



Joann Claire Dickey

April 12, 1955 - July 25, 2016

Joann Claire Dickey, 61 of Clover Bend, died at her home after battling cancer, Monday July 25th, 2016.

Born April 12, 1955 in Westfield, MA; daughter of the late Thomas and Ann Monahan Kallaugher.

In 1973 Joann received the National Defense Service Medal and was a Navy Medical Assistant, as well as an honorable discharged Veteran. A business woman and Co-owner of Sugar Ridge Records, The Nutra-Treat company and Dickey Tree Service. Joann enjoyed running the office, singing and placing songs for the Sugar Ridge Music publishing company. She was part owner of several copyrights and trademarks, as well as U.S. and foreign patents. Joann will be missed by all that knew her. She had a unique voice with almost perfect pitch and she touched a lot of lives.

She is survived by her partner and husband of 34 years, Maylon Ed Dickey of the home; one stepson, Maylon E. Dickey II of Caruthersville, MO; four grandchildren, Whitney, Taylor, Hunter and Hannah; one great-grandson, TJ; three sisters and their husbands, Kathy M. and Hank Cassidy of Schenectady, NY, Shella A. and Joe Long of Agawam, MA, Theresa J. and Cliff Becker of Clearwater, FL; and many other relatives and friends.

All services will be private. Memorials to be made to American Cancer Research.

Tribute Wall



“ *Joann Claire Dickey*

January 29, 2023 at 08:29 AM



“ *What a wonderful Nana we love and miss you , I was greatful to have you in my life as well as Whitney Dickey she loves you so much and will walk with you in the kingdom of heaven one day*

Amy Watkins - December 24, 2021 at 04:10 AM



“ *I have many wonderful memories of working in the recording studio with Joann and Ed. She was a fine woman and will be sorely missed by so many. My condolences to those left behind.*

Jim Sales - July 29, 2016 at 11:53 AM

“*Joann Claire Dickey was my best friend. She was Joann Claire and I am Claire Janelle. We met in the Navy when we were both stationed outside of Memphis and assigned to the Dispensary as Hospital Corpsman in 1975. We ended up on the same duty crew. This meant that every six days we worked a 16 hour day together. On the weekends our only responsibility was to serve as the ambulance driver/crew in the event a plane crashed. Since planes were not crashing it could be a very long and boring day. We played Spades all day. Eventually, we devised cheating rules to break up the monotony. It was also a good time to get to know each other. We understood each other's sense of humor. A mere glance at each other could convey a whole conversation. The same glance could send us both into fits of laughter including times when laughter probably wasn't appropriate.*

Joann was a beautiful woman. A beautiful person both on the outside and more importantly, on the inside as well. She told me that she had been a goofy looking kid and finally showed me a photo of herself when she was young, to prove it. When we were young adults, single, living in Memphis, and broke, we still found ways to go out and have fun. One time, when we were both broke she said that we could get gas so we could go somewhere. She had a J. C. Penny card and there was a Penny service station at the mall. It was full-service and the young attendant was so awestruck by Joann that he had trouble focusing on his job. When he handed her credit card back to her, he said that we were good to go. So, Joann started her car, put it in gear and started to pull away from the pump. There was a loud clunk and the car jerked. He had forgotten to take the nozzle out of the tank because he was so focused on her. He had been stuck dumb by her beauty. His co-workers were all cracking up laughing at him.

We both understood that to have friends you have to be a friend. And, she sure knew how to be a friend. She was fiercely loyal. She always had my back and I had her's. We could gauge each other's mood by hearing the other say "hello" on the phone. Sometimes, it

was followed with a quick “what’s wrong?” When I would leave her home she would always insist that I “be careful” and to call her when when I got home. She must have timed my trips, because if I forgot to call her, she would call and ask “WHY DIDN’T YOU CALL ME?”

It was a very happy time when she met Tooter, her husband. She drove down to Memphis, on the day of their wedding to buy a ring and a dress. She stopped to pick me up bearing coffee and breakfast. I can still hear her knocking and saying, “Get up, Get up.” We scurried around shopping and then drove back to Carruthersville. It was a whirlwind day, but a very good one. I was sad that she wasn’t going to be in Memphis anymore. However, I was always welcome at their home and spent many weekends and holidays with them. One Christmas Eve we said goodnight after making the sofa bed up for me to sleep in. I sat down on the bed and put my feet up to lie down and the bed folded me up in it. I quietly and frantically called, “Joann, Joann” and when she saw my predicament collapsed into a chair laughing and it was several minutes before she could get up to help me.

These are just a few of our shared memories. When you don’t have your family close by (mother, sisters) your closest friends become your family. We helped each other through injury, illness and loss as well as the good times. In 2011 Joann, Ed and Whitney came to Minnesota while I was being treated for cancer.

This was our 41st year of a wonderful friendship. As I write this, I smile at the happy memories (and there are so many). I also feel great sadness as well as relief that her suffering is over. My heart aches for the loss of my dear friend, Joann.

Claire Garcia - July 28, 2016 at 02:07 PM

TS

“ We extend our deepest sympathy to the Dickey family in the loss of Joann Claire. Our thoughts are with you and our prayers are for all of you. May God comfort you as only He can. In His Love, Tommy & Martha Smith, Florence, AL



Tommy Smith - July 27, 2016 at 10:36 PM

MK

“ Mike Keeton lit a candle in memory of Joann Claire Dickey



Mike keeton - July 27, 2016 at 11:07 AM

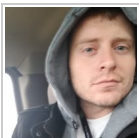
MK

“ Ed.....you and Joann were the best thing to happen in my life during my hard times and good times you two were there for me. Joann was your rock and loved you more than anything else. Make it your goal in life to please her as you always have.....I thank God I got to know her and will think of her every day

Virginia and I regret we were unable to be a part of your family that we wanted to be

Keeton and virglna weber

Mike keeton - July 27, 2016 at 11:05 AM



“ I miss u nana.

Taylor Novak - July 27, 2016 at 08:53 AM

JS

“ ED, WE ARE SO SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT JOANN, OUR
THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ARE WITH YOU AND YOUR FAMILY
AT THIS DIFFICULT TIME. DAVE, JO AND LYNN

JO SANDBORN - July 27, 2016 at 08:20 AM

SS

“ We all experience moments of true magic. Mine are the bonds formed when a relationship is forged and it is so entrenched in my soul as to become an extension of my heart. Today my soul is raw and my heart is broken. Last night one of my heart sisters crossed into the spirit world where she is free of the cancer that stole her from us too early. I cannot stop the ache nor contain the flood of tears; I can though share glimpses of our relationship. And perhaps you can feel a bit of the magic too.

JoAnn Kallaugher Dickey and I met in a barracks in Orlando, Florida, US Navy boot camp for women; we were all of 18, away from home and just a bit unnerved. It wasn't until we had finished boot camp and our training to be Hospital Corpsmen that the magic started to coalesce. We were assigned to our first duty station NAS Millington, Tennessee. We arrived together, were assigned a room together, and were assigned to the pediatric ward together, and when our barracks burned down we got an apartment together. Jo was from an Irish Catholic family with two sisters. She lived outside of Boston and attended a Parochial all girl school. I share this only because we were polar opposites. She wouldn't say shit if she had a mouthful and the F word was an active part of my vocabulary by then. Her naiveté was soon exorcised.

We wanted some space of our own in the tiny bedroom we shared so we built a wall of beer cans. The lesson here was to always wash out the cans thoroughly prior to construction or you will have created cockroach tenements. Eviction of our undesired guests required a total teardown and a nuclear strike. We had drunk valiantly with like-minded comrades to procure enough materials for that wall; it was a sad day. There were many other adventures including a night in jail, bar hopping with gay male friends (this can get bitchy when you all have the same taste in men), spending an evening at the enlisted men's club drinking whiskey sours and tying cocktail cherry stems with our tongues followed by waking up with a sugar hang over and 22 stems each, and... best to stop here we both have grandchildren who might read this someday. Jo stayed in Tennessee and I went on to more schooling, an overseas tour, and other adventures but we always stayed in touch through phone

calls, cards, and letters.

We met the loves of our lives at the same time, she in Missouri and I in Washington. We marveled at the coincident and were taken aback by the similarities of both men physically, intellectually, and their punny sense of wit. We both married and raised families Somewhere along the way Jo Anne acquired a Southern accent and taught me to say, "Bless her heart before dishing any dirt". JoAnn went to work full time behind the scenes for Tooter. She was that infinitely patient, calm, competent voice on the phone when you called the Tree Doctor, she saw to the needs of recording artists when they came to record in the studio Tooter built off the house, she raised her stepson and later her granddaughter. She even drew that man of hers a bath and ironed ALL of his clothes. With more than one small business, a husband it takes an act of god to get on a plane, and a family, I flew to see her about every five years. Later when Rusty and I were truck driving we would plan loads and off time close enough to go stay with Jo, Tooter, and Whitney.

It never mattered how long between calls or frequency of visits; we were always able to continue the conversation as if no gap had occurred. Veterans Day and Birthdays were usually accompanied by the phone ringing followed by an hour or two, perhaps three of catching up.

There won't be a call this year on Veterans Day, the phone won't ring on my Birthday but I will make a Rye and Ginger with a twist and think of you my sister. I will let the magic loose because I know it will reach you across time and space and for that brief moment we will have a conversation.

Shawn E Spendiff - July 26, 2016 at 06:21 PM

RW

“ *Rhonda Woosley lit a candle in memory of Joann Claire Dickey*



rhonda woosley - July 26, 2016 at 05:05 PM

RW

Aunt Joann such a sweet spirit always loving and giving to all around her I will forever be grateful to her for taking care of my dad Bud. my thoughts and prayers go out to the whole family. Love all

rhonda woosley - July 26, 2016 at 05:08 PM