



Lanny Norman Maple

February 17, 1948 - March 1, 2021

Lanny Norman Maple, 73 of Visalia, California, died on Monday, March 1, 2021, in Visalia, California. Lanny was born to Elmer William Maple and May Thelma Henson on February 17, 1948 in Arkansas.

Memorial services will be held 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM Saturday, March 27th, 2021 at Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel, 127 E. Caldwell Ave., Visalia.

Services have been entrusted to Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel. Memorial Tributes and condolences may be offered by logging onto www.salseranddillard.com.

Previous Events

Memorial

MAR 27. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (PT)

Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel
127 E. Caldwell Ave.
Visalia, CA 93277

Tribute Wall



“ *Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel created a Webcast in memory of Lanny Norman Maple*



Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel - March 27, 2021 at 02:04 PM

YV

I love my uncle Norman, I was his little peanut he always brought me things, my name is Yvonna I am his baby sister Phyllis daughter I wish I could find some of my family after all these years please call me at 573 559 8440 I would love to hear from Carrie maple

Yvonna Clark Varney - January 15, 2022 at 07:03 PM

YV

New number 573-601-0216

Yvonna Clark Varney - May 26, 2025 at 09:24 AM

TR

“ To my best friend in the world. I have known Norm since I was 18 years old. We’ve been friends for 53 years and it still doesn’t seem like enough time. I loved him like the brother I never had. I wish I could share all the times we spent together, but we always said we shared together stayed right there between the two of us. We could never truly share all the things we had done together because it would probably get us in trouble. Lol.

Norm was always there for me when I needed to talk, learn how to fix something on our cars or just how life was treating us. We had some wonderful time and talks together. I worked with him the entire time I was at FORD and hated that we were so far apart when he went to Missouri. But he would see me every time he came back to California and for that I was grateful.

Norm will be missed a lot. He was such a kind honest and hardworking guy and you just don’t find those qualities anymore.

I only had one regret in all the time I’ve known Norm and that was that I couldn’t find him and get in contact with him when I got married in 2002. I always wanted him to be my best man at my wedding and we couldn’t locate him.

I will miss my longtime friend but I know we will pick up where we left off on the other side.

I pray God will give the family peace and happy funny memories as that’s what I have knowing he’s not in pain and can finally fly around and not get a ticket for speeding.

Until we meet again I send you and the family peace and love.

Keep it simple and keep it positive.

Don & Teresa Rexrode

Teresa Rexrode - March 26, 2021 at 11:39 PM

VK

“ *My Uncle Norman was larger than life to me. I remember playing in the garage as Uncle Norman transformed a car into a work of art. As a child he would lay on the floor with his two daughters, Karrie and Stacy, and my sister Kristi and I, and watch Saturday morning cartoons with us.*

He also knew the best place for Homemade Strawberry milk shakes. One of my favorite memories to this day.

My Uncle was an extraordinary man who was loved by all who knew him. His spirit is filled with love and light. Smiles and big bear hugs full of love.

Never to be forgotten and always cherished in my memories forever.

*I love you Uncle Norman.
Your niece Vicki*

Vicki King - March 26, 2021 at 10:27 PM

“ For My Daddy,

So much to remember and to thank you for in my life.

Let's start with Saturday mornings – cereal and Looney Tune cartoons with you and Stacy. Those were happy times. Riding bikes around the block and Stacy falling into the police car.

The camping trips and the fishing. Thank you so much for patience of teaching me to cast and untangling the line numerous times.

Thank you for putting those squishy, icky clams on the hook and taking the wiggling, squirmy fish off the hook for me.

Thank you for the trips to Disneyland. I appreciate more as an adult the costs that were involved especially as you and Mom were so young. The trips bring so many happy memories and feelings to me and I treasure them. The Candy Cane Inn, Big Al, Country Bear Jamboree, the Tiki Room, and It's a Small World. We also enjoyed Knotts Berry Farm and the Log Ride.

The great trek Stacy, you, and me took across the states that summer. We traveled quickly but we hit a lot of spots. It was HOT in Needles, CA. The Grand Canyon was IMMENSE. Traveling in your Trans-Am along the interstates of the Midwest and becoming aware of how flat it was for so LONG. The rain drops were BIG in the Midwest (not like in CA). The stop at Disneyworld (before Epcot and the other theme parks arrived there). There was so much space between things there and it was so hot and humid. It would pour down rain in the middle of the day for about 15 minutes then just evaporate away as though it never happened in another 15 minutes. The melting pots in Yellowstone. The wildlife and nature of the Grand Tetons. You showing me how to “frame” a photo. Thank you for that. It really helps, Dad. But the main point of the trip was the stop in Missouri to see Grandpa Maple! Auntie, Uncle Ray, Vicki, and Kristi were there too. It was so HOT and the beetles there were bigger than I had ever seen in CA but I had so much fun walking down to the store and visiting with everyone.

I will miss you always answering the phone with different names of

places such as Taco Charlie's. I will miss you telling me that you are "Sweet, Innocent, Bashful, and Shy."

The trips to Holt, MO. Spending time with you in your garage while you worked on cars or going with you while you were chasing parts. The trips to the Flea Market. Eating with you and Linda, the wonderful meals she prepared or at the Chinese restaurant you liked to go to on Sundays. Watching TV and chatting with you in your family room. I enjoyed seeing the saplings you planted grow. I had so much fun driving in the car you restored to the car show in Kansas City. You were in your element. It was so much fun walking through the show and you telling me about the cars.

*Most of all in Visalia, I will miss our Sunday Breakfasts. You so often speaking that foreign language that I fondly call "CAR" because your daughter doesn't know much beyond tire, oil, brake, and door. You always asking for the 36-year-old red head and a million dollars. LOL! On the way back, stopping to pick up Lotto tickets for our chance at the million(s). Then back to your place to watch some TV and talk some more. Always some hugs before I would be on my way home. Dad, I really need those hugs now but I am so thankful for all the ones I got over the last few years. Thank you so much for the laughs, lessons, memories, smiles, hugs, and love.
Hugs and Love Always,
Your Baby Girl*

Karrie Maple - March 24, 2021 at 11:37 PM

“ Uncle Norman, also known as Farmer John, was my favorite Uncle, he adored his daughters and nieces, was beloved by his family, especially his sister and brother-in-law (my mom and dad), friends and those who knew him in the car enthusiast circuit. He was a lover of fast cars and motorcycles, a master mechanic, a true artist when it came to making something old look beautiful again. And boy did he just love a simple baloney sandwich! While not a large man by any means, he was always larger than life to me... with his big barrel chest, bear hugs, wolf-man jack beard and mustache, the ever present mischievous smile and his unmistakable laugh that will always be burned into my memory with fondness and love. He loved and lived life to its fullest and he was taken from us way too soon, while I know he is in a better place; I am saddened and angered that it was way before it should have been.

I will always remember him pounding on his chest like a Gorilla and making loud roaring sounds as he woke us all up in the morning, he was such a kid at heart! In fact, his daughters, Stacy and Karrie, gave him a couple of banks when we were kids and one was a Gorilla because he did this and we all thought it was so funny. He would put all of his coins in those banks and then roll it out later when they were full. He would make forts with us out of couch cushions and sheets, watch cartoons with us, laying in the middle of us on the floor, and laughing because Sherman the Tank, his huge cat who laid atop the old console TV would hang his huge paw down the middle of the screen. He would act like a big bull or bronco with Stacy and I on his back, pretending he would buck us off, as we squealed in uncontrollable giggles, it is no wonder we all loved him so much.

And even though Stacy and I were rotten to the core, he could never stay mad at us for long. I think we were 4-5 years old and we thought we would help him paint the house by taking his orange and black engine paints to the side of it, only problem was he had already finished PAINTING! He drove up, saw us and as he was getting out of the car, bellowed our names... we literally dropped the

cans and ran to the far side of the house and into the backyard for our dear lives! Amazing how we ever made it to age 6, I remember we cried huge crocodile tears because he yelled at us, but he couldn't stay mad at us... After that incident, we were known for being trouble!

I remember being in the garage with him and my dad, while they worked on cars. They would give me a block of wood or something and some tools and I would sit and play for hours, while they did their thing, but I think that is where I got my love for cars. ALL CARS. I love the old ones, new ones, the lines, the purr of an engine and I absorbed everything they did. I remember his Firebird, a true piece of art and how you had to have the garage door open when you turned the key, because the engine so loud and actually shook the whole house and could crack the windows. That car was fast and beautiful! He used to street drag it, and you could hear him coming miles that is for sure! All my boyfriends and guy friends are amazed at what I know about cars ... and it is from spending time with my Dad and Uncle out in the garage, I would not give that up for anything. I cherish those memories and always have, even more so now.

I just hope you know how much you were loved Farmer John, and if I didn't tell you often enough I am so sorry for that because you truly were loved, by all of us. And you will be missed. Our only consolation is that you are free from pain and you are looking down from above to watch over us now with Stacy, which provides some comfort. May you rest peacefully now, without pain or fear, knowing you were dearly loved and cherished, and will forever be remembered!

XOXOXOX

Little Farmer John, a nickname you gave me years ago that always made us laugh and I gave back to you!

Always and ever your niece The Brat, Kristi

PK

“ Dearly loved and the best brother in the world. We miss you so much. We know God took you from us to relieve you from pain and stress and allow you to rest in peace. We all know you will be smiling and watching over us.

We were always close and I don't recall ever having a disagreement with you. I remember lots of laughs and fun, especially when we were younger. When we were kids you were the one who always brought home the stray dogs which became loved family pets. As we grew older and had our own family and children you were always there when needed.

You were an adored by your nieces, Vicki and Kristi and their favorite Uncle. We remember your enthusiasm and enjoyment for rebuilding and showing your classic cars. You were very good at it and enjoyed the trophies you won, (several 1st place), and talking and sharing stories with friends and fellow enthusiast. Talking about cars was your favorite subject!! You were always happy to assist family and friends in need.

As your sister, known by most as Peggy, by family as Nyoka , and by you as "Pokie Oakie" & "Clunky Old Sister". I couldn't love you more. Ray, my dear hubby, loved you more than his own brother! You will be in our hearts and thoughts forever. You will never ever be forgotten and always remembered with love.

Peggy Nyoka King - March 21, 2021 at 01:17 PM

KK

Beautifully written Mom, Farmer John will always be with us in our hearts and memories, and he will be looking down from above to keep us safe.

Kristi King - March 23, 2021 at 04:30 AM

PK

“ Dearly loved and best brother in the world. Our hearts are broken that you were taken from us. We know God has taken you to a beautiful, safer, and pain free place where you can rest in peace and tranquility. We are sure you are smiling down on all of us. You will be forever loved and missed and never ever forgotten in our hearts and our precious memories. From your loving sister, Nyoka (aka-"Pokie Oakie" & "Clunky Ol Sister") and her hubby Ray King who loved you more than his brother!

Peggy Nyoka King - March 21, 2021 at 11:30 AM