

Clyde “Ed” Dickerson

May 5, 1943 - November 19, 2022

Celebrating the Life of
Clyde “Ed” Dickerson

Saturday, November 26, 2022 1:30 p.m.

Broussard’s Chapel
Beaumont, Texas

“Hurt”

by Johnny Cash

Speakers

Mike Dickerson

Michele Dickerson-Robinson

“Go Rest High On That Mountain”

by Vince Gill



The Beginning:

Ed was born during World War II while his father was defending our country. He grew up in West Point, Mississippi where he learned to hunt and fish and excelled at nearly every sport he ever tried. He went on to play 2 years of college football in Scooba, Mississippi. From there he continued his education at Mississippi State

University where he initially hoped to become a veterinarian with his love of animals, but ultimately graduated with a degree in education.

The Middle:

He gave back to his childhood community of West Point by teaching and coaching. His degree in education took him to the tiny town of Big Piney, Wyoming where he moved site unseen to teach and coach in the school system. This move allowed his adventurous spirit to flourish and provided many opportunities for him to grow all the hobbies he already had and gain more. His hobbies included guitar picking, participating in archeological digs near Jackson Hole, countless hours arrowhead and antler hunting in Sublette County Wyoming, thousands of miles walking/hiking/running/driving through the Wyoming/Teton/Wind River Mountain Ranges, cross country and downhill skiing throughout Wyoming and Utah, and of course his number one hobby of hunting (both rifle and archery) was further refined with the plethora of large and small game animals available in the great state of Wyoming. Possibly his most well known hobby by ANYONE who met him was his propensity to tell story after story after story.....after story.....with the truth sprinkled throughout for the listener to piece together. (His embellishment game was strong to say the least.) He raised his family in Big Piney and got to teach both Mike and Michele in 5th grade. He instilled in both of them a love of the outdoors and taught them to respect life-especially respect for animals, whether it was loving the family pet or in the sight of your rifle. With only one short break when he moved back to Mississippi to help care for his father after a life changing stroke, Ed remained in Wyoming until the early 1990's. He worked a short time in the oil and gas industry after returning from

Mississippi until a position opened for him to return to coaching and teaching.

Houston, Texas gained this tall tale teller when he left Wyoming in the early 90's. He continued working in education for the next 20+ years, influencing many young lives in and around the Houston metro area whether in the classroom or on the pool deck/football field/golf course while coaching. Thanks to the warm weather Texas offered, he rekindled his love of golf, gaining many friends while on the course. As per his normal, he was typically the best golfer in any foursome, just ask him! Kidding! He actually typically was the top golfer in the group. It was on the course that he met his best human friend, Dennis, who was thankfully there for Ed when he needed him the most in the end. This is also where he met his best animal friend, Shadow who was by his side every minute of every day to the very end.

The End:

Retirement from education came after almost 50 years. Because Ed always had to be doing something, he didn't stay retired long. In 2013, he started a position with Bass Pro Shops in Pearland, TX, where he fit right in. He was in his element talking all things hunting and shooting. He even reassured a pregnant Bass Pro Shop co-worker he could deliver her baby if necessary because he'd done it several times while volunteering for the Big Piney Fire Department. Her response, "Ed, the hospital's only a mile away." His response, "I'll take care of you." (It's ok to laugh here!) He absolutely loved this job and the friendships he established while there. After nearly 10 years at Bass Pro he was fortunate to be offered a job at a slower pace for his "old bones." (His words, not ours) Gordy and Sons was kind enough to give Ed the position that he thought was a once in a lifetime opportunity to work with customers who shared his love of premium firearms he thought were works of art. They gave him the opportunity to share his charm in their shop.

Clearly Ed was passionate about his careers and hobbies, but nothing can compare with the love he had for his 2 children and 6 grandchildren. Every time one of his grandchildren reached out, he lit up like a falling star. He spent countless hours attending events that his grand children were participating in and if anyone would listen, he'd talk their ear off about them. Jake, the oldest.....what can we say, but baseball, baseball, baseball. Cullen, again, baseball, baseball, baseball. Jake and Cullen both had their first successful deer hunts with Grandad, with many hunting trips after that. Katelyn, dance-let's just say, grandad has seen everything from ballet to kick line. She is his Beaumont Princess. Mia, all things art and academics-he flew to Colorado for her state spelling bee even though spectators weren't allowed, in order to show his pride. She is his Colorado Princess. Solomon- his oldest bonus grandson, they made 2 halves of whole with their matched passion for the outdoors, hunting and fishing. He was also proud to hear about his football and baseball. Tytus-rounds out the grandchildren-Ed was excited to share his love of guitar with Tytus. He would put a chair in the driveway to watch Tytus shoot hoops in the cul de sac and listen to him talk about football.

Ed spent countless hours traveling, with his trusty side kick Shadow, between Houston and Beaumont visiting with grandchildren Jake, Cullen, Katelyn, Solomon and Tytus, as well as daughter-in-law Sue (who he dubbed Susie Homemaker, because she makes her home so warm and open to him) and son Michael. He was able to pass along his love for the outdoors with them. He was known to spend weeks on end in Colorado visiting with granddaughter Mia and daughter Michele. He had "chosen family" in Colorado with all the friends he met on the golf course and in the pub when he was visiting.

In his last few weeks, he spent time preparing for the upcoming hunting season in Southeast Texas. Filling feeders, checking game cameras and visiting with his new found friends on the lease. On Sunday afternoon 11/13, exactly 1 week before he passed, he was sitting in a deer stand doing what he loved most. It was a successful hunt, as expected from Ed.

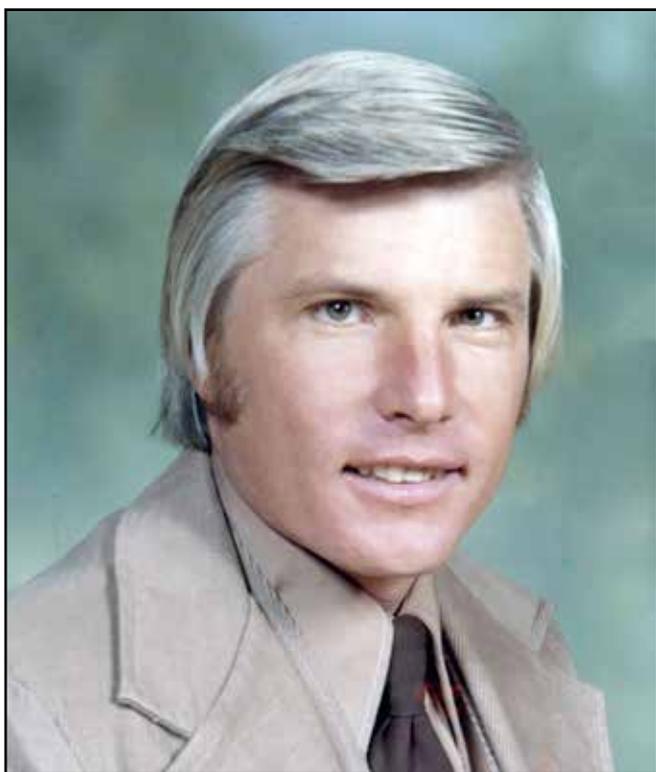


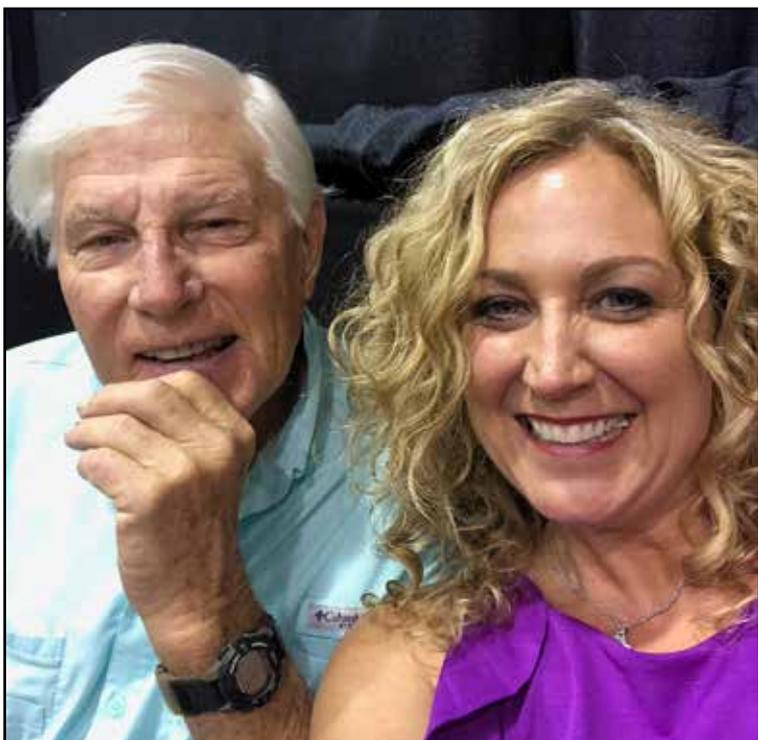




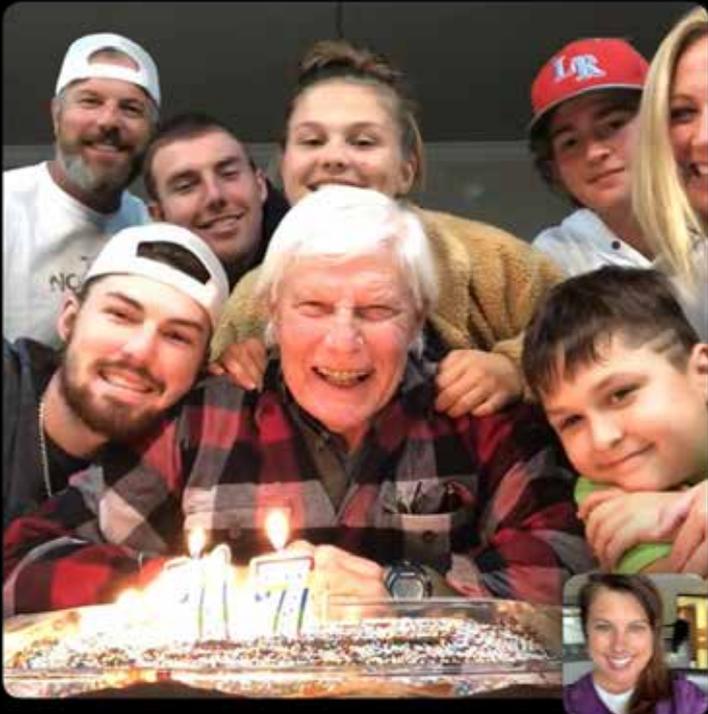














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Please sign Mr. Dickerson's guest book and share your memories at
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