



Patrick Kent Lannom

May 14, 1947 - March 6, 2017

IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR BROTHER

Lannom, Patrick Kent, beloved brother and Cherished member of our family passed away unexpectedly Monday morning, March 6, 2017 at the tender age of 69. Girlfriend, Bette Denham, present.

Kent was born May 14, 1947 in the City of Tulsa, OK to the late Patricia (Gray) Lannom and father, R.C. Lannom, whose death ended a four-generation family history of Legal Counselors and Kentuckian Judges. Kent, the oldest of four siblings and most ambitious, expressed early on, childhood aspirations to break new ground -to direct his sails in uncharted waters. Law was not in the stars for him.

Quoting from the late Robert Frost, one of Kent's favorite poets, Kent liked to boast of his travels and passion for taking the road least traveled. Kent's bohemian-like spirit was born, I believe, from his zealous love of books, poetry and great literature. Kent, an avid reader, saw the world through the eyes of many great authors whose personal experiences heightened his awareness of the world around him and launched a restless passion for travel and exploration. His travels introduced him to a wealth of geographical knowledge and insight, cultural diversity, colorful people and many exotic places of dazzling intrigue.

Besides his parents, Kent was preceded in death by his younger brother, Timothy Brewer Lannom of Tulsa OK. He leaves behind his brother, John D.

Lannom, two sisters, Sally Ann (Lannom) Waite, and Camille (Lannom) Ontiveros of Tulsa; three nieces, Jennifer Gail (Lannom) Tate, Felicia C. (Ontiveros) Hill and Merio,(Wait) Mullen, as well as his current girlfriend, Bette Denham, for whom he held deep affection. Also, noteworthy, is an Ex Wife, Linda Sue (Lannom) Schorenson, with whom Kent retained a loyal and faithful friendship for the remainder of his life and whose devotion to Kent, his care and well-being was ever-present -to the very end.

Additionally, Kent leaves behind five nephews for whom he felt deep affection, not only for their shared interest in music and instrumental accomplishments, but for the united zeal they shared in their passion for football. OU football was the nucleus, the corner stone; or better yet, the building block that formed an unbreakable family bond that ignited into song and dance, merrymaking and exhilarating fervor for cheering our boys to victory, applauding their plays and celebrating, together, the most legendary college football team in the country!

This extraordinary heritage: four generations of football enthusiasts, was gifted to us by our father, himself, an OU Alumni and football enthusiast whose academic pursuits began at the University of California, UCLA, and ended at the University of Oklahoma where he received his Law Degree and retained his honorary fraternity membership with Sigma Alpha Epsilon. My father's greatest pride and joy in life was hailing his Alma mater and coveted membership to one of the most celebrated schools in the country. storming their way to countless victories, often against great odds, it was an exhilarating experience watching OU play ball; always remembering their grass-root beginnings, OU's monumental achievements became electrifying realities. OU's number ONE status in the Big 12 Conference was well earned, but didn't come without a lotta hard work and that old-time sooner tenacity. And by the year 2000, they had earned the heart-stopping, thrilling-esteem and adoration of a nation and anyone else who dared stay tuned for a single OU game during one of this country's inescapable seasons of extraordinary football!

This infectious pride and love for football was an exhilarating ride we shared for many years; with our parents, our children and our children's children - uniting us in an all-embracing bond of love that opened the floodgates to a treasure trove of priceless memories.

Nephews who proudly share such treasured memories are as follows: Micah Kent Waite, John Michael Waite, Robert Waite, Charles Lannom Ontiveros, Corey Austin Ontiveros, and Johnathan Chance Ontiveros; as well as, my beloved Son-in-Law, Ryan Hill, who shared many of these wonderful memories with us.

And too, my brother leaves behind a number of great nieces and nephews who, now, all grown up, still beam with cherished memories of childhood spent on Saturday afternoons reveling in the undivided attention of their uncle Kent who delighted in showering them with cuddly little gifts of delectable shapes and colors, entertaining them with puppet shows, playing children's games and treating them to Walt Disney Matinees and popcorn balls while escaping right along with the rest of us to enchanted places for dandy imaginations and worlds of make believe!

Hands down, Kent was, on many occasions, the greatest uncle in the world! Lastly, but just as important, Kent leaves behind many loyal friends to which he was devoted and shared major aspects of his colorful life. Like families do, Kent spoke of them with great affectionate throughout his life. In fact, the endearing sentiments which he frequently shared, were such that occasionally, in the most childish way, I could feel a bit threatened; Just briefly though, because I knew better. I was his sister, the eldest of the siblings and I knew that counted for something.

Still, it was crystal clear to me -I could feel it when he spoke about them his friends, of course. My brother's friends held a sacred place in his heart -as if by blood, they were family to him. And I know, now, he would want me to tell them so, just how much they meant to him; how much he loved and cherished each one of you. He would want me to tell you how much he enjoyed the

journey of good times you shared together, and just how much he appreciated, most of all, the kind and loving support of your loyal friendship ♦ friendships for which Kent felt blessed and with whom he enjoyed some of the happiest years of his life.

What a fortuitous life he once knew, he would say, though perhaps, he took for granted, like so many of us do. And I know he would want me to tell you too, how deeply sorry he was for losing touch with you the way he did; and then, just slipping away, in silence, without a word, a whisper, a sigh of relief, or even a whimper.

Kent ♦s academic achievements were in the Arts, i.e. Music, literature, Public Speaking/Debater/Orator, (Shakespearian Style) Theatre/Performing arts, Songwriter/Poet, Critic

Kent ♦s remarkable talent for the stage was evidenced in his early childhood at the tender age of six and continued throughout his secondary studies; and eventually, landing him on stage, front and center with Tulsa ♦s Little Theatre. Some of the solo performances for which Kent received 1st Place Blue Ribbon Awards in elementary school include: Edger Allen Poe ♦s, ♦ The Raven, ♦ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow ♦s ♦ Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, ♦ James Whitcomb Riley ♦s, ♦ Little Orphan Annie, ♦ Mark Twain ♦s, ♦ Tom Sawyer ♦ and ♦ Huckleberry Finn. ♦ But my all-time favorite was Kent ♦s masterful rendition of ♦ The Bear Family, ♦ by James Whitcomb Riley. A precious little bear story about ♦ two Bears and their two boys. ♦

It seems like only yesterday I was beseeching my brother to recite this precious tale for me and another family member who shared Kent ♦s great love for poetry. And while Kent never quite conceded to perform for us that day, it was this tale about a little bear family that stole my heart long ago and will forever hold me captive to a place in time, in our youth, when the world was young and beautiful and every morning, fresh and new. These were happy times for our family with evenings spent around a fire when it was cool, and on the family lawn under a blanket of stars in the springtime. But regardless the season, our evenings were often spent in the delightful

indulgence of reading and reciting poetry by our favorite artists.

And, it was on one such delightful evening that I discovered my brother's extraordinary gift for story-telling. He had a unique and exquisite style of delivery, for stirring the emotions and captivating hearts whenever he felt the warmth of a spotlight on his brow. Kent's theatrical appeal was nothing short of hypnotic. Before he uttered one word, Kent had a masterful command of his audience thru exaggerated body-antics and tantalizing theatrics as a way of introducing all his adorable little characters just prior to bringing them all to life with the most exquisite dialects and personalities to die for and purposely designed to incite all the pleasure centers of the mind with titillating amusement and such exhilarating pleasure as cause the heart to flutter, skip a beat and render one helplessly resigned to a heightened state of sheer enchantment.

Such was my brother's legend -an artist with the magical prowess of a theatrical genius. But beyond Kent's delectable stage appeal, there was more. I believe, perhaps, it was Kent's magnetic presence, too, his boyish southern charm, his big brown puppy dog eyes and his gorgeous, heart-stopping smile that kept so many faithful, forever returning for one more glimpse of an amazing showman who could dawn the mask of so many faces. It occurs to, only now, for some reason, to note another aspect of my brother's personality, his more serious side. Because while Kent was often seen as a charming and playful personality with a quick wit and amusing sense of humor, Kent also had a serious, and on occasion, a solemn side too. He was a deep thinker, an intellect, if you will. How else could he have ever critiqued poetry and great works of literature during various periods of mankind's history, i.e. Indian literature, medieval/classical with focus on Shakespeare, Plato, Aristotle and Horace, to mention just a few of his passionate interests. Kent was well read and possessed a vast knowledge about people/cultures, man's turbulent history, ancient/modern religion and the great big world around us.

Impressive too, in my mind, was Kent's affiliation with and ardent

participation in Tulsa's High School Debate Club; teaming up with and against others on politically charged, highly controversial topics. And while I couldn't say how many he won, I can certainly remember all the clutter and excitement going on in the kitchen between Kent and and my mother which sounded something like how he stood his ground and was going toe to toe with best of umm!

Was I proud of my brother. You bet I was! I thought he was the greatest thing that ever happened. I even wanted to be like him -as in, always trying to compete with him. But It didn't take long for me to realize I could never be a contender -not in his arena.

Tattered remnants of tender memories flooding my mind and filling my heart with deep sadness as I linger here in this darkened state trying to place the pieces of this beautiful tapestry together in a manner worthy of this extraordinary, prodigious figure of a man, whose brilliant mind and beautiful spirit filled the hearts of everyone he touched with so much pleasure and joy such are the tender memories of the brother I dearly loved, keenly admired and will forever sorely miss.

By all accounts, Kent was going to Hollywood, so boasted the school faculty; particularly, his drama and music teachers and all those connected with sound and stage production. A Star was born right there in the great big heart of green country, Tulsa Town, USA. Kent's name would be in lights and they'd be there to share the accolades. A star was born in our great City of Tulsa and we groomed him, they'd say, and his name will be in lights to tell the story! However, the perimeters of our little world shielded us from the raging unrest unfolding just the other side of our cozy little world. There was talk of an escalating war in Vietnam and rumors of a draft on the horizon which proved to be quite the game changer for more than a few.

It was the early 60s, and how well I remember those days those lazy hazy crazy days of summer; days fraught with fast cars, wild parties and rushing social clubs. Each High School had its own social club with varying degrees of

prestige. And I vividly recall an almost salivating preoccupation with a vast number of student body willing to forfeit their souls for a privileged membership to one! Well, ♦ almost.

And one cannot revisit this special place in time without fondly remembering the sentimental craze of the Madras shirts, Blue Tip tennis shoes and the HIS wind breaker. The only other thing that ruled supreme during that time were the madras shirts, blue tip tennis shoes and the HIS wind breaker jackets; oh yeah, and all the guy ♦s socks had to match their shirts! Anyone coming of age in this era, with a big brother, would definitely remember these timeless relics as nostalgic earmarks of the early 60s.

Kent attended one of Tulsa ♦s early landmarks, Tulsa ♦s Central High School, located in downtown Tulsa at the corner of Sixth Street and Cincinnati where he continued his passionate pursuit of Performing Arts, though, increasingly distracted by a seeming onslaught of invitations to a number of High School social clubs; clubs formed by his Alma mater and rivaling schools, all with varying degrees of prestige. This too, was an all-consuming pursuit, I recall, throughout Kent ♦s High School years. It seems like there were several clubs Kent got pretty involved with, but I can remember only two that Kent accepted invitation to: Lancers, at Central, and Barons at a neighboring school, Memorial or Edison High. I do remember two other clubs at Central, though, that were popular during that time, and they were Broncs and Tops. There were many others, all variably worthy, I'm sure. But, I do remember my brother saying, years later, that if he had a son, he wouldn't endorse membership to any of them.

Anyway, Kent ♦s glory days of high school were short lived. The Vietnam war was heating up and there were increasing talks about a draft hitting the airwaves, daily. Kent was soon encouraged, then urged, to join one of the branches of the military, preferably the Navy, understanding that a voluntary four-year commitment in the Services, would be preferable to the two-year terms of a draft and the increased odds of seeing combat on the front lines. And, so he did, in 1964, Kent joined the US Coast Guard, and took off on a

world tour for the next four years, leaving behind a privileged lifestyle, childhood dreams, family and friends and a big chunk of his world that would change forever.

I missed my brother during the four long years of his military stint. But it was thrilling on the occasions he got to come home on a pass. We all looked forward to meeting him at the airport and taking him home. He always looked so handsome the way he would suddenly appear on the landing of such a huge aircraft, and for a brief moment, I thought I was seeing a superstar as he stood there so stately in the bright summer sun reflecting the brilliant glow of a golden summer tan and bursting sunbeams that glistened atop his golden crown of sun bleached hair.

The emerging presence of this noble figure, all decked out in his radiant white uniform was a truly a time-tested experience that evoked in me, on those golden summer afternoons, a special pride and adoration that will be etched in my memory and in my heart forever. And looking back, I can see so plainly now, that in my heart, Kent had always been a Superstar my Superstar! Kent's four-year tenure with the US Coast Guard was finally up in 1968, but the world outside, was a different place. and just as my parents had foreseen, the conflicts of Vietnam had escalated into a full-blown War with heavy casualties and the draft was in full bloom. There was an anti-war movement sweeping the Country, now, and Kent would soon join the movement, before ever coming home.

Kent became a grass roots activist and a passionate advocate of the anti-war movement, aka the Peace Movement, which was well on its way by the time Kent was discharged. This movement began slowly on several college campuses among peace activists and leftist intellectuals in 1964, but was gaining national prominence by 1965, growing into huge demonstrations throughout the country from 1967 to 1972.

Sentiments for the anti-war movement developed during a time of unprecedented student activism right after the heart-wrenching events of the American Civil Rights Movement and quickly grew to include a wide and

varied cross-section of Americans from all walks of life. The impact of this movement, historians now say, did, in fact, have a major impact on The Country's decision to end the war! A point Kent was often proud to remind us of and the significant role he played in helping to end the horrors of the Vietnam War.

I don't remember the sequence of all my brother's travels just that it seemed he'd been everywhere, done everything and climbed every mountain. His absence seemed a lifetime to me and I missed him.

I do know that aside from taking up the guitar as soon as he left the military, and playing in all the little coffee shops in New York, and all up and down the east coast, he also found himself basking in the warm California sun on the famous beaches of southern California which held a fond memory for me because Kent had specifically invited me to come live with him for a whole summer, and he'd make a surfer out of me, he told mama. But it wasn't to be cause mama wouldn't let me go.

And I'd be amiss if I failed to mention Kent's evolving life-experiences and how he embraced the free-spirited, bohemian/ hippy-like lifestyle that exploded on the infamous corners of San Francisco's Haight and Ashbury Streets where free-love and the flower-child was born the impact of which was resonating throughout the country and ultimately changed the entire fabric of our society for many generations to come.

I really missed my brother. A lot happened while he was away not only were his siblings growing up, the whole dynamics of our family was changing, rapidly, now, it seemed. But, I can still remember listening to Bobby Vinton's 1964 hit single, "I'm Mr. Lonely," about a young soldier who found himself thousands of miles away from home and very lonely. I always cried when I heard it playing on the radio which made me think about my brother, himself, being so far away.

Kent had been a big part of my life before 1964 when he left us. And even though I did establish a life of my own, I still missed him and often wondered

when, or if he would ever be coming home again. And then, one day, there he was! Kent and one-half dozen of his bohemian friends; all standing on the landing of our front porch! Finally, after a seeming lifetime, Kent's free-spirited escapades had landed him right outside the steps of our front door. My brother, for whom I held such high esteem and great affection, had finally come home.

Nothing short of jubilation could describe the emotional experience we shared that long afternoon that stretched into evening, and then, late into the dark of night. This was a cherished moment in time filled with laughter and tears; uninterrupted space devoted to family and catching up on the years we'd lost.

I'd never heard my brother play the guitar before. I knew he'd picked it up in his travels when he was roust-a-bout-ing all up and down the east coast; singing and playing in all the little coffee houses -popular bohemian hangouts that sprang up in the 60's primarily for artists, musicians, intellectuals and such. I remember feeling the ripple of butterflies in the pit of my stomach when he bent over and picked up his guitar, and then, I was literally astonished when he began to play. I marveled as I listened and he began to sing. Even now, as he sang, Kent was telling a story by way of his music; lyrics he wrote and music he composed. I was mesmerized by my brother's new found talent and overcome with pride as I soon realized how very much he sounded like the budding Bob Dylan whose own story-telling talent was, like Kent's, uniquely their own. With stimulating insight, they were both singing about the troubled world around us, the changing times, the growing disillusionment of young people and shifting moods of the country during one of the most turbulent periods of our generation -the anti-war years of the 60s and 70s. Life after Vietnam and the Anti-War Movement must have been a major transition for Kent, as well as all the young men that would eventually come home. In many ways, it was a transition for the whole country. The Vietnam War and its aftermath impacted everyone. We all knew someone that would be coming home, as well as someone who didn't. But for those who did, the

transition meant trying to find their way back to some semblance of normalcy. And, Kent was no exception.

It had to be the mid-70s when Kent returned home; ready to settle down, buckle under and figure out what he would do with the rest of his life -without a crusade left to fight for.

Kent brought home a beautiful young lady with whom he planned to marry. Her name was Joann Saab, and everyone liked her. She was the daughter of a prominent family here in town ♦ even though, I believe they met somewhere on the east or west coast while both were actively involved in the anti-war movement.

Kent and Joann certainly seemed happy, the first few years, anyway. Joann had a real talent, I remember, for decorating, arranging and fixing things up around their little place; a talent for which she seemed occupied in the beginning and I remember praising her for the way she turned their place into a little doll house. All the while, Kent had returned to school at the University of Tulsa prepared to bite the bullet, undergo intense study, hit the high scores and make his 2nd mark on the world. Kent was determined to complete his undergraduate studies at TU with majors in Psychology and Sociology; majors which served him well in later years when he decided upon a Career in the field of Adult Mental & Behavioral Health as a Rehabilitation Therapist/Counselor for Drug and Alcohol Abuse.

Kent♦s campus activities and astute study habits at TU earned him an honorary place on the Registry of ♦ Who♦s Who,♦ but may have cost him his marriage ...as Kent♦s ambition and emotional drive for success, eventually, demanded a toll. But, Kent was a fighter, a survivor, and no matter the defeat, he always bounced back ♦ landing on both feet and ready to break new ground.

Kent♦s experience in the field of therapy and rehabilitation working with troubled adults trying to break free from various conditions of addiction became a passion, his new crusade, if you will. He found great satisfaction working with his patients and demonstrating, tirelessly, his commitment and

dedication to seeing each one of his patients through to full recovery. Kent's dedication and genuine compassion for his patients earned him praise-worthy recognition from his peers and from his patients, a love and adoration for which he is still fondly remembered.

I can't recall, exactly, when Kent started his art collection; even though, I'd always known he had a keen appreciation for art, and as far back as I can remember, Kent's house much of Kent's art work bore hallmarks to the famous native tribes of North America, Early American history and legendary depictions of the Famous Old West.

Kent's aesthetic and well-arranged colorful displays of the Native American Culture, their leaders and beautiful Indian Princess was a reflection of the pride and appreciation he held for Native American Art, our Cherokee heritage and the historical plight of the Native American nations and their infamous journey on the Trail of Tears.

Kent's interest in Native American Culture seemed to have increasing meaning for him over the years as he would inform me of occasional trips to the Colorado Mountains where he joined members in Native American Sweat Lodges where religious ceremonies were performed for healing, cleansing and purification. By the time our mother died, in 2003, Kent had learned to speak the Cherokee language, well enough to preside, in Cherokee, over mother's Memorial Services.

Kent's pride for his art collections was seen in so many ways. I remember how amused Sally and I were, as well as entertained, when we first learned that our routine visits would include an enthusiastic tour of the house and a detailed history lesson to cultivate our appreciation of fine art.

We never fussed even though these tours were fairly lengthy. But we didn't mind because we found his lectures informative, even fascinating. Kent's personal art appreciation was evolving, and overtime, grew to include many facets and forms of American, European, and Southwestern motifs; all the while his special fondness for the popular Art Deco of the 50s and 60s

never wavered, but continued to grow as seen by the preferential displays he showcased with great affection.

Kent's passion and unique relationship with the art world only expanded over the years, but after spending a big chunk of his life buying and selling the beautiful work of others, at some point upon retirement, Kent wanted to try his own hand at exploring and expressing, in various areas of art, his own personal concept of beauty and creativity. I was amazed at some of the beautiful and eye-catching work he revealed in a, relatively, short period of time.

It was at this juncture of Kent's life, I believe, that the passion for his final journey was born; the journey that would carry him to his final resting place. On this journey, Kent would be free to lose himself in the simple pleasures of life; surrounding himself in a garden-like oasis of God's magnificent creation - free to explore the height and width and breathe of God's exquisite handy work alongside his exotic little creatures in all their delicate variation - and in God's infinite wisdom, finally free, to enjoy the countless wonders of God's beautiful planet and his magnificent creation - in all its Splendor.

For all who knew Kent, I think most would agree that Kent lived a privileged and colorful life in an exotic world of exploration, intrigue and conquest. Kent was very much his own person driven by boundless aspirations - limited only by the colossal dimensions of his own imagination. Kent looked at the sky and started walking; he traveled each and every highway, his conquests took him all over the world - nothing was too far, too wide or too steep. Kent was a man of principle and a crusader for justice; when Kent saw a need, he tackled it, when he saw a wrong, he made it right. Everything of meaning to Kent, became a passion. And it is his passions that will forever characterize the person of who Kent was as a man - a man endowed with a beautiful mind and a beautiful spirit - a man of great warmth and compassion for his fellowman.

But, if my brother could be remembered for only one thing, it would definitely be his love of nature and his extraordinary sense of responsibility for

preserving our beautiful planet and protecting all of life's exquisite little creatures, both big and small.

Kent's love of nature was rooted some place deep inside and conveyed an evolving tenderness about which I became particularly fond. Kent was an activist at heart for anything he believed worthy of fighting for and mother nature became the worthiest of all. Kent's passion to protect nature's wildlife and to preserve this beautiful planet, our environment included: our rainforests, the water we drink, the air we breathe, all things green, and anything minutely involved in the great cycle of life.

Kent was actively involved and financially supported environmental groups/organizations, both local and nationally, who shared his love and appreciation for the preservation and protection of our beautiful planet. Interestingly enough, only a few days before losing my brother, he specifically told me that his love of nature and desire to protect it, is what he most wanted to be remembered for.

Looking back over my brother's life, I am humored and teary-eyed, both, as I contemplate a little known anecdote coined by the famous Captain Kirk of the TV Series, Star Trek, because in a short capsule of just a few inspiring words, a little boy's aspirations were born; aspirations to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, and, boldly go where no man has gone before! What exhilarating and exciting ideas those words must have had on the mind of a young lad whose heart was so easily persuaded and frequently consumed by his own bigger-than-life, ever-active and vivid imagination.

With deep sisterly affection, and a trace of humor, I often wondered over the years, if Kent's early exposure to Captain Kirk and his intriguing voyages of the famous Enterprise, didn't find a measure of fulfillment through Kent's life-long epic excursions, heroic exploits, endless adventures and thrilling discoveries.

In closing, I think I might best summarize my brother's life with a paint brush -an artist's pen for highlighting, part and partial, the finished tapestry of a

beautiful life. A completed tapestry to faithfully depict my brother's colorful world, his intriguing adventures and the beautiful spirit for which Kent will be forever remembered in our hearts and through God's infinite creation and the delicate beauty of every living, breathing thing.

A memorial service for Kent will be held on Friday July 14, 2017 at 2:00 PM at Serenity Funeral Home & Crematory Chapel.

Tribute Wall



“ I REMEMBER when we lived on Jasper and Kent would come over and play his guitar and sing... I was about 5 years old. But, I remember being so impressed with Him. He sounded like a star. I also remember that he had a gentle soul.....

Jd Ontiveros - July 14, 2017 at 02:46 AM

JE

“ I wish I'd known Kent better. He and I and a couple of other people drove once from Tulsa to Dallas and then cross country to California and drove up Highway 1 along the coast. He thought that he was a cousin but I've forgotten what the family connection would have been. We hung out some in San Francisco. All of this in1969...I think. The time may be inaccurate but not my memory of liking him. RIP, Kent. See you down the road.

John Edwards

John Edwards - July 09, 2017 at 10:05 PM

BS

Camille and family. I am so sorry for your loss and wish i could of been there on Friday July 14 to help comfort your family as I have always felt to be my family who I so loved and appreciate. I did meet your brother Kent and pretty much all of your dear family. I just learned of his transition tonight from reading John your husband comments. So please feel the love and prayers with and for all the family. You friend and extended family member. Bert Simmons

Bert Simmons - July 13, 2017 at 09:29 PM

JP

A genius and orator were among us, lovingly Jackie Powell

Jackie Powell - July 16, 2017 at 06:06 PM