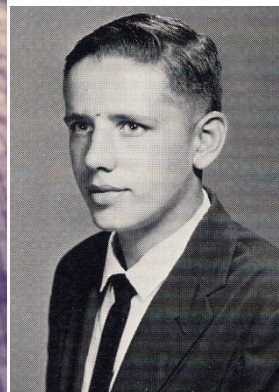


Harry Douglas Garrabrant



Harry died July 28, 2018. He was born in Paterson, NJ, on September 25, 1945. Harry's dad, Harry, his mom, Mary and sister, Martha migrated to Florida. During high school Harry was into boxing at the Police Athletic League and won the St Pete checkers championship at the Million Dollar Pier. Harry graduated from St Pete High and joined the army. He spent time in Vietnam as a door gunner on the Huey's. No wonder he returned afraid of heights. In Germany, he was Sergeant of the motor pool working on and driving those huge 5 ton dusanahaf trucks. He actually loved it.

For his wife Barbara, it all started with a knock on the door.

This Jersey girl just got in late at night to the new apartment. I requested to stay in the empty apartment as opposed to a hotel, which was OK with the management. However, on the way to my end of the hall apartment, they knocked on everyone's door to announce I had arrived. The last one being Harry's apartment. After a short while of getting acclimated there was a knock at the door. It was Harry looking to see if I was OK in the apt. I was but just wanted to get some sleep. A few moments later, he appeared dragging a mattress. He insisted I shouldn't sleep on the floor. It was a welcomed surprise. One more time he returned with an extension cord from his apt to mine, complete with lamp, table and chair. It would be a few days before my electric was turned on and my furnishings arrived. That was my first few hours of introduction to Harry. In the morning, he came down to help me

unpack the car. Call it karma if you want, but as he reached in to get my ficus tree, I said to him "be careful with 'Harry'- Harry. I named my tree a year before. Lucky for him, my dog liked him. So started the journey, that came to an end 42 years and four months later.

In between all that time we managed to laugh live and love. Harry's passion for fishing and golfing kept his weekends busy. He enjoyed training and running in races. He really loved the Turkey Trot in Clearwater and the Hog Hustle in Dunedin. We always made time to travel, at least during the working years, once or twice. After retirement the floodgates opened and we were travelling wherever and whenever we could. Despite his illnesses that started taking over, Harry made the gallant effort to continue on and enjoy life as much as he could.

His love for animals, especially dogs, was evident by us having 11 dogs in our life together. Most all were rescues in one way or another. His generosity to animals and people was displayed in all he did. He was always lending a hand whether by physical or monetary means. He donated to causes that touched his ever-loving heart. At one time he supplied a homeless man with warm drinks/soups in the winter, blankets, and sandwiches. When he got housing, Harry obtained some furniture and incidentals to help him out. That's the guy he was. We were never blessed with children. In that absence, he always fulfilled Christmas wishes for kids. At the Holidays, he always contributed to the

food drives. He always supported the local animal shelters, either by monetary donations or toys, food and beds brought to the shelters. Our "kidz" all wore fur coats.

Life has been good for him. As his loving wife, I will sorely miss him. To His sister and all our loving friends take solitude in the fact that these last few years of pain and agony are no more. I know he pushed away from a lot of people; but, only to not show them his suffering.

Remember in all the glory days of smiles and helping hands. God Bless.

Services will be held at Bay Pines National Cemetery in the near future. Please check back to see when it has been scheduled.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations in Harry's name be made to Pet Pal Animal Shelter, 405 22nd Street South, St. Petersburg, FL 33712 or go to <https://petpalanimalshelter.com/donation/>