



## Harry Grant Alexander

November 21, 1954 - December 14, 2012

Harry G. Alexander, III, 58, of Murphysboro, Illinois, passed away at 9:45 p.m. Friday, December 14, 2012, at the Landmark Hospital in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday, December 18, 2012, at Pettett Funeral Home with Rev. Norman Lindsay officiating and burial at Alto Pass Cemetery. Friends may call from 5 to 8 p.m. Monday and Tuesday until 2 p.m. at the funeral home. Memorials may be made the National Kidney Foundation. For more information, please visit [www.pettettfuneralhome.com](http://www.pettettfuneralhome.com).

Harry was born on November 21, 1954, in Port Arthur, Texas, to Harry Grant Alexander, II and Vivian Aileen (Paschal) Alexander.

Mr. Alexander was a retired auto mechanic. He loved hot rods and classic cars, and was known for telling lame jokes.

His heart used to belong to Texas, but it was stolen away by a big eyed girl from Southern Illinois. He met and married Diane Lindsay on July 7, 1978, in Houston, Texas, and she survives.

Other survivors include two children and their spouses, Ben and Serene Alexander of St. Louis, Missouri, and Lindsay and Josh Burton of Carbondale;

two grandchildren Ava and Axel Alexander, both of St. Louis, MO;

and one sister Annie Miller and one brother Sam Alexander, both of Shreveport, LA.

He was preceded in death by his parents, one granddaughter Anna Alexander, and one brother in infancy.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Harry Grant Alexander*

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October 23, 2023 at 06:26 AM



“ *Diane, Lindsay & family - sincere sympathy on your loss. may you find strength in your sweet memories and Hod's loving arms.*

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**Linda & Jim Crsig** - December 28, 2012 at 07:34 PM

LB

“ As one of the victims of the marauding snowman squad I remember Harry and his friends as the ones who killed the only snowman I was ever able to make in my Red Bluff Terrace front yard. Harry and Jeff denied with every breath that they were responsible for this act of snowman violence and avoided clear and certain death at the hands of an indignant teenage girl.

*What I remember most about Harry was how he loved to talk...and talk...and talk. He had an opinion on everything and believed he was right no matter what the topic. He could and would talk to anyone. He never met a stranger so he was able to meet a variety of people from all walks of life.*

*I had not seen Harry since we were kids at Thomas Avenue Baptist but he phoned me a few years back when he was trying to get the Young World Singers to have a reunion. The group was too scattered to make this happen but Harry would phone now and then and would start talking like we had spoken just the day before instead of years ago. He would talk about things that happened in the past, not always the way I remembered it but in Harry's mind things were clear. Harry liked to talk about his wife and family and he said the kind of things one should say and seldom remembers to do. I liked that about him.*

*Harry was an original. Go with God Harry and save me a seat.*

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**Laine Bockmon Baggerley** - December 17, 2012 at 02:03 PM

JH

“ I first met Harry. When I gave my friend Don Smith a ride home from the church parking lot at Thomas Ave., Baptist Church. Don asked me if it was okay if Harry could bum a ride with us and I said okay. Little did I know the adventures Harry and Don and I would have in the coming years. There was the time we had a late-night raid on the snowman standing guard in the front yards of the Pasadena subdivisions. We would run into them as if they were line men protecting the quarterback, knocking them over and take the spoils. Usually a hat or a scarf or a broom. We had no problems knocking these little snowmen down, it did not snow much there, so they were kind of soft and mushy. However, Harry spotted a big one and got a running start and all we could hear was crunching of the snow from his footsteps then an "OOOOMPH!" It was dark and I wasn't sure exactly what happened but it seems that Harry had bounced off of the large snowman. Of course I assumed that Harry had not built up enough speed to knock this big booger down, so I took a shot at it, and bounced off of it just the same! I thot Harry would never stop laughing. We saluted the snowmand and he was left standing. If I recall. So many other adventures with cars and dating girls the stuff most teenagers went through in our day, not enough room here to tell them all. But I would suppose my favorite one was how Harry convince a shy boy to play his guitar for the youth choir at Thomas Ave., Baptist. After high school I moved away from Pasadena, and Harry married and moved to Illinois with Diane in the late 70's. I reconnected with Harry a few years ago and we would communicate on the phone often, and had a few visits to each other's homes. He still provided adventures, always something going on with him!

*He loved his wife and kids dearly and was so proud of them.  
He was a good friend, and I'm a better man for knowing him.  
I have no doubt that he will be among my family that greet me when  
our Lord calls me home.*

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**Jeff Harris** - December 16, 2012 at 11:25 PM