**By Linda Herrin Bradley on the death of her Father, E.C. Herrin, April 2015 of Irondale, Alabama. Linda is a great, great granddaughter of John Thomas Holliman, 1844-1930**

Daddy was an amazing man. His parents were hard workers in the 1930’s and he learned well from them. When he was 12 years old, his Mother died from breast cancer. Since Daddy had no brothers or sisters, his Father took him to live temporarily with his Mother’s sister and their 5 children, but 3 months later his Father was killed in a car accident. After that Daddy always worked to support himself – starting with a paper route on his bicycle, and later at Sears Roebuck as he put himself through college. He was working for TCI when they told he would be transferred to Pittsburgh and he needed to take metallurgy classes. Daddy said if he was going back to school it would be Law School, so he did. His cousin, our Aunt Lola, gave him $100 to start his tuition, because his Mother had given her $100 years before so she could go to business school. So for 5 years Daddy worked all day, then went to Law School at night, with 3 children and 1 on the way. But he never complained and he loved every minute of his work, for 50 years, as a Lawyer and a Municipal Judge.

Then in 1989, Daddy started losing his eyesight to macular degeneration. Gone were the books he so loved to read, but thankfully he had books on tape to help. Mother became his eyes – driving, reading, writing, and sitting by him as a judge – so justice truly was blind. Most people didn’t know he couldn’t see, because he managed and again, never complained.

Mother and Daddy married 64 years ago this June, and Daddy would always say they were still trying to work it out. When Mother went to work for him in 1972, we thought divorce was eminent. But Daddy said they couldn’t divorce because they couldn’t agree on who had take the kids. Daddy would grin and say his list started with his books, hunting rifles, the dog, the car – he laughed and said we were way down on his list!

In the past few years, Daddy’s health really started to decline. But still, even to the end, he managed and he never complained.

I used to get upset when I was growing up about whatever little stuff was happening to me, and I would tell Daddy “it’s not fair.” Daddy would always say, “I can promise you a lot of things, but I never promised you fair.” Certainly a lot of things in his life weren’t fair, but he never complained and you would never know about it.

Daddy has always been there, to encourage us, to help us learn from our mistakes, to wipe away our tears, to tell us to be careful when we would leave, and to tell us he loved us and how proud he was of us. His only regret was that his parents were not able to know us. He slept well every night – because he said he had a “clear conscience.” And he did.