we could never beat dad. He not only had an amazing vocabulary of really large words, but could also kill you at strategies on the board and block you from the high point squares. I finally gave up trying to beat him somewhere in my thirties I think. It was always going to be impossible and I just got too frustrated to even try anymore. I just conceded to his expertise.

My dad was the third youngest of nine children growing up in Bend, Oregon. We were living in Albany when he was born in 1960, so we did a lot of traveling over the mountain to visit his family when I was growing up. His parents died when he was very young and his next to eldest sister, Mary, was the oldest in the house and was left in

charge to raise her younger siblings. Although Mary was my aunt, I thought of her and my uncle Kenny as my grandparents. It was at their big old three story house that I have the earliest memories spending holidays and school vacations in Bend.

My parents divorced when I was eight and dad moved back to Bend. He was remarried when I was nine to my step-mother Lucille. She lovingly brought my dad into her home that she once shared with her former husband that had passed away. I now had a large step family that included a brother and sister with their children, (All of a sudden I'm an aunt!) another grandma (our beloved Nanny), and another aunt and uncle, of the new family that I got to know the best. This was obviously a big change in my life and now my mom would put me on a bus every summer to visit my dad in Bend. Bend then in the early 70's, when it was a quieter and smaller town. My cousins and I spent hours at the local swimming pool and playing on Pilot Butte across from his house.

My dad was almost a super-hero of sorts to me. A man of multi-talents, mechanical, a carpenter, golfer, swimmer, super smart, deeply spiritual, never angry, always loving and supportive, and so lean and fit that I rarely remember him ill. He seemed so strong to me that I thought he would live forever. In fact, the last time I saw him was on his 90th birthday when he was dancing down the hallway on our way to lunch. So spry, happy, and full of his usual humor. It hurts that he is gone and I will always miss him, but my memories of him are bright, happy and beautiful and it overwhelms my heart. I will forever love him and cherish these memories. I feel so lucky to have known him as my dad.

May you forever rest in peace dad.

Sherry (Henderson) Calahan

Sherry Calahan - May 11, 2018 at 03:27 PM