



## Marion “Dale” McPherron

September 29, 1928 - June 12, 2015

Marion Dale McPherron, passed away on June 12, 2015 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was born September 29, 1928 in Cyril, Oklahoma to the late Harry Edward and Sarah E. (Tarpley) McPherron. Dale lived in Cyril until he was 13 and then moved to the Tulsa area with his family. After graduating high school he joined the United States Army. On April 7, 1955 Dale married Joy D. McPherron. Dale would later work and retire from Oklahoma Fixture Company. When Dale wasn't working he and Joy had the opportunity to visit 38 of the U.S. States, Mexico, St. Kitts, the Virgin Islands, Australia and take a cruise on the Caribbean. Dale also enjoyed golfing, watching his favorite television shows, eating beans with ham and cornbread, pizza and burgers, doing puzzles, attending church and visiting with his friends. Dale was a playful jokester with a friendly & outgoing personality. Dale will be missed by all who knew him. Dale is survived by his sister in law, Yvonne Parks & her husband, John; sister in law, Carlonna Robinson and a multitude of nieces, nephews, great-nieces and nephews, family members and friends. Dale was preceded in death by his loving wife, Joy D. McPherron; parents, Harry and Sarah McPherron; brother, Lewis Albert McPherron and sister Faye E. Stout. Funeral services will be held, 11:00 am Monday, June 15, 2015 at the First Christian Church of Broken Arrow

# Comments

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“ Lit a candle in memory of Marion "Dale" McPherron

**Mary McPherron** - June 25, 2015 at 08:42 PM

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“ As a Nephew of Uncle Dale, we shared an uncommon bond, not normally exhibited in the average uncle/nephew relationship. We truly enjoyed our time together, whether it was sitting down and playing a game of chess or spending an entire day (and sometimes nights on the golf courses in Tulsa, lit to allow golfers to continue to play beyond sunset) skiing the slopes in Colorado to just bird watching in the backyard, we enjoyed spending quality time together. I spent many summers in Broken Arrow as a teenager, helping in the yard, mowing, working on our chip shots in the backyard to learning how to "chew" correctly. Could always find the chewing tobacco under the seat of the tractor. I even asked him to be the Best Man at my wedding, but he was concerned he wouldn't be able to keep his emotions in check through the entire ceremony. We shared a special bond and I'm going to miss him sorely. Love you Uncle Dale and will miss you.

**Ramon Ford** - June 14, 2015 at 04:58 PM