

## Edward Charles Kegel

May 29, 1944 - April 3, 2015

Edward Charles Kegel, age 70 of Kissimmee, Florida passed away Friday April 3rd, 2015. Edward was born in New Jersey on May 29, 1944. Edward was in the Navy for 10 years serving in the Vietnam War and The Cuban Crisis.

Edward is survived by his wife Betty Hines Kegel, daughter: Barbara Lee Hirstius (Barry), son: Edward William Kegel (Tina), granddaughter Sonja Ashley Boger and 2 great-grandchildren Jasmine Joann Howe and Serenity Jolee Howe.

Edward is preceded in death by his parents Edward George Kegel and Catherine Smith.

# Tribute Wall

LW

“ We are so sorry for your loss. It is so difficult to lose our loved ones, but we can look forward to the wonderful resurrection day when we will see them again. I know you will cherish the memories and impact he had in your life. You and your family continue to be in our prayers during this difficult time and during the difficult days you will have in the future. If there is anything we can do, please just let us know. Keep looking up and forward to our Lord's return. Pastor Dean and Lutricia - Barbara and Barry's friends

Lutricia Whitlow - April 07, 2015 at 06:18 PM

BA

Thank you!

Barbara - April 07, 2015 at 06:45 PM

BK

Thank you!

Betty Kegel - April 08, 2015 at 01:38 PM

GB

“ Genie Bruno lit a candle in memory of Edward Charles Kegel



Genie Bruno - April 07, 2015 at 05:52 AM

GB

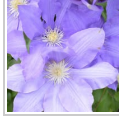
i AM PRAYING FOR YOUR WHOLE FAMILY AND I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS. i AM BARBARA'S MOTHER IN LAW

Genie Bruno - April 07, 2015 at 05:57 AM

BH

*Thank you!*

**Barbara Hirstius** - April 07, 2015 at 11:32 AM



*Sorry for you loss. The memories like you tennis story is what keeps our loved one alive in our hearts. The memories never go away. Your in my prayers. Barbara's friend.*

**Connie Williamson** - April 07, 2015 at 05:04 PM

BA

*Thank you!*

**Barbara** - April 07, 2015 at 06:45 PM

BH

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



**Barbara Hirstius** - April 06, 2015 at 11:55 AM

LH

“ *Lana & Billie Hines lit a candle in memory of Edward Charles Kegel*



**Lana & Billie Hines** - April 06, 2015 at 11:23 AM

“ I was around 15 and had moved into Dad's house for a time before my mom and dad re-married. Dad was determined to teach me Tennis. During the week it was a ritual that I would have to be dressed and ready, waiting with tennis racket and balls in hand so when dad got home from work, we could immediately drive around Baton Rouge, looking for the best and least occupied tennis court to practice tennis. My first lesson... my dad had no patience (now I know where I get that from! LOL) so if I was not ready, with his loud deep voice (which struck fear in my heart) would rush me around to get ready and believe me, it only took me 5 minutes!

Our first couple of games was him teaching me scoring, serving, showing me how to stand, how to swing, reminding me to keep my legs bent so I would be ready to leap for the ball.... it was a scary, exciting and eye opening time for me because prior to this, I really hadn't seen my dad for a long time so I really didn't know him well.

He went easy on me at first but as I improved, his serves and returns got harder. After he felt we could play a good game, he told me that the first time I win, would be the last game he would play. I didn't really take it to heart but the boldness that he thought he could continue to beat me gave me a goal... to beat him one day.

I remember the first day I returned the ball that just barely missed the net and came at him so fast he swung and missed it. He just stood staring at me in disbelief. Then all at once we were laughing and dad praised me for the drive. After that, he played the game pretty hard and yet when he missed a return, he would jokingly fuss at how he had to get his racket fixed because it had holes big enough for the ball to pass through!

There were many more games were he had to fight harder to maintain his title but after we played, he would tell me what he saw I did wrong and praised me on the serves he thought were pretty good. Unfortunately, to his word... I won one day and that truly was the last of the games. It was sad but as dad said... I had won and

*therefore, there was nothing more he could teach me.*

*I am fond of tennis but only because of the time my dad shared with me in this. The time he took out of his day to teach me something new, allowed me to see him laugh and taught me how to work hard for something I want.*

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**Barbara Hirstius** - April 06, 2015 at 10:50 AM