



Alfred Roy Danforth

May 2, 1945 - July 4, 2024

Alfred Roy Danforth, 79, of Rd. 1, Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania, died in Houston, Texas, at the Houston Methodist West Hospital on July 4th, 2024, at the 21:11 hour.

Alfred was born in the City Hospital of Meadville, Pennsylvania, to Roy Alton Danforth and Charlotte Rebecca Sweet. Alfred used to be dropped off by a bridge to go fishing, while his mom went to the market, when he was 6 years old. He developed a lifelong love for fishing, either with flies or light tackle.

Alfred graduated from Townville High School on May 28, 1963, and was one of twelve students who received scholarship awards for the Titusville Campus of the University of Pittsburgh.

Alfred received a Bachelor of Science in Geology from Edinboro University of Pennsylvania, and attended graduate school at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, specializing in Sedimentology and Stratigraphy, Sedimentary Environment and Petroleum Geology.

Alfred R. Danforth carried a license from the Texas Board of Professional Geoscientists while being a consultant in Houston, Texas, after taking early retirement from Texaco Inc.

Al (Alfred) Danforth, as he was known professionally, started working for Texaco Inc. in New Orleans in 1973. In the late 1970s he had a new managerial assignment with Caltex, a Texaco affiliate, in Djakarta, Indonesia, where he lived with his first family until 1983.

Al Danforth transferred back to the Texaco Inc. headquarters in Harrison, New

York, during the latter part of 1983. He re-married in October of 1984, and in May of 1987, he was re-assigned to Houston, Texas, as General Manager of New Ventures in Africa. He retired from Texaco Inc in 1998 and became a consultant.

Al Danforth was the organizer of the first Africa Symposium in Houston, Texas, in conjunction with the Petroleum Exploration Society of Great Britain (PESGB). He was a co-founder in 2002 of the highly successful African Conference that has occurred each year since the first Africa Symposium in London. The conferences held in Houston had Al as Chairman every other year, including the conference in Houston, Texas, September 11-12, 2012.

Al Danforth was an Emeritus Member of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists (AAPG) and, was awarded Honorary Life Membership in the Houston Geological Society (HGS) for his continuing efforts on behalf of the Society and its members. He was a major resource to HGS, especially to the International Explorationists group. Since his first talk to the HGS in October of 1998, "Petroleum Systems of the Kwanza and Benguela Basins, Angola", he assisted his fellow authors closely in preparing talks about the rapidly changing understanding regarding offshore of Africa. Al was chair of the Technical Programs of the International Explorationists group of the HGS 1999-2001. He was chairman of the International HGS group 2002-2005. He conducted thorough investigation of regional seismic lines and joined with fellow authors in well-illustrated talks for HGS about regional tectonic offshore Africa and adjacent areas. Al shared his extensive international experience when he was on the Organizing Committee of the HGS Continuing Education Committee in the programs "The Business of International Exploration Symposium", February 2000, and "Doing Business in Latin America Symposium, January 2002.

Alfred R. Danforth was preceded in death by his two brothers, Frank Stanley Danforth Sr. (1943-2005) and Paul Robert Danforth (1950-1959).

Alfred R. Danforth is survived by his wife Carlota Alexandrina Jouvin Poetzscher, daughters Lori Kay Danforth, Julie Jo Pedersen and Elizabeth

Charlotte Serrano, son Jonathan Alfred Danforth, granddaughters Lorraine C. Pedersen, Elishah Serrano and Soraya T. Danforth, grandsons Jared A. Lewis and Christopher J. Pedersen, and a great-grandson Nikolai A. Lewis.

A Houston Memorial Service will be at the Memorial Drive United Methodist Church, 12955 Memorial Drive, Houston, TX 77079, TBA.

A Pennsylvania Memorial Service and Burial will be at the New Richmond United Methodist Church and Cemetery at 29776 Highway 77, Guys Mills, PA 16327, TBA.

The burial location is at Al's hometown church and cemetery where his relatives have been interred going back to his great-grandfather. He had already purchased plots there for himself and his current wife, Carlota.

In lieu of flowers, donations to the New Richmond United Methodist Church for the Cemetery and Building Fund would be greatly appreciated.

****MEMOIRS OF AL'S FOUR CHILDREN AND WIFE****

FROM JONATHAN ALFRED DANFORTH:

Everyone knows my dad was a fisherman. This defined his entire life. He told us stories about growing up fishing in northwest Pennsylvania. His father was not a sportsman – he spent his free time helping at the church or doing electrical work on neighboring farms. My dad, on the other hand, would sneak out at night to fish in the neighbor's pond through the woods (where he typically got run off for trespassing). This love led him to into fishing the Gulf of Mexico when he lived in New Orleans and Houston, the islands of Indonesia when he lived there with my sisters, and to many other adventures all across the world. From motorcycle trips through the tropics to camping out all along the gulf coast – he lived his life well.

For dad, fishing was more than a sport. Yes, he did plan ahead and take it seriously – from moon and tide forecasts to tracking the seasonal migration of

his favorite fish – he was a fisherman through and through. However, it was in the silence of the boat where you really got to know him – and where he got to assess what he thought of you. I remember many early mornings with my dad, mom, and sister sat in the boat. You could see the sun rising, shimmering and golden over the water, echoing with a silence you can't find in my places. We said few words – “pass the shrimp” being the most common. It was understood that if we made noise, we'd scare the fish. That's at least how mom put it.

What I later understood is that there is something about a person that you learn when you sit in silence. How they move, how breathe, whether they struggle to fill the void. To my dad, I think this was a measure of character. He liked to listen, and he would enjoy the conversations that emerge out of a long morning of silence, but I think he was really looking to see you and understand you – and for that matter, to show the depth of his character in that silence.

Everyone knows my dad was a geologist. Road trips with stops at outcrops to hunt for fossils. These defined my childhood and shaped my view of creation. My parent's house was full of rocks. Some were precious gems, others just plain ol' dirty rocks. No matter the appearance, they all held a story. Each rock came from an adventure – maybe graduate field work, or another road trip. But the story my dad would tell was about the origin of the rock. He would point at the layers, the sediments, the indicators of time. He would explain how the rock was formed through the millennia and the forces that it came across to become what it is. I think what many didn't realize about my dad was that, in a way, he was a poet. He described things using science, but he brought life to it. He taught me to see beauty in all things.

For dad, being a geologist was “just what it was”. As the story goes, there were two majors that became available at the local teaching college. One was engineering and one was geology. He knew he liked fishing, which was outdoors, and the study of rocks was outdoors, so he chose the latter. He kept going with graduate school and field work to find a job, and eventually got

recruited and moved out of town. He came from the most rural county east of the Mississippi, but he lived and traveled all over the world throughout most of his life. He was in countries with economic instability, civil war, and geopolitical upheaval. He was also in places of complete and total luxury. He negotiated with world leaders, serving as the subject matter expert to tell them exactly what was under the earth below and became a legend in his field.

What I came to understand was that his work was an art. He developed maps and identified subtle patterns that would give clues. He would take these clues and develop theories – and his theories were right.

He was a man of few words, and deliberate (aka slow) about decisions – but once he made up his mind he did not hesitate. He taught me to study and research, and then to be decisive. He also taught me to follow through on my word. Not that I do any of those well, but his example demonstrated the value of doing them well over and over and over again.

Most of all, my dad lived by example. He didn't feel like words meant much. He loved by giving his family everything. He exercised by taking himself into the beauty of creation and engaging with it on a fishing pole. He studied by sitting in silence and opening his eyes and his ears. He was a great man, and taught me a many great things. I think the biggest thing he taught me was acceptance. When things got hard he would always say, "well, it is what it is", and he would keep on keeping on. Now it is our turn, to keep on keeping on.

FROM ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE (DANFORTH) SERRANO:

I wrote this to a couple of close friends:

Hi there, I want to share some news with you. My dad passed away on Thursday after having surgery.

We're all glad to know that he doesn't have to continue suffering as he was.

The day he passed he was surrounded by all his children and their families.

The four of us had never been in the same room together because two of my siblings are from his previous marriage and live far away. The space was full

of joyful conversation as we united for the first time ever and shared stories of memories across the room during his last hours. It was so special.

Though it was very sad to witness his rapid decline this past month, the reunion was very heartwarming and still fills us with a new sense of family. Changes are interesting. They're hard too. But after the end of every chapter is the beginning of a new one. This one is filled with newfound friendships with distant family members.

We think perhaps it was his wish to have us all finally be together.

FROM JULIE JO (DANFORTH) PEDERSEN:

Carlota asked for a few words. I struggled to come up with anything. Too big a task. Definitely gonna be lacking in completeness. But I thought I'd share.

There's a lifetime of memories from so many places and times. From every stage from childhood to adulthood and am at present overwhelmed by how many of these memories have made me the person i am today. This includes a new stage in my life with his passing. He has now again altered the person I am today.

He always struggled with the concern that he hadn't been a good father, and he continued to do everything he could to improve that. Thing is...that's what made him a perfect father. He gave his all, and he tried always.

This relationship I had with him was not restricted by distance, whether it be mile's or time. He was always there. Our love was always there. He was since forever, my best friend.

Coloring seismic maps in his office in Indonesia , throwing boomerangs in Australia in the park, fishing in so many places around the world. Rainbow trout in New Zealand, croakers in the Bayou till the Jack Cravel swooped them up, crayfish on the side of the road as we picked wild onions, how every oyster shucking event normally ended up with stitches in the ER, how many road trips interrupted by emergency stops to check out geological formations

in the cliff by the road, how many rocks and shells, geodes and volcanic ash from New Orleans, through the Ohio valley, across the east coast and crossing continents and the world. We have collected memories of our adventures with dad. How can I not leave some out when the flood of memories never cease?

He certainly did not deserve " the awe shit award" for being a dad as he often quipped. He was my dad always and forever, and he never skipped a beat. I will miss his Jonathan Seagul spirit and gentle giant demeanor. This man of few words this father to me.

FROM LORI KAY DANFORTH:

So, my Dad, where to begin? He grew up in a very tight community that looked out for each other. When you investigate the history of the community, as his father did, you find a long line of families that have been here since the mid 1700's. It is closely knit with the Church and the Grange. I too live in a neighborhood close by to where he lived, it also still consists of families that look out for each other and help each other out with things like, firewood, haying and sharing of produce and watching each other's children grow up. My Dad instilled these values and more into each of us, as you can see from where we all are in our lives. He was gentle, warm-hearted and had his own way with his well thought out words. There is an image I have in my mind of my Dad. The photograph is old and faded, tinged yellow with age, but in it he stands tall with a beard and wearing a tan? Shirt with uneven stripes on it. It is like it was taken from a point of view from a child. Grad School or New Orleans perhaps? The point of view is as if I am looking up to him, like I always have.

Through the years we saw more moving and traveling in as many years as we were old. From the nearest of places to the furthest of places that you could imagine, Pennsylvania, Ohio/Indiana, Virginia, Louisiana, Indonesia, and New York. And travels to such places as Singapore, Hong Kong, Australia, Kenya,

Noumea, New Caledonia, Seychelles, Denmark, Hawaii, San Francisco and more. It was a life that I would not change a thing. Good and bad, as it made us who we are today.

Literally, no matter where in the world we were, there are memories big and small that I will always cherish. Most of them include fishing, or involved being outside, but for a few. Some of the earliest were hunting for night crawlers, after dusk with a flashlight, oh, so many I missed, lol. Memorable fishing events include waiting for the shrimp or fishing boat to be ready in New Iberia or Grand Isle. Julie and I would be poking at the minnow looking fish in the water near the dock until they puffed up like ping pong balls. The catching the huge sheepshead on the Zebco fishing pole. And of course, catching the yellow belly tuna on a trip to Southern Java. Where I found how inspirational and powerful water could be as it crashed upon the cliffs at the hotel.

In graduate school, where we lived in a 23 ft pink trailer, learned to eat w chop sticks and eat bulgogi. Living with the basics, gathering eggs and asparagus, eating lots of ham and beans and poached eggs, (ugh, I still have trouble eating them). I remember the big Globe at the university, and the very first time I saw a copier. Dad placed my hands on the glass and placed the heavy rubber lid down tight on them and made a copy of my hands.

One thing that brings a smile to my face and a warmth in my heart, even as of last night, are the fireflies. Fond memories of being handed a mayonnaise jar to collect them, the unforgettable smell of the bugs and the remnant scent of the mayo, will forever stick in my mind. One evening, not so long ago, I had to stop and immediately, and had to call Dad and tell him about this tree in Gettysburg that was completely engorged with them, they lit up the entire tree like it was Christmas.

Rocks!! I have spent my life looking and loving rocks. Fond memories of roadside picnics with rock hammers in hand. Most at highway rock cuts, I am tempted on my travels now just to pull over and look. There is even a place called Danforth Pass named after him that is a naturally formed staircase. His sensitive demeanor carried with him through the years, despite the hard

road his life took him at times, did not harden him. His concern for his children and loved ones was eternal. He waited till the very end to make sure all of us finally got together. It was only then that he knew we would hold his memory alive, each of us a chapter in his book, a piece of the puzzle. Just before his passing, too weak to communicate verbally, I witnessed him mouth the Lord's Prayer and then say I Love You. He knew his children were all close and he listened as we shared stories of each of our lives, happy and sad and how they all overlapped, connecting us forever as Family. Our puzzle completed, the chapters in his book finished and bound, now it's up to us to carry his memory on. I love you, Dad.

FROM CARLOTA JOUVIN-POETZSCHER DANFORTH:

It is with a very heavy heart that I tell you Al passed away last Thursday July 4th in the hospital, at 09:11pm. He was seventy-nine on May 2.

The only consolation is that he had been suffering very much for 2 months, especially in the last 3 weeks, and that is now over.

He lost 45 lbs. early in the year. He had been feeling unstable when walking, and he had a wrong diagnosis of Parkinson's.

He had developed a urine infection that would not go away with antibiotics, and we think that was why he had been losing 5-10 lbs. per week.

He fell at home on June 21 and had a hairline fracture of a neck bone but what hurt the most were the ligaments and muscles in the area.

Later we saw in a CT scan that he also had a large molar abscess that went undetected, although he was at the dentist for a cleaning on April 30.

While at the hospital he had a biopsy to evaluate for cancer, we are still waiting for the results. He also had a surgical procedure to insert tubes in his kidneys to drain the infection and reduce inflammation, but he came back breathing heavily. Next day, he barely spoke and early in the evening he stopped breathing. The doctors never told us how bad his condition was.

They decided to do the biopsy before putting tubes in his kidneys because they had given him aspirin, therefore he had to wait to put the tubes in. When they finally did it, it was 2 days after the biopsy, he was even weaker. He developed pneumonia with inflammation which led to his death the next day due to lack of oxygen. The bacteria continued to reproduce inside a large kidney stone which was close to a major artery, so they should not try to remove the stone.

All his 4 children and I were there when he stopped breathing. Earlier in June I had called his oldest daughters, Lori, and Julie, to come to see him while they could still talk with him. His voice was weak, he did not say much, but he was happy to see them all together, he said he thought it was a dream. He was very aware of himself; we are sure he understood every word that we and the doctors said.

I contracted a funeral home for the cremation on Friday and we were supposed to meet on July 8, but we only we were able to meet on July 10, due to Beryl. I have been staying with Elizabeth. Her electricity and Jonathan's were back on July 9, but mine was out until July 12. There was no damage to where our homes are, just leaves and small tree limbs.

We will plan a trip to his hometown and have his ashes buried in his family cemetery where his great grandfather and others were buried, in NW Pennsylvania, with a tomb stone for both of us. We bought the plots 30 years ago when my mother passed away.

I am planning to write an obituary including some of his professional accomplishments. It will be posted on the Dettling Funeral Home website in the next few weeks. The death certificate wasn't signed until July 11, I suppose on account of Hurricane Beryl, by the attending doctor from West Houston Methodist hospital. The funeral home said it will take up to 3 weeks to get the copies, during which time I hope to get all sorted out.

PREAMBLE:

Today is June 28, 2024.

Al has been fighting a urine infection for several months now. His GP sent him to a Neurologist, and both thought it was Parkinson's since there is no test for it.

Al's walking balance stability while walking has gotten a lot worse over the last 2 weeks.

The last time he drove the car was on June 11th. Within a week he needed a cane and in a few days a walker.

He used a cane at home after going over hurdles with the walker at physical therapy and leaned forward too far last Friday. on the 21st.

I saw that he put his hand on the side of the door and then his head hit it and he ended up on the floor. What I didn't see was that he got a big cut on his hand on the door lock and that's why Al let go of the door and then he hit his head.

I called 911 and they took him to a trauma center at Grand Parkway and I-10 where they put stiches on his hand and forehead. After an MRI of the head and an x-ray of the hand, they sent him home.

We bought a wheelchair. He couldn't walk alone. Our children stayed with us and we found someone to look after them at night so we could sleep. On Wednesday he started to not be able to get up on his own, so we took him to the emergency room at West Houston Methodist where they decided he needed to stay in the hospital, room 6046.

They're doing lots of tests. Today we discovered that he had had a small stroke in the last 24-48 hours. Now we think the difference we noticed Wednesday was due to the stroke because the reason we took him to ER was that we found out suddenly, on June 26 in the afternoon, that he was unable to get up on his own.

We think the urine infection is what caused him to lose about 20 lbs. since and become disabled. We are still waiting for the specialist. We spend every day there, where it will be at least until Tuesday, July 2nd.

PORTUGUESE VERSION:

É com muito pesar que comunico que Al faleceu na última quinta-feira, 4 de julho, no hospital, às 21h11. Ele tinha 79 anos em 2 de maio. O único consolo é que ele vinha sofrendo muito há 2 meses, principalmente nas últimas 3 semanas, e agora isso acabou.

Ele perdeu 45 libras no início do ano. Ele estava se sentindo instável ao caminhar e foi diagnosticado erroneamente com Parkinson. Ele desenvolveu uma infecção na urina que não desaparecia com antibióticos e achamos que era por isso que ele perdia de 5 a 10 libras por semana. Ele se sentiu em casa no dia 21 de junho e teve uma fratura no osso do pescoço, mas o que mais doeu foram os ligamentos e músculos da região. Mais tarde, vimos em uma tomografia computadorizada que ele também tinha um grande abscesso molar que não foi detectado, embora ele estivesse no dentista para uma limpeza no dia 30 de abril.

Enquanto estava no hospital ele fez uma biópsia para testar o câncer, ainda estamos aguardando os resultados. Ele também passou por um procedimento cirúrgico para inserir tubos nos rins para drenar a infecção e reduzir a inflamação, mas voltou respirando pesadamente. No dia seguinte, ele mal falou e no início da noite parou de respirar. Os médicos nunca nos disseram quão ruim era o seu estado.

Eles decidiram fazer a biópsia antes de colocar os tubos nos rins porque lhe deram aspirina, então ele teve que esperar para colocar os tubos. Quando finalmente fizeram, já se passaram 2 dias após a biópsia, ele estava ainda mais fraco. Ele desenvolveu pneumonia com inflamação que o levou à morte no dia seguinte por falta de oxigênio. A bactéria continuou a se reproduzir dentro de uma grande pedra nos rins que estava perto de uma artéria importante, então eles não deveriam tentar remover a pedra.

Todos os seus 4 filhos e eu estávamos lá quando ele parou de respirar. No início de junho, liguei para suas filhas mais velhas, Lori e Julie, para ir vê-lo

enquanto ainda podiam conversar com ele. Sua voz estava fraca, ele não falava muito, mas ficou feliz em ver todos juntos, disse que achou que era um sonho. Estava muito consciente de si mesmo, temos certeza de que entendeu cada palavra dita.

Contratei uma funerária para a cremação na sexta-feira e deveríamos nos encontrar na segunda-feira, mas teve que ser adiado para hoje, por causa do Beryl. Eu tenho ficado com Elizabeth. Agora a eletricidade dela voltou e a de Jonathan também, mas não a minha. Não houve danos onde estão nossas casas, apenas folhas e alguns galhos de pequenas árvores. Mais para o final do ano iremos à sua cidade natal e ao cemitério da família na Pensilvânia para o enterro e para obter uma lápide.

Espero escrever um obituário e publicá-lo no site da Detting Funeral Home em Houston nas próximas semanas. Ainda estamos aguardando a assinatura da certidão de óbito pelo médico assistente do Hospital Metodista de West Houston.

PREÂMBULO:

Hoje é 28 de junho de 2024.

Al tem uma infecção na urina proveniente de micróbios presentes em uma pedra nos rins causada por um acidente há mais de 40 anos. Seu médico e neurologista pensaram que era Parkinson, mas a causa foi que eles não conseguiram tratar a infecção. Finalmente o levamos ao pronto-socorro e agora ele está no hospital.

Al piorou muito nas últimas 2 semanas com um problema de falta de estabilidade ao caminhar.

A última vez que dirigiu o carro foi no dia 11 de junho.

Em uma semana ele precisou de uma bengala e em poucos dias de apoio para caminhar.

Ele usou bengala em casa e se inclinou bastante para frente na última sexta-feira, 21. Eu vi que ele colocou a mão na lateral da porta e aí a cabeça dele

bateu ali e acabou no chão. O que não vi foi que ele tinha um grande corte na mão na fechadura da porta e por isso largou a porta e bateu a cabeça.

Liguei para ajuda urgente, mas depois de costurar e fazer uma ressonância magnética da cabeça e um raio X da mão, eles me mandaram para casa.

Compramos uma cadeira de rodas. Eu não conseguia andar sozinho. Nossos filhos vieram para cá e encontramos alguém para cuidar deles à noite para que pudéssemos dormir.

Na quarta-feira ele começou a não conseguir se levantar sozinho, então o levamos ao pronto-socorro onde decidiram que ele precisava ficar no hospital.

Eles estão fazendo muitos testes. Hoje descobriram que ele teve um pequeno ataque cardíaco há um ou dois dias, provavelmente a diferença que notamos que o tornou incapaz de se levantar sozinho.

Achamos que foi a infecção na urina que o fez perder muito peso e ficar incapacitado. Ainda estamos aguardando o especialista. Passamos todos os dias lá, onde estará pelo menos até terça-feira, dia 2 de julho..

Tribute Wall

VM

“ Vera M. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Alfred Roy Danforth.

Vera M. - August 25, 2024 at 01:41 PM

VB

“ Veronica B. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Alfred Roy Danforth.

Veronica B. - August 21, 2024 at 08:58 AM

BR

“ Al was always a true friend. We went through many difficult events at Texaco. He always had our backs and said the decent things that needed to be said. We traveled together to conferences and meetings all over the world. We always had fun as he was always a congenial person who concentrated on the science. He was a prodigious researcher and contributed greatly to the understanding of our world.

Barbara Radovich - August 07, 2024 at 11:52 AM



“ I remember boxing him in gym class. we were about the same size. i had never boxed before and he stated that he hadn't either. When we started to box he said "i have boxed before" and scared me enough to put him down from fear. I apologiised later in life for the bloody nose i gave him and he accepted the apology. Wonderful friend in school. I also had fished with he and Bob Bechtel.

Wilt Gillett - July 23, 2024 at 05:50 PM

LS

“ *Al was a great geologist and a much admired member of the Houston Geological Society in the International Explorationists Group and the Africa Conference. We are sad he has passed away.*
From Lind Sternbach

linda sternbach - July 22, 2024 at 12:02 AM

MC

“ *I am so very sorry to hear of Al's death. We worked together in Bellaire in the Frontier Exploration Department at Texaco 30 years ago. We only spent 18 months in Houston on a training assignment from the UK, but both my wife, Anne, our 3 kids and myself became good friends with Al and Carlota. I remember many a happy weekend spent at each other's house, as well as at other exploration geo's houses, having a BBQ and a beer talking geology and families. Al was someone I always enjoyed being with and he will be greatly missed. Our sincerest condolences to Carlota and all the family. May he Rest In Peace.*

Michael CAULFIELD - July 21, 2024 at 10:12 AM

KM

“ So very sorry to hear of Al's passing and I wish to give my sincere condolences to his family. Al was a dear childhood friend, neighbor and classmate of my first husband, Bob Bechtel, and ended up in later years being a step-brother also. They shared such a wonderful time in their youth fishing and hunting and just being boys. I haven't saw Al in years but have such good memories of his gentle spirit and kindness. Before his father, Roy, passed away, Al came to Pennsylvania and stayed for many days to be with his father and wrote a daily diary of his days here preceding his father's passing. He printed the diary out and gave all the family copies of which I have one. Such a touching and thoughtful thing to do. This is one of my last memories of Al. Rest in peace Al, you have, indeed, left the world a better place and your legacy lives on through your children in the circle of life!

Kathy Smith, Bechtel, Muir - July 20, 2024 at 11:02 AM

RB

“ Sincere condolences to the family. I am so very sorry for your loss. May God provide the necessary peace and comfort to your family and friends during this difficult time. Please remember these words of encouragement from the Bible: “Jesus plainly told her: I am the resurrection and the life. He that exercises faith in me, even though he dies, will come to life.” —John 11:20-25.

R Bell - July 20, 2024 at 10:59 AM

KS

Well, Al and I went through undergrad geology from 1968-1971 at Edinboro U., then on to field geology school with Miami U (Ohio) in Wyoming. The summer of 1971 Al and I worked for the Geological Survey of Virginia, living for a bit with him and the wife and children in Charlottesville. We hit all the bars and prowled the Skyline Hyway on the Blue Ridge Parkway. Goodbye old friend Al, maybe we will pound the rocks in Heaven again someday. God Bless you and your family. Love you! Kirk Sherwood 03aug2024.

Kirk Sherwood - August 04, 2024 at 12:02 AM