



Dwight Franklin Jordan

October 12, 1927 - December 17, 2014

Dwight Franklin Jordan was born October 12, 1927 in St. Louis, Oklahoma, of parents Roy and Cordie Jordan. He had two brothers, Roland and Neal and one sister, Iona Clower. Dwight died December 17, 2004. He and his future wife, Evelyn Souza met in 1952 while both had jobs in downtown Visalia. He was at a Smart & Final, later at McMahan's Furniture, and Evelyn was at Montgomery Wards. Later when married she saw to it that Dwight always dressed neatly and well, meaning a white starched shirt with rolled up sleeves and starched blue denim jeans which had to be put in pant stretchers daily for years and ironed. His hair was cut with a fashionable flat-top. Like a boss on evaluating a prospective employee, Evelyn approved his appearance. He had an outstanding physical trait that few potential customers would never forget. He was six feet, six inches tall. His smiles were almost that big also according to friends and relatives. Dwight shared a special story one time with his young nieces and nephews. It was about how his cousin, Bobbie Hosman, considered herself to be the family match maker. She arranged a blind date for Dwight with Evelyn. Since she came from a Portuguese family in which her father could say, "No dates means No Dates" unless the whole family meets the stranger first. So he and cousin Bobbie set up a double date. In the house, seated at the kitchen table were mother, father, a sister, two brothers and a sister-in-law. In brief, as a result of this formal meeting, Dwight and Evelyn were married November 26, 1955 in the St. Joan of Arc Catholic Church in Las Vegas. His height and strength were helpful when two years later he

bought a used furniture store on west Mineral King Avenue. Frequently, he drove to a used furniture auction in Los Angeles to pick up new stock. But being confined to a store long hours for months was not for Dwight. In 1960 he bought a very old apartment house on School Street close to the library which had been an early Visalia Hospital. It was a two-story building. One bedroom had been in the operating room with a bright light shining on the bed. At this time faced the job he had to do, start to paint the huge interior, but he held onto his regular job. One day following the death of his father from cancer, he went home and told his wife to give notice to the Security Bank where she was working. He explained his reasoning. Why work hard and die young! Sell the income rentals and move on. He was convinced he and Evelyn could live on \$300 a month! A rumor got around at this time that the Visalia Times-Delta was wanting to build a new plant where more footage would be helpful as business grew. Roy Nunn, a well-known realtor around Visalia said he had an unnamed client when he dropped by to see Dwight. He came to see if Dwight would like to sell the old hospital. Strong bargaining began. Final offer: \$40,000. Dwight wanted more, however, but in the form of a right to strip everything inside and outside the house and several months to haul it away: Items included doors with beveled glass, kitchen appliances, light fixtures, plumbing pieces, potted plants, copper gutters, windows and screens. For \$40,000 and a special signed agreement Dwight smiled as Roy Nunn drove away. With cash in hand, Dwight quickly bought a camper shell for his pickup, packed it and left for Oklahoma to stay three months. While there he looked into the oil business and studied it carefully. The year was 1982. That was the right time to do so. The few oil wells he bought and the ones he alone drilled were exciting to own and manage from a distance, with the accounting work done in Visalia Back to Visalia where he became a very active realtor. After buying a strip of land along St. John's River, Dwight built an unusual home and a detached guest house with an underground wine cellar 15 x 30. Both friends and relatives were soon washing their feet and stomping grapes. The men graded the quality of the wine made in the

previous year. Over future years, Dwight raised goats for milk, sheep for eating but bought lamb chops at the market. Peacocks came and went after a brief stay. Guinea hens and chickens enjoyed the brush along the river bank despite the presence of little red foxes. Traveling eventually became a break at home for Dwight. A quite unusual adventure was in China. As the tourist bus stopped here and there to unload passengers, about 40 people gathered closely around the exit. They were looking for the giant they had heard of. Yes, Dwight with his 6 feet 6 inches was the giant. In Africa one year Dwight took a safari, not for shooting game but to take photos. When in Germany, the unappointed American diplomat, talked at length with a young man whom he invited to stay with him if he ever got to the V.S. Six months later, the German knocked on the door. When in Russia, Dwight tried to be diplomat again. Yes, the young Russian found his way to Visalia and settled in for a few nights while he enjoyed Dwight's country life. Two more trips ended the travels, one to India and the second to the Portuguese Azores Islands where Evelyn's father's sister lived. That was a show stopper with tears from relatives who had families in America For over 40 years, Dwight lived among dogs and cats. Almost every month in those years, he saw former pets of both children and adults thrown from cars as the driver sped away down the country road. Frightened, they sought food, water, and a new, safe home. Across the river sometimes came noise, laughter, and occasionally drifting smoke from meat on a BBQ. Cautiously these newly lost animals trotted over a bridge leading hopefully to a loving new home. They generally did not understand that fate was guiding them to a special human being who unlocks a tall gate built for security. Dwight began his experienced task of saving these creatures, a few who soon returned his love for them. As many as 6 to 8 dogs and 10 cats were fed and housed during cold wintery months especially. Guests and close friends visiting often opened their eyes widely when a pack of loudly barking dogs ran to the gate to welcome them. How? By licking their legs and hands and jumping on them seeking a pat on the head. Well if so, visitors knew they

had arrived at Dwight's private animal refuge. He said more than once, take me but my dogs come too. That always got a chuckle or two, especially after a glass of wine. Contessa stayed for years, possibly reaching 18 years not long ago the Vet said. She found her personal resting place in the house along the edge of the bed where Dwight slept so he could reach down to give her a loving pat. As Dwight slipped deeper into the darkness of Alzheimers, Contessa seemed to sense her master's struggle to continue a daily routine that made sense. She too was wasting slowly away and struggled to continue life. By the time Dwight had come to the care by Kaweah Delta Hospice, Contessa appeared to be among the living dead. So Evelyn and Dwight's highly skilled caregiver took her to the veterinarian for euthanasia and cremation. After Dwight's coffin lid closes one last time, Contessa's ashes will be placed with him in the burial. Dwight's life was enriched by his many world experiences, at home and abroad. He was a kind person and offered a hand that was not empty when he saw a genuinely needy person--or animal. The number of his friends, if counted, would probably fill ten pages in a phone book. Perhaps in the hereafter, he will find new friends again. Although he did not overtly praise his Lord daily, his Christian faith sustained his life's behavior. and praise for his God of love and forgiveness. Services by Salser & Dillard. Viewing is Monday Dec. 22 from 3-4 family only and 4-7 public. Rosary at 6 p.m. after viewing hours. Tuesday Dec. 23 for Mass, St Mary's at 10 a.m. Pallbearers Greg Souza, Bill & Ron Clower, Alvin Rocha, Eric Mathewson, Tom Gray, Geraldo Vasquez, Teddy Wothe. Friends and relatives will meet at the Lamp-Lighter after Mass and burial at the Visalia Cemetery. No flowers. Donations to Alzheimers Society are welcomed. Many thanks to Dr. Tom Gray and his wife Mary, long time friends. And unlimited love must be given to Rebecca Murry who stayed by Dwight's side for 3 years to help him struggle through each day, sometimes singing Patsy Cline's songs to arouse his attention.

Cemetery Details

Visalia Public Cemetery

1300 W. Goshen Ave.
Visalia, CA 93291
visaliacemetery@aol.com
<http://www.visaliacem.org/>

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC **22**. 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM (PT)

Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel
127 E. Caldwell Ave
Visalia, CA 93277
(559) 635-1144
info@salseranddillard.com
<https://www.salseranddillard.com>

Rosary

DEC **22**. 6:00 PM (PT)

Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel
127 E. Caldwell Ave
Visalia, CA 93277
(559) 635-1144
info@salseranddillard.com
<https://www.salseranddillard.com>

Funeral Mass

DEC **23**. 10:00 AM (PT)

St. Mary's Catholic Church- Visalia, CA
608 N. Church Street
Visalia, CA 93291
<http://tccov.org/st-marys/>

Tribute Wall

GJ

“ We always thought of him as Uncle Dwight even though he was a second cousin. When he came to Southern Louisiana to see us when my baby sister was born, my friends were amazed at this giant uncle of mine. They stayed a week and Billie Raye, my sister, was seldom out of his arms. He carried her everywhere he went. When I think of him, I remember the laughter.

Glenna Williams Jackson - December 22, 2014 at 01:55 PM

DW

“ I was about the only girl cousin and he was nicer to me than the others. I remember him playing hide and seek with his 2 big black dogs. He would count and then they would go find him. My brother Bill and I would fill a quart jar with water and walk the 3 miles to Uncle Roy's house to spend the day with Dwight. So many good memories.

Dorothy Jean Jordan Williams

Dorothy Jean Jordan Williams - December 22, 2014 at 01:48 PM