



Paul Keith Herring Sr.

August 9, 1940 - March 6, 2013

Chesapeake - Paul Keith Herring Sr, 72 of the 1400 block of Boxwood Drive, departed this life on March 6, 2013 at his residence. He was born in Anderson, SC to Odia Alex and Edna Burnett Herring. Keith retired as a Master Chief from the United States Navy with 32 years of service, and was a member of the Loyal Order of the Moose. Keith was predeceased by his wife Claudia Kay Clausen Herring.; a sister Bobbie and a brother Don Herring. He leaves to cherish his memory a daughter, Karen Quick (Tim) and a son Paul K. Herring, Jr. (Crystal); and a sister, Kay Herring. Also left to carry on his legacy are his grandchildren, Colleen Boyle, Kevin and Kyle Herring and Christopher Lamb; a great granddaughter Alayna Boyle along with his beloved pets Max and Kitty.

In lieu of flowers donations can be made to the following charities: American Cancer Society, American Diabetes Association, or American Heart Association. If flowers are preferred please send to J.T. Fisher Funeral Services.

Cemetery Details

Albert G Horton Jr. Veterans Memorial Cemetery

5310 Milner's Road
Suffolk, VA

Previous Events

Service

MAR 15. 11:00 AM (ET)

Albert G Horton Jr. Veterans Memorial Cemetery
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Suffolk, VA

Tribute Wall

“ *The Sailor Boy*

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1861)

*He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.*

*And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
“O boy, tho' thou are young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.*

*Sitting quietly in my Uncle Keith and Aunt Claudia's home,
yesterday – I found it almost impossible to think about Keith as an
individual, separate person. To me, he'd always been the Keith-part
of Claudi & Keith. Keith and Claudia. Papa and Grandma. Mom and
dad. I was 4 when they married, so they were always to me a
package deal.*

*But I do have one, intensely vivid memory of him as an individual
man – as simply Keith Herring.*

*I was about 1967-8. I was 7 or 8 years old and he was stationed at
Great Lakes. The Herrings lived in a tiny brick ranch house on
School Street in Grayslake, IL. The house backed up to Grayslake
high school. From the back yard, we could watch the football team
and the marching band practicing on the field.*

*In this particular memory, it is a hot - a sweltering (pre-air
conditioning) August afternoon. Paul is a toddler – in a cloth diaper,
nothing else. Karen is just an infant – sweating in Claudi's arms. My
sister Sharon, probably 6 and Steve, 5 were there, too. It must have
been 100 degrees with a baking afternoon sun that made the grass
in the yard crisp and prickly under our bare feet. I've no idea why
poor Claudi had all 5 of us!*

We'd been having a happy day, playing together. We spent a lot of time together. Paul & Karen were less like cousins, and more like younger brother and sister. It was really comfortable. Safe. Family.

And then Keith came home. Uncle Keith.

He was young. Bearded. Talked with a funny accent. Walked around the house without a shirt on. He demanded we call him "Sir". Answer, "Yes, sir!" "No, sir!" He terrified us!

He was a stranger to all five of us since he'd go to sea for 9 months at a time. That's a long, long time in young lives. We hardly remembered him from visit to visit. In fact, there were times when even Karen and Paul – who spent so much time with their 3 older cousins, forgot he was dad and they too called him Uncle Keith. Forty years later, Keith would still cringe at that memory.

It's likely that on that hot summer day in the 1960s, Keith had come from the base having worked all day. He probably just wanted some peace and a cold beer, but instead came home to a house full of hot, sweaty, noisy, cranky babies.

In my memory, he ordered us to sit on the couch. Make no noise. Just silently sweat until Pen came to rescue us. And, we did... followed his orders absolutely...like all good sailors...at least that's how I remember it.

But, few childhood memories are completely reliable. They are like looking through a tiny keyhole. The view is limited. Details are lost.

In this memory, my eight year old self neither sees nor understands the quiet, gentle man who was Keith Herring. I didn't see the young, hard-living 20 year old sailor who wrote long, impassioned love letters to his new wife, Claudia. Letters filled with his commitment to her, and his hopes and dreams for their life together. A journey that would last 50 years.

But as years went by, I learned a bit more about Keith. I know now, for instance, that he was:

An unassuming, gentle man who, was ALWAYS armed, supported the death penalty and nuclear bombs.

A traditional, good ol' southern boy, who married an exceptionally modern woman who hated to cook, clean and had no intention of keeping her opinion to herself.

He traveled the world, but was happiest at home.

He was a decorated Naval master chief, who didn't like the beach.

He'd go to the beach with us each year, but never leave the living room – content to watch Fox News and NASCAR races all day.

He was smart, interested in politics, and deemed Fox news a reliable source.

He love, love, loved to shop, but hated to spend money.

He wa

Susan Lawrence - March 23, 2013 at 10:48 AM

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“*Brian And Stasia Ohmie lit a candle in memory of Paul Keith Herring Sr.*”



Brian and Stasia Ohmie - March 17, 2013 at 09:19 AM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Paul Keith Herring Sr..*



March 13, 2013 at 11:15 PM



“ *Dad, words cant describe how i feel right now. When I got orders back home it was so I could spend time with you and mom. Well we kinda blew that huh. I have been chasing your navy career throughout my life, joining the Navy, being selected for Chief, trying to make it to Master Chief just like you. I might not have told you this but I wanted to be just like you Dad! Some day maybe the navy will see it our way. I will never forget our brief phone conversations and you asking "you make senior chief yet?" and my response was not yet dad but im trying. Hope I havent let you down. Dad you will always be the "Master Chief" (seeing how you made me call you that more than once, and you refered to me as the Chief), but you will forever be my Dad. Love and miss ya pops*

Paul Herring - March 13, 2013 at 06:11 AM