



John David Anderson

April 10, 1942 - August 23, 2004

John David Anderson, 62, of Forestville, has gone to join his family on Monday August 23, 2004. Born in Hartford, He lived in New Britain most of his life, moving to Forestville in 1984. John was predeceased by his father Kenneth, his mother Ethel, a sister, Linda A. Ciemniewski and his brother, Ronald. A chef by trade, he will be remembered as the “Feeder of the multitudes” and for his unique sense of humor, and carrot cake.

John leaves behind his nephew and godson, Robert Ciemniewski Jr. of Plainville; his niece, Keri Jaye of South Glastonbury; his grandniece Jayelind Donnelly of South Glastonbury; and his dog “Patches”.

Keri and Robert would like to thank his friends and comrades who made his world a better place; Doug and Gwen, Rich J., Breen, Dave and Claudine, Norm, his friends from the VA, his neighbors; and Bill W.

Funeral services will be held Saturday 10 AM at Carlson Funeral Home, 45 Franklin Square, New Britain. Burial will be in Fairview Cemetery. Calling hours are Friday 5 to 7 PM at Carlson Funeral Home. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Stanley Memorial Church, 639 East Street, New Britain, CT 06053. Please share a memory of John with his family on our online guestbook by clicking on "Guestbook" at the bottom of the page.

Tribute Wall

KN

“ *My deepest sympathies to Johns family, he will be deeply missed. A wonderful person, God Bless.
from one of his friends at the VA in Newington*

Kathy

Kathy Notarandrea - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

MM

“ *I will always remember John for his upbeat attitude and positive outlook. We are going to especially miss his delicious clam chowder, with clams right out of the sandbars in Old Saybrook. John was a wonderful photographer, and I will treasure the pictures of the Westbrook shore he shared with me. We'll miss John dearly.*

Marge Macintyre - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

PB

“ Keri and Rob,

Today, I was very much saddened to learn of your Uncle John's death. He had touched my life in a way I would like to share with you...

On a Monday night during September of 1984, I walked into the noisy, then smoke-filled auditorium at New Britain General Hospital, to attend my first A.A. meeting. I was fearful, confused, and certain I did not need whatever it was those folks were offering. I saw an empty chair in the back row. The moment I sat, a hand reached over. "Hi, I'm John" he said. John remembered what it was like at his first meeting. It was obvious to him that I was a newcomer, and what he did through those simple gestures of becoming a friend helped to change my life forever... Through the past 20 years I've often mentioned to John and many others that particular handshake and re-assuring welcome. I can only hope to "Pass It On" the same way it was passed on to me.

God willing, I will always remember your Uncle John every time I extend my hand to the newcomer in A.A. He was a fine man, teacher and friend.

I will miss him.

Paul B.

Paul B. - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM