

CELEBRATING THE LIFE AND LOVE OF  
*Tony W. Frederick*

April 27, 1933 - April 13, 2025





Tony Frederick was a constant source of strength, heart and resiliency, even in the most difficult of times. He was a no non-sense man whose work ethic was unmatched. Tony simply understood the secret to making the most of every day. He was loyal, led by example, and built a strong foundation for his family. Throughout a journey that spanned times of plenty and times of want, times of war and peace, Tony always paved the way building a legacy of dedication, honor, and integrity.



Tony's journey began on April 27, 1933, born in the small, rural town of Cynthiana, Kentucky to Floyd and Margaret Frederick. Tony grew up on the family farm where he developed a strong work ethic at an early age. Cynthiana was deeply rooted in agriculture and was a tight-knit community. The Great Depression swept through the country like a dust storm, with many holding on to their resilience, community reliance and a strong connection to the land. Tony learned that nothing came easy, and that every

bit of effort mattered. He was the youngest with three older siblings; Mildred, Janet, and Richard. The family farm grew tobacco and hay. From sun up to sunset, he worked with his family to keep the farm moving forward. Work was not a burden; it was a lifeline. He attended school in a one-room schoolhouse, and when he did grab some free time, he loved to drop a line in at the local fishing hole.



Tony attended Harrison County High School and received an award for never missing a day of school. School work came easy to Tony and was a good student. One day, Tony spotted what soon would be the love of his life, Barbara Mattox on the school bus and announced that he was going to marry her. Tony was on the shy side and it took a while to muster up enough courage to ask her on a date. Cynthiana was the kind of town where everyone knew your business before you even told it. It did not take long before they began dating; she at the young age of 15 and he at 19. After a year, he asked for her hand in marriage and the rest is history. The two were married on a hot day in June of 1953.





No grand gestures, no fancy honeymoon, just a pure heart for one another to begin what would last another 71 years of marriage, spending each day side by side. Tony was drafted into the Army during the Korean War and was stationed in Fort Lewis, Washington. At the young age of 16, Barbara bravely jumped on an airplane and flew out to begin their lives as a married couple.

In 1955, Tony and Barbara joyfully welcomed their son, Tony Jr. Tony served four years working in the Armored Division driving tanks. He found himself on the set of *To Hell and Back*, a World War II movie. Upon their arrival home after his service was finished, he landed a job as a welder in their hometown of Cynthiana. After about a year, the couple

moved to Burlington, Kentucky to be closer to Barbara's side of the family; The Mattox and Clifford families. Over the span of the next 22 years, the family would continue to grow, welcoming five more children: Rickey, Kim, Bobby, Johnny, and Michael. Tony began his truck driving career and was proudly part of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters Union. The Frederick house was a busy one, and welcomed anyone by that could stay a while. Friends, neighbors and family members spent hours chatting on the front porch over coffee where connections were made and time stood still.

The Frederick family hold fond memories on Kincaid Lake boating and fishing. Barbara lovingly made Tony 2 eggs, sausage and strawberry preserves on toast every morning before he set out to tackle his day. He worked tirelessly, always looking forward to the next project. He held multiple jobs, whether he was starting his own business delivering water, driving a truck or working for the school system as a janitor, he put in long hours and never complained. Tony took what others considered junk and brought it back to

life; always tinkering and piddling in his beloved garage. He worked on heavy equipment, old cars and would never miss an opportunity to help out a neighbor or friend. In the mid-eighties, Tony was in a horrific accident in his garage that would change the trajectory of his life.





He was changing a tire on a pickup truck and it blew up sending him into the ceiling. He spent months in the hospital recovering and healing from all his injuries. During this trial in his life, he grew in his faith and he realized what was important in his life; family. More time was spent with grandchildren, working in his garden, being grateful for the small and simple moments of life and attending church. Tony adored his pet Chihuahuas and had several over the years that were some of his most favorite companions. He did not have much patience, but could spend hours on end in his later years watching the clouds go by with a fishing pole in his hand. Barbara and Tony would eventually welcome 12 grandchildren, 24 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great-grandchildren. Many happy memories were spent in recent years at Tony and Barbara's camp along the Ohio River, Camp Turn About. It was truly a place where they could reminisce, find solace, be with family and unwind.

Surrounded by family, Tony peacefully passed away on April 13, 2025. Though he will be dearly missed, Tony leaves behind a priceless legacy that his loved ones will be proud to carry on in his footsteps.



  
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