



RANDALL THOMAS LATTIN

NOV 21, 1958 - APR 17, 2007



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4



RANDALL THOMAS LATTIN

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Randall T. Lattin Born Nov. 21, 1958 Okinawa, Japan Died April 17, 2007 On Tuesday, the 17th, Randy passed away from complications of esophageal cancer. Randy fought a brave battle for all of us and was still in good spirits the evening he died. Randall, a long time resident of Highland, was well respected and loved by all who were lucky enough to have contact with him. Randy loved the outdoors, he was also an eagle scout with many rewards, who lived to fly-fish as well as hike and take photographs along the way. Randy graduated from San Geronio H.S. in 78 then continued on to Valley College where he was an accomplished member of the schools archery team. Before having to slow down because of his cancer Randy worked for Associated Sales Decorative Plumbing who reported a lot of their successes in S. Ca. Were due to his diligent work. Randy is survived by his mother Carol, brother Mark who both live in Highland, Uncle Don, Aunt Nancy, Aunt Joyce and many cousins, he loved so much, all who live out of state. Memorial Services will be held at 2 p.m., Thursday, April 26, 2007 at Bobbitt Memorial Chapel, 1299 E. Highland Ave., San Bernardino, CA., followed by a reception in courtyard. Private interment to be held at a later date.



Tribute Wall

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Anonymous posted:

Randy lived just a few doors up the street from me, on Piedmont in Highland. We both finished growing up there together. There were quite a few people there from the old neighborhood for his service, and it was good to see. I didn't really get to know Randy until we played varsity football together at San Geronimo. You see, he was too big to play Junior All-American Football, where most of us got broken in to the rigors and ways of tackle football in full pads. Think about that for a second: he was too big to play football. We played side-by-side on offense, Randy always on my left at right tackle. But that wasn't until I caught up to him in the 'big time.' You see, shortly after arriving on the freshman team, a sharp-eyed coach yanked him up to the varsity squad. That's something else to think about: never having played organized football before, at 15 years old, he was suddenly cast in amongst some very big, very scary guys to face the bruising rituals of hazing and practice drills and those fierce Friday night games. By the time the rest of his Spartans joined him he was a quiet, thoughtful veteran of front-line battle with our mortal enemy high schools. There, I must say, Randy made a big impression on me. Mostly with his cleats. On the tops of my feet. And you must understand, I was the punter. (and we punted a lot!) Something about poor vision through the tropical conditions inside his helmet, and the undeterred intensity with which he played the game. By the end of the season it was nearly unbearable to kick the ball at all. I thought of Randy every single time I did. But I never got mad at him about it. I respected him too much, understood how hard he was working, and admired him for it. Even when we were slipping and sliding in the mud of his own making. Seems that never changed, and that sentiment was shared by anyone who had the pleasure to work with him for the rest of his life. Looking back on it now, it's not surprising that Randy put his extra energies into becoming an Eagle Scout. He was all about doing the right thing. Randy was passionate about quality and craftsmanship. He grew to have little patience with incompetence or corruption. There was a long middle period there, between school (San G, the Mr. Steak Academy, and Journalism at Valley College) and his fine service with Associated Sales Decorative Plumbing. Randy struggled, as many of us have, to find his place in this world. He went far afield and out of state. He even went on a mysterious year-long walkabout 'up north' somewhere. He once told me of having to talk his way out of getting shot after stumbling into a plot of marijuana deep in the wilderness. Over these years we would see each other now and then, and always we would discuss the state of the world and the nation. Randy would rail on about how poorly things were being run and the stupidity of the powers that be. I didn't argue the point, eager to add my own complaints, but there was usually something troubling about his vehemence. It was the only time I ever knew him to have an edge of bitterness in his voice. When he worked for Home Depot, Denise and I would run into him there regularly. When we'd see him he would always put everything on hold for us, of course, and give us his time and caring attention for as long as humanly possible. We always came away feeling uplifted and good about life. Then, when our neighborhood store started to develop their contracting services, who do you think they turned to? Right. They put him in a small booth, with a tiny window, and he turned into the "Job Clearinghouse/ Answerman." Oh how he HATED being cooped up in that box! Eventually he worked his way out of that situation, taking on sidejobs and trying to establish his own woodworking business. He even laid some tile for us once, not for the money, more so we could just hang out together for a while without feeling rushed. He came to specialize in finely crafted, high-end jewelry boxes. Randy called them "Heartwood Creations." Now, these were boxes much more to his liking!



Tribute Wall

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May 1 at 5:00 PM



Anonymous posted:

Randy got me that job in the grocery store back in '80-81, but I never held it against him. I learned a lot about how to work from Randy. He personified hard work and integrity. He taught me to smile and say "Yes" when the Boss gave inane instructions, saving the anger and argument for when I was alone in the back room or with a sympathetic fellow worker. He obviously carried and applied that wisdom to his later endeavors, and earned a lot of respect. We used to have a few beers after work and just talk about life, and his attitude was always upbeat, looking for the positive, even if things weren't going well. When he was visiting from New York state and later when I'd see him at Home Depot, he was always the same. I remember a pet phrase he'd toss out when there was a lull in the conversation, delivered with seriousness at the start and his voice rising to suppress a laugh at the end - "No matter where you go, there you are!" Then he'd look you in the eye and try to see if you got the deeper levels of it. Well, no matter where Randy went, there he was. I'm glad I knew him, and wish he was still here.##imported-begin##Ken Howells##imported-end##

April 25 at 5:00 PM



Anonymous posted:

Carol & Mark. I just wanted to let you both know what a wonderful service it was today. Mark Randy I am sure was smiling down on you as your speech was WONDERFUL. There are not enough words to express what a beautiful person Randy was. Everytime he came to our store he put a smile on my face. He was by far the most optimistic person I have ever met. I will remember him the rest of my life and will be happy to see him again when my time to leave this earth comes. Randy loved what he did and it showed everytime he came to my showroom. I will miss him so much. God bless you both. Donna from Ferguson in Cathedral City.##imported-begin##Donna Kinder ##imported-end##

April 25 at 5:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring RANDALL by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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