



Carl "Hank" Henderson

December 13, 1932 - January 5, 2015

Dateline: Alton

Carl "Hank" Dale Henderson, 82, died at 5:30 a.m. Monday, January 5, 2015 at Rosewood Care Center in Alton. Born December 13, 1932 in Alton, he was the son of Carl L. and Virginia (Roberts) Henderson. Mr. Henderson served in the U.S. Army and earned the Korean Service Medal with three Bronze Service Stars. He was a member of SS Peter & Paul Catholic Church and a former member of the VFW Post 1308 and the Alton Wood River Sportsmen's Club. He worked in the machine repair department of Owens Illinois Glass for 30 years and then in the maintenance department at SS Peter & Paul Catholic Church for six years retiring in 1989. On September 10, 1954 he married the former Barbara Gill. She preceded him in death on February 11, 2011.

Surviving is a son, Dale Henderson (Kathie) of Alton, a daughter, Terri Parks (Ronald) of Greenville, IL, seven grandchildren, Nathan Henderson (Amanda), Patrick Adler (Lisa), Kelly Foster (David), Carrie Henderson, Beth Parks, Annie Kessler (Joe), Corey Parks (Carol), and Jennifer Henderson, and 16 great grandchildren. Along with his parents and wife, he was preceded in death by a daughter, Kim Adler, an infant brother, and a sister, Reba Henderson. Visitation will be from 4:00 p.m. until time of memorial service at 6:00 p.m. Thursday, January 8, 2015 at SS Peter & Paul Catholic Church in Alton. Monsignor Kenneth Steffen will officiate. Memorials may be made to St. Vincent DePaul Society. Burial will be private.

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Tribute Wall



“ *Carl "Hank" Henderson*

January 28, 2023 at 10:19 AM



“ *Carl "Hank" Henderson*

January 28, 2023 at 08:19 AM



“ *Dale*

I am sorry to hear of the loss of your dad. Your family is in my prayer.

Mary Ann Williams - January 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

TC

“ *My Life is but a weaving*

between my Lord and me;

I cannot choose the colors

He worketh steadily.

Of times He weaveth sorrow

And I, in foolish pride,

Forget He sees the upper,

And I the under side.

Not til the loom is silent

And the shuttles cease to fly,

Shall God unroll the canvas

And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful

In the Weaver's skillful hand,

As the threads of gold and silver

In the pattern He has planned.

He knows, He loves, He cares,

Nothing this truth can dim.

He gives His very best to those

Who leave the choice with Him.

Sorry for your lost, he will be missed by many. The poem is one found in my great grandmothers bible and often read at menay Croxton funerals.

Thom & Kathy Croxton - January 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM