



## Paul John Kolar

July 4, 1947 - March 15, 2019

Paul John Kolar age 71 of Morristown, passed away Friday, March 15, 2019 at Diversicare of Claiborne.

He leaves his sister: Barbara Head of Morristown, nephews: Scott Kolar and John Brandon Head and niece: Heather Ricker.

A celebration of life service will be held at a later date at Mayes Mortuary.

# Tribute Wall

CT

“ *Cheryl Robbins*

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**Cheryl tobbins** - March 22, 2019 at 12:00 AM

BA

“ *Miss you so much,you sure were a fighter,life will never be the same. I live you so very much,your sister barbara*



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**Barbara** - March 18, 2019 at 12:00 AM

RW

“ *Rebecca Weeden lit a candle in memory of Paul John Kolar*



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**Rebecca Weeden** - March 18, 2019 at 12:00 AM

SK

“ *Miss u willie, u were the best*

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**Scott kolar** - March 18, 2019 at 12:00 AM

BA

“ *Miss you so much,you sure were a fighter, i love you more than i can say. Love always your sister*

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**Barbara** - March 18, 2019 at 12:00 AM

RW

“ Paul, For many years, since 2001, I have known you and you always had several things on your mind... Family and Home. You have always been a hard worker, a stubborn man who didn't like to give up ever and a fighter. The stories you would share with me about your family that you lost ( Mom, Dad, Abra, Adam, Allie, and Beth) and the family that visited you often ( Barbara & Scotty). Barbara and Scotty, they were there for you always when no one else was there for you. You talked about your past jobs and life. You lived in the past for many, many years. The tears you cried and the laughter you shared with me about these things you remembered, such as the dog you had as a boy and how you disliked cats, etc. I noticed that every year, your memory faded a little but you always remembered your sister and nephew, who were there for you when no one else was and your lost loved ones. You would tell me to call Scotty or call Barbara so you could talk to them. I will always remember how no one would come to help you when you were having a melt down, (guess they were scared) and I would help you to calm down, figure out what was bothering you, and fix the problem and that was my forte from that day forward as no one else could understand you. Many times you would seek me out to help you no matter where I was or what I was doing as you knew I understood what you needed. I remember how you would set with me for hours while I worked as you wanted to be no where else and you would fall a sleep while sitting in your wheelchair, waiting on me to finish. We became good friends. You loved Pepsi and Reese Cups and would have these every night and how you would always offer to share whatever you had. Underneath that rough exterior was a very soft interior. You would repeat yourself a lot, tell me the same stories over & over as I would let you because it was what was on your mind. Then in 2017, you took another downward turn in health, you would barely speak, wasn't permitted to have those little things you enjoyed as medically they weren't allowed. You seemed to become weaker, more hospital visits, etc. Many changes in the last couple of years as you gradually declined. You don't have to be sad anymore, you don't have to hurt anymore. No more pills as we all know how much you hated taking medications. I have always felt your pain and sadness, Paul. I miss you, there's not another like you! I love you, Paul. You were special in your own unique way and you knew this! Rest in peace, Rebecca

Rebecca Weeden - March 18, 2019 at 12:00 AM

CR

“ Willie, May you Rest In Peace. I will always remember you.



Cheryl Robb - March 16, 2019 at 12:00 AM