



## Henry Parsons

February 23, 1917 - April 29, 2010

Henry "Hank" Parsons, 93, a lifelong New Britain resident, passed away peacefully Thursday April 29, 2010. He attended New Britain schools and his career path as a tool & die maker spanned employment at New Britain Machine, Underwood Typewriter, Royal Typewriter, Iona and MH Rhodes Company, retiring in 1992. Hank was a WWII US Army Veteran, Bronze Star recipient, and as he told it, he won the war in Italy. Hank was a prominent athlete and among his accomplishments were entry into the New Britain Sports Hall of Fame and the Connecticut ASA Hall of Fame. He was head basketball coach for Morse School of Business, coached the Bronson Heights Little League, was an avid golfer, played in the former New Britain Industrial League and played with the Crema Brewery Team. He was also a member of the famed Emeralds softball team. More than these accomplishments, Henry, dad, grandpa, loved his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. He was predeceased by his mom and dad, John and Elizabeth Parsons, his wife, Mary Duncan Parsons, his brother Jack Parsons, and his two sisters, Frances Sitavich and Lorraine O'Brien.

He leaves behind, three children, Marykay and Michael Marino; John "Rocky" Parsons and his companion Patricia Carlson; and Robert and Cheryl Parsons; four grandchildren, Scot and Kristine Parsons, Shauna Marino and her partner Fabian Peluso, Heidi and Matthew Toretto, and Dawn Parsons and her partner Michelle McDade; two great granddaughters, Morgan and Leighton; and several nieces.

Funeral services are Saturday 10:30 AM at the Carlson Funeral Home 45 Franklin Sq. New Britain, CT 06051. Burial with Military honors will be in St. Mary Cemetery. Calling hours are Friday TODAY 5 to 8 PM. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the Spinal Cord Injury Association of Connecticut, c/o Gaylord Hospital, 400 Gaylord Farm Rd, Wallingford, CT 06492. Please share a memory or note of sympathy by clicking on "Memory Tributes" at the bottom of this page.

# Tribute Wall

“ All of my life, my Uncle Henry was there. He was a larger than life figure for me. As a child staying with my grandparents, I remember that when Uncle Henry would come through the door the whole room would light up. He would laugh, tease his parents, always make time to have a moment with me. I never saw my grandparents happier than when Henry would stop in.

*In my grandmother's living room she hung three of her children's pictures on the wall. Above those was a picture of Christ, and above that was a picture of Henry. As an adult I have laughed, a psychiatrist would have a field day with that one!*

*When his sister Frances passed and I lost it at the viewing, he came over to me and tried to ease my pain by joking about the Chicago Bears where I lived at the time and whether I would bet him on the next game. I knew exactly what he was doing so I lifted my face from my hands and asked what kind of point spread he was talking about. He was so surprised that he actually hooted with laughter. And at that moment, I knew I would be okay.*

*From a distance, because we always lived so far away, it seems to me that and these are a child's memories that he couldn't stand to see someone in pain. I also know that he felt deeply. He adored his children and his grandchildren. And he was adored by his kid sister, Lorraine. Up until the day she died, my mother would tell stories about her big brother. Her bond with Henry was very close. It was strong, spiritual and protective. In their later years, they were unable to speak together and I think they both made a deliberate choice not to try. They did not want to cause each other any pain about their own conditions. I think to the end they tried to protect each other. It comes as no surprise to me that Uncle Henry passed on my mother's birthday because I am convinced she went and got him! My mother would have moved heaven and earth to help her big brother when she was here. And I think she, knowing her, well, she just may have moved heaven to make room for her beloved brother.*

*And as I grow old myself, there is comfort knowing that when it's my turn, my Uncle Henry will be there with a laugh, a tease that will just for me. And I also know that all of the family that I remember from Christmas at Aunt Mickey's, the great uncles and aunts, my own uncles and aunts, that I saw so rarely and loved so much will be waiting. There will be light, laughter and love.*

*But for right now, I can't believe there is a world without my Uncle Henry in it. And if grief is the price one pays for love, then I make my payment happily for Uncle Henry more than most understood...love.*

---

**Maureen O'Brien** - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

MP

“ *Our thoughts and prayers are with the Parsons family. He will be missed but always remembered.*

---

**Mr and Mrs Todd Peretz** - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM