



Lyle G. Prather

September 10, 1937 - February 5, 2025

Lyle Gaylord Prather, 87, passed away on Wednesday, February 5, 2025, at Westside Village Nursing Center in Indianapolis. He was born on September 10, 1937, at his family's farmhouse in Vermillion County, Illinois, a son of the late Lyle Everett and Gladys Opal (Prather) Prather.

On November 6, 1956, he married Ruth Ann (Alward) Prather in Kingman, Indiana; she survives.

Gaylord graduated from Kingman High School in 1955. He was a pressman at RR Donnelly for many years, retiring in 1994. He then started a lawn care business. He maintained lawns, landscapes, did handyman work and flirted with little old ladies for another twenty years.

Dad/Papaw/Mr. P. never did anything part-way or in low gear. He was all in or stay-home. This was especially so pertaining to exercise and fitness. He participated in several Hilly Hundred bicycle events. This flowed through to "walking" his dog when he could no longer ride. The nursing home staff called him "The Breeze" and joked about replacing carpets.

Upon discovering a euchre game and plenty of little old ladies, Dad/Papaw/Mr. P. became a member of the Crawfordsville Moose Lodge. He also enjoyed gardening and flipping for haircuts, which were always too short for Mom.

References to “onion” abounded when he returned from the barber shop.

Dad/Papaw/Mr. P. was an avid fan of IU basketball, the Green Bay Packers, and the St. Louis Cardinals. Gaylord was a loving husband, father, grandfather, and great grandfather who will be greatly missed.

Survivors include his wife, Ruth Ann Prather; children, Kevin (Melanie) Prather, Michelle Prather (Brett), Michael Prather; son-in-law Gary Vorhees; grandchildren, Mallory Prather-Graves (Daniel), Mahalia Prather, and Brooke Prather; and great grandchildren, Drake and Dawson Graves.

In addition to his parents, Lyle was preceded in death by his daughter, Tamara Voorhees and grandson, Jeffrey Fulwider.

No services are planned. Lyle will be interred at Waynetown Masonic Cemetery. Myers Mortuary and Boone County Crematory in Lebanon have been entrusted with his cremation.

Memorials may be directed in his memory to The American Heart Association, P.O. Box 840692, Dallas, TX 75284-0692 or Alzheimer’s Foundation of America, 322 Eighth Avenue, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10001 Phone: 866-232-8484.

Tribute Wall

KP

“ A sage friend texted and asked me to share a story of Dad with her. I thought, we have done a lot of dumb stuff. Those are the ones which stick out, are the most precious and remembered. One in particular came to mind.

Dad brought me along on an important mission, "road farm'n". I was a little kid, maybe six. We were out on gravel roads when he turned down what I knew, even as a kid, was not a road. It was a lane. In was springtime. We were in his 1950s era Chevy step side pickup. They all were step sides then, heavy and two wheel drive.

Well a few hundred feet in we got stuck. He told me to wait in the truck. I stayed in the truck as requested, looking forward in obedience. Some time passed then I heard a tractor approaching. Windows down, I could hear it all.

The first thing I heard when the farmer approached was " You dumb son-of-a-b!+ch!". I thought why is the guy talking to my dad like that! That sentence was firmly burned in to the noggin.

Twelve or so years later I started working at John Deere. I soon met Dink McClure, a short stocky man, built like a brick outhouse with boxing mitts for hands, voice like gravel.

I had no idea of the connection. As I was wrenching on his tractor, he said, "You dumb son-of-a-b!+ch!".

That's how Dink addressed people he liked. I learned he was Dad's Euchre and Gin Rummy card buddy at the Hillsboro Pool Hall.

Kevin Prather - February 09, 2025 at 10:05 AM

MA

I delivered propane to Dink Mc Clure. Kevin's description of Dink is very accurate. In two sentences Dink would use at least half were cuss words. I've been all over the United States and I have never met another Dink.

Kevin, your Dad was a great card player and wasn't a big trash talker, but when he did talk people listened.

Mike Alward - February 09, 2025 at 05:07 PM

AP

Old man was an alcoholic POS! Hope the worms are crawling from his eyes right now.

Alex Prather - August 07, 2025 at 06:28 PM