



Ivar Charles Magnusson

January 25, 1927 - August 9, 2019

Ivar Charles (Chuck) Magnusson, Jr. went to be with his Lord and Savior on August 9, 2019 after a long illness.

He is survived by Sandra, his wife of 37 years, his daughter Penny, his son Michael (Julie), his son Kevin (Kathreen) and his son Lloyd (Lee Ann). He also is survived by 4 step-children, Karyn Nealley-Hollenbaugh, Michael Nealley (Carol), Leah Lawrence (Bruce) and Paul Nealley. He was preceded in death by his first wife, Delores Novak Magnusson (Lorry) and a daughter, Charlene Frederick. He is also survived by a loving sister and brother, Ruth Ann Magnusson-Chmill and Jon Magnusson. He was a grandfather to 16 and had 21 great-grandchildren.

He was born on January 25, 1927 to Mary Lloyd Ingalls Magnusson and Ivar Charles Magnusson Sr. in Lyons, Illinois. He was a machinist by trade and also worked in manufacturing management.

Mr. Magnusson served in the United States Marine Corp, and held the rank of Corporal during WWII. He served in the Pacific Campaign and then later in a covert operation in China. He was a combat veteran and was part of a rescue operation for American POWs. He was the epitome of what the Corp stands for.

He was a member of the American Legion, VFW and AmVets. He was a member of the honor guard in the American Legion for four years. He was also a member of the China Marine Association and attended their annual conferences. He wore a USMC hat every time he left the house. In the Clyde E Lassen's State Veteran's Nursing Home he rarely left his room without his hat. He took great pride in his service in the Marine Corp.

Mr. Magnusson was a spiritual man and was an example to his family of how to live an honorable and good life, and how to die with dignity. He never once complained and was always so thankful for any kindness shown to him during his illness. We are grateful to Hospice staff and volunteers, and the staff at Lassen's for their loving care.

The family is very proud of their patriarch and he will be greatly missed.

A graveside service will be held at 1:00 pm on Tuesday, October 1, 2019 at Jacksonville National Cemetery.

Services are in care of St. Johns Family Funeral Home.

Tribute Wall



“ *St. Johns Family Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Ivar Charles Magnusson*



St. Johns Family Funeral Home - October 02, 2019 at 10:54 AM



Wonderful memories... ♡♡

Janet Leyrer Bach - October 05, 2019 at 10:26 AM

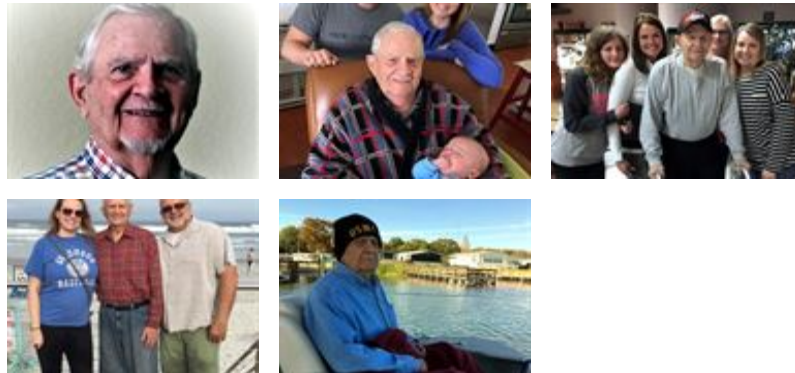
TB

A great tribute to a great man.

Thomas Brovont - October 08, 2019 at 06:29 PM



“ *42 files added to the album Life Tributes*



St. Johns Family Funeral Home - September 17, 2019 at 10:35 AM

RH

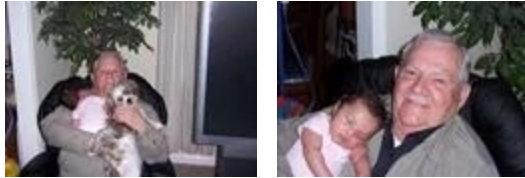
“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Rachel Hollenbaugh - September 14, 2019 at 11:29 PM

RH

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Rachel Hollenbaugh - September 14, 2019 at 11:28 PM

MM

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - September 09, 2019 at 12:53 PM

MM

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - September 02, 2019 at 04:24 PM

RH

“ Rachel Hollenbaugh lit a candle in memory of Ivar Charles Magnusson



Rachel Hollenbaugh - August 28, 2019 at 02:34 PM

RH

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Rachel Hollenbaugh - August 28, 2019 at 02:36 AM

LM

“ Hello,

Just wanted to send out a quick reminder that the cut off date for group rates at the Crowne Plaza is Sept. 9. I will need a final head count for the reception and for who will be using the shuttle to and from the service no later than September 8.

I need the information by the 8th because I am meeting with the hotel to finalize food, beverage, and shuttle services on the 9th.

I will send out a "Last Call" reminder on 9/5 as well.

Service at Jacksonville National Cemetery

This is a military cemetery and by all reports they hold to their schedule very tightly. The service will begin promptly at 1pm on 10/1/19 and end promptly at 1:30pm. The Marine Honor Guard will be there and their presentation takes 10 minutes of the service. With the remaining twenty minutes, Sandy has planned the following (from an earlier email between us).

"I was going to use Uncle Jon if Troy (the Pastor who was with Dad during hospice) couldn't make it. If he can't join us, then I'm going to use my son, Michael. He's the music minister in his church. I only want the minister to say a few words and lead us in a prayer and then at the end we can have a short prayer. The rest of the time will be family members – the ones who want to – sharing a memory they have of Poppa."

With that being said, we obviously will only have a short time - perhaps 10 minutes for those who would like to say a few words to do so. I think that those who would like to speak, should announce their intentions via email so that you can arrange amongst yourselves how much of the small window of time you think you would like or need.

After the service we will gather in The Sago Room at the Crowne Plaza which we have reserved from 2pm-4pm to visit with one another. There will be beer, wine, soda, water and hors d'oeuvres.

Below is an updated list of those intend on being there:

Katie, Cory, Piper & Finn Schleyer

Nathan & Nathan Jr. Utter

Mike & Julie Magnusson

Sandy Magnusson & Paul Nealley

Clay & Lindsey Glisson

Lloyd & Lee Ann Magnusson

Penny & Michael Jenkins

Nick & Jackson Magnusson

Jessica Millimen

Karl Yunker

Ruth Ann Chmill & Wendy

Lindsay Lawrence

Bruce & Leah Lawrence

Tracy Hitchcock

Kevin & Kat Magnusson

Rachel Hollenbaugh

Leah Rzepka & Natalie Taylor

Mike Nealley

If I have left anyone out - let me know.

Please forward to those concerned if not included in this email. If you have any questions, please let me know.

Lloyd

Lloyd Magnusson - August 26, 2019 at 12:40 PM

MM

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 18, 2019 at 07:53 PM

MM

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 18, 2019 at 07:51 PM

MM

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 18, 2019 at 01:24 PM

MM

“We come from Chuck” Nathan Utter



Mike Magnusson - August 17, 2019 at 05:42 PM

MM

“May our memories live on forever.”



Mike Magnusson - August 17, 2019 at 01:51 PM

“ :registered:ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=06&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true" title="Click to open in a new window or tab" target="_blank" rel="nofollow noopener">https://www.crowneplaza.com/redirect?path=asearch&brandCode=CP&localeCode=en@ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=06&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true

The above is an updated link for booking the hotel. Some people wanted to stay longer than 2 nights so I got the rate extended. This allows you to book from 9/30-10/6. If you want to book for any other dates you will need to call the hotel. You can ask for Adriana Bright.

Please use the new link and disregard old.

Also, I have checked into Shuttle Service to the JN Cemetery and back to the hotel. Super Shuttle will offer us a 10 passenger shuttle van with driver for \$80 round trip (I assume plus tip). More than 1 van can be arranged.

I will need a head count due also by 9/9/2019 (the same day as booking and catering deadline). Once we have the head count, I can book the appropriate number of vans. I suggest departure from the hotel at 12:15 pm and return from the cemetery at 1:30 pm which would get everyone back in time for the Memorial reception.

Again, please pass this along to those concerned. I will post on FH website.

LJ & LA

Lloyd Magnusson - August 17, 2019 at 12:44 PM



“ :registered:ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=06&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true" title="Click to open in a new window or tab" target="_blank" rel="nofollow noopener">https://www.crowneplaza.com/redirect?path=asearch&brandCode=CP&localeCode=en@ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=06&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true

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Again, please pass this along to those concerned. I will post on FH website.

LJ & LA

Lloyd Magnusson - August 17, 2019 at 12:36 PM

JG

“ *Sandy, sending thoughts and prayers for you and the extended family. How wonderful though to cherish happier times of your many years together.*
Love, Jeri ”

Jeri Gee - August 16, 2019 at 04:47 AM

SM

“ *“Someone asked me recently if I didn't think God was unfair, allowing me to have Parkinson's and other medical problems when I have tried to serve him faithfully. I replied that I did not see it that way at all. Suffering is part of the human condition, and it comes to us all. The key is how we react to it, either turning away from God in anger and bitterness or growing closer to him in trust and confidence.” - Billy Graham* ”

Sandy Magnusson - August 15, 2019 at 07:12 PM

SM

“ *“The moment we take our last breath on earth, we take our first in heaven.”*

- Billy Graham ”

Sandy Magnusson - August 15, 2019 at 07:05 PM

RR

“ Hi Grandma,

HUGS

Just wanted to let you know how sorry I am about Grandpa. I'm sorry for your loss of your beloved husband and friend. I loved him so much. We are far away but always so close and dear to my heart. I will always be so grateful to have known and loved him as Grandpa Magnusson. We love you so much and are sending big hugs and love.

Rachel and Natalie 

Rachel Reeds - August 15, 2019 at 04:43 PM

LM

“ Below is the booking link for the Memorial service hotel.

[:registered:ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=02&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true](https://www.crowneplaza.com/research?path=asearch&brandCode=CP&localeCode=en&ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=02&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true) title="Click to open in a new window or tab" target="_blank" rel="nofollow noopener">https://www.crowneplaza.com/research?path=asearch&brandCode=CP&localeCode=en&ionCode=1&hotelCode=JAXAP&checkInDate=30&checkInMonthYear=082019&checkOutDate=02&checkOutMonthYear=092019&rateCode=6CBARC&_PMID=99801505&GPC=IMM&cn=no&viewfullsite=true

Lloyd Magnusson - August 15, 2019 at 10:22 AM

LM

“ Hello,

The Reception following the Memorial will be at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Airport Hotel - Jacksonville. Click the link to visit their website. www.cpjacksonvilleairport.com

The Memorial is scheduled from 2 pm - 4 pm October 1, 2019. Beer/Wine/Soft Drinks/Water will be provided along with a variety of Hors D'oeuvres. There will be banquet tables to sit at and space to mingle equipped with cocktail tables. The event will be an opportunity to celebrate Dad's life and simply visit with those that were close to him.

We have the Sago Room reserved. The hotel offers shuttle service to and from the airport. The hotel is 3 miles from the airport and 12 miles from the Jacksonville National Cemetery. Transportation to the cemetery can also be arranged through the hotel. The hotel offers many amenities including an indoor and outdoor pool. The website has pictures and descriptions should you have any questions or concerns. I have arranged for a special Group Rate of \$99/night. I believe they will extend that rate to our group for the night before and the night of the Memorial. If you are staying longer, check with the reservation staff and they may extend the offer. Our Group Code is IMM (Ivar Magnusson Memorial). My contact, Adriana Bright, said that the code is now in the system, so you may be able to book on line -- if you have troubles, just call to make arrangements. If anyone experiences difficulty, let me know and I will intervene. A link to booking rooms directly with our Group Code is being established and I will forward it when I receive it. I will also post the link on the the Funeral Home website along with the Memorial details.

IMPORTANT: ROOMS MUST BE BOOKED BY SEPTEMBER 9, 2019 TO RECEIVE THE GROUP RATE.

I also need the final head count by that date to arrange catering.

Below is a list of those already confirmed. I am providing the names so that you can arrange transportation together to and from the Memorial if necessary.

Katie, Cory, Piper & Finn Schleyer

Nathan & Nathan Jr. Utter

Mike & Julie Magnusson

Sandy Magnusson & Paul Nealley 4 ?

Clay & Lindsey Glisson

Lloyd & Lee Ann Magnusson

Penny & Michael Jenkins

Nick & Jackson Magnusson

Jessica Millimen

Karl Yunker

Ruth Ann Chmill & Wendy

Please pass this information along to those you feel may wish to attend and to those that were not included in this email. Also, please let me know if you decide to attend. I would like to get a list of names of all of those attending.

Love,

Lloyd & Lee Ann

LLOYD MAGNUSSON - August 15, 2019 at 07:25 AM

MM

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 09:24 PM

MM

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 07:08 AM

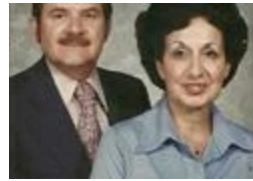
RC

The picture of Charles is a shot gun wedding. My husband Lenny an Doris An Bill an I Celebrated our 45 wedding Anniversary Lenny said to me he won't be for our 50th he was right. Bill an Doris celebrated there 25th we were came out pregnant that is why my brother had the GUN great time shot gun wedding

Ruth Ann Chmill - October 10, 2019 at 08:24 AM

MM

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 08:34 PM

MM

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 06:26 PM

MM

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 04:25 PM

MM

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 04:24 PM

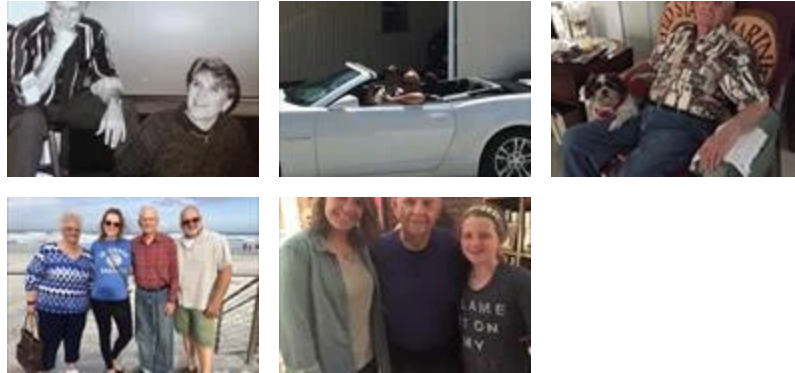
RC

Charles love that dog so much it was one of my dogs puppy's Ruth Ann's

Ruth Ann Chmill - October 10, 2019 at 08:27 AM

MM

“ 10 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 04:12 PM

MM

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 04:03 PM

MM

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 03:54 PM

AW

“ *Ardith C Wake lit a candle in memory of Ivar Charles Magnusson*



Ardith C Wake - August 13, 2019 at 02:06 PM

AW

Bless you and your family at this sad time, Sandy. My deepest sympathy to you and yours. Love to you and your family....Ardith

Ardith C Wake - August 13, 2019 at 02:12 PM

SM

I spent half of my life with you and I learned so many things. You were easy-going and kind and very protective of me. We had a good time and I have no regrets. I learned never to let you make hotel/motel reservations. I can think of 3 disasters. Once in Columbus it started to rain and the water came in and ran down the walls. I sat up in bed and there were mice running around - lots of them. We spent the rest of the night in the car.. Another when we took my two elderly aunts to Nashville, Indiana for two days and nights. We found ourselves in a red-light district and my aunts had to push a table up against their door because they couldn't lock it. I was afraid to touch anything in our room. The next day we moved to the state park lodge. And then the time we met the kids in Lima. We actually had a decent room, but their rooms looked like someone changed the oil in their car and got it on the carpet. Plus there was garbage under the bed and strange people there looking at us like we were their next victim.

Sandy Magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 07:19 AM

SM

I remember you were so quick to give me a compliment and very sincere. You would eat anything that I cooked and always thanked me. I remember once when we were going to a big dinner with your Marine buddies, I couldn't find anything to wear and I said, "I'm so fat and ugly." You quickly said, "Honey, you're not ugly." Jessie once said, "Grandpa you're a goober." From that day on, I used that term often. Once when I colored my hair, we went to breakfast and sat by a window in the restaurant. The sun came through the window and you were looking at me with those big blue eyes. I said, "I hate the way my hair color looks." You so sweetly said, "Your hair is beautiful - it's the color of golden straw." You didn't say that to be funny - you were sincere and a goober. I love you Poppy. I will miss you the rest of my life. I don't know what Heaven is like. but a minister once said that Heaven will be all the good things we love. He said chocolate cake will be delicious and have no calories. I know you love chocolate cake. I hope we get to see our loved ones again, and that you have had a reunion with your parents and Lorry and Charlene. I know that I wouldn't wish you back. You suffered greatly and I could do little to help you. But you're at peace now, and knowing that is a blessing. Goodbye my love.

Sandy Magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 07:53 AM

PN

You've been in my life since I was 15-years-old. You married my mother and I was part of the package. I wrecked your car, I drove on a flat tire another time - all the way home. I was messy and resentful, but you handled all the problems with wisdom and never yelled at me. My mother would freak out, but you were always polite and kind to me. I will never forget that. I watched you with Noah and Lindsay as a grandfather and you were so involved and made them laugh. I know you were the same with all of the grandchildren. I came back in your life and I felt honored to take you for walks before you got to where you couldn't. I visited you in the nursing home when Mom couldn't make it and we had some good talks before you couldn't converse anymore. You were kind and helped me understand how to live a good life, and you were good to my mother. I miss you, but I saw your suffering and I am glad it is over. May God keep you in His loving care forever.

Paul Nealley - August 14, 2019 at 12:52 PM

SM

Boot Camp - USMC - 1944

In Ivar Charles Magnusson's own words:

Basic training at Parris Island was a real awakening. I became a man almost overnight. I wanted my mother and I wanted to go home, and I felt like crying like so many of the other boys were doing when the lights were out. But I kept telling myself that I'm not going to cry. I was determined to make it through without shedding a tear, and I'm proud to say I did it. But it was probably one of the most difficult times of my life up to that point.

January 25, 1944

I was sound asleep in my bunk along with the rest of my fellow "worthless pieces of S---" (WPS) a name given to us by our Drill Instructor. We are not Marines yet and thus cannot use the distinguished title. We are just the property of the USMC. Just before I fell asleep, I thought about my family and my life and the fact that it was my birthday and I was 18-years-old and in training to be sent to the front lines of WWII. I was awakened by the Corporal and told to get up - that I had an important phone call.

I jumped up and threw on my clothes and was told I needed to go to the administration building as there were no phones for recruits to use in the barracks. That building was a football field away and I sprinted to it as fast as I could, saying prayers that this was not bad news. Out of breath and full of anxiety, I was directed to the phone and said, "Hello." On the other end I heard my Mother and two of my Aunts all singing "Happy Birthday to you..." It was so good to hear their voices and each of them telling me they loved me. We talked for a few minutes and then I hung up and ran back to the barracks.

The Corporal was waiting at the door and directed me to the DI's office. The DI asked, "So Magnusson, is everything alright? I smiled and said, "Yes sir. It's my birthday and my mother and aunts called to wish me a happy one."

The DI turned to the Corporal and said, "It's his birthday. Did you know it was his birthday?" The Corporal answered, "No sir." The DI turned back to me and said, "Report to me first thing in the morning Magnusson, and I'll give you your birthday gift. We always have a nice gift for recruits on their birthday."

At 5a.m. I was up, dressed and my bunk made. I went to the DI's office and was told to enter. He addressed me without looking up at first, "Last night you got a phone call. No personal phone calls are permitted

during basic training." He then slowly made eye contact with me. "However, since it was your birthday, I have that gift I promised." He opened the top drawer of his desk and took out a toothbrush and a bar of soap and handed them to the Corporal and said, "Give the Birthday Boy his gift."

The DI waited until I had the items in my hands and then said, "Now get your sorry scrawny butt in the bathroom and scrub down the toilets and tiles I replied, "Yes sir" and saluted. He dismissed me and as I opened the door he said, "Now Mommie won't be calling her baby again will she." It wasn't a question.

That night with aches in my shoulders, knees, and just about everywhere else, I wrote my mother and told her I loved her but to please not call me again.

Sandra Magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 02:05 PM

SM

In his own words...

My first time on a ship - an awesome experience, especially for a kid from the heartland, who had never been on anything larger than a flat-bottomed fishing boat. Once you are so far out and can't see land anymore, you stand in awe of the massive ocean you are sailing. We were warned not to get too close to the sides of the ship. If you fell overboard, there is little chance you would be saved or even seen. At that time, all ships were under orders to keep moving even if someone fell overboard. This was due to the danger from submarines. The most they would do if they saw someone was to throw them a life raft and leave them behind. We encountered a terrible storm. It was terrifying, although I tried to hide my fear. Prior to the worst of it, I was called for guard duty on the bow of the ship. There was an iron railing that went around the perimeter of the ship so that you would have something to hold on to if necessary - before you were dumped into the ocean. I took my position on the bow and as the storm intensified, two sailors came out and tied me to the bow. At this point in time, the water would come up to my knees. In a short time, the water was coming to my waist. I was in touch with the officers in the brig via a two-way radio. When the water reached my chest I notified them that I would no longer be able to transmit. They immediately sent two men out to untie me and get me to the next deck up. The Marine Corp is big on guard duty, but to this day I have no idea what I could have seen out there in horizontal rain, monstrous waves and howling winds. I could barely see my hand in front of my face.

sandra magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 05:01 PM

SM

In his own words...

Japan 1945...

We arrived in Sasebo, Japan's harbor. We believed we were there to make a landing and engage in warfare. We could see huge cannons in the cliffs above the beaches and we were all fairly quiet because we knew it was likely going to be a blood bath when we landed. We knew that the atomic bombs had been dropped, but we didn't know that at the time we arrived, there were surrender talks going on. We waited about 8 hours and then were told that we would not be going ashore until we got word about the results of a meeting in Tokyo. It was then that we knew what was taking place. Once we were told Japan had surrendered, we waited another day for Radio Tokyo to send word to the people throughout Japan that the Marines would be landing and the Japanese were to surrender all weapons and cooperate. We landed without incident and went house-to-house confiscating weapons. For the most part, the Japanese people were polite and cooperative. We were told to take "no crap" and to deal harshly with any who resisted - even kill if necessary. In one house a young man started shaking his fist at us and screaming. We were all standing there with loaded weapons when the father stepped up and back-handed his son in the face. He then bowed and apologized. His action may have saved his son's life as one of the Marines with me was ready to shoot. I don't think I could have shot him for screaming his outrage, but those were our orders. Most of the women of Japan were terrified of us. They had heard terrible stories about the Marines and I think this propaganda was spread by the Japanese Military based on their actions towards the Chinese. Once the people found out we weren't there to harm them, they lightened up and children were especially friendly, and we gave them candy when we had it. I spent a month going house-to-house and then was sent to Guam. However, before we left Japan, we were put on trucks and taken to Hiroshima to see the destruction done by the atomic bomb. We were not permitted to get out of the back of the truck (thankfully) but to just stand and look over the sides. It was difficult to believe that buildings once stood there. Hiroshima was leveled and was all ash and melted things. The power of that one bomb was something that you could not comprehend unless you witnessed what it did. It also didn't escape any of us that had it not been dropped, we would likely not be alive. Had we hit those beaches, few of us would have survived. It was a terrible thing to unleash. And why the Japanese government didn't take action when we warned them it was coming - and protect their own people by surrendering sooner is a mystery. However, it stopped a war that would likely have taken hundreds of thousands more lives - ours, our allies and our enemies.

sandra magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 05:26 PM

SM

January 2015...

In Ivar Charles Magnusson's words:

I've had a good life, I married two good women, and had 5 great kids and 4 great step-children. I've been blessed with many grandchildren and they light up our world.

I have regrets on how I handled some situations, but I tried to do the right thing and set a good example of a father and husband.

My memory is bad now. My wife, Sandy, writes down things I say and probes me for long ago memories. But the next day I don't even remember that. I don't worry about it now. I can't change what is happening, so I will enjoy sitting outside on the glider, riding with her to the store. Sometimes I go into the store and ride around in the motorized carts. I watch Tv and I take my naps.

I'm doing ok at 88.

sandra magnusson - August 14, 2019 at 05:51 PM

SM

Ivar Charles Magnusson - remembering his childhood and Jonny...

"In 1938, when my brother Jon was born and was maybe a year old, my mother gave me the responsibility for taking care of him after school and on weekends. She would tell me to take Jonny outside with me. It never occurred to me to fuss about taking care of Jonny. He was my brother and I held no resentment about my babysitting duties. It was what I was supposed to do and I wanted to do it. My friends always knew Jonny would be with us, and none of them ever complained. It became the normal thing for us.

Just outside of Lyons, Illinois, is a river and a town called Riverside. Jonny lived and raised his kids in Riverside. There is a path along the river's edge, and then the land banks upward - maybe 60 to 100 feet.

I always took Jonny with us in a big wicker buggy. One day my friends and I got the idea that Jonny could ride down that big hill in his wicker buggy and we would catch him before it went into the river. What can I say? I was 13-years-old at the time. His first trip down was a little scary and breathtaking for him. He had a look on his face that said he wasn't sure it was fun. However, his second trip down and the many other trips down that big hill were pure ecstasy. He loved it. We didn't dump him in the river, and he never got a scrape, a bump or a bruise. Many years later, after we were grown, I told my mother what we did. She just looked at me and shook her head.

There were lots of adventures with that old buggy and Jonny and my friends. I took him all over the Chicago area - we visited the Zoo and many other fun and interesting places, and all without my mother's knowledge. One day my Aunt Ruth told my mother that they should take the kids to the zoo. She said that Jonny had never been to the zoo. At that point in time Jonny had already been to the zoo three times. Jonny was a smart little kid. He never spoke up.

Sandy Magnusson - August 17, 2019 at 09:44 AM

SM

Remembering his childhood and Jonny - continued...

When Jonny was about 5, he was playing with the kids next door. They had built a fire and were jumping over it. Jonny tried to jump over the fire, but he fell into it and sustained severe burns to his leg. He was in a Catholic hospital in Chicago for months.

I had just turned 15, and I would take the bus to the hospital to visit him. On my first visit I took Jonny out on the grounds in a wheelchair. The Nuns cautioned me not to leave the grounds with him. I complied, and we walked around in the sunshine, but it wasn't much fun for either of us.

On my 2nd visit, I got the same instructions from the Nuns, only this time I didn't listen. As soon as no one was watching, I left the hospital ground, pushing Jonny in his wheelchair - and in bandages. I took him down to the movie theatre and stood outside. I told Jonny not to say anything. I had no money to go to the movie. Soon the usher stepped outside on a break and saw us. He asked me what happened to Jonny.

At this point I knew I needed a good story, so I told him that Jonny was an orphan from Europe and had been rescued after the ship he was on was torpedoed. At that time - 1942 - we were at war and there had been ship sunk with people trying to escape Europe. I had heard my parents discussing it when they read about it in the papers. The usher asked us if we were going to the movie. I said we didn't have any money. He motioned me to bring Jonny into the theatre, and he gave me a seat and had Jonny's wheelchair beside me. Then he so graciously gave us popcorn.

When I returned Jonny to the hospital, no one asked where we had been - they thought we had stayed on the grounds.

On each visit after that, I took Jonny off the hospital campus. We went to the movies again - free with the same scenario. We also went to the Chicago theatre, the museum and other places of interest. Then one day I decided to take Jonny to the ice cream shop. We stood outside and presently someone stopped and asked what happened to Jonny. I told the Orphan/Sinking Ship story and we were given free ice cream. This time when I returned Jonny to the hospital, one of the Nuns asked why he had chocolate all over the front of his gown, and did I leave the grounds with him. I said that we didn't leave the grounds, that the ice cream truck was going by and they gave us ice cream. I didn't think she believed me, but nothing more was said.

Later I found out she told my Aunt and told her I might not be telling the truth. My Aunt scolded me and told me never to take Jonny off the

hospital grounds. I listened to her as much as I listened to the Nuns. My brother and I had many ventures past the hospital portals. Many years later my mother told me that when she would visit Jonny, the first thing he was say was, "Where's Chuck?"

Sandy Magnusson - August 18, 2019 at 04:28 PM

MM

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



Mike Magnusson - August 13, 2019 at 11:32 AM

LM

“ 1 file added to the album Marine



LLOYD J MAGNUSSON - August 13, 2019 at 09:43 AM



Lindsay
Criswell

“ I have so many loving sweet memories of Papa. I would fall asleep in his arms while he mowed as a baby. I don't remember that but he loved to tell me how I could sleep through anything even as a baby and always brought that up as proof. He always welcomed my hugs. Bedtime stories with Grandma and Grandpa never got old no matter how many times we said the "itsy bitsy widdle gurl" adventures. I have memories of ice cream, laughter, prizes, and affection. As I got older I still was welcomed with a smile. Even as he got much older he had a warmth about him that transcended circumstance. So as far as being an amazing Grandpa goes... I would go ahead and say he totally nailed it! I love you Papa. No one is perfect and I am sure he had flaws, but I can honestly say I didn't experience any of them. As a parent now I know my kids will not say the same thing about me! Haha!!! But perhaps by the time I get to Grandparent status I'll have his secrets figured out! Love and prayers everyone! Lindsay Criswell and Fam ❤️

Lindsay Criswell - August 12, 2019 at 07:29 PM

MM

“ My Dad once told me he would shovel crap for a living if that is what it would take to support his family. This statement and his example forged my work ethic. I traveled with him to China Marine Reunions and admired the relationship he had with his Marine battle buddies. My Dad went on several vacations with Julie and I and Jess, Nick, Kate and at times my sister Charlene and her son Nathan. My Dad loved these trips and he was always up for anything. When camping, I would wake up in the morning and he would already be gone! I would go out and look for him and almost always he would be sitting chatting with a family he had just met and typically they were feeding him breakfast! My Dad could strike up a conversation with anyone. I am my Father's Son. I love you Dad and I am happy that you are back in the arms of Mom and Charlene. Michael

Michael Magnusson - August 12, 2019 at 02:29 PM

MN

“ God's peace upon the Magnusson family as you also mourn the loss of Poppa Chuck. The Nealley family, Mike, Carol, Luke, Sarah, and Cameron are grateful for the man who became Grandma Sandy's husband 37 years ago. We loved poppa Chuck, and we are also thankful for his military service as a USMC veteran. He will be missed!

Mike Nealley - August 12, 2019 at 01:22 PM