



## Kenneth D Priddy

November 28, 1957 - November 28, 2020

### In Memory of Ken Priddy

Ken was born November 29th, 1957 in Silverton, Oregon to parents, Vern and Violet. He grew up with his older siblings Clifford and James and younger siblings Jerilyne and Rebecca on the family acreage in Turner, Oregon. He graduated from Cascade Union High School in 1976. He worked at the former Stout Creek Lumber Mill immediately after graduation. Over the course of his life he lived on James' property on the Santiam River, a small acreage he bought in Aumsville, and other places in Salem and East Portland. He spent the last 10 years of his life in Hillsboro.

Ken loved the outdoors from a young age. His passions included hiking, fishing, trapping and taxidermy, gardening, woodworking, and bushcraft. He even built his own muzzle-loading rifle from a kit. These all supported his ultimate desire to homestead in Alaska living off the grid. He purchased a boat with a friend in hopes of having an ocean adventure. He drove a '58 Chevy pickup that was custom painted by brother Cliff, a blue background with fire streaking across the sides.

In the fall of 1977, Ken sustained a spinal cord injury from a car accident, and he was a quadreplegic with partial use of his hands. The paralysis was accompanied by other health issues over the course of Ken's life, including the amputation of his right leg in 2009. These

difficulties were compounded by Ken's Asperger's and depression.

However, in spite of these struggles Ken always continued to pursue his

passions and goals. The internet in particular gave Ken an avenue not only to access information on his interests, but also connected him with people and communities who shared them. He worked on genetic research with pansies, grafted apples and kept immaculate records of their characteristics, grew dill for PSU projects, and even participated in experiments with breeding wilt-less lettuce. Ken spent a lot of time with his Aunt Annita Linscheid, who encouraged him in genealogical research. He attended many family reunion events and followed his ancestry back to Europe. Ken also cultivated new interests: he spent time researching the Civil War, was studying the Japanese language, and even took a course to become a private detective.

One of Ken's proudest achievements was his garden at his home in Hillsboro. His prize crop was heirloom tomatoes, but he also grew a variety of beans, garlic, squash, onions, cucumbers, and dahlias. In 2020 he grew his first irises, his favorite flower, and by the fall had cultivated a large, beautiful iris patch in his front yard.

Ken passed away on his 63rd birthday with Jerilyne by his side. He died from infections as a result of kidney issues. We hope that Ken's legacy can be one of inspiration. The extent of Ken's plans, the projects he hoped to accomplish, was not clear to us until after his passing. That Ken could be faced with so much difficulty in his life, yet still have full confidence that he could pursue his dreams, is a rare quality. His gift to us is showing us that grit, tenacity, and hope can be found no matter your circumstances.

We, his family, are extremely grateful for the many words of condolence, the stories, the anecdotes, and thoughtful comments. They have been very comforting. Thank you, each one. Though we are sad to have lost our brother from this world, we are grateful that his spirit can now be free from his physical pain and struggles. We now commend his spirit to a new adventure in eternity, reunited with his older brother Johnnie who died in infancy.

Rest in Peace, Brother Ken.

A Poem By Ken Priddy

“His heart is lonely

And his blood runs cold

Trying to find a place to make a stand

Feeling like a tall tree bending in the storm

His time runs short and he wants to see

The reality of where he's going

And where he wants to be

Walking through the forest so peacefully

Is where he really wants to be

And where he's going only God can see”

# Tribute Wall

JA

“ I’m Ken’s older brother. It was emotionally difficult for our siblings to go through life knowing how much he struggled. Cliff, Jerilyne, and I had a private for Ken at my son Joel’s farm in Salem where he had planted the apple trees Ken had nurtured. We each said words, shared tears, Cliff sang a song, and we spread his ashes around the apple trees. We verbally sent Ken off to the unknown forever to join our brother Johnnie, who died an infant. And there shall we all go.

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**James** - October 26, 2023 at 12:35 AM

KC

“ I had the privilege of helping Ken for the last few years as a part-time caregiver. His gardening knowledge astounded me. We spent many peaceful hours with the veggies & the flowers. He generously gave me cuttings from his iris patch & I hope that they will bloom next year in his memory.  
Kay Carey, Comforcare, Portland, Inc.

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**KAY CAREY** - January 08, 2021 at 02:22 AM