



Harry Edward Dillard

January 1, 1930 - July 10, 2017

Harry Edward Dillard of Spencer passed away at IU Health Bloomington Hospice House on Monday, July 10, 2017 at the age of 87.

Harry was the son of Harry F. and Irene (Coster) Dillard born in Bloomington on January 1, 1930. He served in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War on the carrier USS Franklin D. Roosevelt. He married Susan (Nunn) Dillard on August 12, 1966. Harry worked as a repair technician at RCA before moving on to be a carpenter and maintenance man at Boston Scientific and McCormick's Creek State Park. He loved fishing, especially river fishing; and gardening. Harry was an avid IU fan and Nascar fan watching his favorite drivers Jeff Gordon and Jimmy Johnson.

Harry is survived by his loving wife of 50 years, Susan Dillard; children, Mike Dillard (Connie), Joedy Dillard (Sara) all of Bloomington, John Dillard of Spencer, and Shawn Burcham (Bill) of Jamestown, IN; step-daughters, Lisa Fitzgearld (Patrick), and Gina Johnson (Daniel) all of Bloomington; eleven grandchildren, fifteen great-grandchildren; and five great-great-grandchildren; mother-in-law, Eva Nunn of Bloomington and lifelong friend Oscar "Bud" Fish of Bloomington.

He was preceded in death by his parents; daughter, Becky Smith, and sister, Peggy Burks.

Visitation will be held at Chandler Funeral Home in Ellettsville on Thursday, July 13, 2017 from 2:00 p.m. until 6:00 p.m. The funeral will follow at 6:00 p.m. with Helen Stephenson officiating and the Owen County Honor Guard providing Military Honors. Cremation is to follow services.

In lieu of flowers the family asks that contributions be made to the Owen County VA Transportation Fund or IU Health Bloomington Hospice House in care of the funeral home.

Previous Events

Visitation

JUL 13. 2:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Chandler Funeral Homes - Ellettsville Chapel
203 E. Temperance Street
Ellettsville, IN 47429
(812) 876-6075
chandlerfh@bluemarble.net
<https://www.chandlerfh.com>

Service

JUL 13. 6:00 PM (ET)

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Tribute Wall



“ Chandler Funeral Homes created a Tribute Video in memory of Harry Edward Dillard



Chandler Funeral Homes - July 12, 2017 at 02:21 PM

MP

“ Michelle Porter lit a candle in memory of Harry Edward Dillard



michelle porter - July 13, 2017 at 08:07 AM

MP

“ I love you Grandpa. I will always remember the Christmas dinners. You will always be in my heart. Love your granddaughter Michelle

michelle porter - July 13, 2017 at 08:06 AM

SF

“ Grandpa I will always love and miss you I always loved Christmas at the river and fishing Im sorry I cant make it to the funeral. My truck is broke down im homeless and have a few medical problems I dont have shoes or clothes but I have always loved you. Im truly sorry When you see mom in heaven give her a hug and kiss for me tell her im falling apart and wish she was here. I will always remember the good days. Love Scotty

Scott Dillard Fiscus - July 12, 2017 at 09:59 PM

LI

“ We are sorry for your loss, and your family is in our prayers.
~ Gary & Liane Johnson
Springville, Indiana



liane - July 12, 2017 at 09:43 PM

LG

“ He was my oldest brother's son and we grew up together so he was more like a brother than a nephew. The last time I saw him was a few years ago when he and Sue came to Lafayette, IN while I was there visiting my sister Jo. It was so good to see them both again. We kept in touch by letters and I was always so happy when I saw his letters in my mail. He loved talking about the old days of our childhood and family members.

He was a dear, sweet man and we are all saddened by his passing. My sincere condolences to his wife Sue and his children.

Always in my heart.

Lois Gossman

Lois Gossman - July 12, 2017 at 06:59 PM

SA

“ When a friend asked me a few days ago what was the first thing I thought of when I thought of my Dad, without hesitation, I said, "My heart." And while it is quite broken right now, I have peace in it. I never left Dad without telling him I loved him (often multiple times), I never left Dad without him telling me he loved me. And in his last few months as his memory started to fail and he knew it, he would often add, "Don't ever forget that. And I will never forget you. I swear I won't." I'd just pat his hand and say, "I know that, Dad." Many times I left his room and cried. I never let him see me cry. Ever. Well, there was that one time a long time ago when the neighbor kid picked all of my green tomatoes off my plants just as they were about to ripen. I called dad and cried then. Naturally, he understood. But when I was with Dad, we laughed. That was just what we did.

In the midst of all this, for some reason, the words, "Thank You," just seem the most appropriate words to me right now. Thanks Dad, for making me the strong, stubborn person that I am. Thanks for always believing in me and for making me realize I can do anything. For standing up for what is right. For giving me a diehard, never-ending, almost unhealthy love for IU. For wearing the candy-striped pants even though it drove mom crazy. For my love of power tools. For teaching me how to grow tomatoes and how to wage war on tomato hornworms. For instilling in me a strong work ethic. For my love of raw oysters and shrimp cocktail. For breathing in the muddy, raw, fishy smell of a riverbank - and thinking, "Ah. This is home." For the best sense of humor and being able to laugh through the tears. For loving my mom with an unrivaled fierceness. For showing me what real love is. For God picking you as my Dad. For making me so proud to be your daughter.

I will not say goodbye to you, Dad. Not because I'm in denial, or can't let go - but because I feel you with me - and you will always be with me. You have no idea what peace that gives me. Whether I'm wearing your old overalls (like I am as I write this) or your IU championship hat (and we WILL win another one someday), or I'm

in the garden pinching the leaves of tomato plants just so I can smell them, or yelling at the TV during an IU game, or laughing about something I remember you saying, or watching Bill's face turn pale as I slurp down a raw oyster - and especially when I tell mom I love her - you are with me. With me, and with all your kids and grandkids, in so many ways, you live on.

How can I not be thankful for that?

I love you, handsome. Thank you. And yes, I will "be careful and watch out for all the other idiots out there."

To use your words: "I will always love you. I will never forget you. I swear I won't."

*Your youngest daughter,
"Dude" (Shawn Annette)*

Shawn Annette - July 12, 2017 at 09:32 AM