



John Dudley Crouch

December 4, 1935 - August 27, 2021

John Dudley Crouch, 85, passed away August 27, 2021. He was born December 4, 1935 in Meridian, Mississippi to the late Harold and Sara (Phillips) Crouch.

John graduated in 1954 from Boyden High School in Salisbury, North Carolina where he excelled in all sports. For many years he loved attending his high school reunions. There is a statue in Salisbury, NC where for most of his children's lives he convinced them the statue was of him. Following high school, John moved to Washington D.C. where he owned several successful businesses through the years. In 1976 he moved to Florida where he sold boats and charter until his retirement.

Left to cherish his memory are his son, Kevin Crouch; daughters, Candace Crouch-Sonne and Stacey Crouch-Pitman and her husband Winston; brother, Bobby Crouch and his wife Mary; sister-in-law, Barbara Crouch; former son-in-law, Barry Sonne; grandchildren, Christopher Sikorra, Sara Sikorra Edwards and her husband Kirk and Cassis Pitman; great grandchildren, Madeline Grace Edwards, Jack Nolan Edwards, Alexis Faith Edwards and Charlotte Hope Edwards; and he loved all his nieces and nephews.

In addition to his parents, John was predeceased by his wife Edwina (Houser) Crouch; brother Richard Crouch; step father William Walter Weant and daughter-in-law Debbie Sue Hamrick-Crouch.

Memories and condolences may be left for the family online at www.MFHcares.com.

From his children.....My grandfather was made of cigarettes and seashells
He grew from hardship like a weed pushes through concrete
He raised my mother who in turn raised me
I am who I am because he was who he was

My grandfather was made of seashells and seabirds
He wove elaborate tales

Communed with the birds and the lizards
Kept Snickers in the freezer
to satisfy his sweet tooth

My grandfather was made of seabirds and an old typewriter
He loved the sea and my grandmother
And he wrote elaborate tales
He understood adventure could be found between the pages of an old book

My grandfather was a piece of sea glass
Years held captive in the waves
His sharp edges softened
Made perfect for hugging grandchildren

May you have Fair winds and Following Seas
in the beyond.

Comments



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