



Clayton Adrian Holbrook

March 31, 1933 - December 23, 2019

December 23, 2019 will truly go down in history as the day god finally called home one of his orneriest creations to sit by his side. We just hope that god had a pot of coffee and a big pot of chicken and dumplings ready for his newest angles, otherwise he was gonna get that crinkle-nosed scowl we all knew and loved.

Adrian Clayton "Pops" Holbrook, March 31, 1933 - December 23, 2019, was truly a mans man that in the eyes of his many friends and family, will likely never be replaced. Clayton, as most would come to know him, was born to the late Jay and Nora Holbrook. Nora passed away when Clayton was a baby so he was raised by Sally Ann Holbrook, on a farm in Jackson, Kentucky. From the stories he would tell later in life, many would learn that Clayton was mischievous and full of piss and vinegar his entire life. He would tell stories of how much he disliked his school mom, getting into bars at a young age by rubbing soot on his mustache to look older, and everyone's favorite, the old Indian man that saved his life when he was a child. The stories were truly endless, but no matter how many times you heard them, you could never get enough!

In his youth, Clayton met the love of his life who would stick by his side to the very end, Irma Fay Holbrook. They were married September 15, 1951 and would remain together until his passing from this earth. Together, they raised a

family of 3 beautiful daughters, and built a life that everyone should strive to achieve. Anyone who knew Clayton well, knows he's going to be sitting up in heaven with his slippers on, coffee cup in his hand, just waiting on Fay to one day join him.

His life was truly remarkable in every way. Yes he grew up on a farm, and no he never went far in school, but by god that man could do anything he put his mind to. Some of the highlights were cooking for the railroad, working at Chrysler, running his very own farm, working at and retiring from the Manchester Indiana foundry, then in 1990, moving to Portland Oregon where he eventually would go to work for his daughter and son-in-law's company (Thortex) doing just about anything and everything to help them be successful. Outside of his work life, Clayton loved his family, never knew a stranger, and would gladly give someone the shirt off his back if he felt they needed it. As gentle of a soul as he was, in the same heartbeat he could transform into a protective monster of a man. If anyone hurt his family or friends, he would be the first one to pipe up and be ready to go whip some butt if needed.

We always joked that he had cockroach blood and that he would outlive us all, which would bring that old sly grin out on his face, as if he was planning something we didn't know about. In the end, Clayton must have realized he had done all he could, taught all his lessons, and told all his stories, and that it was time to move on. Knowing him, he would not want any of us to be sad, because he will be watching over us all, and one day when we all pass into the great beyond, he will be there waiting for us to walk hand in hand to meet our creator and to tell us new stories from his time in heaven.

Preceding Clayton in death are his parents, Jay and Nora and Sally Ann, all 13 of his siblings, and his beloved son in law David Walker.

Surviving are his wife of 68 years, Fay Holbrook; daughter Kathy Walker, grandkids Tonia Hrella, great-grandkids Sophia Hrella and Maya Hrella; daughter Ruthie (Larry) Lambert, grandkids Larry (Nichole) Lambert, great-grandkids Alyssa Lambert and Heath Lambert, Grandkids Brandy (Matt) Thomas, great-grandkids Collin Thomas, Mackinsie Thomas, and Bryce Thomas; daughter Lorie (Jim) Collins, grandkids Shawn (Heather) Bozarth, great-grandkids Brighton Bozarth, Everest Bozarth, and Winter Bozarth; grandkids Nichole (Jarrod) Royston, great-grandkids Kiley Royston, Mackenzie Royston, Blake Royston, and Callen Royston. Beyond his blood family, Clayton leaves behind a family that he spent a lifetime collecting, his family of friends and those whose lives he touched.

Do not mourn the loss of Clayton, do not mourn the loss of Pops, instead be thankful for the time you had with him, and rejoice in how he may have influenced your life. We all know he would have never wanted to leave us behind, but we also know his soul was too much for one lifetime on this planet. Though his body may have faded, his memory will live on forever in all of our hearts.

Heaven has gained the best dad and grandpa anyone could have ever asked for. We love you and will miss you every day until we can see you again.

Tribute Wall

TB

“ I have so many wonderful memories with Uncle Clayton. One of those was when Dennis, Brett and myself visited Uncle Clayton and Aunt Faye when they lived in Oregon and he took us along with his daughters and their families to dinner. It was so special to see and visit with everyone.

Teresa Barrett - December 28, 2019 at 12:00 AM

JH

“ He was loved by all his nephews and nieces , and extended family back here in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. He has touched so many lives and his memory is blessed.

John Holbrook - December 27, 2019 at 12:00 AM

JB

“ Always loved Uncle Clayton coming to My Grandpa Joe's. I always enjoyed them coming in.

Joe Blanton - December 27, 2019 at 12:00 AM

MT

“ Loved Uncle Clayton so much .looked so forward to his visits each summer.always so kind and thoughtful. Last night I got to spend with him he and I sat at the hospital with uncle Early reminiscing of the past . While his brother slipped into eternity. I will always be greatfull as he was so good to my mom after my Dad passed away which was his brother Orbin. Couldn't wait to see those red Pontiacs pull into our drive to get to play with the girls. He took me and my Sister to first pinticostal church we had ever been to . Scared us to death lol until he explained it after church.So sorry for your lost girls love you. Praying for Aunt Faye and keeping you all in my prayers



Madonna Holbrook Trent - December 27, 2019 at 12:00 AM