



Joseph S Glosson

February 29, 1960 - January 16, 2015

Joseph S. Glosson passed away Friday, January 16, 2015. He was a much loved man that will be greatly missed.

He is preceded in death by his mother and father: Betty Jo and Joseph Glosson, Sr.; son: Dustin.

He is survived by his wife: Sandie; sons: Jarrett and Jesse; sisters: Vickie Moss, Jerry Russell, and Carol Spielman-Adkins; many nieces, nephews, and cousins.

The family will receive friends Saturday, January 24, 2015 from 12P.M. until 1P.M. at Kyker Funeral Homes, Sweetwater with a Celebration of Life service to follow in the Chapel at 1P.M.

Kyker Funeral Homes, Sweetwater is in charge of the arrangements.

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 24. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (ET)

Kyker Funeral Homes
OUR SWEETWATER CHAPEL
PO Box 309, 113 W. North Street
Sweetwater, TN 37874
(423) 337-5033
julie@kyker.net
<https://www.kykerfuneralhomes.com/>

Celebration of Life

JAN 24. 1:00 PM (ET)

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Tribute Wall

JT

“ *Jim & Karen Tyler lit a candle in memory of Joseph S Glosson* ”



Jim & Karen Tyler - January 24, 2015 at 06:12 PM

“ Eleven years after her 3rd little girl Mom gave birth to Joseph Spencer Glosson, Jr. fondly called Joey or little Joe.

I was still playing with dolls at that time and had received a 3' toddler doll the year before. Needless to say my brother got dressed up a lot.. I like to think this helped develop his easy going and joyful personality.

I loved to take him to the movies or the zoo. One time I took him to the circus. He was very restless, fidgeting and looking everywhere but at the circus. After a few minutes I put my glasses on him and he was mesmerized by everything he could see.

Brother was very smart and had a great imagination. One time in elementary school Mom got called in to see his teacher. She told Mom that Joe lies saying that no matter what place they were learning about Joe would always say he had been there. Mom very bluntly informed the teacher that when Joe studied about a place he HAD been there If only in his mind.

I recall one incident when Joe was about 5 he informed Mom that he was running away. She got him a lunchbox and packed it for him. He put it on the handlebar of his tricycle and rode all the way to the corner before he turned around and came home to see what Mom had packed.

We all enjoyed family trips to the mountains and Joe made one trip especially memorable for us. Back then there was only a split rail fence across the top of Amicola Falls and everyone wanted to scoot across the fence. Joe was next to last with me bringing up the rear. Dad hollered back across for Joe not to try and touch the water! Too late! When Joe reached for the water he started falling off the fence. I grabbed him around the waist and we would up swinging upside down with my legs wrapped around the top rail until Dad could get back to us and help us up. I still don't like being high over water now.

I think it was this same trip when Joe wound up his rubber band airplane and stuck it in the back of my beautiful long hair. Mom had to cut it out.

The next summer Joe climbed in Dad's truck to play. He found Dad's pistol and proceeded to play cowboys and Indians with real bullets. Thankfully no one got hurt and Dad learned to be more careful after that.

I fondly recall Joe's first BB gun. He was so excited. Dad loaded it up and they went outside. It wasn't long before a teary eyed Joe came back inside. Seems he never expected to hit that little bird.

There are thousands of memories of our much beloved wonderful brother and his quirky sense of humor. Some of the best are the times he helped take care of our Mother driving 200 miles one way to help. Mom was always so delighted to see him and in spite of Alzheimer's always knew her boy Joe.

Family or friend Joe was always there for you, whether you needed his expertise with a hammer or his jokes to cheer you up.

Thank you brother for the hand made cradles my grandchildren are growing up in, for your help taking care of our mother so we could keep her at home and for all your loving ways. We know Mom's happy now with you by her side.

Your loving sister

Jerry

Jerry - January 23, 2015 at 07:45 PM

SS

“ My name is Sam Atkins Spielmann; I am the baby of Joey's 3 older sisters. Vickie and Jerry were almost teens when Joey was born. But I was just young enough to have thought of Joey as my baby, my first baby. He was such a sweet baby, all the fuss I had heard about babies being so much trouble just vanished into thin air. His blond curls, blue eyes and sweet sweet smile brighten every waken hour.

I was not so sure about this new baby, I was the baby for 10 years and then puff! Here was the happiest baby ever. We were so glad that we celebrated his first week birthday then his first month birthday, and then 3 months birthday... maybe it was the cake I liked, but really sweet Joey. Well you get the picture, he was wanted very much.

I loved to play with him and dress him. One day, don't remember which one of us, dressed him in a pair of overalls, just slightly too big and hung him on an old wire coat hanger with some old work boots on, it is the sweetest picture of him, a very sweet memory. There he was swinging in the air just like an angel.

I learned real fast that little fella could move at jack rabbit speed. I burst out the backdoor one afternoon and he came running after me and tumbled down three old concrete stairs and got skinned up pretty much from head to toe, he cried out but wasn't crying, what he was saying was "Spray me, spray me all over." Now you may remember the bacterial spray Bactrian. We got to spray him a lot.

When he was around five Vickie, Jerry and I took him to Sunday school with us. On this particular day he didn't want to go into the nursery so we took to the sanctuary with us. We all gave him pennies to put in the tray when it was passed around. The tray was passed to Vickie, then Jerry held the tray for Joey, who dropped a penny, after some nudging he dropped two more in. The coins were dropping one by one when suddenly and quite loudly he looks at Vickie and says very tearfully, "not all of them!" Yes, even as a

young toddler he could keep a room in laughter. A trait he never grew out of.

I never really got to know the loving, kind man he would grow into, but I can tell you he had the story telling ability of another Georgia native son, Louis Grizzard. I never failed to

think of my baby brother when I saw or read Grizzard, he didn't have nothing over my baby brother. Joey could turn a phrase or string a few words together that would keep you laughing long after your conversation ended.

Before Joey was into his teens I was married and moved far away to Florida, so adults' years were to catch meal together every so often, but not often enough.

My husband Tom, worked with Joey and Sandi and became close, Tom would never repeat the jokes told at work, all he says is what a talented wood worker Joey was. Tom, Bonnie and I wish to express our deepest regret to Sandi and the boys for their loss of a husband and a father and mine the loss of a brother who was truly one of my happiest memories of my childhood.

Thank you brother, I love and will as always miss you deeply.

Your sister Sam

Sam Spielmann - January 23, 2015 at 07:15 PM