



Edwin Lee Furin Sr.

May 7, 1925 - January 22, 2017

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

“ *May I extend my condolences to the family, but this has a happy ending. Uncle Edwin was a fine man who has given me many great memories. He loved Aunt Norma - period. (What's not to love?) He loved their family. He was a great help to me for the last 18 years while I compiled a family history, for a book I promised to write for mom before she died. Their dad had disappeared before either was in school. She asked me to find him. Just 4 months after she died in May of 1997 I found him.*

Through our DNA tests we learned a lot about his previously unknown family beyond especially his dad. He was able to contact his then surviving younger sister Anna and brother Joe in South and North Carolina respectively. After I located his 1st cousin Alice in CT, she and her husband came to Oregon and stayed with he and Norma and I got a once in a lifetime visit with them. I can still see the smile on their faces. Alice and Larry send their condolences BTW. My dad (Dude Hendrickson) loved listening to Uncle Edwin while he was a country station DJ in Sumner (what a radio voice).

Mom just plain loved "Edwin Lee". He, my mom (Beverlee) and their sister Marie Furin (A US Navy WAVE) spent so much time together growing up in Tacoma and Puyallup. Marie and mom both went to Puyallup HS and lived with Jim Harland ("Pop)", who my son and I are named after. After school, Marie and mom moved into an apartment in San Diego together. While there, my Dad drove down and proposed to mom. Joined at the hip we all are...

We lost contact while Uncle Edwin was in Southern California and Mexico, but when we got back together boy did he make up for lost time! Aunt Norma was an added bonus. Never visited them without both of them saying they loved me. They were very close to my grandma (Betty) and both enjoyed each others company and helped each other a lot. He talked to me for hours on many occasions about the family, his life, and like mom the questions about the missing pieces. With his invaluable clues and the retired detective in me, we learned so much...Even located family in the old country! The reward was made even better with the joy I saw in his face when he saw pictures of things that filled the missing childhood pieces he wondered about all these years. Wish mom and Marie could have lived long enough to learn what we did.

He had heard he was "some kind of Slovak". Turns out, not so, his dad was 100% Carpatho-Rusyn (and spoke 5 languages fluently). So much fun sharing things with an appreciative man I admired (admire) so much.

Uncle Edwin idolized his older brother Harold who had died tragically in 1939. While cleaning Harold, Marie, Margaret's and the Holland families' headstones, I noticed someone had stolen Margaret's bronze headstone. Marie's US Navy headstone was misspelled all these years so I had the Veterans Administration replace it with a correct one. Edwin really appreciated that, as he lived too far away to go there and visit.

Uncle Edwin knew the Lord. You all can take comfort that he is now with his big brother Harold, his other brothers and sisters, his mom and of course his son. A pretty happy ending to a decent honest humble life. IMHO Aunt Norma couldn't have done better. Thanks for being in my life, Uncle Edwin. Love, your nephew, Jon Hendrickson

"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." -2 Corinthians 8

"For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain." -Philippians 1:21

Jon Hendrickson - January 29, 2017 at 01:22 AM