



Henry Joseph Provancher

OCT 9, 2017



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Anonymous posted:

Henry aka Hank was my dad and what a wonderful dad he was. He will be dearly missed by all who knew him. Every condolence from anyone who knew him always started with he was a great man. He was one of thirteen children and he and his infant sister were left at an orphanage and he was only 4 years old. He completed the fifth grade in school and went to work farming. He learned the trade of fixing appliances and served in the reserves for eight years. He started Hank's Appliance Service in CT where he had an amazing following. He never advertised his work it was built on word of mouth. He would do anything for anybody and he loved his children. I was daddy's little girl and he treated me like a precious gift. He was there for me when I needed him. His was my voice when I could not speak and he was my strength when I was weak. He was not shown love by his parents but he lived with love in his heart. It was part of him to know how to love with no conditions. They moved to Florida in 1987 where he started Hank's Appliance here and worked full time at the Volusia County School Board. He took pride in his work and his home that he and my mother worked so hard for. My mother became ill with MS in 1987 and now he also became a full time care giver to her. He took amazing care of her and NEVER complained. He wore so many hats and wore them well but always had time for everybody. Then the grandchildren came into the picture and he blossomed into the greatest Poppy on the planet. His patience was never ending and his love was everlasting. Mark Sarah and Ashley loved him and he did anything for them. If you treated them badly you knew about it and would never do it again. He loved his family and fishing and wrestling. Those were his passions and he never needed anything else to make him happy. I was his best friend and biggest cheerleader and would do anything in my power to make him happy and help him. When my children were young they would go and swim with Poppy or ride bikes and I would clean for him to ease his burden. He always thanked me and told me he loved me. He was diagnosed with early stage dementia and I remember coming home and being so afraid that he would forget me and my kids. He asked why I was upset and I told him my fear is he would forget me and he cradled my face in his hands and said "listen to me" I know who you are now and if there comes a time that my memory forgets my heart will always remember." Always comforting and never fearful. On 11-24-14 he was diagnosed with the lung cancer and the prognosis was not good but he said "Don't worry Pammy I got this." He fought a brave fight and was so gentle and kind and then he became tired and and withdrawn. There was a period where he took his frustration out on me and I was devastated that my dad could be so mean. It was not him it was the cancer and I am fortunate to have friends and family to vent to. Hospice was called into my home where I wanted him to stay so I could take care of him. He was so frail at one point and I told him to put his arms around my neck and I would lift him and he looked at me and said I don't want to hurt you. There were a thousand words exchanged but not one was spoken and I knew I had my dad back. He taught us values and love and family and commitment and patience. As I walked his body into the crematory and thanked him for all the love and lessons I was gifted from him and that our journey here on earth was ending but this is not how our story will end. I told him to be with my mom and his son in paradise and we will pick up our eternal journey in the blink of an eye. I know that he crossed over in to paradise with no waiting in line because he already earned his wings on earth. God speed Dad, I love you.

October 12 at 8:00 PM



AM

Ashley Martinez posted:

Poppy was a man who had positive energy that you just couldn't help but smile. Every time I left his house he would stand at the garage and smile and wave ... every time..Each person knows him differently and has a different relationship with him. I would like to share mine. Growing up I use to think he was a real life Popeye, although I had never actually watched Popeye I just know the cartoon reminded me of my Poppy he was a man of few words but when he spoke, you will listen his muscles were big and strong (he told me it was from spinach, but really it was from being the hard working buisness owner and hard working man that he was) and then Popeye always had his pipe and well.. Poppy always had his cigarette. We have beautiful memories together and a ton of them!!! Thank god for those because I will keep them with me always. Poppy has always been there and there was no question of how he loved me and his family. I remember him giving me piggy back rides and letting me play with his watches to teaching me how to ride a bike, to see my graduate and the birth of his great grandchild and at my wedding for being there at every single event that mattered or didn't really matter what mattered is he always was there with love and support. Every birthday and every Valentine's Day I got the sweetest cards from my Poppy and the biggest girliest bear he could find at whatever store he would stop in on his way home from work. Growing up I spent every day with my grandparents after school and I will cherish all of those days, I will always cherish my grandfather who is no longer with me, but I still feel his love for me even after he has passed. That's the everlasting kind of love. I know the man he was to me and if everyone could view Poppy through the eyes of me you would feel nothing but admiration and love. I've always been so proud of my Poppy and I always will be! So until we meet again Poppy I'll miss you everyday and I will think of you everyday, but I won't be sad because I know he wouldn't want that, instead I will cherish our memories and know that you live on through me, since you had a hand in raising me. Give Nanny and uncle mark my love ? Rest In Peace

October 11 at 8:00 PM

FV

Frances Vrabel posted:

You will be missed and now god has another angel,and aunt rose will be waiting at those gates to be with you again love frannie

October 11 at 8:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Henry by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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