



Ronald Ervin Coleman

December 1, 1932 - September 5, 2013

Ronald E. "Ron" Coleman, age 80, of New Port Riche, FL, formerly of Chestertown, MD, and Wilmington, DE, died on September 5, 2013, at the Marliere Care Center in New Port Richey, FL.

Mr. Coleman, the son of the late, Hodge L. and Rena Walls Coleman, was born in Church Hill, MD. He worked as an accountant for the Hercules Chemical Co., Wilmington, DE, for 30 years before beginning a bookkeeping career at Heron Point of Chestertown, MD. He resided at Heron Point in Chestertown for several years before moving and retiring to his home in Florida. Mr. Coleman enjoyed selling shoes and worked part-time for Storm Shoes, Wilmington, DE, for 32 years.

He was a member of the Faith United Methodist Church in New Port Richey, FL, a member of the Brandywine Masonic Lodge #33, Wilmington, DE, and was a member of the Maryland Club where they lived in FL. Mr. Coleman loved to cook and he enjoyed fishing.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by a daughter, Karen Beth Coleman in 1980; three sisters, Mildred Coleman, Helen Everett and Betty Benton, and one brother, H. Hodge Coleman.

He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Betty Kay Coleman, of New Port Richey, FL; one son, Ronald Mark Coleman, and his wife, Janet, of Tarpon Springs FL; two brothers, Marion George Coleman and his wife Doris of Chestertown, MD, Richard Alan Coleman and his wife Dot of Sudlersville, MD; and his grand-dogs, Sammy, Smitty and Rusty.

Friends and family may call Friday evening after 6 p.m. at Fellows Helfenbein & Newnam Funeral Home, 130 Speer Road, in Chestertown, MD. A Masonic service will be held at 7:15 p.m. and a traditional funeral service will follow at 7:30 p.m.

Interment will be held on Saturday morning at 10 a.m. at the Grace Episcopal Cemetery,

Wilmington, DE.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests contributions in his memory to the Faith United Methodist Church, Hwy 52, New Port Richey, FL 34654.

Previous Events

Visitation

SEP 13. 6:00 PM - 7:30 PM (ET)

Chestertown Location
130 Speer Road
Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-0055
info@fhfuneralhome.com

Masonic Service

SEP 13. 7:15 PM (ET)

Chestertown Location
130 Speer Road
Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-0055
info@fhfuneralhome.com

Service

SEP 13. 7:30 PM (ET)

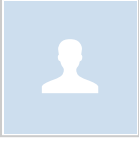
Chestertown Location
130 Speer Road
Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-0055
info@fhfuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall



“ *Ronald Ervin Coleman*

October 26, 2023 at 06:42 PM



“ *Ronald Ervin Coleman*

January 28, 2023 at 12:44 PM



“ *Ronald Ervin Coleman*

January 28, 2023 at 08:03 AM

“ Contd. from post below...

I knew I had struck the jackpot when it came to In laws. From that year forward, Thanksgiving remained at our house, no matter where we lived, with the number of guests ranging from 7 to 17 in different years. And it became my favorite day of the year to spend with Dad. Because as much as it was “my holiday”, all that really meant was that everyone came to our house. Dad and I shared the cooking – well, let’s face it, he did a large part of the cooking. I was more the helper – I could peel and stir and fetch and generally get in the way, but mostly I’d just hang out with Dad in the kitchen. I looked forward to it every year and I think he did too. I even tried to use Thanksgiving as a way to get Dad to rally after his diagnosis – telling him that he just had to get better because we both knew the family didn’t really trust me to handle Thanksgiving all by myself.

If Thanksgiving was always at our house, then Christmas was always at theirs. Shopping for Dad for Christmas gifts was tough – he never asked for anything and would wave us off when we asked for suggestions. After too many years of buying shirts and books, we finally settled on what would become an annual gift of a deep sea fishing day trip with his son. It was a Christmas gift that was as much for Mark as it was for his Dad. They never caught much, maybe enough for dinner for that night. But no matter, Mark and Dad were able to spend the day together, just hanging out, sputtering about the boat captain that didn’t know how to find fish, or chuckling about the newbie who didn’t know how to put bait on the line.

Dad had a hundred corny old sayings – one for any situation, and most that would make Mark and I roll our eyes for having heard it for the umpteenth time. But as we so often learn as we get older – you don’t realize how much you will miss something until after it’s gone. I’d give anything just to hear Dad say “what your eyes don’t see, your belly don’t grieve “ one more time.

Mark – your Dad was so proud of you. For every degree or accomplishment you earned, he was there cheering you on. When life would sometimes hand you a lemon, he would offer to help you make lemonade. He loved you very much. Mom and Dad were married for 59 years. That’s a rarity anymore. You know somebody loves someone not so much by the big things; but by the small little gestures that most wouldn’t even notice. Like when we would go out to dinner buffet, and Dad would always go stand in line to have the cook grill Mom’s shrimp just way she liked them. Or how he’d drive her to the beauty parlor on Saturday mornings. Not that Mom couldn’t drive herself; but just because he wanted to. His last good conversation with us was about Mom. We came up to see him one evening at the rehab center. He said he was having trouble sleeping at night and when I asked him why he said he had something troubling his mind. He wanted to somehow be sure that Mom would be alright. He needed to know everything would be ok.

Dad loved life and fully participated in it. He took great joy in friends, adored his dogs, loved his family with his whole heart, and believed in God through good times and bad.

Mark and Mom and I want to thank everyone for all of your kindness and support;

and most of all, for loving Dad so much. I can tell you with absolute certainty; he loved all of you just as much.

Janet Coleman - September 15, 2013 at 03:58 PM

“ Maya Angelou once wrote – “I’ve learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.” Dad had the uncanny ability to make everyone feel like they were a part of the family.

I have been touched by how many people have come up to us and said “he was like a father to me”, or he was like a “brother” to me. That’s just how Dad was – everyone was considered family. Dad never met a stranger. He didn’t care where you came from or what you had – he would find something in common with just about anyone he met. He could walk into a room anywhere and 9 times out of 10, he would have some connection with somebody there. Either they were related in some way, or they were from an area he had lived; or maybe he had sold them a pair of shoes. When they first came to Florida and were still considered snowbirds, Mom and Dad used to drive the 95 corridor, between their home in Maryland, and the one in Florida. One time, they stopped at a McDonalds somewhere in the Carolinas to grab a bite and of course Dad saw someone he knew at another table. Right there in the middle of nowhere

His part time job for many years was working at a shoe store. Dad loved selling shoes and knew everyone by their shoes. And people remembered him as well – often coming up to him at a restaurant or when they were out and about – saying “I know you, you sold me these wonderful shoes.” Mark and I, on the other hand, were a constant disappointment to him when it came to the choice of our footwear. I’d walk in with some ratty pair of sandals and he’d say – “ Girl – what do you have on those feet? Why won’t you buy a decent pair of shoes.”

Dad didn’t have an easy life coming up –his family were farmers and times were hard– but he was determined to make something of himself. He had 6 brother and sisters, so he had to work to pay his own way through college. He worked hard – most of his life holding down two jobs – so that he could provide a decent life for his family. He didn’t spoil his children – Mark will be the first one to tell you that – but he taught them by example. Work hard, and do the best you can. He worked well into retirement not because he had to but because he loved it so much. We’d say “Dad just loves to be out and amongst them”

One of his most favorite things was he loved to cook for people and he was very good at it. You know that old adage about daughter in laws having to compete with dear old Mom’s cooking. Well, not me – nope - when I got married – all I heard was, “that doesn’t taste like the way Dad makes it. “ Talk about a tough act to follow.

And Dad cooked with his heart. Whenever Mark or I would get sick, Mom and Dad would show up at the door with a fresh made pot of Dad’s homemade soup. Or when we had had a particularly bad week because of work or things just not going right – they’d show up with a big batch of Dad’s chocolate chip cookies that he’d just made. They would barely be out the door and Mark and I would sit down

on the couch with the bucket of cookies between us and start chomping away. And we'd feel better. This is how it was – when things were good – we celebrated together as a family; and when times were tough –well, Dad made us soup and cookies. That's what he did - he was being a Dad.

In our early married years, I wanted so badly to have a holiday that I could call my own that everyone would come to our home for. I settled on Thanksgiving – no pressure there. The very first year, I was so excited. We had invited Mark's parents and it was going to be my big chance to show them I could do a big holiday meal. Except that the night before Thanksgiving, I came down with a horrible flu and could not get out of bed the next morning. I was so sick. And so disappointed – I thought for sure I had ruined the holiday for everyone . But instead of making any kind of big deal about it, Mom and Dad came over and just jumped right in. And voila – a full thanksgiving dinner was served right on time – with even a plate for me over on the couch. I

Janet Coleman - September 15, 2013 at 12:39 PM



“ *Betty Kay-my sincere sympathy on the death of your husband. I am so sorry that I did not get to see both of you at you the class reunion this summer. My thoughts and prayers are with you.*

Marge Nicewarner - September 12, 2013 at 05:33 PM

LC

“ *To Betty Kay and family,
You are in my prayers during this time of grief. Ron was such a wonderful friend and is missed greatly. He had such a great sense of humor and I will always be grateful for knowing him. Even though we had a short time working together at Heron Point he was and always will be one of my favorite people. RIP Ron I miss you. Thank you for always remembering to come visit me and thanks for all the good times. Fondly, Lydia & Ron*

Lydia Conroy - September 11, 2013 at 02:09 PM

JG

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Janet Graham - September 09, 2013 at 08:26 PM

JG

“ For many years, I had the pleasure of working with Ron at SAS in Vero Beach, FL. You couldn't ask for a better co-worker or friend. NO ONE was a stranger to Ron. He had a friendly word for everyone. He kept us all laughing and taught us many things. I told him that he was king of farmyard analogies. Some people leave a wake of drama as they travel through this life but Ron left a tsunami of smiles and laughter. We cannot fathom the void left by his passing.. but I know that heaven is greatly enriched by his homecoming. I deem myself fortunate indeed to be among those to call him friend. I will miss him so much but I know that I will enjoy "catching up " when it's my time. Here's to you Ron. You are our HERO!

Janet Graham - September 09, 2013 at 08:18 PM

JB

Janet you hit him on the head with this, he always brought smiles and laughter with everyone, always a little twinkle in his eye of oneryness! I'm gonna miss him!

Joyce Benton - September 10, 2013 at 06:26 PM

BK

“ So glad we got to reunite for the past 4 family reunions. You will be missed.

Betsy Coleman Kelley

Betsy Coleman Kelley - September 09, 2013 at 07:02 PM

JB

“ RIP my wonderful Uncle; will miss you terribly but know you are in a better place and with all your loved ones that have left us! You and Aunt Edna were the one that caused our "family laughter" and we will miss that, but know you two are doing your thing on the other side! Love ya!



Joyce Benton - September 09, 2013 at 01:58 PM