



Dad was an intriguing man born in the Great Depression- a time that most of us could never understand. Clarence William Barhorst was born on March 31, 1930, to Julius and Anna (Kuether) Barhorst; the fourth of five children, the youngest of three sons, in a farmhouse with no electricity nor indoor plumbing. Their only source of water was from the hand pump in the kitchen sink.

Dad often told the story of leaving for school when the electricians arrived. When he returned at the end of the school day, there would be a single light hanging from the center of the ceiling and one wall socket: a full day's work.

Speaking of a full day of work, Dad spoke of the days of thrashing when harvesting wheat and neighbor helped neighbor. They all had just what they needed: nothing more, nothing less. Of course, their days were long as there were always cows to be milked, calves to be fed and hay to be stored. For fun, Dad and the younger boys would have contests parallel parking a tractor and wagon. Can you imagine?

By the age of 16, Dad had full responsibility for the daily running of the farm as his father was diagnosed with an enlarged heart. At that time in history, there were no medications for that ailment. Just rest. Dad turned 16 in 1946. He passed his permit test and driving test on the same day, using their 1933 red International farm truck which most likely had milk cans in the bed of the truck.

Dad was the only student permitted to drive to school. Why? He was the only student that had to milk cows before school. He also had permission to eat lunch at The Spot (a local restaurant that is still there today) as it took too long for him to go home for lunch.

Dad graduated as the Salutatorian of the class of 1948 Holy Angels High School in Sidney, Ohio. He was the Latin Scholar which was a major accomplishment since all his teachers were nuns. He was also known for his ability to recite the alphabet backwards, even as he aged. Dad had said that the only C he ever earned was in conduct!

At the age of 21, Dad assumed the financial responsibility of running the farm as his father had a fatal heart attack. One day, a president of the local bank pulled Dad aside and advised him on transitioning into his new role. That conversation stayed with him the rest of his life.

Dad first asked my future mother out for a date during one of the infamous rivalry basketball games between Sidney Holy Angels and Piqua Catholic. As the story goes, Mom turned him down. As she would say, "It was the Irish in me."

Their first date was on St. Patrick's Day 1951. Dad's persistence led to their marriage in 1953. Their union resulted in six of the most stubborn children known to mankind. They were married for 69 years until Mom's passing in 2022.

Years later, when the oldest son wanted to assume more responsibility on the farm, our parents had the opportunity to manage the Greenville Dairy Queen. They took on this task not knowing it would be such a time-consuming job. They continued to run the DQ for 24 years. Dad finally retired when he was in his eighties. Working at the DQ kept them young in some ways. They loved seeing people and listening to their stories. It had its challenges, too. Dad stated working with today's teenagers was totally different than raising his own.

Dad would talk to anyone that would listen. He treated everyone the same. It did not matter if they were a ditch digger, priest, plumber or bank president. Dad valued and respected others and their chosen professions.

Dad was actively involved in the Knights of Columbus on the local, regional, and state level holding various offices at each level. He was a member of the award-winning Third-Degree team for twenty-nine years. Apparently, his team won the state competition so many times that they no longer gave out the award. Dad's highest achievement came in February of 2024 when he received the Class Honoree Distinction award, an award given to a select few for their lifetime dedication to the Knights of Columbus.

As a father, Dad had high expectations for all of us. He expected us to follow through, never start a new task unless the previous was completed, and never quit as it was the easiest thing to do. Silence was a compliment because if you did something wrong, you would be told. We learned the importance of having a strong work ethic, the value of earning a dollar, to stand up for our beliefs and maintain a strong faith. Dad was very witty, had a wonderful sense of humor and more common sense than anyone.

Dad was a great storyteller. He was often the Master of Ceremony for various events. He had stories such as:

1. The sport coat that was so ugly that even a blind man wouldn't buy it.
2. A plane with a priest on it was going to crash. Someone asked the priest to do something religious. The priest decided to take up a collection.
3. Convincing an officer of the Shriners that the mason jar full of water was holy water. Dad saw the man years later and asked about the water. The man still had it as he was afraid to throw it away.
4. The frozen cat was revived by using gasoline. It later died as it ran out of gas!

He also had some classic one-liners that are worth repeating.

1. If you said: "It's great to see you!" His reply: "It's great to be seen!"
2. "The first person to leave is the first person we talk about", which is why he was almost always the last person to leave a party.
3. When leaving he would say: "Glad you got to see me again!"
4. "Right always wins."
5. "Now is a good a time as any!"
6. "If a person says they don't know, they are usually right!"
7. Even the last time we went out, he ordered a beer and told the waitress we had a problem. The problem: Dad forgot his ID.

We hope you have enjoyed this glimpse into the life of our father. It is important for all of us to share these types of family stories as they are part of our parents' legacy. Naturally, these stories might also explain why we are the way we are!

We feel so fortunate to have had two loving parents that raised us the way they did. They sacrificed so much and demonstrated many attributes that everyone needs to lead successful and happy lives. They led by example. They taught us it is not your turn; there is something better out there waiting for you and to always put your best foot forward. If you consistently do your best, then you'll never have a reason to regret. We hope in some small way, we can add to their legacy in a positive manner.

May they rest in peace. Well done thy good and faithful servants.