

A giant oak has fallen

My Dad passed away last week and a lady from his Sunday School class made the comment that "a giant oak tree has fallen" and I kept thinking about how true that statement was. He was like a giant oak tree, roots spreading out deep into the soil and large branches reaching high above giving out a tremendous shade below with acorns adorning the ground beneath it.

Yes, perfect description of my Dad, O.D. Kenemore. He stood tall as the oak tree and his strong beliefs were deep rooted and well known by family, friends, church members and his community. He always reached upward, his goal, wanting to do something good for his fellow man. The acorns he dropped for 77 years are a testimony of the life he lived.

O.D. loved our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and he taught Sunday School at First Baptist Church in Clute for many years. He has left an acorn in that church and to that class in that he taught from the Bible, believing every word and in hope that God, family, church and someone's life benefitted from what he taught. His priorities in life were God, family, church and community.

Life Stories

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Family acorns of memories he left to a loving wife of 40 years and his five children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren who adored him. I am so blessed to have witnessed such a wonderful love between Mom and O.D., a love that you don't see very often. O.D. was my stepdad, but he treated me as his own, and his love was unconditional. There is now an empty space in every place he is supposed to be, but we find ourselves thanking God for the time we have had with him. We draw strength from our faith in knowing that he now has a place in heaven.

The acorns he spread in his community are evident in many of the awards he received throughout his lifetime, but more important than those awards were the rewards he received when he knew he had made a difference in someone's life. The satisfaction of knowing that a child had a place to live when family was unable to take care of him, his ability to help someone who had been exposed to dangerous chemicals or products while working in chemical plants and being able to get that worker or family the compensation they deserved. He had the ability and the knowledge to fight for his fellow union workers and help them when help was needed.

I felt that I needed to write these words. To give tribute to a man who helped me through difficult times, as well as all the numerous others he helped and lives he touched. If you are reading this article, you know who you are and I know you will never forget him either. O.D. we love and miss you so much.

With great love and respect, your daughter,
Charlotte Little Williams.

Charlotte Little Williams is the stepdaughter of O.D. Kenemore, who was a Sunday School teacher at First Baptist Church in Clute.