



Harold M. Abbott

March 13, 1928 - June 14, 2005

Harold Melvin Abbott of Makyes Road, Syracuse, New York and Thonotosassa, Florida died Tuesday, June 14, 2005 at home.

Harold was born March 13, 1928 in Syracuse, New York, the son of the late Melvin and Daisy Taylor Abbott. He was owner/operator of Abbodale Farms in Syracuse retiring in 1998 from the dairy aspect of the business but remaining active in the crop farming aspect until his death, and he was also a school bus driver for the Onondaga Central School District. Mr. Abbott was a 55 year member and Past Chief of the South Onondaga Fire Department. He was a former member of the Farm Bureau, a committee member with the Dairy of Distinction Board, a member and past president of the South Onondaga Grange #830, a member of the Pomona Grange, and was instrumental in the organization of the first agricultural district in Onondaga County. He was a 50 year member of the Morningstar Lodge F&AM, Marcellus, New York. He was a former member and past president of the Onondaga Central School Board. He was the superintendent and a member of the Board of Directors of the South Onondaga Cemetery Association and a member and Trustee of the Apple Valley Methodist Church. He was predeceased by his sister Helen Fisher who died in 1994.

Surviving are his wife of 56 years the former Jean Adsit; three sons, Dennis (Sue) Abbott, Carl (Kristen) Abbott and Craig Abbott all of Syracuse, New

York; four daughters, Denice (Jeb) Bealer and Karen (Butch) White both of Syracuse, New York, Kristie (Alan) Braun of Canandagua, New York and Jill (Vicki) Abbott of Gainesville, Florida; two sisters, Thelma (Bob) Mead of Syracuse, New York and Cheryl (Bob) Charboneau of Honeoye Falls, New York; 12 grandchildren, 13 great grandchildren; several nieces and nephews.

Services: Friday, June 17, 2005, 10:00 a.m. at Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home, Inc. Burial: South Onondaga Cemetery, Makyes Road, Syracuse, New York. Calling Hours: Thursday, June 16, 2005, 2:00 - 8:00 p.m. at the funeral home, 2584 Field Lane, LaFayette, New York.

Contributions: South Onondaga Fire Department, 3130 Cedarvale Road, Nedrow, New York 13120 or Apple Valley Methodist Church.

Tribute Wall



“ *Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Harold M. Abbott*



Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home - June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *It's been over two years since I last spoke with you. There hasn't been a day gone by that I don't think of you. I couldn't have asked for a better father in law than you. Working with you on the farm for all of those years was great, we had some fun times together unloading hay, picking sweet corn and of course going to market. I sure appreciated it when my kids were little, you would stop by the house and take them to ride on the tractor with you giving me a break for a couple of hours. You were always there for me, never saying you didn't have time to help, that's the way you were. I could write volumes about our 34 years together but just wanted to say ""I love you""*

September 25, 2007 at 12:00 AM



“ *Thinking of you --- Happy Birthday 03-13-16*

March 12, 2006 at 12:00 AM



“ I called Dad on Sunday evening around 8:00 PM as I normally do, to make arrangements for Father's Day. He was hustling around, just finishing up planting the garden, and said "Call your mother". On Monday he drove school bus in the morning and in the afternoon. Monday evening he was bailing hay. Dad went to bed as normal that night. The alarm clock went off Tuesday morning. Mom woke to the alarm - Dad had slipped away. She found him peacefully next to her with his hands folded under his face - content as can be! My dad - Harold M. Abbott - a pillar of the community. What respect and tribute they returned to him. For the calling hours, his favorite tractor and a fire truck were on the lawn of the funeral home. Next to the door, of the truck, was his fire equipment - hat, coat & boots. The firemen & women in full dress uniform stood head and foot at his casket, changing guard every fifteen minutes. Many people from all aspects of his life came to pay their respects. One of these was unusual. This gentleman came through the line and introduced himself to me. He said that he did not know Dad, -but he started that day as a substitute bus driver. With everything they were saying about him at the garage, he needed to come by. Denny has now followed in Dad's shoes. The gift of gab has passed on to the next generation. Friday as we celebrated Dad's life, the firemen & women stood in full dress behind the Rev. Janet Gleason as she gave the eulogy. After Den, Cheri and Don offered their thoughts and prayers as each fireman, one at a time, gave their final respects. They all saluted Dad before walking away. His friends then paid their final respects and left the room for the family to do the same alone. The bagpiper was playing as the "grandson's" brought the casket to the fire truck through the firemen on each side in full salute. The casket was raised to the top of the tanker. His hat, coat and boots were placed on top of the truck. Grandson, Patrick, had the honors of driving the truck to the cemetery. There were so many cars in the precession. Many campers and cars pulled off the road as we drove by. The Troopers, Sheriffs and Fire Police had the intersections blocked as we drove from Cardiff to South Onondaga. Many neighbors watched as we drove by. As we came up by the Elementary School, the kids were lined up by the fence

waving flags as more were running out of the building. Dad- being a substitute bus driver - most likely drove every one of those kids at some time. When we got over by the High School, the principal and teachers were on the frontlawn, as well as the business office employees. At the bus garage - the last bus he drove was shined up and lights were flashing. Many drivers were standing there in the driveway. As we went by Patrick's house in the village, great granddaughter "Kaitlyn" was waving in the window. She was unable to attend because she was not feeling well. Down by the fire department and all around the block - people were out as we drove by. You would have thought it was a Presidential funeral. Patrick pulled the truck close to the side of the road near the farm on Tanner Rd. and the house on Makyes Rd. for the final trip. Upon approach to the cemetery the Nedrow fire department had their ladder truck fully extended at the entrance. The bag piper was playing as we arrived. The firemen formed two lines in salute as the grandsons removed the casket from the truck to his final resting place. Mom & Denny walked through as the rest of the family followed. The Rev. Janet Gleason gave the final eulogy. Mom and her children placed roses on the casket with all the rest of the family members adding carnations. As the Reverend was completing the service, all of the firemen monitors went off. We started to think they were getting called out. The volume was turned up high as the county control announced a final salute. Then the sirens blew. This was a great honor and very emotional. There are forty five of us with one more on the way. Dad, you gave us a very large family for support. Many happy times and a lot of good memories. You will be missed but never forgotten. Love, Kristie

August 02, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Kristie and Alan, when I met Harold, he was the easiest and smilingest man, and I just instantly felt comfortable giving him a big hug. I was so sad to learn about his passing. I am leaving a quote that I feel might be appropriate: "The agricultural population, says Cato, produces the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given of all to evil designs." a? "Pliny the Eldera?"

June 20, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Thinking of you tonight Harold and sending prayes and blessings to Jean, Den and all the family. You'll be in my heart forever. Love, Cheri

June 18, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Thinking of you tonight Harold and sending prayers and blessings to Jean, Den and all the family. You'll be in my heart forever. Love, Cheri

June 18, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Kristie & Alan You and your family are in our thoughts and prayers as you both deal with the loss of Kristie's Beloved Father. Love Tod and Fran

June 17, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Kristie - Our deepest sympathies to you and your family on the loss of your father.

June 16, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *Our Thoughts and Prayers are with you. You will be missed very much. We will especially miss the little twinkle in your eyes.*

June 16, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *I think some of my fondest memories are of the time I spent on the farm with Uncle Harold and Aunt Jean. There was never a dull moment always something to be done. Like bailing hay, going into the pasture to get the cows for milking, and helping Uncle Harold milk the cows. And when Uncle Harold and Aunt Jean would stop in on their way to florida, the two of you was always a treat to be around. And I remember one time when Dad was still alive, Uncle Harold helping Dad fix the footvalue on my well. Even if he was on vacation and something needed to be done, he made sure it got done. He was always willing to lend a hand to anyone. And he always knew how to make me smile. Aunt Jean, I love you dearly, and your in my thoughts Carol*

June 15, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *Forever in our hearts -*

June 15, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *Kristie and Alan, We only met him once, and it was such a pleasure. May God be with you both and the rest of your family in the days ahead, giving you comfort and peace in the knowledge that your father/father-in-law has gone to that place where there is no sorrow or tears. All our love.*

June 15, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Kristie, You and your family are in our thoughts as you grieve the loss of your dad. Love Monette and Steve

June 15, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ When I heard that Uncle Harold had went home, a poem I had written in a time of grief, it helped ease the sorrow a little. I hope it helps you as much as it helped me. ON TO A BETTER PLACE by Donna Simpson copyright 2004 As the tears run my face I know he's gone on to a better place I know he'll never have to feel another day's pain I'm going to miss him just the same He's gone on to a better place Even though he's gone and we had to part He will always be with me in my heart When I was around him I felt so much love It's different now he's gone up above He's gone onto a better place Even though my heart feels heavy with sorrow I know deep inside, there's always a better tomorrow And we will meet again in a better place And there will be tears of joy streaming down my face He's gone onto a better place So until we meet again on judgement day In my mind and my heart you'll always stay Because you've gone on to a better place. Aunt Jean, I know it's not much but I hope it helps you get through this time of grief, If you need anything just let mom or myself, we are here if you need us. And Mom will be there in July. I Love You Aunt Jean

June 15, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ My deepest sympathy to the family. Kristie and Alan, if there is anything I can do, please do not hesitate to ask.

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *Dear Jean and Family - I am so sorry for your loss. He will forever be a part of my growing up. He showed me that hard work and family are so important during a lifetime. My thoughts and prayers are with you. Debbie Body*

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ I would like to take this time to let Dad's Friends know how he spent last day with us. He was a person who didn't think about himself much. He was always thinking about everyone else. On Sunday night we wanted to plant some more of the "Garden" so I called him up and he said "I will be right down after I change my clothes". I called the grandchildren and they all came to help. Dad got on the John Deere tractor, hooked onto the old cabbage setter and off we went. The setter has 2 seats on it so Shane and Elizabeth gets on to ride and plant seeds. Our youngest grandchild Kaitlyn (22 months) didn't want to ride. By the time we were done she wanted to ride. Dad said "I will drive up along the rows so Kaitlyn can ride". Sue got some pictures of all of us "working hard". I then unhooked the planter and the way he went cleaning the weeds out of the sweet corn. We all left for the house while he stayed and cultivated until after dark. Monday morning he got up and went to school to drive school bus. He always would talk to Carol Casolare and let her know what was going on. I would come in and see him out checking the bus and wave. When the run was over he would stop in the garage and talk to me about all the things he had to do that day. Some of the things for Monday were, had to go to Doctors for follow-up, ted the hay and get a new battery or new watch because the other one stopped the day before. I told him to "stay out of trouble" and off he went. I didn't see him again until we were getting ready to drive bus in the afternoon. When I went outside he was in the bus already. I yelled something at him as I went by the bus door. He said something back so I walk around to the window. We talked some more and I started to get into the bus next to him, but the stop arm was out and I started to duck under it He said "I will get it." I told him that was "Ok". I started in the bus and then saw that it was the wrong bus!!!! I told him that and we laughed saying "They all look alike". That was the last time I saw him until Tuesday morning. Monday night we were having our monthly meeting at the South Onondaga Fire Station. I thought that it was funny that he was not there. On Tuesday morning about 6am. Mom called and said "I can not wake Dad" So off I went. When I got there my brother Craig was coming down from upstairs and we went to check on Dad. He was

already gone. I went to tell Mom and she said "I know". We called 911. I then called Carol Casolare and told her she had to get someone else to drive for Dad and Me because he past away. I then asked Mom where was Dad last night because he was not at the meeting. She said "He had to bail hay before it started to rain. I went back to say goodbye to Dad when I looked down and he had on a brand NEW watch. That was the way he was!!! He loved to help, he loved the people at the school and he loved the kids!!! He said that is what keeping him young.I would like to thank everyone for the kind words that everyone said about him. I would like to thank the people most of all at Onondaga Central Schools for letting him drive the bus and letting me see and talk to him everyday. It brought us a lot closer. Dad was not the type of person to say "I Love You" But you knew it . The last couple years when he was in Florida we talked on the computer or telephone, we would say "I Love You" and the other one would say back "I Love You Too". If you have any stories PLEASE write them here. Dad would wanted to be remembered for the good times and the joy in this world!!!Thanks, Dennis M. Abbott

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ Harold was a great neighbor, friend and brother firefighter, chief.

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ To the Abbott and Braun Families:Please accept our deepest sympathy. You are in our thoughts and prayers.Maxine, Les and Elon Rubin

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *My most sincere and heartfelt condolences goes out to the Abbott family. I am grateful to have met Harold through my Aunt Kristie. You are all in my thoughts and prayers. Love, Marc*

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *We both have had the pleasure of meeting Harold on several occasions when he visited his daughter and son-in-law Kristie and Alan Braun who are good friends of ours. We feel honored to have had the opportunity to have met this wonderful man. We know that he will be sadly missed by all the family and friends he leaves behind. Our thoughts and prayers are with you all. Wayne and Karen*

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM



“ *May you rest as peacefully as a quiet spring evening while we gaze towards the heavens and see a new star in the sky. May your family and friends find peace in your memory, and cherish the times spent together.*

June 14, 2005 at 12:00 AM