



## Dean Redmon

June 5, 1930 - July 26, 2015

Dean Redmon, 85, of Ottumwa, died Sunday, July 26, 2015, at the Good Samaritan Society in Ottumwa. He was born June 5, 1930, at Gifford, Missouri, the son of Vernon and Audria Bown Miller. At a young age both of Dean's parents passed away. He was then adopted by Ray and Hazel Redmon. Dean graduated from LaPlata High School with the class of 1949. Dean was a handyman all of his working life. On January 16, 1965, he was united in marriage to Hazel Hampsmire at Kirksville, Missouri. Together the two of them owned and operated a country store and ice cream store called the Tummy Yummy. Dean and Hazel later divorced. He enjoyed building miniature replicas of carnivals and farms. He also enjoyed fishing, camping and cooking on an open fire.

His family includes his two daughters, Vonda White (Ken Kopsieker) of Ollie and Veronica (Lyll) Davis of Fremont; six grandchildren, Carinda White (Wayne Poffenbarger), Cassandra White (Willie Ragen), Dakota Kopsieker, Kysha (Sean) Clark, Alissa (Justin) Johnston, and Logan Plate; a great grandson, Benton Johnston; a great granddaughter on the way, Temperance Ragen; a step daughter, Valerie (Michael) Hazelwood of Ottumwa; three step grandchildren, Scott (Sarah) Hazelwood, Kendra Hazelwood, and Kevin Hazelwood; four step great grandchildren, Aaron Arguello, Austin Arguello, Haley Arguello and Amelia Hazelwood; and a brother, Nolan (Helen) Miller of Ottumwa;

He was preceded in death by his parents; and two sisters, Dorothy Cook and Bertha Easley.

As was Dean's wish, his body has been cremated and no visitation is planned. There will be a private family burial in the Cedar Township Memorial Cemetery. The Fremont Funeral Chapel is in charge of the arrangements.

# Tribute Wall

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“ Please accept my sincere condolences to the Redmon family. I am so sorry to hear of the passing of Dean . The Bible assures us at Psalms 34:18 that God is near to those broken in heart. My thoughts and prayers are with you all. May your many great memories help you find peace and comfort as you go through the coming days.

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**naomi lewis** - September 30, 2015 at 06:29 PM

“ Dean Redmon is my dad’s brother, and youngest sibling. After their parents died in August and October of 1936, the four children were divided up between two sets of grandparents. Vernon’s family took Dorothy and Nolan. Audria’s family took Bertha and Dean (Dolan Dean). The younger two children had already been staying there because Audria died two months before Vernon did.

However, Vernon had asked, in a note he left his family, that his sister, Alice, take Dean and raise him. Dean was six years old at the time, according to my dad. Apparently Alice did take Dean for a while, but decided she couldn’t handle him. Then Audria’s sister, Naomi Snyder took him for a while, and Naomi said it was working out fantastically. Her only daughter and Dean were near the same age, and enjoyed being together. Apparently, however, Vernon had said he didn’t want Naomi and her husband to raise any of his children because her husband took an occasional drink. He wasn’t an alcoholic, Naomi claimed, but a social drinker who might stop at the bar on Friday night, listen to the music and play a few rounds of pool while he had a beer with friends. However, in the end, both families decided they couldn’t leave Dean there since Vernon had expressly said he didn’t want him there.

I don’t know who let it be known that Dean was available for adoption. That’s when a family named Ray and Hazel Redmon, a childless couple, offered to take him and adopt him. They eventually did.

Dean was always a handful, even for them, but they recognized a creative vent in Dean, and always encouraged him to explore it. Dean’s dad had made miniature toys for the children. He made toy wooden boats for the boys that I played with when I was a child. I also played with the toy bed and vanity that Vernon made for his daughter, Dorothy, before he died. They were in Aunt’s Ethel’s bedroom upstairs in the Miller family farm house my dad grew up in, and the little drawers actually pulled out on the little dresser. It even had a small vanity mirror on it, if I remember correctly. Another cousin still has these toys.

So Dean came by his love of miniatures naturally. When we were smaller, my sister Marion and me, he made a doll bed for us that actually had sides that went up and down on it. Dad built us little ironing boards just our height, and we actually ironed handkerchiefs on them. Dean had a railroad track set up in one of the Redmon’s rooms in their house. Dean obviously loved it.

His love for these things didn’t stop when he married. They just took a new avenue. Over the years Dean built so many things he didn’t have room for them, and began selling them and giving them away. I haven’t seen it, but one of his daughters says a log cabin house he built is over at the Wapello County Historical Museum.

One time when I was engaged to be married, my dad took me over to Dean’s to see a miniature carnival he had built. It was on a work table in his garage, about the size of a pool table, and when he flipped a switch, everything lit up and began moving. There was even Carousel music playing as the Carousel twirled around. My dad said he eventually sold it for a substantial