

Kit Haskins (Dean's son) -- shared on 1/26/21

Two things to share on what would have been his 77th birthday.

The day I went off to boot camp LDH was digging thru his wallet and found a copy of a "get out of jail free" Monopoly card, turned it over and wrote - *Illegitimi non carborundum* ... Simply translated to "don't let the bastards wear you down" ...

I had laminated the card and carried in my wallet for many years long after active duty. One day I was digging thru the wallet to find something like my CDL or ham license. Out came the card that was now aged and showing signs of travel and wear.

He was very surprised to see it again after the years it was given to me. It had covered several continents by then, a reminder to me to never give up and keep at it.

The 2nd item to share was the comment "fix it like everyone of those 5000 people on that aircraft carrier lives depend on it, because it does"

That comment stuck with me from working with military aviation, not truly knowing where and when the equipment would go and do.

The mindset carried well into the civilian work I do with E-911 PSAP, law enforcement communications, as an EMT myself, and the slew of critical infrastructure I touch still to this day.

The gentle reminder of the responsibilities you inherit every time you sign off that the work is done, it's accurate, it's safe, and you can depend on it.

There is this tradition with military aviation with any mechanic that fixes an airplane, they are requested to attend the test flight.

I never missed a chance and always went for "the ride". I trusted my work and had no hesitation to strap in and "go like hell".

I got to experience some pretty damn cool stuff, as the tradition continues, if the mechanic doesn't go with the pilot for "the ride" they don't accept the aircraft.

Today on his 77th birthday I'm fixing some avionics for a friend with a private aircraft and looking forward to getting some stick time with the test flight when the weather clears.

From Diana Haskins (Wally's widow)

Larry Dean and his big brother Wallace Jean had a very special bond. Wally was born in November of 1934; he was 10 years old when baby Larry Dean entered his world. By the time I entered the picture, 12 years later, they were a strongly bonded pair of brothers. Because I was very close to my siblings, I admired the strong sense of responsibility that Wally felt for his. It was easy to see that Larry Dean idolized his older brother who was in college at Whitewater at the time. Larry was entering his teens. He was working hard at school and very active in sports and other activities in and out of the school system. Larry spent a lot of vacation time with us, sharing his interests with Wally. He was soon an adored Uncle Larry to our daughter Pam, then Jeffrey and much later Jennifer. We were all so proud of his accomplishments; he championed Wally's teaching career and our growing family. Our friends were his friends and my family welcomed him as well. The Haskins brothers were both very accomplished, caring, and involved with life!

When Larry Dean entered the military we were concerned for his safety, but very proud of his resolve to serve our country. Jeff remembers a day at South Center when Larry had returned from basic training and was displaying some of the arms handling he had learned. I could see that the adulation had been passed on; Jeff was enthralled; his Uncle Larry was his hero.

While Larry Dean was in the service, Korea and the Vietnam we watched the news and waited for letters. While we were proud of him and knew he was carrying out very special missions, we also knew he was in danger. By then, he was my "little brother", too. We breathed a sigh of relief each time he had furlough. He would call Wally from O'Hare. Wally would bring him home. They would spend the first night talking into the wee hours; sharing that magic taste of Chevas Regal (The bottle was kept in the cabinet above the frig just for the two of them.) Larry would then go to bed. He would sleep as long as he needed to. We and the kids would tip toe around. They would be trembling with anticipationwhen would he awaken... (What a special time. To know he was okay.) When he woke he would be ready for a good special meal. Then Wally would take him to Baraboo to spend time with his Mom and the rest of his family.

A couple of days before time for Larry to depart would find him back at our home. Maybe a day with Wally in class at the high school. He would probably repair something around the house. Wally was good with words;

From Diana Haskins (Wally's widow) (continued)

Larry was good with tools. They were both good with people. You would always find him up on our roof at some time; maybe tweaking Wally's CB antenna. When it was time for departure Larry would load his bag into our car; he and Wally would take off with just enough time for Larry to run onto the plane as it was taking off. He always made it - just in time.

And then he wrote to us- and then he called. He had met her - the girl he was going to marry. Larry Dean had dated; he had even dated a couple of Wally's students. But he had never fallen so deeply in love. We were so happy that we were invited to their wedding in New Jersey, so that we could meet Lucie. They were both so young. I could see Larry Dean had found someone very special. You've seen their pictures! What a beautiful bride and a handsome groom. Together, they have had so many adventures; so many years of giving and caring and loving and sharing.

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In May of 2,000 Larry Dean gave his brother and me a most precious gift. Wally had been diagnosed with Esophageal Carcinoma (cancer of the esophagus). Larry flew out in time to accompany us to to the appointment for a 2nd opinion. The diagnosis was the same. Larry stayed to get us set up with all the resources we needed. He tutored me in what I would need to be an effective caregiver. While doing that he made some repairs around the house. (Those who know him understand that he wasn't much for just sitting around.) He stayed in touch, talking with his brother and coaching me. We couldn't have managed without his loving attention. Wally left us in October of 2000. I know they always hated to say "good bye". They always looked forward to the "hello" hug and their toast of Chevas Regal.

## From Terry Zerfas (sibling #5)

Snapshots of growing up with Larry:

1. Scouts – I don't recollect if he officially joined scouts, but there was always something around the house that had to do with making something – like a canoe, or a pair of leather moccasins. He was always looking for something to make or to fix. Like the cuckoo clock.
2. The cuckoo clock is the only known disaster I recall in his ability to fix things. The clock was very old, very fragile and the cuckoo didn't coo. So, he took it upon himself to fix the old German antique. There were bits and pieces everywhere, and though he tried very hard...it did not go back together again. Years later, he bought Mom a very fancy cuckoo clock to replace it.
3. Showering in the rain. Always one to enjoy a good laugh from an audience, he grabbed a bar of soap and went out in the pouring rain to stand under the eaves and pretend to shower as the water gushed over him. We watched from the bedroom window and enjoyed his impromptu performance.
4. Planes above his bed. His bedroom was upstairs in our small house. Hanging from the ceiling were all sorts of planes strung with fishing wire. I'm guessing they came in a kit which he put together, of course.
5. Larry worked with horses and ponies at a tourist attraction called Thunder Valley Ranch. We loved going to see him there. One summer day, he surprised us all by bringing home a couple of ponies to visit in our backyard.
6. Larry was a football star in high school. Along with his cousin Jim, the two Haskins boys made the games memorable. He also created a large reproduction of the Thunderbird logo which hung in the popular pizza place downtown for many years.
7. Always one with a laugh and always looking for a good time, Larry and sister Linda shared a phrase "Party Time" with a twirling index finger. They did not share what exactly they meant with me, but I'm sure it was good clean fun!
8. Larry played a trumpet in the band in high school. It was pretty much a rule in our family that you picked a musical instrument, sang or otherwise learned to appreciate music.
9. For many years, it seemed that a college education was not to be. Larry joined the service, and served admirably during a time in this country when that was not as appreciated as it should have been. There is an old video somewhere, of Larry entering the college doors of a university, and then exiting quickly. His funny way of showing he "went to college"
10. When I remember his high school years, I see in my mind a good looking guy in a white tee shirt and jeans. He had the James Dean look down. Of all of us, he was the one with the pearly white perfect teeth, and the rascal smile.
11. The song, "Moon River" was the theme for his senior prom. I believe he had a lot to do with the planning and decorations for the big night. Though he had dated one girl for quite a long time, they eventually broke up and he was devastated for quite some time.

From Terry Zerfas (sibling #5) (continued)

12. His favorite food, always prepared for him when he was able to come home, was lemon meringue pie. He also loved circus peanuts, and I still think of him on the rare occasions I see them in a store.
13. He loved his older brother Wally the most. He respected him, had fun with him and missed him so much when he died. He also had enormous respect for Uncle Harold, and shared army stories and memories with him.
14. Larry had so many other names than just Larry. Mom called him Duffy. Or, Larry Dean. There was a time in the army when he signed a photo "Ripcord" And of course, Dean, that became his name for many years.
15. Larry was Godfather to our son Paul. He was honored to be asked, but questioned why he was picked. I told him I knew if Paul was ever in need, ever in trouble or ever needed a family member for anything, I knew Larry would rise to the occasion.
16. Larry and his son Kit came to South Dakota when Paul became an Eagle Scout. He gave a fine speech at the ceremony, and it was always part of our conversations from that day on. He helped remind us how important that rank is, and that it will always be a source of accomplishment and pride.
17. Sadly, that Eagle Scout ceremony was the last time that we were together before his tragic fall and subsequent health issues. I'm grateful for that time and will always cherish it.
18. One last snapshot: I visited Colorado while Larry was still in a Coma with little to no recognition of any visitors. One afternoon, he was sitting up in his bed and I gave the Larry/Linda signal for "party time", twirling my finger in the air. He looked right at me and signaled back.



For my Uncle Larry,

You know me before I knew you....  
My first memory was a 4 or 5 yr. old  
little boy watching a soldier in  
uniform entering South Center St.  
for a Christmas gathering.

Honestly, I was a bit frightened  
at first.

Of course that only lasted for  
a brief moment.

I remember so much.....  
A scar from a wound during  
his service.

Dad and I picking him up at  
O'Hare Airport.

A bottle of booze. (Chris Regal)  
His laugh, his smile, his wit.

Picking up an old Ford pick up  
in Colorado with Wally.

Passing out from the altitude, hahaha  
Even after being warned by him to  
move slow when getting up to use  
the bathroom...

From Jeff Haskins (son of sibling #1 (Wally)) (continued)

Oh, of course. His marriage  
to Dear Lucie. The Winnebago  
RV trip to New Jersey. Wally, Diana,  
Pam, myself and Granny.

I will always have him in  
my heart, always.

There are 2 CDs of my music.

Melodrama - Disarray - Track # 4  
Captiva in his memory. (Sing all song)

Melodrama - Shaded Reality, Track # 4  
(only sing)

He always liked my being a  
musician.

I Miss You Uncle Larry. ♡

I love, Jeff



From Anna DeBauche (daughter of sibling #4)



My first memory of uncle Larry was as a young girl. I remember thinking how handsome he was and then he said "Well hey kiddo" while giving me a side hug squeeze on my shoulders.

I could sense a strong caring spirit immediately. Even as a young girl. It was kinda like we've met before.

He always let me know that he thought of me even tho we were far apart.

He also cared enough for me to tell me when I need to pull my head out of my ass. I remember he was in Madison for a visit. I was about 16. I had just recently broken up with my boyfriend or first love rather. It was very devastating at that time. While uncle Larry was visiting, I got into a pretty bad car wreck where my youngest Anthony was thrown and knocked unconscious. He was rushed to the hospital. Uncle Larry and my mom met us there. My recent ex and the girl he had been cheating on me with, happened to be there coincidentally. I began to argue with them. Uncle Larry intervened and basically told me to get my shit together and my priorities straight as Anthony was in the hospital. I'll never forget that. It's what I needed at the time.

Or the time he was so proud of me for going to nursing school. He was funny, caring, charming and tough when he needed to be.

I will never forget how he and mom would laugh together. One of my most favorite pictures is of uncle Larry smiling facing my mom obviously telling an uncle Larry joke and my mom lit up laughing. It's a precious memory caught on film.

When we went to Colorado to visit I remember him being so proud of where he lived and all he was involved in even after his accident. We were far apart physically but always in each other's hearts.

He was an outstanding human with exemplary character. He is missed greatly. My love goes out to all who knew him and to all who loved him.



From Longia Milosz Miller -- Lucie's older sister

We are very proud that we had such a brave soldier in our family and remember how very proud Daddy and Mommy were when Lucie and Dean were married. An American soldier was now part of our family.

We were fortunate to visit the Haskins family in Colorado. Dean and Lucie showed us around Colorado Springs. Dean was proud of his son Kit who had electrical engineering aptitude as a child. We watched Sonja at a gymnastics practice, Dean with a smile of pride at his accomplished daughter. We remember how he hugged them both during a frigid July 4th Colorado Springs Symphony Orchestra performance of the 1812 Symphony.

Dean was such a proud Dad walking Sonja down the aisle to marry Dan. He glowed with pride when talking about his son Kit enlisted in the Navy.

Dean was a beloved husband, father, and grandfather. The birth of his grand-daughter Chloe was one of the highlights of his life. He couldn't stop bragging how wonderful she was.

In the late 1960's, while dating Lucie and visiting the Milosz family, Dean would take an afternoon off and visit the Lakewood Skydiving Company. He regularly would parachute out of an airplane over the wide pine barrens surrounding Lakewood, much to Lucie's tolerance and terror.

In 1989 Dean earned his college degree as a registered nurse at 45 years old. At his graduation, when the female nurses received their registered nurse white nurses hats, Dean's family had a white ball cap awarded to their distinguished father. When Dean visited his ailing in-laws, Anna and Tadeusz, Dean brought his nurses satchel so he would be prepared to assist in their recuperation.

Dean will be fondly remembered for his generosity of spirit and great sense of humor. He was everyone's friend and people gravitated to him.

His HAM radio was a passion. He and his buddies volunteered to go to New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina to help out with emergency radio communications.

During the Vietnam war, Dean volunteered for two tours of duty in the Army as a radio operator. He would fly the skies on unarmed helicopters tracking enemy radio transmissions. Who would do that today? Dean would have. He retired as a U.S. Army Sergeant First Class, a leader of men.

May he find the rest and peace he deserves, always tuned into his HAM radio transceiver, and encouraging the family he loved.

Thank you Dean for the moments you shared with us. You will be missed.

With love, Bill & Longia, Zoe & James, Jess & Chelsea

From Alicia Milosz -- Lucie's younger sister

Dear Dean,

I would like to share my memories of your life with my family, as I am “baby sister” to your loving wife Lucie.

I’m thinking that your life here was all about karma - how you grew up in the “circus town” of Baraboo, Wisconsin, and how that may have shaped your future life of always connecting to others - to put a big smile on everyone’s faces with your easy-going manner, and your gift for friendly gab.

You possessed a rare gift, Dean, since you could walk up to a shy stranger and could engage them with your humorous joking, and your ability to put them at ease, and you always made an immediate friend!

Yup, you were a charmer, whether you knew it or not ... your romance with Lucie was right out of a 1940s wartime movie. But it happened decades later, when you first met: You were a handsome young soldier stationed in Fort Dix, NJ, and Lucie was a cute waitress working at a diner near your base. Oh, yes - you went to that diner whenever you could to talk and flirt with Lucie! Here’s when serendipity happened: Lucie started college in NY state, and you were sent on a tour to Vietnam. But, the spark was ignited, and you both corresponded by mail for a long time, until you proposed to Lucie in a letter, and married upon your return to the states!

Afterwards, you both had many adventures living in Europe before settling back in the states, and raising your lovely family. I call this as I see it: a full and happy life with lots and lots of loving family, and lots and lots of friends.

Even though your travels with Lucie kept you far from our family on the East coast, we managed to spend quality time together when we did meet up.

After my high school graduation, while you and Lucie were stationed in Germany, you invited me to visit, and join you both on a whirlwind camping trip through western Europe, and up to Scandinavia. What an adventure! We must have visited over a dozen countries in several weeks on the road, and my passport proves it, since we got stamped at every border crossing! Wonderful beautiful places that I saw for the first time! And I won’t forget your driving so so fast on the Autoban - yet everyone else left us in the dust!

From Alicia Milosz -- Lucie's younger sister (continued)

You guys packed a truck-load of food for us, since we were all on a tight budget. Who knew that the Army could put anything and everything in a can? Even peanut butter and jelly with crackers? I know that was your favorite!

Years later, when you were in Fort Carson, Colorado, my best friend Susan and I spent fun time with you and Lucie. Susan and I decided to tour the southwest by car, so we flew to Denver, rented a car, and stopped to visit with you. Oh my - Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods - you really chose a majestic state in which to settle and raise Kit and Sonja. We visited a large plot of land that you and Lucie had purchased, on which to build your future home. You took me and Susan to an Army "social", which was great fun for us young gals since we were way outnumbered by handsome Army soldiers who gave us a lot of attention!

And then there were the weddings: You and Lucie came to Zoe and James' wedding, and created so many lasting memories. I'll never forget your Apache wedding blessing to the happy couple. And how many times did you and I dance the Polka that night?

We flew out for Sonja and Dan's wedding, and you were bursting with proud father joy on your daughter's special day! A beautiful and sunny day. You were beaming the whole time, just as you did when you and Lucie married in NJ, so long ago. We stayed on for a visit and took a trip to Santa Fe, stopping along the way to see the large sand dunes in SE Colorado, and Mesa Verde. WHAT??? Who the heck knew there were huge SAND DUNES in Colorado? See - I learned a lot from you, Dean!

Bless you, Dean, for bringing love, laughs, and smiles to us - not to mention all the great memories of our time with you. I know for sure that you have made tons of new friends in heaven! And that you will forever be watching over your family and friends ...

Love you!

~Alice

From Bob Sturtevant (Boy Scout Troop 25 Scoutmaster)

I had the privilege of working with Dean, both in our Scout troop as well as through our work with Woodland Park Emergency Services. In both cases, Dean was always had a calming presence. He could be all business in stressful situations, then quickly crack a joke to break the built-up tension. You could always count on his loyalty and dedication to helping in the community. If he was needed, he was there ready to help in anyway.

Our Scout troop was run as a family affair. All family members were invited to attend the events which allowed more parents to participate. We all were involved in helping the boys work through their badges and ranks. Dean was especially helpful in the emergency type badges such as First Aid, Fingerprinting, and Emergency Preparedness. He really enjoyed working with the Scouts and giving them both the skills and self-confidence, they would need to be successful.

His dedication to Woodland Park's youth extended beyond the Scouting program. For example, one of the young men in the community received a speeding ticket and he just knew that the officer's radar was faulty. Dean went out and used his own radar gun to check the boy's vehicle. It turned out that installing larger tires caused the boy's speedometer to read lower than his actual speed. The fact that Dean took the time to check the young man's vehicle changed this boy's view of law enforcement and increased his respect for Dean.

Dean, Lucie, Kit and Sonja were all part of our Woodland Park family and we thoroughly enjoyed our time together. One of our most memorable adventures was the cross-country trip to the World Scout Jamboree in Calgary, Canada. We had 24 people packed into 7 vehicles moving as a convoy through Wyoming, Montana, Alberta, Idaho and Utah. We saw beautiful country, ate delicious meals, endured vehicle breakdowns, had fun campfires, mingled with Scouts from across the world, and came home closer friends.

The Haskins family was a huge part of our history and they will always remain in our hearts.

Bob and Nancy Sturtevant