



Alan Edward Bird

December 26, 1939 - March 7, 2019

Alan Edward Bird, 79, left earth for heaven peacefully on March 7, 2019. He had been sick with autoimmune pulmonary disease for the past six months. A Berean (Acts 17:10-11), Grace Gospel (Ephesians 3:1-21, I Corinthians 15:1-8, II Corinthians 5:14-21) KJV Bible believer; he left denominational religion (into which he was born) back in the very early 1980's. He was a retired Human Resource Manager, a member of Grace Bible Church, Hendersonville, North Carolina and an officer in the USAF Reserves during the Vietnam War.

He was predeceased by his parents, Edward Eugene (1969) and Helen Bird (2008) and his first wife, Dorothy Rae Teter Bird (2004).

Alan is survived by his second wife, Debbie O'Neal Cooper Kellett Bird of Greer, South Carolina; his sons, Trevor of Conneaut, Ohio and Kevin, Colin and Arlen and their families all of Erie County, Pennsylvania; and her sons, Brian and his family of Greer, South Carolina and Glenn and his family of Greenville, South Carolina.

A private celebration of Al's life will be held Saturday, March 16, 2019 and a memorial service will be held in North Springfield, Pennsylvania at a later date.

The family is at the home.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Wild Wings, Inc., 27 Pond Road, Honeoye Falls, New York 14472.

Online condolences may be made at www.thewoodmortuary.com.

Tribute Wall

CL

“ But "Bull" didn't think it was great or even respectable. "Bull" was our local Teamsters Union Enforcer. He was in charge of keeping all of the strikers in order and anyone else who entered into our territory. He patrolled the area most of the day. He was a combination of large muscles, hair all over his body, and scars.(At least, that's how I remember him.) He always carried his trusty baseball bat with him. He ordered the little girls back to their apartment and Al and I to put away our guitars and quit singing. We would do anything to keep Coke flowing in Cleveland, but banning our guitars was pushing it. Nevertheless, Al smiled, and laughed. We didn't see the little girls again. Once in a while we would sing and laugh after our picketing duty was over and we were in the company parking lot sitting in my convertible serenading all the other picketers who were leaving for the day. We both thought we could be great. At least for little girls.

Time has passed since then. We kept in touch. During this year I called on Al for his memories which I could use in a story about our class. During this past year he was very helpful with me in fact finding that effort. We were getting ready to collaborate on the ending. We spent time together when Al, who was staying at his son's house in Erie County, Pennsylvania, would drive into Mayfield Heights, Ohio to pick me up and drive us to the 60th year reunion get-together. We had a terrific time, we didn't do any singing but we did a lot of laughing. To be honest I didn't remember the words to the Porter Wagoner song but googled it. The words hit me like a ton of bricks. They described Al.

When life has ended, my time has run out
My friends and my loved ones, I'll leave, there's no doubt
But there's one thing for certain, when it comes my time
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.

Thanks, Al, I'll miss you.

Chuck Lewis (AKA "Farley") (407) 332-8552 Charleslewis@cfl.rr.com.

Charles Lewis - March 14, 2019 at 09:33 AM

“ If you want to make Al smile and laugh, I suggest you play some Porter Wagoner music for him. At first he will smile, and then he will laugh. You will probably do the same. Al loved music, all types, but best of all, country music. Porter Wagoner was his favorite singer. Our friendship began when he and I both transferred into Orange High School at the same time from much larger schools in the urban Cleveland area. . We were both placed in the same 9th grade homeroom. For the next four years our friendship grew. Music was a great part of it.

In the summer of 1957, we both entered our second year of working as "helpers" for delivery drivers of Coca-Cola trucks in the Cleveland area. It was hard work, delivering Coca Cola in heavy wooden cases from the truck into various stores. We were both expecting the good wages to help for our school expenses. But 1957 was the year of the great Teamsters Union Soft Drink Strike for higher wages for all soft drink company delivery drivers. Al and I both went to the Teamsters Union hall for the strike vote, where we voted against going on strike. A few other part-time summer workers were caught in the same dilemma. All 12 of us voted against the strike while 200 or so truck drivers voted for it. Only if the strike ended quickly would we stand a chance of earning any funds, with the exception of strike benefits. We were hopeful that the strike would be over quickly. But it was soon evident that the strike could last throughout the summer, including the Fourth of July and Labor Day.

We were assigned to picket duty on a part-time basis, in front of the Coke delivery plant, on the sidewalk on Prospect Avenue. Al decided to make the best of a bad deal. We could sing our way through it. We would both bring our guitars and sing while we picketed, and especially when we were between picketing gigs , sitting on empty barrels, resting. We started with the Kingston Trio, and moved up to other standards, and finally to Porter Wagoner. Al was a much better guitar player than I was and a better singer. Nevertheless we made good noise. The more we played the more we laughed. Al taught me a few songs and new chords, and we played some more and laughed some more. Al tried to teach me the

lyrics from Porter Wagoner's first big hit, called "Satisfied Mind." It was much better when he sang it solo. We drew attention.

*Money can't buy back your youth when you're old
Or a friend when you're lonely, or a love that's grown cold
The wealthiest person is a pauper at times
Compared to the man with a satisfied mind
When life has ended, my time has run out
My friends and my loved ones, I'll leave, there's no doubt
But there's one thing for certain, when it comes my time
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind
Songwriters: Red Hays / Jack Rhodes
A Satisfied Mind lyrics © Carlin America Inc*

The first attention came to us from the apartment building across Prospect Avenue. Since there was no air-conditioning available at that time, the apartments across the street had their windows open. We noticed some girls standing in front of their windows watching us and listening to our "music." One of them waved to us. I waved back. We had an audience. We laughed and sang louder. On one of our intermittent weekly picket duties, we again brought our guitars, and began singing. Soon the "girls" came to the window, and waved. Shortly thereafter, they came out of the apartment, crossed the street and came over to where we were sitting during our "rest period." They thought we were great and they wanted to talk with us. We immediately noticed that they were "little girls," probably in junior high. They told us they had just moved to Cleveland from West Virginia. We tried to imitate their dialect and Al tried to sing "It Takes a Worried Man" with a West Virginia twang. We all laughed and smiled at each other. But "Bull" didn't think it was great or even respectable. "Bull" was our local Teamsters Union

PB

“ *It was a privilege to know Al. I was blessed to have dinner and Bible study with him this past Sunday. I am shocked and saddened by his passing, but relieved to know he is home with the Lord. I will miss him very much.*

Patricia Bachand - March 08, 2019 at 08:27 PM

BU

“ *So very sorry for your loss.. Hugs and prayers sent!*

Bucci - March 08, 2019 at 07:20 PM

DB

“ *Best father, fsther-in-law, and Grandfather you could know. You will be deeply missed*

Deanna Bird - March 08, 2019 at 02:36 PM

GS

Great memory of helping Al move that heavy old jukebox into his old family home and jumping for joy when those old 78's actually played! I'm sure there are only a couple of us that remember my old friend as "Lucky Duck Al" so many years ago when we worked at the old Geauga Lake Park. My deepest sympathy goes out to you Debbie and to all of Al's entire family. Jerry Soderquist '58

Gerald A Soderquist - March 14, 2019 at 02:44 PM