

## **Ernest C. Barton**

*McConnellsburg, 93*

Ernest C. Barton, 93, (aka Bunk), McConnellsburg, went home to be with the Lord Friday, April 29, 2022, with his loving wife by his side.



He was born October 12, 1929, in Kearney, Pa., to Roy E. Barton and Clara M. Weaverling Barton. He was the youngest of 10 children and the last living member of his immediate family.

He did not have an easy life. He lost his father when he was 13, after which he quit school and went to work in the coal mines to help support his mother. He was drafted into the U.S. Army, serving in Korea from 1950-1952, and ended his tour as corporal. When he returned home from the war he went back to work in the coal mines and a short time later met the love of his life, Margaret E. McMullen. They were united in marriage November 21, 1953, and were married for over 68 years. She tells everyone that he was a good man and a good provider, and that she loved him dearly.

He was preceded in death by five brothers: Roy, Sam, Ralph, Bill and Merle; and by four sisters: Mabel, Charlotte, Grace and Ethel; as well as by his son-in-law, Randy Brantner.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by five children: Patricia Rosenberry (wife of Marvin), Peggy Turner, Deb

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Brantner, Jerry Barton (husband of Kari) and Barry Barton; 11 grandchildren; one step-granddaughter; 12 great-grandchildren; three step-great-grandchildren; two great-great-granddaughters; and two step-great-great-granddaughters.

He was a good husband, a great father, a dear friend, a hard worker and loved by everyone who knew him. He was definitely a man of few words, but his words had impact when spoken. His son called him "the most quiet guide," reflecting on hunting trips they had been on together. He loved being outdoors; you would often find him sitting on the porch reading the newspaper or tending to his hummingbird family by making sure the feeder was always full. He also enjoyed gardening, making homemade sauerkraut, tinkering in his basement, woodworking and visiting with family and friends. He had a wonderful sense of humor and could be quite ornery at times. He loved children of all ages, but he had a soft spot for babies. He loved to just sit and hold them or rock them to sleep. Whether we knew you as Bunk, Dad, Pap, or simply "friend," we were honored to have you in our lives. We love and miss you dearly, and you have left such a big hole in our hearts. You may be gone, but you will most certainly never be forgotten.