



Karl David Hunnicutt

February 1, 1959 - July 17, 2017

The mountains, I become a part of it ...

The herbs, the fir tree, I become a part of it.

The morning mists, the clouds, the gathering waters,
I become a part of it.

The wilderness, the dew drops, the pollen ...

I become a part of it.

--Navajo Chant--

Karl David Hunnicutt, age 58, went to be with the Lord on July 17, 2017. Karl was born

on February 1, 1959, in Weatherford, Texas, and moved to Jonesboro, Georgia, with his family

in 1964. A long-time resident of Florida, he loved his work as an electrician and derived great

pleasure from his many years of association with Bobbie Flinchum, as well as with Merit

Electric.

As a very young boy, playing Cowboys and Indians with his brother and sister, he

preferred to play the Native. Instead of joining the Cub Scouts, Karl decided to join the YMCA

Indian Guides, an organization for father and son. He earned several badges, including those for

archery, swimming, and camping. His badge for taxidermy involved several boxes of ice cream salt, his father's .22, and a hapless squirrel. Karl soon became adept at catching young squirrels with his bare hands and taming them. They could reliably be found snuggled in his pockets or riding on his shoulder or head.

During his later youth, Karl asked to have his m~m separate garden, instead of working in the family plot. Besides pumpkins, he planted Indian com in the traditional way, placing a fish (which he caught) along with the seeds in each hill. His successful harvest thrilled both him and his family, and for many years afterward, Indian com was a centerpiece of his gardening. He once surprised his mother, a talented and skilled seamstress, by asking her to teach him how to sew. He created many practical items, including a series of pouches. During his last years, Karl crafted and sewed by hand a pair of leather moccasins and a pair of doeskin breeches. Both creations were worn regularly after work, during his walks through parks and wilderness areas with his Jack Russell rescue and best friend, Roscoe, until they completely gave out. He slept under an elk skin during cold weather, and among his belongings was found one newly constructed, completed, moccasin.

It was during these quiet times of solitude and hiking that Karl was most at peace. He loved watching wildlife and learning their secret ways. He ate fresh fruit during

these walks and
always planted the seeds. He very much enjoyed the thought that all over
Florida, at least some
of his seeds would grow and mark his presence here.
Grandfather, Great Spirit, once more behold me on earth and lean to hear
my feeble voice.
You lived first, and you are older than all need, older than all prayer.
All things belong to you - the two-legged, the wings of the air, and all green
things that live.
You have set the powers of the four quarters of the earth to cross each other_
You have made me cross the good road and road of difficulties, and where
they cross,
the place is holy_
Day in, day out. forevermore, you are the life of things_
Hey! Lean to hear my feeble voice.
At the center of the sacred hoop, You have said that I should make the tree to
bloom_
With tears running, O Great Spirit, my Grandfather,
With running eyes I must say the tree never bloomed
Here I stand, and the tree is withered
Again, I recall the great vision you gave me_
It may be that some little root of the sacred tree still lives.
Nourish it then
That it may leaf
And bloom
And fill with singing bird~'
Hear me, that the people may once again
Find the good road
And the shielding tree_
--Earth Prayer of Oglala Sioux Holy Man, Black Elk--

Karl is survived by two beloved daughters, Karla Sheree Rapes and Kari Yvonne Hunnicutt; son-in-law Shay Rapes; two grandchildren, Tyler and Ashton Rapes, all of Ola, Georgia. Also surviving is his mother, Merrillene White, and his sister, Joni Lynn Hunnicutt, both of Jonesboro, Georgia; and his brother, Randall Thomas Hunnicutt, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

He is predeceased by his father, Albert Ray Hunnicutt, of Wortham, Texas.

Karl will be greatly missed by his family and friends.

Let us know peace.

For as long as the moon shall rise,
For as long as the rivers shall flow,
For as long as the sun shall shine,
For as long as the grass shall grow,
Let us know peace.

--Cheyenne Prayer for Peace--